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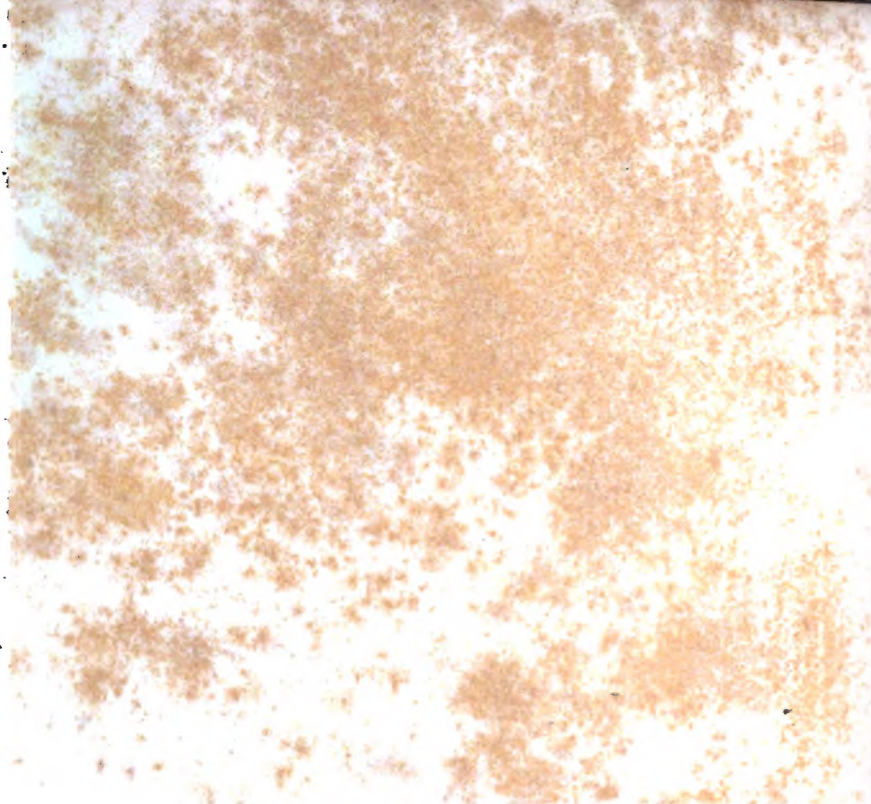
# *The neighbours*

Fredrika Bremer, Mary Botham Howitt

KF2961



Gordon -











En  
 mycket förbunden  
 Fredrika Bremer

HARPER & BROTHERS

THE

# HOUBOUR S.

OF THE HOUVER S. S.

BY ANNA BREMER.

FROM THE DUTCH,

BY H. W. T.

NEW-YORK

P. ANFER & BROTHERS 22 CLIFF-ST.

1844.



*En*

HARPER & BROTHERS

THE  
**N E I G H B O U R S.**

*A Story of Every-day Life.*

**BY FREDERIKA BREMER.**

TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH,

**BY MARY HOWITT.**

**NEW-YORK:**

**PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, 82 CLIFF-ST.**

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**1844.**



# PREFACE,

BY THE TRANSLATOR.

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Of the rich treasure of intellect and literature in Sweden, little or nothing is known in England. To give a specimen of what exists there, even in the department of living story and scenes of society, I have selected this work of Frederika Bremer, which is one of a series of four: "The Neighbours," "The House," "The President's Daughters," and "Nina." "The Neighbours" has not been first chosen on the principle of presenting the best first, in order to excite expectation, but as believing it a fair and average example. Some of the others possess, unquestionably, a stronger interest in the narrative, and, perhaps, more masterly exposition of character. They are, in my opinion, most admirable in their lessons of social wisdom; in their life of relation; in their playful humour; and in all those qualities which can make writing acceptable to the fireside circle of the good and refined. Frederika Bremer is, indeed, the Miss AUSTEN of Sweden. Her father was an eminent merchant, and

since the death of her parents she has resided alternately in Stockholm, and with a female friend in the South of Sweden. She has consequently seen much of the society and scenery of her native land, and no one can sketch these with more graphic truth and vivacity. Since the writings of their great poet Tegnér, no productions have created such a sensation in Sweden; and abroad they have flown far and wide; have been read with avidity in various parts of the Continent, and in Germany alone three editions have appeared in rapid succession.

I take this opportunity to announce, that if my own countrymen, and especially countrywomen, give this work an equal welcome, the others are ready for publication, and will be issued as speedily as may be required. In any case, I shall be grateful to the author for the perusal of them, for they have certainly both highly amused me and done my heart good.

M. H

*Heidelberg, September, 1842.*

# THE NEIGHBOURS.

## CHAPTER I.

FRANZISKA WERNER TO MARIA B.

Rosenvik, 1st June, 18—.

Here I am now, my dear Maria, under my own roof, at my own writing-table, and sitting by my own Bear. And who is Bear? you ask; who should it be but my own husband, whom I call Bear, because the name suits him so well?

Here, then, I am, sitting by the window; the sun is setting; two swans swim in the lake, and make furrows in its clear mirror; three cows—my cows—stand on the green shore quite sleek and reflective, thinking certainly upon nothing. How handsome they are! Now comes the maid with her milk-pail; how rich and good is country milk! But what, in fact, is not good in the country? Air and rain, food and feeling, heaven and earth, all is fresh and animated.

But now I must conduct you into my dwelling—no, I will begin yet farther off. There, on that hill, in Smoland, several miles off, whence I first looked into the valley where Rosenvik lies, behold a dust-covered carriage, within which sits the Bear and his little wife. That little wife looks forth with curiosity, for before her lies a valley beautiful in the light of evening. Green woods stretch out below, and surround crystal lakes; corn-fields in silken waves encircle gray mountains, and white buildings gleam out with friendly aspects among the trees. Here and there, from the wood-covered heights, puffs of smoke ascend to the clear evening heaven; they might have been mistaken for volcanoes, but they were only peaceful smokes.\* Truly it was beautiful, and I was charmed; I bent myself forward, and was thinking on a certain happy, natural family in Paradise, one Adam and Eve, when suddenly the Bear laid his great paws upon me, and held me so tight, that I was nearly giving up the ghost, while he kissed me, and besought me to find pleasure in what was here. I was the least in the world angry, but, as I knew the heart-impulse of this embrace, I made myself tolerably contented.

Here, then, in this valley lay my stationary home, here lived my new family, here lay Rosenvik, here should I and my husband live together. We descended the hill, and the carriage rolled rapidly along the level road, while, as we advanced, he told whose property was this and whose was that, whether near or remote. All was to me like a dream, out of which I was suddenly awake by his saying, with a peculiar accent, "Here lives *Ma chère mère*;" and at the same moment the carriage drove into a courtyard, and drew up at the door of a large, handsome stone house.

"What, must we alight here?" I asked.

"Yes, my love," was his reply.

This was to me by no means an agreeable surprise; I would much rather have gone on to my own house; much rather have made some preparation for this first meeting with my husband's stepmother, of whom I stood in great awe, from the anecdotes I had heard of her, and the respect which her stepson had for her. This visit seemed to me quite *mal-à-propos*; but my husband had his

own ideas, and, as I glanced at him, I saw that it was no time for opposition.

It was Sunday, and, as the carriage drew up, I heard the sound of a violin.

"Aha!" said Lars Anders, for such is my husband's Christian name, "so much the better!" he leaped heavily from the carriage, and helped me out also. There was no time to think about boxes or packages; he took my hand and led me up the steps, along the entrance hall, and drew me towards the door, whence proceeded the sounds of music and dancing.

"Only see," thought I, "how is it possible for me to dance in this costume?"

Oh, if I could only have gone in somewhere, just to wipe the dust from my face and my bonnet, where, at the very least, I could just have seen myself in a looking-glass! But impossible! Bear led me by the arm, insisting that I looked most charmingly, and beseeching me to make a looking-glass of his eyes. I was obliged to be so very uncourteous as to reply that they were quite too small for that purpose; on which account, he declared they were only the brighter, and then opened the door of the ballroom.

"Now," exclaimed I, in a kind of lively despair, "if you take me to a ball, you Bear, I'll make you dance with me."

"With a world of pleasure!" cried he; and in the same moment we two stood in the hall, when my terror was considerably abated by finding that the great room contained merely a number of cleanly-dressed servants, men and women, who leaped about lustily with one another, and who were so occupied with their dancing as scarcely to perceive us. Lars Anders led me to the upper end of the room, where I saw, sitting upon a high seat, a very tall and strong-built gentlewoman, who was playing with remarkable fervour upon a violin, and beating time to her music with great power. Upon her head was a tall and extraordinary cap, which I may as well call a helmet, because this idea came into my head at the first glance, and, after all, I can find no better name for it. This was the Generalin (wife of the General) Mansfield, stepmother of my husband, *Ma chère mère*, of whom I had heard so much.

She turned instantly her large dark brown eyes upon us, ceased playing, laid down her violin, and arose with a proud bearing, but with, at the same time, a happy and open countenance. I trembled a little, made a deep courtesy, and kissed her hand; in return, she kissed my forehead, and, for a moment, looked on me so keenly as compelled me to cast down my eyes; whereupon she kissed me most cordially on mouth and forehead, and embraced me as warmly as her stepson. And now came his turn; he kissed her hand most reverentially, but she presented her cheek; they regarded each other with the most friendly expression of countenance, she saying, in a loud, manly voice, the moment afterward, "You are welcome, my dear friends; it is very handsome of you to come here to me before you have been to your own house; I thank you for it. I might, it is true, have received you better, if I could have made preparations; but, at all events, this I know, that 'a welcome is the best dish.' I hope, my friends, that you will remain over the evening with me."

\* *Stodjen, stodjer, stodja*, the burning of turf in the fields, which, in many parts of Sweden, is used for drying the land.

My husband excused us, saying that we wished to reach home soon; that I was fatigued with the journey; but that we could not pass Carlsons without paying our respects to *Ma chère mère*.

"Nay, good, good!" said she, apparently satisfied, "we will soon have more talk within; but first I must speak a few words with these people here. Listen, good friends!" and *Ma chère mère* struck the back of the violin with the bow, till a general silence prevailed through the hall. "My children," continued she, in a solemn tone, "I have something to say to you—the hangman! wilt thou not be quiet there below—I have to tell you, that my beloved son, Lars Anders Werner, takes home his wife, this Franziska Buren, whom you see standing by his side. Marriages are determined in heaven, my children, and we will now pray Heaven to bless its work in the persons of this couple. This evening we will drink together a *skål*\* to their well-being. So now you can dance, my children. Olof, come here and play thy very best."

While a murmur of exultation and good wishes ran through the assembly, *Ma chère mère* took me by the hand and led me, together with my husband, into another room, into which she ordered punch and glasses to be brought; then placing both her elbows firmly upon the table, and supporting her chin on her closed fists, she looked at me with a gaze which was rather dark than friendly. Lars Anders, who saw that this review was rather embarrassing to me, began to speak of the harvest, and other country affairs; *Ma chère mère*, however, sighed several times so deeply, that her sighs rather resembled groans; and then, as it were, constraining herself, answered to his observations.

The punch came, and then, filling the glass, she said, with earnestness in tone and countenance, "Son, and son's wife, your health!"

After this she became more friendly, and said, in a jesting tone, which, by-the-by, suited her extremely well, "Lars Anders, I suppose we must not say, 'You have bought the calf in the sack.' Your wife does not look amiss, and she 'has a pair of eyes fit to buy fish with.' She is little, very little, one must confess, but 'little and bold often push the great ones aside.'"

I laughed, *Ma chère mère* did the same, and I began to talk and act quite at my ease. We talked for some time very merrily together, and I related several little travelling adventures, which appeared to amuse her. In an hour's time we rose to take our leave, and *Ma chère mère* said, with a most friendly smile, "However agreeable it is to me to see you, I will not detain you this evening. I can very well understand how the 'at home' draws you. Remain at home over to-morrow if you will, but the day after come and eat your dinner with me; for the rest, you very well know that you will at all times be welcome. Now fill your glasses, and come and drink with the people. Trouble man may keep to himself, but pleasure he must enjoy in company."

We followed *Ma chère mère*, who had gone as herald, into the dancing-room; they were all standing, as we entered, with filled glasses, and she spoke something after this manner: "One must never triumph before one is over the brook, but if people sail in the ship of matrimony with prudence, and in the fear of God, there is a proverb which says 'well begun is half won'; and therefore, my friends, we will drink a *skål* to the

\* *Drinks skål*, to drink a health.

new-married couple whom you see before you, and wish, not only for them, but for those who come after them, that they may forever have place in the garden of the Lord!"

"*Skål! Skål!*" resounded on all sides. Lars Anders and I drank, and then went round and shook hands with so many people that my head was quite dizzy.

All this over, we prepared for our departure, and then came *Ma chère mère* to me on the steps with a packet, or, rather, a bundle, in her hand, saying, in the most friendly manner, "Take these veal cutlets with you, children, for breakfast to-morrow morning. In a while you will fatten and eat your own veal; but, daughter-in-law, don't forget one thing, let me have my napkin back again! Nay, you shall not carry it, dear child, you have quite enough to do with your bag (*pirat*) and your cloak. Lars Anders must carry the veal cutlets;" and then, as if he were a little boy still, she gave him the bundle, and showed him how he must carry it: all which he did as she bade him, and still her last words were, "Don't forget, now, that I have my napkin back!"

I glanced, full of amazement, at my husband, but he only smiled, and helped me into the carriage. After all, I was quite satisfied to have made the acquaintance of *Ma chère mère* in so impromptu a manner; for I felt that, if it had been more solemn and premeditated, her bearing and her scrutiny would, perhaps, have had more effect upon me.

As to the veal cutlets, I could not but rejoice over them, for I could not tell in what state I might find the provision-room at Rosenvik. Right glad, also, was I to arrive "at home," and to see a maid-servant and a ready-prepared bed, for we had travelled that day ten miles (Swedish), and I was greatly fatigued. I had slept a little on the quarter-of-a-mile way, between Carlsons and Rosenvik, and the twilight had come on so rapidly that, as about eleven o'clock at night we arrived at home, I was unable to see what my Eden resembled. The house seemed, however, to me somewhat gray, and small in comparison of the one we had just left; but that was of no consequence, Lars Anders was so cordially kind, and I was so cordially sleepy. But, all at once, I was wide awake, for, as I entered, it seemed to me like a fairy tale. I stepped into a handsome, well-lighted room, in the middle of which stood a nicely-arranged tea-table, glittering with silver and china, while beside the tea-table stood the very neatest of maid-servants, in that pretty holiday dress which is peculiar to the peasant girls of this country.

I uttered an exclamation of delight, and all sleep at once was gone. In a quarter of an hour I was quite ready, and sat down as hostess at the tea-table, admiring the beautiful table-cloth, the teacups, the teapot, the teaspoons, upon which were engraved our joint initials, and served tea to my husband, who seemed happy to his heart's core.

And thus the morning and the evening were the first day.

The next morning, as I opened my eyes, I saw that my Adam was directing his eyes, with an expression of great devotion, towards the window, where a ray of sunshine streamed in through a hole in the blue-striped window-curtains, while, at the same time, the mewing of a cat might be heard.

"My beloved husband!" I began, solemnly, "I thank you for the beautiful music which you have prepared for my welcome. I conjecture you have a troop of country girls, all dressed in white, to scatter twigs of fir before my feet. I will soon be ready to receive them."

"I have arranged something much better than this oldfashioned pageantry," said he, merrily. "In association with a great Artist, I have prepared a panorama, which will show you how it looks in Arabia Deserta. You need only to lift up these curtains."

You may imagine, Maria, that I was soon at the window—with a sort of sacred awe drew aside the curtains. Ah, Maria, there lay before me, in the full glory of the morning, a crystal lake; green meadows and groves lay around, and in the middle of the lake a small island, upon which grew a magnificent oak: over all the sun shone brightly, and all was so peaceful, so paradisaical, in its beauty, that I was enchanted, and, for the first moment, could not speak; I could only fold my hands, while tears filled my eyes.

"May you be happy here!" whispered Lars Anders, and clasped me to his heart.

"I am happy, too happy!" said I, deeply moved, "and grateful."

"Do you see the island, that little Svano?" asked he: "I will row you often there on a summer's evening; we will take our evening meal with us, and eat it there."

"Why not breakfast?" inquired I, suddenly fired with the idea; "why not to-day, in this beautiful morning, go and drink our coffee? I will immediately—"

"No, not this morning," interrupted he, laughing at my earnestness; "I must go into the city and visit my patients."

"Ah!" exclaimed I, in a tone of vexation, "what a thing it is that people cannot remain in health!"

"What, then, should I do?" asked he, in a sort of comic terror.

"Row me over to Svano," was my reply.

"I shall be back," said he, "for dinner, about three o'clock, and then we can—that cursed hole there above," said he, "I could not have believed that the curtains had been so tor—"

"That hole shall remain as long as I am here," exclaimed I, with enthusiasm, interrupting him; "never would I forget that through that hole I first saw sunshine at Rosenvik! But tell," inquired I, "what old fortress is that which one sees across the lake there, so gray in the distance! there, where the wood is so black?"

"That is Ramm," replied he; "a great country-seat."

"And who lives there?" I asked.

"Nobody at this moment," he replied. "Fifteen years ago it belonged to *Ma chère mère*; but she did not find herself comfortable there, so she removed to Carlsfors, and sold Ramm. The estate was purchased by peasants, who now cultivate the land, but the fine house and park are falling to decay. People say that at present it is rented for the summer by a foreigner, who wishes to hunt in the country; and a fine opportunity has he to do so in the park itself, which is above a mile (Swedish) in circuit, and in which, during their long-undisturbed rest, game of all kinds has wonderfully increased. Sometimes we'll go and look about there; but now, my little wife, I must have my breakfast, and then say farewell to thee for a few hours."

When coffee was ended, and he seated in his

cabriolet, I began to make observations on my own little world; but of house and enviro as I will speak later, and first say something of the master of the house himself, because you, my Maria, as yet know nothing of him.

I have your letter before me, your dear letter, which I received a few days after my marriage. Thanks, beloved, good Maria, for all its cordial words—for all its good advice, which is well preserved where it will never be forgotten; and now to your questions, which I will endeavour to answer fully; and first of all, for my husband—for my own Bear—here, then, you shall have his portrait. Of a middle size, but proportionably, not disagreeably stout and broad; a handsome, well-curled peruke, made by the Creator's own hand; large countenance, *couleur de rose*; small, clear gray eyes, with a certain penetrating glance, under large, bushy, yellow-gray eyebrows; the nose good, though somewhat thick; the mouth large, with good teeth—but brown, alas! from tobacco-smoking; large hands, but well made and well kept; large feet, the gait like a bear: but this gives no idea of his exterior, if you do not take into account an expression of open-hearted goodness and cheerfulness, which inspires a joyful confidence in the beholder. This speaks when the mouth is silent, as is most frequently the case; the forehead is serene, and the bearing of the head such as reminds one of an astronomer; the voice is a deep bass, which is not at all amiss in singing. Here, then, you have his exterior. His inward self, best Maria, I have not yet myself studied. Betrothed to him only within two months, wife since fourteen days, I have not had great opportunity to become acquainted with a man who is generally silent, and whom I have not known more than half a year. But I trust and hope all for good!

You ask whether I feel love, actual love, for him; and give, half in jest, half in earnest, extraordinary signs by which I may be able to prove this. Whether I am sensible of an insupportable want when he is absent? Whether I, like Madame L., become pale and embarrassed when he enters a company in which I am already? Whether he has any fault, any bad habit, which in another would be unpleasant to me, but which in him is agreeable? No, Maria, of all this I experience nothing; but understand, dear Maria, I can very well endure him; I must have found him excellent, otherwise I should not have married him; but love—him!

In the first place, he is much older than I am; he is nearly fifty, and I want yet three years of thirty; farther, he has been so long an old bachelor, has his good and his bad habits, and these last I do not find at all agreeable; but they shall not destroy our domestic happiness; of that I am determined. Thus, in the first place, he has a habit of spitting about everywhere, on handsome matting just the same as on bare boards—that habit he must leave off. Secondly, he smokes a great deal; to this I shall accustom myself, because I know how necessary and agreeable a pipe is to those who have made it for long the companion of their way through life; but we will have a contract between us, thus: "I am quite willing to see the lighted pipe, yet it shall only seldom be introduced into the parlour, and never into our bedroom; he may puff away as much as he likes in his own room, and in the hall, where the fumes pass away freely." Thirdly, he has an extraordinary habit of making most horrible faces, often to his own

thoughts, and often during the conversation of others; but here we will have an understanding between us—sometimes I shall say to him, "Bear, don't make such horrible faces!" But most frequently I shall leave him quietly to himself, because I know how painful it would be, how almost impossible, for him to counteract such long-accustomed working of the features; more especially as it often furnishes a mode of speech which is very expressive, and appears more merry than disagreeable. Fourthly, he has a kind of carpenter mania, and would very willingly sit of an evening and chisel and glue, and make dirty work over table, and chair, and floor; to this I will accustom myself with my whole heart, and merely every morning make all carefully clean again. It always gives me pleasure when a gentleman has some little favourite occupation, and after Bear has been occupying himself all day, till he is weary, with his medical profession, this is a cheerful diversion of mind to him. Fifthly, he has a habit of using certain coarse words; this I will patiently, and by little and little, get him to leave off; but that to which I am most fully determined, above all things, to accustom him is, to feel himself happy, and to find contentment and pleasure in his own house; for, Maria, I was poor, was obliged to get my bread in the sweat of my own brow—for teaching music is no light labour. I was not young any longer, had no beauty, nor talent beyond that little bit of music; and he, from a family of consequence, of a respectable station in life, and universally esteemed on account of his character, his knowledge, his qualifications, selected me from among many richer, handsomer, and better than I. He attended me during my severe fever with the utmost kindness, and when my mother would have recompensed his trouble with the remains of our hoarded-up money, he put it aside, and requested—my hand. Then he was kind to all who belonged to me, gave presents to my brothers, and through him prosperity entered into our formerly needy house. Should I not be grateful? should I not like him? should I not endeavour, with all my power, with my utmost ability, to make him happy? Ah, yes! that will I; with all his virtues and his defects, in jest and in earnest, in good and in evil, will I make him happy; and a voice within me says that I shall succeed.

*Tuesday morning, 3d of June.*

We poor mortals! What are all our good intentions, when we have not power over ourselves? The day before yesterday, I sat and boasted with myself how happy I would make my husband; yesterday—but, in order to punish myself, I will tell you all. I must turn back to the evening before yesterday, when I was so satisfied with myself.

Bear was on a visit to a sick person, and I was writing; he came back, and I put aside my writing, and, half in jest, half in earnest, the contract respecting the tobacco-smoking was made and signed. So far all was right, and so ended that day. The next day, that was yesterday, we were to dine with *Ma chère mère*. I had a little headache; and after I had arranged my cap and my hair, neither of which satisfied me, it seemed to me that I looked old and faded. I fancied my husband thought the same, a thought he made no such remark. This put me out of spirits, for I feared I should not please *Ma chère mère*, and I knew how much Lars Anders wished that I should do so. The weather, too, was disagreeable, and I had the greatest desire to stop at home;

but when I gave the slightest hint of that, he made such terrible grimaces, that I gave up all attempts of the kind. So we mounted the cabriolet, and, in drizzling rain, drove off, under an umbrella.

*Ma chère mère* received us friendly, but she did not seem to be in good-humour herself. There were several old ladies and gentlemen to dine, all strangers to me; it was a heavy affair; and though the dinner was magnificent, spite of all my attempts, I could eat nothing.

In the afternoon, immediately after coffee, Bear went with the gentlemen down into the billiard-room, leaving me with *Ma chère mère*, the old ladies, who kept talking to themselves, and a certain Lagman Hok, an old and tried friend of *Ma chère mère*, who sat near her and took snuff. *Ma chère mère* was silent, played patience, and looked grave. I said now and then a word, but every moment grew stiller, for my head ached sadly; the rain beat against the window, and, to tell the truth, I was out of humour with Lars Anders, who, it seemed to me, might have come, at least once, during that long afternoon, to look after his little wife, and not have gone thus indulging his old bachelor habits of playing billiards, drinking, and smoking; and in this ill-humour the afternoon wore by.

Towards evening *Ma chère mère* requested me to play something. I sat down to the piano, made a prelude, and began to sing that beautiful little thing, "Youth;" but the heat, my headache, and my chagrin together, put me quite out of voice. I sung at first tremulously, then false, and at last out of time, although I had sung that piece a hundred times before. All was still as death in the room, and I really could have cried, only that at my age one cannot be so affected. I struck a few closing notes and left the piano, with an apology, and a few words on my headache. Notwithstanding all this, *Ma chère mère* seemed really kind towards me. She seated herself by me on the sofa, gave me a great cup of strong tea, and treated me as people treat a sick child. I was now really come to the crying point; for all this, together with good Lagman Hok's politeness, overcame me. I thought how truly this was the completion of the deplorable part I had been playing the whole day, and that *Ma chère mère* would think to herself, Lars Anders has made but a bad choice; he has brought home a wife who is at the same time old and childish, sickly, and full of affection! I was downright miserable.

At last Lars Anders came, and then it was time to leave. The weather had become fine, and the tea had done the good; but the mischief had taken possession of my soul. I was out of humour with myself, with my husband, with the whole world; and, more than this, Bear sat all the time silent, and never seemed to trouble himself about my headache; for after he had just asked how I was, and I had answered "Better," he did not speak another word.

When I came home, I had something in the kitchen to see after; and when I returned to the parlour, there had Lars Anders settled himself into the sofa, and was blowing the tobacco-smoke in long wreaths before him, while he read the newspaper. He had not, indeed, chosen a suitable time for the breach of our compact. I made a remonstrance, and that truly in a lively tone, but in reality I was angry. I took, as it were, a bad pleasure in making him pay for the annoying day I had passed.

"Pardon!" exclaimed he in a cheerful voice, and still continued to sit with the pipe in his mouth. I would not allow that, for I thought the old bachelor might have indulged himself freely enough the whole afternoon.

He prayed for permission only this once to smoke in the parlour; but I would admit of no negotiation, and threatened that, if the pipe was not immediately taken away, I would go and sit for the whole evening in the hall. In the beginning, he brought me, jokingly, to grant him quiet; then he became graver, and prayed earnestly, beseechingly; prayed me, at last, "out of regard to him." I saw that he wanted to try me; saw that, truly from his heart, he wished I would yield—and I, detestable creature, would not. I remained steadfastly, although always cheerfully, by my determination, and at last took up my work in order to go out. Then Lars Anders laid down his pipe; oh, if he had been only angry and spiteful; if he only would not have laid down his pipe, but would have marched out as proud as a nabob, heaped the door violently after him, and never come back again the whole evening, then there would have been some "come off" for me, some comfort, something paid for and done with; and then I could have touched over this fatal history so finely and so superficially! But he did none of all these; he laid the pipe aside, and remained sitting silently; and with that I began immediately to endure the gnawings of conscience; neither did he make any of his grimaces, but remained looking on his newspaper, with a certain grave and quiet mien that went to my very heart. I asked him to read aloud; he did so, but there was a something in his voice that I was in no condition to hear; still, in a sort of stifled bitterness against myself, I must yet tyrannize over him. I snatched the newspaper away from him—understand, this was in a joke—and said I would read it myself; he looked at me, and let me have my way. I read, in a tolerably cheerful voice, of a debate in the English House of Commons; but I could not hold out long. I burst into tears, flew to him, threw my arms round his neck, and prayed him to forgive my bad humour and my folly. Without answering, he held me close to his breast so tenderly, so forgivingly, while a tear slowly ran down his cheek. Never did I love him so much as in this moment; in this moment I felt for him real love!

I would have begun an explanation, but he would not permit it; and now it was my turn to beg of him, if he loved me, to relight his pipe, and to smoke directly at my very side. He refused; but I besought him so long and earnestly, besought it as a token of continued forgiveness, that he at last yielded. I held my face as much as possible over the smoke—it was to me the increase of reconciliation; once I was nearly coughing, but I changed this into a sigh, and said, "Ah, my own Bear, your wife would not have been so angry, if you had not forgotten her for the whole afternoon; she lost all patience while she was longing after you."

"I had not forgotten you, Fanny," said he, taking the pipe from his mouth, and looking half reproachfully on me; "but I was beside a peasant's painful deathbed in the next hamlet; this prevented me from being with you."

Ashamed to the very soul, I covered my face with my hands—I, I, who had been fostering such wicked and false mistrusts against him, and now in my vanity had been revenging myself—I, unworthy one—I, who wished to make him so

happy, what sweet refreshment had I prepared for the weary, troubled man!

The thought of my folly distressed me even at this moment; and the only thing that can give me any comfort is, the feeling that he and I love one another better since this occurrence than before.

Beloved, good Lars Anders! before I will occasion you another disagreeable moment, you may smoke every day in parlour, sleeping-room, yes, even in bed itself, if you will: only I pray God that the desire to do so may not possess you.

And now I return to your letter, and to a question which it contains, "Whether I, as a married woman, shall write as willingly and as openheartedly as I did before?" Yes, my Maria, of this be certain; I cannot do otherwise. It is now seven years since I first learned your value; and since that moment have you become to me my conscience, my better self. You were the dear mirror in which I saw myself as I was, and, though it is now two years since you removed from me far across the sea, still you remain towards me ever the same. Oh, remain ever so, Maria! otherwise I should fear to lose myself. Under your eyes, and with your help, my moral being developed itself; under your eyes, and by your counsel, will I also form myself into a good wife. It is pleasant to me, it makes my life richer, to live, as one may say, in your presence and with you, even though land and sea separate us; especially as my Bear does not belong to that class of men who are jealous of their wives' friends. He is not of the opinion that one must renounce one's friends because one has got a husband or a wife; he is not one to narrow the breast; he is too good, too rational for that. I believe he would subscribe to the words of the beloved teacher who instructed me in Christianity, "that there is a similarity between the human heart and Heaven—the more angels, the more room for them."

Ah, see! there is my Bear! Read what I have written, and subscribe, BEAR.

Friday, 6th of June.

Thank God! all is right between *Ma chère mère* and me. How unlike can one day be to another! On Tuesday, so out of tune; yesterday, so cheerful.

Yesterday afternoon I proposed to my husband to go and visit *Ma chère mère*; he consented. On the way I related how foolishly I had behaved, and how willingly I would remove any unpleasant impression which I might have made. He laughed, made faces, looked very kind, and so we came to the place.

There was a great commotion and bustle in the whole house; everybody was in motion; *Ma chère mère* herself, as wing and wheel in the whole movement. She was busy preparing rooms for her two own stepsons (Bear is only half stepson) and their young wives, who are shortly expected, and who will take up their quarters there, the one for a few weeks, the other for altogether.

*Ma chère mère* received us in the kindest manner; Bear she provided with newspapers and Virginia tobacco, and me she bespoke to assist for the whole afternoon. I was cheerful and willing, and succeeded perfectly in pleasing her. Furniture was removed, curtains were rebung, and all went quickly and well, under her commands and with my assistance. We despatched a world of work, and were right merry over it; many were the *bon mots* which I made, greatly to *Ma chère mère's* amusement. She clapped me,

plucked my ears, laughed and replied merrily, and altogether afforded me a deal of pleasure.

There is something quite original and fresh in her disposition, and manners, and mode of thought, and she has, without doubt, good understanding and great natural wit. The mode of managing her household appears to me strange; it is by a union of severity and tenderness; they are at one and the same time her slaves and her children; and they, on their part, appear at once to surrender themselves, and obey her slightest hint.

One only time she and I were near coming to a misunderstanding: it was about the toilet-tables of the young wives, which I wished to have a little more luxuriously supplied; but *Ma chère mère* grew angry, excited herself over "the cursed luxury" of our times, and over the pretensions of young women; declaring that the toilet-tables should stand exactly as she had placed them, with the same covers and the same looking-glasses, as they were quite good enough. To all this I remained silent, and therefore all was soon right again; yet, after all, I am not sure whether the toilet-covers were not changed, as, soon after, *Ma chère mère* betook herself to her linen-press.

To the arrangement of the chambers succeeded several rougher pieces of house business, in which I was invited to take part: "For," said *Ma chère mère*, "it will do you good, little friend, to see how things are managed in a well-ordered household. It will be necessary for you to learn this and the other in domestic economy. 'Roasted pigeons do not fly down people's throats; and one must look if there be anything in the cellar, if one expect anything on the table.'"

I followed *Ma chère mère*, therefore, into the cellar, where, with a large piece of red chalk in her hand, she made various, and to me cabalistical, signs and strokes upon herring and salmon tubs; all which she explained to me, and then led me into every corner of these subterraneous and well-superintended vaults. After this we came above ground, where I assisted in the examination of bread-safes, delivered anathemas over rats and mice, and weighed several flour-casks. Last of all, I must be weighed myself; and, as I proved not to weigh quite five pounds (Swedish), *Ma chère mère* laughed at me in the most extraordinary manner, asserting that a woman had been burned as a witch, in the time of Charles the Eleventh, because she was under five pounds' weight. All this I endured in the most philosophical manner; but no philosophy whatever would prevent my admiration of her housekeeping and domestic arrangements. This admiration came from my heart; for, in truth, a house like this, so completely furnished and arranged, in small as well as in great, where everything has its appointed place, and stands under its own number, is worthy of observation and admiration; and no less to be admired is the housewife, who is the living memorial of all this, and who knows her affairs as well as any general knows his war-craft.

When all this rummaging about and this thorough house inspection was brought to an end, we sat down on the sofa to rest, and *Ma chère mère* addressed me in the following manner: "It is only now and then, my dear Franziska, that I make such a house-review; but it keeps everything in order, and fills the domestics with respect. Set the clock only to the right time, and it will go right of itself, and thus one need not go about taktacking like a pendulum. Keep this in mind,

my Franziska. Many ladies affect a great deal, and make themselves very important with their bunch of keys, running forever into the kitchen and store-room: all unnecessary labour, Franziska; much better is it for a lady to govern her house with her head than with her heels; the husband likes that best; or if he do not, he is a stupid fellow, and the wife ought then, in Heaven's name, to box him on the ears with her bunch of keys! Many ladies will have their servants forever on their feet; that does no good; servants must have their liberty and rest sometimes; one 'must not muzzle the ox that treads out the corn.' Let your people be answerable for all they do; it is good for them as well as the mistress. Have a hold upon them either by the heart or by honour, and give them ungrudgingly whatever by right is theirs, for 'the labourer is worthy of his hire.' But then, three or four times a year, but not at any regular time, come down upon them like the day of judgment; turn every stone and see into every corner, storm like a thunder-tempest, and strike down here and there at the right time; it will purify the house for many weeks."

This was *Ma chère mère's* housekeeping doctrine. She next turned the conversation on my husband, and said "Yes, you can say justly, my dear Franziska, that you are married to a man who through the whole day will be husband; but still in his own way he is very wilful, and you will have to manage him pretty much in the same way as I managed my husband. Come, we shall see how you will do! You are little, but you can bestir yourself, and I will tell you how you must conduct yourself towards your husband. You will always find him an honourable man, therefore I give you this one especial piece of advice—never have recourse to untruth with him, be it ever so small, or to help yourself out of ever so great a difficulty; for untruth leads ever into still greater difficulty, and, besides this, it drives confidence out of the house."

In reply, I told her what I had sincerely determined on these subjects; and then, contented with each other, we went into the usual sitting-room, where we found Bear sitting and gazing over his newspaper.

Mademoiselle Tuttin, who is called Adjutant Tuttin by *Ma chère mère*, sat the table in order, and I, at the request of *Ma chère mère*, sang (thus she had quite forgotten my first essay), and, as I myself felt, sang very well. She laughed heartily at many merry little songs which I sang, and I saw Bear's eyes, full of delight, glancing over to us from above his newspaper. After tea, we made up, with Tuttin, *Ma chère mère's* Boston party, which was one of the most amusing I ever was at. *Ma chère mère* and Bear were particularly lively together, and made themselves very merry at my expense whenever I was stupid in the game, which being very often, produced much better effect than if I had played like a master, and we all laughed till we cried, just like children.

After supper, as we took leave, *Ma chère mère* slapped me heavily on the shoulder, kissed me, and thanked me for a cheerful day. The weather was so fine, when we came out on the steps, that we determined to walk part of the way, and to send the cabriolet before us. Our walk was very lively, and, after many mischievous pranks, I had the luck to see Bear arrive at the bottom of a ditch. I cannot help laughing when I think of it; he looked so like a real bear, lying there on four feet (between us two, I am not quite sure

whether he did not allow himself to be rolled over). The good Bear!

But I will not always be talking to you about Bear and his Bearers. You must have some knowledge of the house and family. It will be somewhat difficult on this last subject to be quite lucid; but endeavour, good Maria, to understand what I will endeavour to make clear.

General Mansfield married, for his first wife, a widow lady named Werner, with two sons, the eldest of whom was my husband; the second, Adolf, who has been dead some years. By this wife the General had two sons, who yet live, Jean Jacques and Peter Mansfield. The mother of these two died while they were yet children. A year afterward the General married a rich and proud Miss Barbara B——, our present *Ma chère mère*. Lars Anders, who was then thirteen years old, was but little satisfied to receive a stepmother twenty years of age. She, however, conducted herself most exemplarily, and made an excellent though stern stepmother for the four boys, from whom she won both reverence and love, notwithstanding a certain rigour and economy which she practised towards them. There was, however, reason for the practice of this latter virtue; for the general, who was himself a man of lavish expenditure, had brought his affairs into great disorder, and his wife only succeeded in preserving her own property by her deed of settlement. From her own income she provided the cost of the four stepsons' education, in which she spared nothing.

The boys were made to observe the most punctilious respect in the paternal house; they were taught a certain precise politeness, and a French style of manner. Every morning, at a stated hour, they presented themselves before their parents, kissed their hands, and said, "*Bon jour, Mon cher père! Bon jour, Ma chère mère!*" and every evening, in the same manner, at the appointed time, came the hand-kiss and the "*Bon soir, Mon cher père! Bon soir, Ma chère mère!*" (thus arose the appellation, *Ma chère mère*, which the sons always apply to her). This kissing of the hand still remains, whenever the sons and mother meet, although the French greeting is discontinued. For the rest, the stern stepmother allowed to her sons a deal of time and freedom for games and bodily exercises, and the enjoyment of the fresh air, for she thought to strengthen at the same time both body and mind by these means, and they had in the whole a happy youth.

General Mansfield was a handsome man and a brave soldier, but at the same time extravagant, domineering, and wilful. He inquired but little after his children, and lavished away his property. *Ma chère mère's* marriage with him was not happy, and, when he died, he left his sons nothing. Since his death, her behaviour to them has, without any ostentation, been the most generous; for, without making any difference between the sons and stepsons of her husband, she bound herself to allow each one of them, as soon as they came of age, a certain annual sum, while she herself held the stewardship of her large but debt-burdened estate. My husband, who had chosen his own path in life, and who, by his own ability and industry, had won for himself an honourable position in society, declined this allowance as soon as he was able, because it was his wish to be dependant on no one, and least of all on *Ma chère mère*, whose despotic will did not always square with his independent feelings. This, together with some weighty disclosures which

various opportunities have brought about, has occasioned them to be towards each other on an independent and very good understanding; while the other sons, more or less, are obliged to accommodate their wills to hers. Lars Anders and she stand, as it were, in fear of each other, but have at the same time the highest mutual esteem; yet she declares that she will never see him beside her as physician. She sends all medicines and all doctors whatever to the hangman; will have nothing to do with any of them; and supports her opinion by the proverb, that "nobody can be a good physician till he has filled a churchyard."

Since I have undertaken to write the history of *Ma chère mère*, I will also sketch her portrait. See, then, a tall lady, of a large but handsome growth, whose figure in youth must have possessed both symmetry and strength; very straight, somewhat stiff, and with the mien and bearing of a general. The countenance would be handsome, were not the features so strongly marked and the complexion so gray; the chin, also, is somewhat too large and projecting. Round the mouth, which is furnished with large, white teeth, a very friendly, pleasant smile often plays; but when the sentiment is less friendly, the under lip closes over the upper, and gives a character of such stern determination as is not pleasing in a woman. But *Ma chère mère* is a peculiar person. Her hair is quite gray, and streams sometimes, but not in curls, forth from the helmet; which head-dress thrones itself solitarily on the stern, high, often cloudy forehead. No ornament nor jewel appears upon her attire; but, instead, the greatest cleanliness is attended to, and a something strikingly accordant and appropriate. *Ma chère mère* never is tight-laced. (In parenthesis let it be remarked, that I should not wonder if lacing up tight may not have something to do with our often being less agreeable in company; the soul never can move freely when the body is in fetters.) Her dress, generally, is of brown or gray silk; in the morning the yet handsome neck is covered by a white handkerchief, which towards noon is exchanged for a standing collar. The hands are well made, though large, and though not always used, as we must confess, in the most pacific work. *Ma chère mère* has a rough voice, speaks loud and distinctly, makes use sometimes of extraordinary words, and has a vast many proverbs at her tongue's end. She walks with great strides, often in boots, and swings her arms about; still, whenever it is her will to do so, she can assume a style of the highest and most perfect breeding. People accuse her of being avaricious, of mixing herself in the affairs of others, and with disregard of consequences; many, indeed, are the histories which are related of her; nevertheless, every one throughout the whole country has the highest respect for her, and her word is worth as much as a king's; for the universal opinion respecting her is that she is prudent, a person to be relied upon, and a steadfast friend. This appears to me beautiful in her. She reminds me of *Götz von Berlichingen*; and it sometimes appears to me as if deep and tender feelings were hidden under this stern exterior, and then I feel as if I might love her.

Hitherto she has been the steward of her own estate, and has managed her affairs admirably; now, however, she wishes that Jean Jacques should take part with her. This son has studied agriculture abroad, has lately married, and will

now come and settle down at Carlstors. Lars Anders shakes his head over this partnership—*Ma chère mère* and Jean Jacques!

It is impossible to speak fully of *Ma chère mère* without mentioning her maid Elsa. These two have lived together forty years, and appear as if it were impossible for the one to live without the other. Elsa is towards her mistress at once a slave and a tyrant. She is so avaricious that she almost begrudges her mistress the wear of her own clothes, and grumbles over every clean pocket-handkerchief she gives her. But in fidelity, order, and cleanliness, she has not her equal; and on this account her mistress regards her with a certain respect, and yields, in many a little strife between them, the mastery to her. When there is occasion, Elsa will work for her mistress night and day; *Ma chère mère* is her fate; *Ma chère mère* is her sphere of action; *Ma chère mère's* word her law; *Ma chère mère's* person her proper self; without her lady, Elsa is nothing. Once she received permission to visit her family, and to be away eight days; but Elsa was back with her mistress before two days were over, because, as she said, she could not hold out so long from her. It is said, that the same evening, on account of some negligence or other, she received a box on the ear from her mistress; she bore it in silence, and never after this trial left her again. Elsa is dry and stiff, and her form is all angles; people say that she knows more of *Ma chère mère* than any other mortal; be that as it may, Elsa is silent as a mummy, and deserves to be embalmed.

Tuttin, shadow of a shade, step forth! Elsa is a Rembrandt-like shadow; Tuttin, one of those indeterminate ones which, without character itself, cannot take a determinate form from another. The beauty of Elsa is her strong fidelity; Tuttin says continually, "The Generalin says so and so," "The Generalin thinks so and so," "The Generalin commands so and so;" yet in secret she calumniates her, and obeys her without devotion. Humble sometimes to self-abasement, she is ready at other times to exalt herself above the crowd; but then the strong arm of *Ma chère mère* puts on the restraining rein, and compels her at the same time to unfold her peculiar ability; to step forward, that is, with all her excellent talents of housewifery.

After one glass of her excellent ale, I am ready to exclaim, "Long life to Tuttin!" How Tuttin will contrive to live in that world where there will be neither baking nor brewing, where no more ale will foam, and no more bread will rise—how she will be able to collect together ideas there, are questions which I cannot answer. But a truce to Tuttin and the wandering of the soul, I will not go rambling such a long way from home.

I must now give you a description of my own home, of my own little Rosenvik. Rosenvik belongs to the Estate of Carlstors, and lies a good half mile from W., where my husband is the principal and most beloved physician. He rents this little place from *Ma chère mère*, because he, as well as I, is so fond of the country. It is to us a source of pleasure rather than profit, although I have my own speculations about the garden, out of which I think something may be made, though as yet it is no more than a wilderness. The garden, a birch-grove, and a meadow in which three cows and a horse have their living, are the whole demesne of Rosenvik. Why it has this name of Rosenvik or Rose-creek, I cannot imagine, as, although it lies on a creek of the Helga Lake, no rosebushes are to be found near

it; nothing but a quantity of hyssop and elder. This we may preserve, and not throw the other away; but I hope that Rosenvik may yet do honour to its name; and in the mean time, that the beautiful may not supplant the useful, I shall plant currants, peas, and beans, in plenty. On the whole, I rejoice to find myself in a place where there is yet something to do, and where all is not ready and complete. My disposition and my temperament require much employment, and I know how dear that is for which one has worked. The house is small, but comfortably furnished; we have four rooms and a kitchen on the ground-floor. Lars Anders has had them all very prettily furnished; especially the company-parlour, with its blue-chints covered furniture and white muslin curtains, is a sweetly pretty room. In the second story are two handsome guest-chambers. The kitchen and store-room were, I must acknowledge, but indifferently supplied, but that is a need, thank God! soon remedied.

In respect to money, my husband has made a regulation which, at the same time that it gives me pleasure, has occasioned me some little uneasiness. He puts all his money into a strong box, to which he has had two keys made; the one he keeps and I the other, with full permission to take out as much money as I will, and when I will, without rendering any account to him. This proof of his perfect confidence in my prudence delights me, and at the same time this, his confidence in me, is a far stronger bond than any avarice on his part could be. I always fear to take out too much, and not to economize as I ought; constantly avoiding to indulge my heart, or even my thoughts, in any little extraordinary expenditure, because I myself brought not a penny into that coffer; all that I find there belongs to him, and is the wages of his labour. "It seems to me as if I should be more free, and that it would be better, if he would allow me monthly a stated sum. One day I made this proposal to him, confessing all my scruples to him with tears in my eyes, but he would not hear a word of it. "Are we not one?" said he, "and I have seen already that you are a skillful manager." With respect to the scruples, he assured me that I should lose them as we came to know each other better, for that then I should find that there would be no *mine* and *thine* between us two. I am greatly disposed to believe in the good man's prophecy, but yet I intend, not only for the peace of my own conscience, but for the sake of good order, to keep an exact account of all my expenditures.

I am greatly pleased with the little maiden that Lars Anders has provided for me, and who is to be my own maid. She is a young peasant girl, with such a happy, innocent, pretty appearance, as does one good even to see. She is quiet and industrious, has understanding and a good heart, so that it will be a pleasure to me to instruct her. If God give me children, Sissas shall take care of them. I will model her into a real *Bonne* for them, so that I may be easy on their account when they are not in my own arms. The recollection of my own childhood tells me how important first impressions are; therefore purity, goodness, and good sense, shall watch over the cradle of my child, shall even then begin to establish themselves in the soul; and one does not soon become indifferent to the friends of one's childhood. I am speaking all this time of modelling my maid to her duties; but believe me, my Ma-

is, that I will not forget also to model myself. How is it that the flame is so soon extinguished on the altar of love? Because the married pair forget to supply materials for the fire. One must unfold, and cultivate, and perfect one's self, in one's progress through life, and then life will become an unfolding of love and happiness.

My first employment will be to arrange my house, so that contentment and peace may dwell in it. I will endeavour to be a wise lawgiver in my small, but not mean world; and do you know what law I mean first of all to promulgate and enforce with the most rigorous exactness? A law for the treatment of animals, thus:

All domestic animals shall be kept with the utmost care, and treated in a friendly and kind manner. They shall live happily, and shall be killed in that mode which will make death least painful to them.

No animal shall be tortured in the kitchen; no fish shall be cleaned while alive, or be put alive into the kettle; no bird shall, while half dead, be hung up on a nail; a stroke with a knife shall, as soon as possible, give them death, and free them from their torture.

These, and several other commands, shall be contained in my laws. How unnecessarily cruelty is perpetrated every day, because people never think of what they do! and how uncalled for, how unworthy, is cruelty towards animals! Is it not enough that, in the present arrangement of things, they are sentenced during their lives to be subject to us, and after their deaths to serve us for food, without our imbittering yet more this heavy lot? We are compelled, in many cases, to act hostilely towards them, but there is no reason why we need become cruel enemies. How unspeakably less would they not suffer, if, in all those circumstances in which they resemble mankind, in the weakness of their age, in the suffering of their sickness, and in death, we acted humanely towards them!

There were laws in the old world which made mildness towards animals the holiest duty of man, while the violation of such laws was severely punished; and we, Maria, we, who acknowledge a religion of love, shall we act worse towards the animal creation than the heathen did? Did not He, who established the kingdom of love on the earth, say, that not a sparrow fell to the ground without the knowledge of our Father which is in heaven? Observe, Maria, he said not that the sparrow should not fall, but that it should not fall without being seen by the Universal Father. Yes, all the unnecessary suffering, which the intemperance, the folly, the cruelty of man occasion to animals, is also seen; and heard, too, is the lamentable cry and the complaint which the same causes; and, on the other side the grave, may not its annoyance add yet one more pang to hell, and trouble even the peace of the spirits in heaven?

Oh, Maria! let not us women and house wives be deserving of this punishment; let us, when we come before the judgment-seat of the Universal Father, be pure from all unthankfulness, and abuse of any creature which he has made; and let us deserve, in that better world, to see around us an ennobled race of animals, to live with them in a loving relationship, even as we had already begun to do on earth!

Here comes my husband who announces to me that we must soon go and pay visits to the Neighbours; we have many of them, and I am to understand that there are people among them

who are longing after my acquaintance—very good, sensible people, so he assures me.

Hold yourself, therefore, in readiness to make new acquaintance; brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law, also, I shall soon have to introduce to you. I am glad to think of their arrival; especially will it delight me to become acquainted with my husband's best-beloved brother, Peter Mansfield, who is a very amiable man, and a distinguished lawyer. In a month, we also expect a guest at Rosenvik; and with all these, together with Lars Anders, I am anticipating a very cheerful and happy life.

I could find pleasure in writing a romance on all this; romances commonly end with a marriage, but does not the proper romance of human life here have its beginning? Seen in the whole, the life of every man is a romance—a little episode out of the great romance of the "Book of Life," which is written by that great original author, "The World."

Suppose, therefore, Maria, that I should write you a little romance. Let it, my good, affectionate reader, hold a place in your heart; whether it be cheerful or sad, this I know, that you will not cast it from you.

Farewell! think kindly on your romantic and devoted

FRANZISKA.

## CHAPTER II.

*Rosenvik, June 9th.*

YESTERDAY morning, which was cool and clear, I seated myself in the cabriolet by the side of Bear, who, as usual at eight o'clock, drove to the city. He left me at Carlafors, promising to call for me on his return, in case he did not forget it—forget it! horrible Bear!—and so proceeded he with these words as a passport.

As I advanced up the long, beautiful walk which leads to the principal front, I saw a tall, extraordinary figure standing in the court, apparelled in a long gray cloak and green helmet, and waving something about, which did not seem much unlike a witch's staff, and exclaiming, "Drive on! do you hear? drive on with the heaven-chariot!"

I glanced involuntarily towards heaven, filled with the idea of the fiery chariot of the Prophet Elijah; but the idea quickly vanished, as, the moment afterward, I recognised in the figure before me the person of *Ma chère mère*, whom, as I came near, I found to be scolding her groom, because the *cats* were already exhausted, and accompanying her moral discourse by the powerful brandishing of her whip—but only in the air.

The moment she became aware of my presence, her countenance changed! she seized my hand cordially, and, pressing it, said, in a friendly voice, "Nay, see! good-day, my dear Franziska; you come just in the right moment. I have put on my Januarius to-day," said she, pointing to her cloak, "because it seemed to me rather cold. My grays will be here immediately with the heaven-chariot, and then we will have a drive together;" and at these words four horses brought into the court an extraordinary vehicle, whose roof rested on four tall pillars—this was the heaven-chariot.

*Ma chère mère* ordered me to mount, and then climbed up afterward and seized the reins, while a servant took his seat behind. The boxes for some time were refractory, on which *Ma chère*

were stood up and applied the whip to such purpose that they became perfectly obedient. She laughed to see how pale I was, drove much slower, and began to talk cheerfully, desiring me to tell her all about my housekeeping affairs at Rosenvik. As soon as I was convinced that she was a most excellent driver, I became calm and cheerful also, and gave myself up to the pleasure which I involuntarily feel when I am with her.

We saw many labourers, hedgers, and ditchers, and such like people, at their work; she spoke with many of them, praised some, scolded others; and one thing I could not fail to observe, how good the understanding seemed to be between her and her dependants; how perfectly they seemed to know her, and how proverb after proverb mutually passed between them.

During our drive we nearly overturned Lagman Hök, who came on in a *disobligeante*, and whose coachman was so startled by the appearance of the heaven-chariot that he turned from right to left, and exactly in the direction which we took.

"The hangman! how you drive, Lagman!" exclaimed *Ma chère mère* in a thundering voice, while her powerful arm held back the horses, and by a quick turn prevented any misfortune.

Presently the heaven-chariot and the *disobligeante* stood side by side; and again in good-humour, she said laughingly and jestingly to Lagman Hök, who looked out from his green curtains in consternation, "Dear Lagman, you have so infected your coachman with your poetical fancies that he has confounded the rule of the road."

Lagman Hök and poetical fancies! That is quite impossible, thought I.

"When a chariot of heaven approaches," replied the Lagman, more poetically than I expected, "who can think about the statutes of earthly roads?"

So jested the two together for a while, and then the heaven-chariot and the *disobligeante* went on their respective ways.

On our return home, *Ma chère mère* was in the liveliest humour, and we fell into a very animated conversation on men, and women, and honour. Her doctrine for women was, indeed, no doctrine for coquettes; it might be summed up thus: "Act so that your husband and all men may esteem you; thus you will enjoy peace in your own house, and honour in your life." Esteem and reputation she considers as the most valuable possessions of this world.

"The rules for the behaviour of young women towards men," said she, "may be in general somewhat too rigid. They remind me of an old song which I heard in my childhood, and of which I still remember these words:

'Comes a fine young man to offer thee his arm,  
So make thy bow and answer,  
'No, thank you most kindly, I go well alone.'  
And comes a fine young man to ask thee to dance,  
So make thy bow and answer,  
'No, thank you most kindly, I dance well alone'."

I took up the words of the old song with her, at which she laughed heartily, but remarked gravely, "That song is really not so very foolish after all, little friend. I will not exactly say as much as it; but this I will say, that to dance or walk with another man besides your husband may have its doubtful side. A young woman—lay my words to heart—cannot be too circumspect in her conduct. She must take heed of herself,

my dear Franziska, take heed of herself. I grant you, that this, our age, is more moral than that of my youth, when King Gustave the Third, of blessed memory, introduced French manners and French fashions into our country; and I believe now that there are much fewer atheists and *Ammodouses* in the world. But, as I said before, you must take heed to yourself, Franziska, for the tempter may come to you, just as well as to many another one; not because you are handsome—for you are not handsome, and you are very short—but your April countenance has its own little charm, and then you sing very prettily; as one may say, you have your own little attractions. And some day or other, a young coxcomb will come and figure away before you; now mind my advice, keep him at a distance, keep him at a distance, by your own proper behaviour. But if this should not suffice for him—should he still make advances, and speak fulsome, seductive words, then you must look at him with a countenance of the highest possible astonishment, and say, 'Sir, you are under a great mistake; I am not such a one as you suppose!' Should this not answer the purpose, but he still continue to make advances, then go you directly to your husband, and say, 'My friend, so and so has occurred, and so and so have I acted; now you must act just as you think proper!' Then, my dear Franziska, depend upon it, the *Corydon* will soon discover that the 'clock has struck,' and, no little ashamed, he will go about his own business; while you will have no shame, but, on the contrary, honour from the affair; and, beyond this, will find that 'a good conscience makes a happy conscience,' and that 'a conscience light gives rest by night.'"

*Ma chère mère's* good counsel seemed to me indescribably entertaining; but, unfortunately, as she had invited two old and poor maiden ladies, who are partly supported by her bounty, to dinner, they entered while we were in the midst of our discourse, one of them in a dress trimmed with two rows of lace. The countenance of *Ma chère mère* darkened the moment she saw this; and scarcely had the unlucky maiden made her salutations and seated herself, when she began a sharp tirade against the two lace trimmings.

"One row," said she, "would have been a superfluity, but two are unpardonable!"

The poor lady endured the severe reprimand, and then began an excuse, by saying that the upper row was put on merely to hide a join.

"I must tell you what, my dear friend," exclaimed the Generalin, "when people are not above accepting alms, they ought not to be above showing a join! Yes, yes, this I must tell you, poverty is no disgrace: 'it is not every one who is born with a silver spoon in his mouth;' but vanity in poverty—that is, the devil in boots! Now, now, do not weep on this account; 'reproaches are not millstones.' Take off both rows of lace, and it shall be my care that you possess a dress in which no join shall be an eyesore."

The poor old maiden seemed consoled at once, and again *Ma chère mère* was in good-humour.

The next moment, hearing the cabriolet drive up, I rose to take my leave.

"Yes, so," said *Ma chère mère*, cordially, "go now, my dear Franziska. I know very well that it would not be advisable to invite you and your husband just now to stay to dinner. Nay, away with you, in Heaven's name, only come again soon; because you see, my child, you cannot come too often. See, indeed! see, indeed!"

smile she, saying, "I never like people standing so long to take leave. Adieu! adieu!"

I got away as soon as I could, and ran off laughing; and now I say to you, adieu, adieu, also, and will bid good-day to my husband, only wishing I could keep him a few days with me.

10th June.

Here I am again sitting with a pen in my hand, impelled by a desire for writing, yet with nothing particular to write about. Everything in the house and in the whole household arrangement is in order. Little patties are baking in the kitchen; the weather is oppressively hot; and every leaf and bird seem as if deprived of motion. The hens lie outside in the sand before the window; the cock stands solitarily on one leg, and looks upon his harem with the countenance of a sleepy sultan; Bear sits in his room writing letters; I hear him yawn, that infects me; oh! oh! I must go and have a little quarrel with him, on purpose to awaken us both.

I want at this moment a quire of writing paper, on which to drop sugar cakes. He is terribly miserly of his writing paper, and on that very account I must have some now.

Later.

All is done! A complete quarrel, and how completely lively are we after it! You, Maria, must hear all, that you may thus see how it goes on among married people.

I went to my husband, and said, quite meekly, "My angel Bear, you must be so very good as to give me a quire of your writing paper to drop sugar cakes upon."

He. (*In consternation.*) A quire of writing paper?

Suz. Yes, my dear friend, of your very best writing paper.

He. Finest writing paper? Are you mad?

Suz. Certainly not; but I believe you are a little out of your senses.

He. You covetous sea-cat, leave off raging among my papers! You shall not have my paper!

Suz. Miserly beast! I shall and will have the paper.

He. "I shall!" Listen a moment. Let's see now how you will accomplish your will.—And the rough Bear held both my small hands fast in his great paws.

Suz. You ugly Bear! you are worse than any of those that walk on four legs. Let me loose! let me loose! else I shall bite you.—And, as he would not let me loose, I bit him; yes Maria, I bit him really on the hand; at which he only laughed scornfully, and said,

"Yes, yes, my little wife, that is always the way of those who are froward without the power to do. Take the paper! now take it!"

Suz. Ah! let me loose! let me loose!

He. Ask me prettily.

Suz. Dear Bear!

He. Acknowledge your fault.

Suz. I do.

He. Pray for forgiveness.

Suz. Ah, forgiveness!

He. Promise amendment.

Suz. Oh, yes, amendment!

He. Nay, I'll pardon you. But now, no sour faces, dear wife, but throw your arms round my neck and kiss me.

I gave him a little box on the ear, stole a quire of paper, and ran off with loud exultation. Bear followed into the kitchen, growling horribly; but then I turned round upon him armed with two delicious little patties which I aimed at his

mouth, and there they vanished. Bear, all at once, was quite still, the paper was forgotten, and reconciliation concluded.

There is, Maria, no better way of stopping the mouths of these lords of the creation than by putting into them something good to eat.

This afternoon we shall begin our visits to our neighbours. I shall dress myself very nicely; shall wear a little straw bonnet with flowers; and mark only with what satisfaction Bear will present "My wife! my wife!" It is with a peculiar and a delightful tone that he says, "My wife!" but at this moment "My wife" dare not stop any longer talking; she must await her husband at the dinner table.

Evening.

Again a little strife! It's dangerous to wake the slumbering lion. The scene is over our dessert.

He. My dear friend, which bonnet do you think of wearing this afternoon?

Suz. My little straw bonnet with flowers.

He. That? Oh no; wear the white crape bonnet, it is so pretty.

Suz. That? My only state-and-festival bonnet! What can make you think of that, my angel? to sit in the cabriolet in it, and it perhaps rain.

He. Then it would not get dusty.

Suz. How witty you are! but then the rain would not improve my bonnet.

He. My dear Fanny, you would give me great pleasure if you wore that bonnet.

Suz. Then, dearest Bear, I will wear it, even though it rained and were dusty at the same time.

And thus I now go to put on the white bonnet. What would Madame Folker say, if she saw me driving on a country road in it? Our little gardener youth serves on this extraordinary occasion as footman, in a gray jacket with green velvet collar.

Friday, 11th.

"But really," exclaimed Bear, as he saw his wife yesterday in her visiting dress, "you look so lovely in that bonnet! Positively *Ma chère* must see you in it; we will just call and speak a word at Carlsons before we go farther. It is really so pretty!"

"Do you think so? Well, just as you like, my love, if it will not make us too late at other places."

"Ah, that must take its chance: *Ma chère* must see my little wife to-day."

See now, therefore, the little wife in the little bonnet, sitting in the little cabriolet, sending uneasy and beseeching glances up towards heaven, which seemed glooming over the little bonnet. In the mean time we reached Carlsons without a drop of rain, and found visitors there already before us. *Ma chère* met us in the most joyful and friendly manner; kissed me, examined me from head to foot, patted me on the cheek, and said I looked like a little rose.

"You have a little wife, Lars Anders," said she; "but one can say of her 'little and good.'"

He looked delighted; for me, I must confess that it vexes me that *Ma chère* thinks me so extremely little—one might fancy that she did not consider me a complete human being; yet I am such.

Presently after our arrival, other visitors also made their appearance, and I sat myself down to observe the company. My eyes soon riveted themselves on a very small lady, really less than I, who was still young, and whose whole being

exhibited an extraordinary sprightliness. She was of dark complexion, had lively brown eyes, a somewhat large and aquiline nose, and somewhat projecting chin. She was not handsome, yet there was a piquancy about her; and her dress, which was fashionable and elegant, accorded extremely well with her sprightly little figure.

My husband and she shook hands in the most friendly manner, and her quick eyes were immediately directed to me. He made a movement to introduce us to each other, but just at that moment *Ma chère mère* came up, turned me round and led me to the piano, insisting that I should play and sing something to the company. When I had fulfilled this duty, the lively little lady came and seated herself near me, looked penetratingly at me, yet in the manner of a friendly, old acquaintance, and asked how long I had been in this place, and whether I did not find the people of this place "horribly behind-hand in comparison with those of Stockholm."

When I had answered her, she said, looking at me with a steady, searching glance, "You are very like your mother! I often used to see her; a superior woman; I knew her very well, Madame Werner, although I have not seen you before."

I looked at her inquiringly, and the question was on my lips, "With whom have I the honour," &c.; but she was beforehand with me, and asked whether I had already seen many of my neighbours. I answered, that at that very time we were on our way to make visits.

"Indeed!" said she; "but you will become acquainted with a variety of curious personages! Some of a water-porridge, some of a horse-radish kind! it would be a pity if you had not a preparatory knowledge. When you come, for instance, to the Von P.s, the new nobility at Holma, you must talk of fashion and the fine arts, and be heedful to mention, *en passant*, your genteel acquaintance—that is, if you wish to stand well with the Von P.s. Have you ever had the experience of feeling, after you have been for a few hours with some people, as if you were drenched through with water, or had all the new wine of life pressed out of you, as one may say?"

"Oh, yes," I replied, laughing.

"Just observe, then, how you feel when you come from the Von P.s," said she. "But don't you talk of art with Major Stalmark, of Adamsruhe, that is, if you care to stand well. Nature, freedom, simplicity, are the watchwords there. My good friend, the major's lady, will talk of nothing but servants and housewifery; with the major, it is all sound reason and vigorous strength. I shall be rather anxious to know whether you really find yourself refreshed thereby, for there are tribunals of strength which are not, after all, strengthening. But take heed that the young Adamites do not play you some unparadisaal prank or other; I fancy the old ones keep them in the stable."

"And, as a good friend," continued she, "I counsel you farther not to pass by the old maiden Hellevi Hausgiebel, who has her bird's nest a far from the city, or she would take it amiss. With her angular figure and her keen tongue, she would remind you, at one and the same time, of a woodpecker and of yeastbread; but perhaps you already know her?"

"No," replied I, "but I have heard there is something about her both laughable and malicious."

"Laughable! malicious?" repeated my auditor, hesitatingly, "hem—God knows if that be not saying rather too much! Malicious! she speaks out her opinion of people tolerably freely, but she does that openly, and not to the disparagement of any one. Ridiculous! why, yes, that may be true—she has her infirmities, as much, and perhaps even more than others. But this likeness you will certainly find, after all, very striking."

"I should like to know," said I, amused by her observations, which sounded much less malicious when spoken than they do on paper, "I should like to know what you would say of me and my husband, and to what you would compare us."

"Who," said she, "can look on the good Doctor Werner without thinking of plum-pudding? and you, my sweet lady, are a hot sweet sauce thereto, without which it would not be half so savoury. But what I would add farther regarding your future acquaintance is, that you will never know what is really venerable till you have seen the old Dahls; and you can gain no clear idea of amiability before you have seen their niece Serena, the flower of the valley, as she is called in a double sense."

"Serena!" repeated I; "that is a remarkable name."

"You will not think so when you have seen her," replied she; "it seems as if the Almighty himself had baptized her. But now I must leave you, and go farther; and if, after this conversation, you should say that I am either mad or ill-natured, I shall not mind it. I can tolerate you in any case, and I hope to see you soon again."

With this she pressed my hand most warmly, stood up, and took a hasty leave of all. As she left the room, I perceived that she was slightly crooked, and that she took no care to conceal it.

"Who is she? who is she?" I asked, the moment she had left the room.

"What, Franziska!" said *Ma chère mère*, "don't you know Miss Hellevi Hausgiebel? How stupid of me not to introduce you to each other!"

I stood as if a thunderbolt had struck me. "Miss Hellevi Hausgiebel!" exclaimed I at last; "but Miss Hausgiebel is old!"

"That is her own history," returned *Ma chère mère*; "she has her own peculiar oddities, and is at as much trouble to make out that she is old as other people that they are young. I, for my part, do not go much to her bird's nest, because I understand nothing about all the snails, and worms, and sponges that she has collected there, but she herself is a witty and estimable person that I can tolerate very well."

"But what ever will she think of me!" thought I, embarrassed by my want of circumspection, as I went back with Lars Anders to the cabriolet. My bonnet had made no great figure—and what stupidity I had been guilty of! The beginning of our journey was not brilliant, certainly.

"Bah!" said I, comforting myself, "Miss Hausgiebel is a reasonable person. I have not, after all, been so very stupid, and we can soon set all right again." *La Bruyere* says truly, "*Le sot ne se retire jamais du ridicule. C'est son caractère; l'on y entre quelquefois avec de l'esprit mais l'on en sort.*" And so the cabriolet rolled on merrily towards Adamsruhe, the abode of Major Stalmark.

On the borders of the estate we met a young girl of perhaps fourteen years old, riding, with-

out saddle, on an Oeland horse; her hair was of a reddish colour, and, together with her dress, was in a state of the greatest disorder.

"Good-day! Miss Malla!" exclaimed my husband to the young Amazon: "are your father and mother at home?"

"Yes," answered she, "and I'm riding Putte to pasture."

"Now, God forbid! can that be a young lady?" exclaimed I, as she rode on, and we drove forward.

"Yes," replied my husband, laconically.

As soon as we arrived at the house, a prodigious commotion was occasioned. Three young men in hunting-dresses were lounging about with at least a score of dogs at their heels, and no sooner had we made our appearance than the whole barting company assailed our innocent equipage, and were only silenced by the young men, much to the advantage of my heroism.

This place must be called Adamsruhe, thought I to myself. As I went through the entrance-hall, something coming between my feet had nearly thrown me down; it was a piece of wood; and looking round, I soon perceived two sly, young, grinning figures in one corner, who were preparing to bombard anew the peaceable guests. I threatened them with the piece of wood, and was conscious of a great inclination to make the wild young things nearer acquainted with it. But Bear, who was already within the Tambour, called me, and I followed in great haste, that I might escape a something, God knows what! which came with a great rustling close to my back. I was angry, and yet compelled to laugh. Bear was quite enraged when he heard what I encountered, and so we waited till we had composed ourselves; he till he had grumbled himself quiet, and I till I had satisfied myself with laughing; and then, entering the room, which was handsome, we encountered two persons whose appearance indicated the possession of a certain rank and wealth. These were the major and his lady; he an elderly, though still good-looking man, of excellent gentlemanly demeanour; she, very stout, neither young nor handsome, but with a something open and honest in her exterior.

Lars Anders presented "My wife," and "My wife" was received as cordially as Lars Anders himself.

The gentlemen walked up and down the room and gossiped together, and the ladies seated themselves side by side on the sofa, to make nearer acquaintance. The lady looked at me and I at her; her countenance seemed to me familiar, and still more her voice; the latter, which had a Finnish accent, seemed to make an especial impression upon me. I could not take my eyes from her; then I saw a little scar upon her neck, which all at once brought back a little episode in my far-passed life. I must take a review of this, in order that you may understand what follows.

In the first place, then, you must accompany me to my hero-deeds in the Gymnastic Hall; accompany me to that time when I was yet very young, when the blood did not flow so quietly as now in my veins, although Bear asserts that without mischief it might flow yet more quietly—to a time in which I became heartily weary of seeing always the same sun and the same faces before me; when I must have adventures, let it cost what it would; when a sedition or a conflagration were a recreation; when the battle of Prague and the battle of Plevna were my favourite

pieces of music; when I wept that I was not a man, that I might go to the war; and when once, in a sort of necessity to enjoy an excess, I drank at one time five cups of weak tea, and the lady of the house, in a kind of phrensy of benevolence, would yet afflict me with the sixth.

I was then sixteen years old; and, fortunately for my restless spirit, about this period my right shoulder began to grow out. Gymnastics were at that time the fashion, as a cure for every description of physical ailment, and my parents determined, therefore, that I must gymnastize. Dressed, therefore, in ornamental pantaloons and a coat of green cloth, and on my head a net-lace cap, trimmed with pink ribands, I went one day into a great hall full of ropes, ladders, and poles, in which between twenty and thirty girls, dressed in a costume similar to my own, were assembled. It was a singular and wonderful scene. For the first day I remained quiet, learning merely from a teacher the bending of the back and the motion of the hands and feet; on the second day I struck up a warm friendship with some of the girls; on the third, emulated them on ropes and poles; and, before the end of the second week, entered the second class, and began to invite them on to all kinds of undertakings.

I was reading at that time the Grecian history, and even in the Gymnastic Hall Grecian heroes and their deeds floated around me. I suggested to my class, therefore, that we should all assume masculine and antique names, and that from this time we should only be known in this place by such names as Agamemnon, Epaminondas, Pelopidas, &c. For myself I chose the name of Orestes, and gave that of Pyliades to my best friend. There was one tall, thin girl, with a broad, Finnish accent, who, on account of the bold independence of my ideas and behaviour, was always opposed to me, whom it pleased to make merry over our change of names, and who, laughing, called me and my friend Orre and Pyli, because we were both small. This annoyed me extremely, especially as it damped the Grecian spirit which I had infused through the whole troop.

My tall enemy declared that she would be called by no other name than her proper name of Brita Kaisa, yet, for all that, I persisted in giving her the name of Darius.

Although I was very enthusiastic for Grecian history, I was no less a partisan for that of Sweden. Charles the Twelfth was my idol, and many a time have I entertained my friends with the relation of his actions, never failing to kindle up in myself the most burning enthusiasm. One day, however, Darius came over us like a shower of cold water, opposing me with the assertion that Czar Peter was a greater man than Charles the Twelfth. I received the challenge with blind zeal and quiet rage, and then my enemy, with great coolness and a good deal of knowledge, brought forward a multitude of facts in support of her assertion. I endeavoured to tread these all under foot, and still to exalt my hero to heaven; but had, alas! those unfortunate words, Pultawa and Bender, forever thrown in my way!

O Pultawa, Pultawa! Many tears have flowed over the bloody field, yet none more bitter than those which I shed in secret, as I, like Charles himself, received there an overthrow! Those tears were full of agony, which I now cannot comprehend. I really hated my enemy, hated her as much as Czar Peter himself, as much as I hated that people whose lord he had been!

One spark only was needed to make the flame break forth, and that spark came. There was a young, pretty, lame girl, whose masculine dress failed to make her less bashful and feminine than at first; my chivalric spirit was excited on her behalf, and I declared myself her knight. One day, as I was just about to declaim a verse of Racine's, the detestable Darius suddenly started up beside me, and said, jeeringly, "I am thy rival!" I threw an annihilating glance on my rival, and said, scornfully, "Keep to your needle, Brita Kaisa!"

This provoked her; she reddened, and my party broke out into a roar of laughter. The next moment, as I sat upon the upper steps of a ladder, looking down on the swarming crowd below, I felt myself suddenly seized by the foot by a strong hand. It was my tall enemy, who, stretching forth her arm, held me fast, while she exclaimed, in scorn, "Halloo, above there! help yourself now like an Orestes, or remain sitting grinning there like an Orre!"\*

What Orestes really would have done in my situation, I know not; but my anger, my cries, and my grimaces, probably, were much more like those of a bird caught in a spring than of a captive hero, for an indescribable laughter rang all round, and excited me to perfect phrensy. I called with a loud voice upon Pylades, bidding him to fly to my rescue; but Pylades looked very much like a poltroon, and addressed only a few remonstrances to my enemy, which were without effect.

"I call you out! I demand satisfaction!" screamed I to Darius below, who only laughed, and said, "Bravo, Orre! bravo! So Czar Peter held the great Charles the Twelfth fast at Bender, exactly thus!"

I was just about to do some desperate deed, when one of the teachers entered, freed me, and put an end to this scene. I was, however, full of fuming bitterness, and, going up to Pylades, said, "You have behaved like a poor sinner, Pylades! Follow me this moment; I will go and challenge this great braggadocio who has affronted me. You shall be my second."

Pylades looked like a terrified hare, yet did not dare to say no.

I sought out Darius, who, with an assumed air of indifference, stood leaning against a wall, humming a tune to herself, and, stepping up, said, with contracted eyebrows, "What meant you just now?"

"What did I mean?" returned she, measuring me with a proud glance; "why, exactly what I said!"

"Then I have a word to say to you," answered I, grimly. "You have affronted me in an unworthy manner, and I demand, that in the presence of the whole assembly you beg my pardon, and declare Charles the Twelfth to be a greater man than Czar Peter; otherwise you must fight with me, if there be honour in you, and you be no coward!"

"Ask pardon?" returned Brita Kaisa, reddening, yet with detestable coolness. "No, that does not become me! Fight? Well, yes! but where, and with what? with needles, or—"

"With swords!" returned I, with real pride, "if you are not a coward—and here! We can come half an hour before the others; the weapons I will bring with me; Pylades is my second, choose one for yourself!"

"I shall not trouble myself about that," replied Brita Kaisa, with intolerable insolence; "I myself am enough for you two!"

"But you shall have a second!" exclaimed I, stamping with my small foot; "that is the rule!"

"Well, then, Grönwall, come here," said Brita Kaisa.

Elizabeth Grönwall was another tall girl, clumsy and stupid, with a hanging lip, and called by me, jestingly, Nestor. She came, and listened to the relation of what was to take place, and then, with an important air, declared herself ready to be second to my enemy.

"To-morrow morning, at nine o'clock," said I, turning away.

"At nine o'clock!" repeated Brita Kaisa, with a laugh of scorn.

I busied myself on our homeward way to instil courage into Pylades, and to silence her tongue, both by good words and threats. Pylades, who really loved me, promised, after many remonstrances, to remain true to me to the death.

My blood was boiling; yet I must confess that, after I was in bed, and all was still around me, a certain astonishment and a little shudder came over me, on account of the deed I was about to perform. But to recant; to leave Charles the Twelfth in the lurch, and my own honour unavenged; to deserve the scorn and continued persecution of my enemy; no, far better die than do that! But then I thought on the words of the Commandments; on my parents—how they would weep if I died; my enemy, too, stood before me strong and sound as Czar Peter; and I, ah! I knew too well, was no Charles the Twelfth. As I thought on the tears of my parents, I began to weep, and in weeping dropped asleep.

Next morning, when I woke, it was clear day, and the clock struck half past eight. I had nearly slept over the time, and, while I rubbed the sleep out of my eyes, it was to me as if somebody had blown into my ears, with a trumpet, the words, "at nine o'clock!" I started up; the combat stood distinct before my memory, and in five minutes I was dressed. I seized two small swords, of which, the evening before, I had possessed myself from the room of my absent brother; when, at that moment, it suddenly occurred to me that I must write a few lines for my parents, in case I was killed in the combat. Accordingly, I wrote with pencil on a piece of paper:

"BELOVED PARENTS—When these lines meet your eyes; despair! already the clock strikes a quarter to nine; I should be too late if I delayed longer. I hastily threw the letter I had begun into my drawer, myself, like Caesar, into the arms of Fortune, and took my way, with the two swords under my cloak, to the Gymnasium.

You may easily imagine that I possessed no knowledge of the art of fighting; but that did not trouble me much. To make a straightforward attack seemed to me as easy as simple, and that was the mode I meant to adopt. For the rest, I remember that, on my way to the scene of combat, I thought as little as possible. When I came into the great hall, I found my enemy and her second arrived there before me. Pylades was nowhere to be seen, and in secret I could not help cursing him. Darius and I greeted each other proudly, and scarcely perceptibly, as I handed to him the swords, that he might make his choice. He selected one, which he handled as easily and skilfully as if he had been accustomed to such toys all the days of his life; at sight of which, I felt myself already bored through.

\* Orre, in Swedish, signifies a cask of the wood.

Presently came Pylades, pale and full of anxiety; I cast an enraged glance on him, and closed the door.

You will probably have observed, best Maria, that I call and speak of the same person as *he* and *she*; but this confusion is not without design; it characterizes not only the whole scene, but the confusion which governed my brain.

"In Heaven's name, do not kill one another," exclaimed the poor Pylades. "It's all madness!"

"Silence!" screamed I, in anger, and, turning to Darius, said, "Do you still persevere in maintaining your error, and refusing to ask my pardon?"

"I persevere!" replied Darius, with unexampled composure, trying at the same time the temper of his weapon by bending it against the floor: "Czar Peter was the greater man!"

"Death to him! long life to Charles the Twelfth!" cried I, drawing at once, and setting myself in a position. Darius did the same.

"Wait! wait!" cried Pylades, full of anxiety, "wait, I must give the signal!"

"Give it, then, quickly," said I.

"Wait! wait! I have thought of something," stammered out poor little Pylades, "wait!"

"I will not wait!" cried I. "Russian friend," said I, addressing Darius, "I count three, and then we strike! One! two! three!"

Our swords struck; and the same moment I was disarmed, and lay overthrown on the ground; Darius stood over me, and I believed my last moment was come. But how astonished was I, as my enemy threw away her sword, and, taking me by the hand, lifted me up, saying, at the same time, cheerfully, "Now that you have had satisfaction, let us be good friends; you are a brave little being!"

Pylades lay on her knees, nearly fallen into a swoon; Nestor sat upon a ladder, and cried with all her might. I knew not what to think, and stared at my late enemy, on whose neck a wound was bleeding freely: "You bleed!" I exclaimed; "I have killed you!"

"Ah, bah! it's only a little scratch that will soon be well," said she; "for the rest, I must tell you that I like the Russians just as little as you do; I said so, only—" she turned pale, staggered, and required a seat.

"What have I done! unfortunate that I am!" cried I in agony, almost out of my senses, and threw myself on the ground before her. "Forgive, oh, forgive me!"

At this moment a terrible alarm sounded at the door; Pylades slipped aside and opened it, when she rushed the fencing master and three teachers, and the next moment I lost all consciousness.

It was not till some weeks afterward that I learned we had been betrayed by Pylades, who had written to one of the teachers, praying her to prevent my foolish intentions. The letter, however, came too late for that purpose, and thus the affair was over as they entered.

Brita Kaisa—for from this time I christened nobody with new names—recovered from her wound in a short time, while I lay dangerously ill above a quarter of a year. This sickness, however, was beneficial to me, for it calmed my impetuous temperament.

On my recovery, I learned that Brita Kaisa had removed with her parents to their own dwelling in Finland; that she had visited me frequently in my illness, and had expressed her regret that they must leave Sweden before I had recovered, so that we could be fully reconciled

with each other. I also was grieved not to have said one kindly word to her at starting. But, however, my violent sickness had weakened old impressions; and then followed a variety of sorrowful causes, such as death, adversity, the having to earn my own bread, and much more that influenced my disposition beneficially, at the same time that they were hard to bear. Thus I forgot the absent one—of whom enough has been said—and now to the present.

Twelve years were passed since then; I had quite forgotten the countenance of my former enemy. I had forgotten my early bravery; I was become a grown woman, and knew how to appreciate Czar Peter, and even to wish well to the Russians. I had become the good wife of Lars Anders Werner, and now went out with him in the cabriolet to make visits, as well-behaved and quiet as any Mistress Prudentia whatever!

Well, now, Maria! the major's lady, on whose sofa I now sat, the stout gentlewoman, with the open, pleasant countenance that struck me at once as so familiar, yet unfamiliar, who was she but my former thin enemy of the Gymnastic Hall, Darius, Czar Peter, in one word, Brita Kaisa! Her voice, and the scar on her neck, made me at once perfectly recognise her. I cannot tell you how much I was excited. I felt embarrassed, affected, but still more filled with merriment, which prompted me to break into exclamations and laughter. The spirit of joke and mischief got the mastery of me, and, taking up a knitting-needle which lay before me on the table, I put myself in a martial attitude before her, and exclaimed, "Long live Charles the Twelfth! We strike! One! two! three!"

The lady looked at me a moment, as if she thought I must be gone mad, and then exclaimed herself the next moment, "Czar Peter was the greater man!" seized another needle, and opposed herself to me. On this, we dropped the needles at once, and laughing, embraced each other.

You cannot conceive the amazement which this scene occasioned to Lars Anders and the major; but of all the questionings, the explanations, the astonishment, and the laughter that succeeded, you may easily imagine.

Brita Kaisa and I contemplated each other anew. "The thousand!" exclaimed she, "how old you are become since then!"

"And you not more amiable," thought I; but I said, "Yon, on the contrary, are in appearance much younger," which was true; the fair fat lady was much handsomer than the dark thin girl.

After we were satisfied with narrating, wondering, and laughing, we came to speak of the pleasures and follies of childhood in general. The gentlemen grew very lively over the histories of their wickedness and their adventures, and Brita Kaisa declared that she had never been so happy as in the days of her childhood. All appeared unanimous in considering this time as the golden age.

"Yes, yes!" said my husband at last, with a sigh; "it is a good time, that never returns to us."

"Dearest," said I, somewhat troubled by this childhood enthusiasm, "don't imagine that it was so immeasurably good. Is not childhood, to grown persons, like the landscape scene in perspective? It looks so beautiful, only because it is seen from afar. I am convinced that, as a child, you had many weary hours, with lessons, reproofs, penances, confinement, and many other such things, which cannot affect you now."

Lars Anders laughed.

"I, for my part," continued I, "will never praise the days of childhood; to me this time was filled with lamentations that I was not grown up. Ah, how charming it would be to be grown up, and not be scolded for tearing my dress! Ah, only to be grown up, and drink coffee every day! Ah, how fortunate to be grown up, and go to the ball, like mamma, in a gauze dress, and with flowers! Ah, that I were but grown up, and might read romances! I am convinced that all children, each in its own way, have these regrets. But grant, for a moment, that sometimes children may really be happy, what, after all, is this happiness? A happiness fleeting, and but half understood, which we, therefore, can only half enjoy. And when we at length reach the goal of our childhood's desires—when we are grown up, drink coffee, read romances, and go to balls—alas! then that *at!* has taken root in the heart itself, and we have then so much unrest, that we may be able to enjoy the true rest. And here have we that much bepraised happiness of childhood and youth!"

"Really, there is much truth in what madame Werner has said," remarked the major, gravely. "That was cursedly well said, that about the perspective. Yes, yes, it is true."

"And so your early youth was not happy, Franziska?" said Lars Anders, looking at me as if half surprised and half grieved.

"No, in truth it was not," returned I; "I was much too unquiet and unreasonable for it to be happy; and without quiet and without reason there can be no true happiness."

"Very good, very good," said the major.

Tea was brought in, and the young gentlemen came in at the same time—three brisk, lively young men, only too countrified, the stepsons of Brita Kaisa. They talked of hunting, and of dogs and horses, from which subject the conversation naturally turned to the new neighbour at Ramm. They said that he was an American; "And," added one of the young men, "very rich, and that his history was as strange as that of any hero of romance."

"Yes, certainly!" said the stepmamma, shrugging her shoulders, "I am convinced that he is very much like other people; but, dear Robert, you always exaggerate so."

Robert blushed, as if he had said something extremely improper, when he rushed the young Adamite swarm, just like so many gaddies, threw themselves down to the tea-table, and endeavoured to possess themselves of all that was eatable. The mamma endeavoured to obtain quiet by a lecture on good behaviour; but the little monsters troubled themselves not on this account, nor would be still till their demands were satisfied. I wished, with all my heart, that Lars Anders could have seen this, but he was occupied with the gentlemen in another room.

"One must not subject children too much," said the mamma; "one must leave them their freedom; for by this means they grow up natural, and not, like so many, artificial and affected. Have you seen the Miss Von P.s?" asked she. "Heavens! how ridiculous it is to see them sitting in their white gloves, with their screwed-up months, thinking themselves so grand and genteel."

At this moment the door was pushed open, and a figure stepped in which no one could accuse of affectation, for her hair, her dress, her carriage, all seemed to be made of wind.

"Come here, Mally," said the major's lady, and introduced me to this her stepdaughter, who, making a courtesy, much after the fashion of a bear, turned herself round to the tea-table, as her brothers and sisters had done, when all three immediately began to quarrel, and some such amiable words as the following were audible: "Fy! art'st you ashamed of yourself?" "Can't you let my biscuit alone, you pig, you ugly, ill-mannered thing: I'll tell mother of you!"

But the mother did not trouble herself about them. The gentlemen came in; and while the Adamites ate and quarrelled, and we on that account might hope to get out of the house with life and uninjured limbs, we took our leave—Brita Kaisa and I shaking each other most kindly by the hand, and exchanging mutual good and neighbourly wishes. I determined, however, in my own mind, not soon again to put myself in bodily danger from timber missives, nor even again to be complimented on my former good looks. The major, too, accompanied me to the cabriolet, and appeared to be greatly pleased with me. For myself, I, too, must confess that the visit, on the whole, had afforded me pleasure; still, I left the house with two little thorns in my heart. The first of these was, that Lars Anders had declared himself to have been so wonderfully happy in childhood, and had sighed over the remembrance, as if the present were as heavy as lead. Secondly, I feared I had talked too much and with too much warmth in a place where I then was only for the first time. I feared my husband might not be pleased with me, and might feel disposed to set "very bad, very bad," against the "very good, very good," of the major. I would have given my life just to have known what he thought about it, but the good man sat beside me stock still, and noticed nothing but his fingers.

I must know, thought I to myself, and began puzzling my brain how I should introduce the subject, when, just as I was about to open my lips, he said, "I am sorry, indeed, Fanny, that you had not a happy childhood!"

"But it makes me a great deal more sorry," said I, just ready to cry, "that you were so terribly happy in your youth that you can never be so happy again, and that all after-pleasure must be heavy in comparison. You had more pleasure in your ball than than you can have now in your wife!"

"You little fool!" said he, looking at me with such an expression of astonishment as at once appeased me, "you really cannot think so—you cannot think me so mad! yes, truly, that time was good, but this is far better!"

"Thank God!" said I, softly, and deeply grateful.

"And then," continued he, "I think the childhood of but few is as happy as mine was. When I think how the whole world seemed to smile on me then; what I felt, when I lay, looking upward towards heaven, in the grass, and heard the rustling around me in the wood; when I think how, later in life, I went wandering through those woods about Ramm; how everything around me seemed life and pleasure—then, Fanny, I may well wish that you had experienced as happy a childhood and youth as I have done."

"But life, like the year," replied I, "has sometimes an after-summer, and I feel that mine has begun."

Lars Anders took my hand in his, and pressed it; not a word was said, but we were happy;

and the cabriolet rolled rapidly along the level road homeward.

"What a desolate region this is!" exclaimed I, after a while, and surprised by scenery I was not familiar with; "it is unlike our valley—where are we?—for here are only hills and wood."

"We are in the neighbourhood of Ramm," replied he. "I have purposely taken this road, that you may see the place where my youth was passed. Independently of this, too, both the house and park are worth seeing. I am glad that nobody is living here now; it is always painful to see a place desolate where people are living, and where life might be enjoyed."

"But who could properly enjoy life here," I asked, "where all is so black and dreary? That long alley is black as a church-vault! and there, at the end, is that the house? Ha! it looks like an old castle haunted by ghosts!"

"And yet," he replied, "here has been great happiness—great joy; and," added he, "great sorrow, also!"

"What! has some misfortune happened here?" asked I.

"Yes," he replied, "a misfortune—but how is the place overgrown!"

"Like a scar over a closed wound," said I.

"True!" replied he, "true, thank God! It is a long time since I was here; and now I hardly know it again; and that house, how dark it has become!"

"I assure you," said I, "it is haunted; I saw a little gray man peeping through a window."

"Perhaps the new resident is already come," remarked he.

"If he be not more cheerful than this place—" the cabriolet stopped, and we alighted. I looked up with a certain feeling of reverence and anxiety to the stately old house, which, with its tall, two-storied *façade* and black tower, and its adjoining dark wings, bore a resemblance to a swooping owl. Tall oaks grew around it, and many of the lesser children of the wood; service-trees, poplars, and palm-willows thronged round the walls and looked in at the windows, like people crowding to gaze upon a royal table. To the left, silvery water gleamed out between the trees—the Helga Sea, the water beside which Rosenvik lies so pleasantly.

In the middle of the court, which was now completely overgrown with weeds, an inviolated Neptune, standing amid moss-covered water, told that, in earlier days, there had once been a stately fountain there. Everything looked desolate and unhappy; yet there was, as we soon perceived, a movement in the house, though not of ghosts. The great door stood open, and presently, a workman coming out, we learned from him that the place was about being immediately prepared for the new resident, who was shortly expected here.

We entered; and I could not help being surprised by the size of the rooms and the view from the other side of the building, and was almost ready, with a certain lady, to exclaim, "Ah! how gloriously beautiful is it here! here trees, and there woovers!" I rejoiced myself in the fine, wide landscape, extending over woody heights and surrounding meadows. To the left lies the Helga Sea; nay, indeed, it flows up to the very walls, which are built upon a low rocky point, garlanded, as it were, with alder-bushes, while the water, breaking in little waves on the beach, makes delicious music.

In one of the handsomest rooms I was greatly

surprised to find a magnificent organ, which has lately been set up there.

"Mr. Romilly is very fond of music," said the overseer of the work, who, with great politeness, had gone through the rooms with us.

"Of what country is he?" asked my husband.

"He is a Portuguese," was the reply. "He was attached to Don Miguel's party; inherited afterward the property of an uncle in the West Indies, and will now come and enjoy this great wealth in our country, because it is the quietest and most secure in the world."

"That is good luck," thought I; "we shall next have Don Miguel himself for our neighbour in Ramm!"

I could not resist trying the organ, which was of a magnificent, although somewhat too strong a tone for my taste; yet, at the same time, it enchanted me; and I know not how long I should have sat before it, had not Lars Anders reminded me that it was already evening.

"Now the only agreeable things in this house," said I, "are the organ and the prospect towards Rosenvik. I would not live here for all the wealth in this world; still, on an autumn evening, I would gladly come here by moonlight, if you would only come with me, Bear, and wander about to see whether it be not here, as in old castles of which I have read; whether there be not moving walls, ghost-like shadows, blood stains which can never be effaced, balls of thread which roll after one's heels, and at last transform themselves into bloody daggers—" here I suddenly paused, for my husband sighed, and, glancing at him, I saw that his usually friendly, good-natured countenance had become so dark that I shuddered, and turned round involuntarily, to see whether a ball of thread were not following us; but, thank God! I saw nothing; and then, with secret haste, followed him out of the house, and, the moment we descended the steps, a flight of jackdaws from the tower flew over our heads into the wood.

"And here it was so joyful, so beautiful!" sighed Lars Anders; "it was a home for youth, for joy, and love!"

"But how is it so different now?" asked I; "and why did *Mrs. Clara* more leave a dwelling which is far finer than Carlsofs, and which had once, you say, far more lively guests than jackdaws?"

"Because—because," hesitated he, "she experienced a great sorrow here. Do not speak to her of Ramm, Fanny; do not tell her that you have been here; another time I will tell you why. This large, beautiful wood, which is nearly a Swedish mile in circumference, is, or, rather, was, a park; now the paths are grown up; but we will often come and look about here."

"It is very gloomy here," said I; yet while I was even speaking these very words, a ray burst forth from the descending sun, and threw a golden glory upon the dark gray house and on the summit of the wood. I do not know how it was, but at that moment the name *Serena* came into my mind, as if it had been the literal signification of this sunbeam; the sunbeam, however, soon died away in the advancing twilight.

"Thus—yes, exactly thus!" said Lars Anders, with a melancholy smile, as he observed, with a tear in his eye, the illumined and again darkened house.

We mounted the cabriolet in silence, and silently drove towards home. As we came into more cheerful scenes, I seemed to breathe more

freely, and as it seemed to me, at length, that our thoughts had dwelt quite long enough on the old crow's nest. I raised my voice, and asked, "Bear, where does Serena live?"

A smile came over his face, like sunshine in the wood, and he said, "Yes, she is lovely!"

"Tha. I believe," said I; "but where does she live?"

"She lives in the city, and is the handsomest and best girl in the whole place," said he.

"But, Bear," remonstrated I, "you have never spoken to me about her."

"I prefer leaving people and things," said he, "to speak for themselves: you shall soon see her; for one of these days we will go and pay a visit to the old Dahls."

I was intending to ask still farther questions, when a great rain-drop hit me upon the nose; then a second, and then a third, till it was a perfect shower. We sought for the umbrella, but it had been forgotten, and now handkerchiefs and shawls were in requisition to cover my bonnet—but, ah! in vain; my gauze state-and-festival bonnet was entirely ruined before we reached home! Shape, freshness, colour, and flowers, all were wet through and spoiled forever. But the only discontented face which this misfortune occasioned was Bear's.

And so ended the first visiting-day.

#### THE SECOND VISITING-DAY.

What does the bird of passage do? He goes restlessly wandering about the world, seeking for himself a place where he may build for himself a home to dwell in, since he finds no rest; and who, indeed, does, till he has found a home, a little world for himself, in which, after his own desires, he may live in rest and freedom? And when he has found a spot, or a tree, in which he will abide, then carries he together leaves, and wool, and straw, and builds for himself a home; there he can rest, sit up aloft in his nest, look out on the world below, and sing; and so till the next time of his wandering.

And now, after this little preface, I shall conduct you to the bird's nest of Miss Hellevi Hausgiebel. As I ascended the steps to the door, I must confess that my heart was not as light as a feather, for the words "malicious and ridiculous" lay heavy on my conscience; but, from the topmost step, down flew Miss Hausgiebel to meet me, embraced me with smiles; and I, on my part, heartily returned her embrace, thinking with myself, "Miss Hausgiebel is a sensible person;" in which opinion I was only the more decided the more I looked about her bird's nest.

The little house was a perfect little museum. Excellent copperplate engravings, and paintings by good masters, ornamented the walls; beautiful busts, in bronze and plaster of Paris, were tastefully arranged about. One was delighted to find one room a library; and in another was a collection of shells, minerals, and many curious natural productions, arranged under glass; all in good preservation and well disposed. Wherever, in short, we cast our eyes, indications of mind and sentiment were seen; while the lively little Hausgiebel herself, leading us here and there, and explaining all to us, was not the least interesting part of the collection.

"But, really, it is quite charming here," exclaimed I, quite happy and refreshed by what I had seen: "no one can experience ennui here!"

"Your words afford me a great pleasure, dear Madame Werner," replied Miss Hausgiebel, in

a lively voice, "for it is my highest wish to drive away this wearisome enemy, *ennui*, with all its attendant yawnings and vapours. All that I have collected together in two years is merely to prevent my friends, and more especially myself, experiencing *ennui*; and my daily occupation and my pleasure are, continually, to bring into my nest some new straw or other, or to rearrange the old. You see this engraving," said she, pointing to a St. John after Domenichino, "and this head of Venus, in plaster of Paris. I received them yesterday, and to-day they make me quite happy. I am not rich enough to purchase original masterpieces, but I can possess myself of copies; and thus, at small cost, collect around me the ideas of great artists."

"But these masterpieces are all original," said I, as we entered the little cabinet of natural history.

"Yes," answered Miss Hausgiebel, "and on this account they are the most valuable that I possess. The Great Artist, God, acts here, as with all, *en grand seigneur*. He has scattered his inimitable works of art over land and shore, in wilderness, and in the depths of the sea itself; the earth is full of them; and mankind has nothing to do but to go out and collect."

These remarks were to me quite unexpected. "Oh, Miss Hausgiebel," said I, "you are right! how much richer might we not make our lives, if we would gather of the good that is around us; if we all, each day, brought home a straw, as you call it! but too often we go about, like the blind, seeing nothing."

"Ah, that is the misfortune!" said she; "could not the doctors operate upon this kind of cata-ract?"

"That of itself would do no good," said my husband: "it requires another sort of operation."

"Oh Lord! what do you mean, Dr. Werner?" asked she.

"That one finds in many people a sleepiness, a heaviness of disposition which—"

"I hate all heaviness," interrupted Miss Hausgiebel, with a spring like that of a frightened bird: "it sends lead into my heart only to hear the word spoken. I have rigorously striven to fly from it, and, in my terror, have taken refuge in my bird's nest; but even here, alas! I must acknowledge that there is a law in the world, which may be called the heavy law, and which draws our bodies down to the earth; yet I strive to keep my soul free, and to collect subjects of thought around, as a bird may fly about the world, and drink dew from the flowers of Eden. Were I a Corinne or a De Stael, I should, perhaps, possess enough in myself. I should then sit down in my little home, a lyre in my hand, and, like the nightingale, enchant my friends with the tones of my voice alone. But, as I am only Hellevi Hausgiebel, moderately gifted, both in body and soul, and yet do all that in me lies to make it agreeable to those around me, I have called these children of art and nature to my assistance; and, if my visitors experience *ennui*, I can only assert that it must be their own fault."

The lively lady said all this as she led us down into her garden, into flowery vine and sweetly smelling peach-houses; and then showed us many beautiful and rare plants, which she herself cultivated, and called her children. The Bird's Nest consists merely of a house and garden; but the garden is large, well fenced, and richly furnished with trees and flowers.

We partook of a collation in a pretty little pavilion in the garden; and, while we were thus

occupied, other visitors from the city made their appearance, among whom was Lagman Hök, who was received by Miss Hausgiebel with peculiar cordiality. The conversation was general, but soon turned itself upon the new neighbour at Ramm, about whom the most various reports and conjectures were given. By turns he belonged to all nations, and his journey here was ascribed to the most various causes: the most generally accepted of which was, that he was a spy; but what he had come to spy, nobody could tell.

"Now, I'll bet anything," said Miss Hausgiebel, after many guesses had been made about him, "that our ill-renowned neighbour, after all, will turn out quite a simple, and nothing but a worthy man, who, tired of his own country, is come here into Sweden to divert himself with shooting hares and roebucks. I have lived ten years at Bird's Nest, and have never seen either a spy, a renegade, or the hero of a romance. I fancy these races are all extinct in the world. On the contrary, I have seen many people who are weary of themselves, and who want to get rid of the burden of life. God grant that this race may become extinct also! I have not, however, any objection that this new neighbour should be a man of the first class—nay, I wish it; it would make the whole country lively, and might, perhaps, somehow occasion an interesting romance."

The conversation was continued long on this subject, and was kept up with great spirit.

Miss Hausgiebel belongs to that rare class of people who not only can keep up a lively conversation themselves, but seem to decoy good things out of others. I was quite surprised to hear how witty Lars Anders was; he and Miss Hausgiebel jested, one against the other, and bantered one another, like good old friends. She followed us to the garden-door, as we came away, and, I fancy, read in my eyes that I wished to make some apology for the remark I had so inadvertently made when we first met; for she took my hand, and said, in the most cordial manner, "Come often to Bird's Nest, my good Madame Werner; I care nothing, after all, if people do say that old Miss Hellevi is malicious and ridiculous. I myself have heard the report, but it will not occasion her one more gray hair than she has already. She will not appear so, however, to Madame Werner, and she is bold enough to beg you to come again; and Dr. Werner, I hope, will accompany his wife. But, remember this, I do not compel you—I hate compulsion in social life; and, dear Madame Werner, if you should ever say to the doctor, 'Ah, good husband, we really must pay a visit to that old Miss Hellevi Hausgiebel! She is a wearisome person, but still she pressed us so!' then I pray you, in Heaven's name, not to come; and even, indeed, if you were never to come again, Miss Hellevi would say, all the same, 'The Werners are good-hearted people, and it would give me great pleasure to see them often.'"

"But," said I, "the Werners are not so liberal; they reckon confidently on seeing you soon at Rosenvik, and will take it ill if you do not come."

"Is it possible? then I will be among the first to come!" said the lively little lady, and, kissing our hands, flew away. Flew away, I say, because she resembles a bird in so remarkable a manner; all her motions are quick—too quick to be graceful.

As the cabriolet bore us slowly away, in the

peaceful, beautiful summer evening, I endeavoured to discover clearly what was the impression which the Bird's Nest and its possessor had made upon me. I had experienced pleasure; Miss Hausgiebel pleased me, in the first instance, because she had so kindly forgiven my stupidity; secondly, on account of her dwelling, and her philosophy of life; but still I was not completely satisfied. One *but* after another raised itself in my mind against her Bird's Nest; then another *but* raised itself against this objection; and so, at last, to disentangle myself from this but-wariare, I determined to draw Lars Anders into it.

"Bird's Nest," I began, "is very neat, pretty, and interesting; but—"

"But what?" questioned he.

"But I miss a something," said I, "in this little museum, when I think of it as a home. It seems to me as if there were something dry, something egotistical, in the whole establishment."

"How so?" asked Lars Anders, attentively.

"How shall I say?" deliberated I. "It seems to me as if the love of the shells had dried up the heart. Whom does Miss Hausgiebel make happy by her establishment and her life? Who is benefited by them?"

"My dear Fanny," replied my husband, "we must take care not to judge too severely, and not to take that word *benefit* too one-sidedly. It is true that Miss Hausgiebel leads a pleasant life for herself, but she imparts pleasure also to her friends. There would exist less moral information and less pleasure in this neighbourhood if Miss Hausgiebel and her Bird's Nest were not here. Her Wednesday *soirées* are as lively as they are interesting. We will often go to them."

"Now, yes, Bear," said I, "it is very well that she amuses the people; it is very well that somebody will give themselves the trouble; but still, I think that her house would be more attractive if it could offer—how shall I express it!—a more lively human interest."

"It is not without such a one," returned he, "even though it be concealed. Miss Hausgiebel has a young sister, who made an unhappy marriage, and, in consequence, became extremely unfortunate. When she was a widow, and had lost all her property, her sister Hellevi was not only her excellent friend, but took her to live with her, and became the support of her and her daughter. This poor lady, an estimable mother, has become averse to society through her misfortunes. If you had gone to the upper story of the house you would have seen still-life there, not less interesting than Miss Hellevi and her museum; human beings cannot love one another better than these two sisters do."

"If there be such an egg in the Bird's Nest," said I, "I am perfectly satisfied; for you see, my own Bear, that without a loving human heart, I can consider no dwelling happy, even were it full of works of art and jewels. But long life to Miss Hellevi Hausgiebel and the Bird's Nest!"

#### THE THIRD VISITING-DAY.

A meager day in a rich house. The house would be magnificent, but it is only decked out. The master would be grand seigneur, but boasts of his chandeliers and French carpets. The lady would be of the highest taste, and would conduct the most interesting conversation—of which, however, she makes only an extraordinary mish-mash. The daughters would be highly accom-

plished, full of talent and style, and have a sort of jargon, from which only proceeds a great emptiness. The son would be a person of great importance, and is only a little blonde gentleman with burned hair. The whole family is a collection of unfortunate pretensions.

A great inheritance, a patent of nobility (N.B.—Mr. Von P. says that he has merely reassumed his German nobility in Sweden), and a journey to Paris, have, according to their opinion, exalted the family of the Von P.s very high in the world. For the last two years they have been settled at Britaberg; have spent the summer there, and built a splendid house, and would now pass for eagles among small birds; after all which they must see, with great astonishment, *Ma chère mère* look down upon them.

Notwithstanding all this, Mrs. Von P. is a very polite lady; but a certain flourish of condescending friendliness towards me took away all charm from her politeness. Several young gentlemen, who were calling at the same time, chatted and laughed a great deal with the young ladies, Amelie and Adele, who, in the most elegant morning-dresses, with finest gloves on their hands, sat moving their heads as if they were fixed on steel wire.

Mr. Von P. questioned me immediately after Generalin Mansfield, examined me as to my relationship with her. I had never thought of this before, and it made me sorry to discover it. Then we began to speak of Stockholm, and of all well-known people there, when, behold! all Mrs. Von P.'s acquaintance and intimate friends were counts and countesses. She seemed to think, as an especial matter of course, that I must have heard of Count Von L.'s family. Count Von L. and his family had lately been at Britaberg, and now the Von P.s were invited to pass part of the summer with the Count Von L., at H. The Von P.s had made an excursion with the Von L.s, the former summer, to Uddevalla, and had resided at Gustavusberg together; the Countess Von L. was an extraordinary clever person, whom Mrs. Von P. liked as a sister; and the Miss Von L.s were pretty and accomplished girls, *tout a fait, comme il faut*. Madame Werner, of course, knew the Von L.s?

No, Madame Werner must confess her ignorance.

"At Count Von L.'s," said Mrs. Von P., "we met the best society in Stockholm. I there met the Baron N.'s family; perhaps you are acquainted with them?"

"No."

"Not? They are of the highest standing," said the lady. "But I cannot help thinking that I must have met you, Madame Werner, in evening parties at Count B.'s."

"It is not possible," I replied, "for I never was there."

"But," persisted she, "it seems to me that, positively—Pardon, but might I inquire Madame Werner's family name?"

"Buren."

"Bure, Buren," said she, "an old noble family, I believe."

"I don't know; I believe—" said I, hesitating and blushing, for I knew that my family was not noble; but a little miserable weakness had come over me.

"Yes, yes," continued Mrs. Von P., in a consolatory manner, "it is certainly a noble name, but, in our restless times, everything gets so easily confounded. Our family, for instance,

which is descended from an old German stock, and has given its name to princes, and counts of the empire—our family, I can tell you, even had forgotten its rank, and lived anonymously in Sweden, until Count L. said to my husband, 'It will not do any longer, my good friend; you, with your great property and your deserts, must have a seat and voice in the House of Nobles.' Much more of the same kind, too, the count said, which induced us to assert our old claims to nobility. The affair is, to be sure, in itself but a mere trifle, especially in our times, for whoever anticipates the age a little sees easily that education now is the aristocracy, and art as good as a patent of nobility. We live in an enlightened age, my best Madame Werner," continued she, "and my friend, the Countess L., always said, 'Education gives a positive rank.' Now it is true, one may be always glad, and thank God, not to have been called Backström or Wallquist, Löfgren, Sjögren, or such like; a good name, like real property, is always a picture of good fortune. When people are placed by fate in a high station, they can so much more easily choose their acquaintance, and get into certain circles. Amelie, Count L.'s sister, the Countess W., once said—do you know the Countess W., Madame Werner?"

"No—yes—a little," replied I.

"Is she not a most charming person? Amelie said to herself, '*Ma sœur est mieux que moi!*' It delights me, Madame Werner, that you know so distinguished a lady. Ah, tell me yet some more of your acquaintances in Stockholm; perhaps it may happen that they are mine also."

I acknowledge to you my weakness, Maria. I sought about in my brain after counts and countesses. I believe Mrs. Von P. had infected me with her passion for the high-born. I mentioned, therefore, at last, the Baroness R.

Mrs. Von P. looked contemptuously. "Don't know her," said she; "probably *retiré du monde*. At Count L.'s, and at our own house, the very best society only assembled; *corps diplomatique* was at home with us and Count Von L.'s."

At this moment I suddenly became aware that Lars Anders was glancing at me with the most roguish grimaces: this, and the unfortunate attempt I had made with the Baroness R., drove the rage for distinction quite out of me; and in order to make myself at once quite independent and clear, I named the family of his Excellency D., as my acquaintance in Stockholm.

"Ah, indeed!" said Mrs. Von P., starting a little, "I, too, have been there—a few times."

"Oh, I was there twice, three times a week," said I, smiling.

"Indeed! oh, most distinguished house," remarked she; "perhaps the countess is an intimate friend of Madame Werner?"

"No, I saw her but seldom," I replied. "I gave music lessons to her daughters."

"Ah, indeed, yes! on account of the acquaintance, I suppose," said she.

"No," I replied, boldly, "for money. I was poor, and I maintained myself thus."

Mrs. Von P. grew red, and looked quite embarrassed; but Lars Anders smiled, and that gave me courage. "My brother-in-law, Bergwall," said I, "and my friend, Madame Wallquist, obtained for me through Demoiselle R., the governess in his excellency's house, the situation of music-teacher to the daughters of his excellency's family."

"Yes, indeed! yes, indeed! yes, indeed!" said

tly quite out of conceit; and then, wishing to give the conversation another turn, she addressed her daughters: "My dear girls, cannot you play and sing us something—some of those pieces which you have sung with Miss Von L.?"

The young ladies complied, after some of the gentlemen had seconded the request of their mother, and sang both French and Italian pieces, which they spoiled through their affected and tasteless manner. In the mean time, Mrs. Von P. talked of Colorit, of Weber, Rossini, and Meyerbeer. "Weber," said she, "is whimsical, Rossini poor in melody, but Meyerbeer excels them all; he is truly *le prince de la musique*. You must not imagine, however, Madame Werner," said she, "that I do not value the practice of all the arts. In my opinion, it is art alone which confers on us higher life; and, therefore, I have given to my daughters the same education which I have received myself; they are acquainted with four languages; have great talent; and it is only lately that we have returned from Paris, where they have been to perfect themselves. Have you been to Paris, Madame Werner?"

"No."

"Ah, you must go there soon," said she. "*On va à Paris, et l'on s'égale ailleurs*. My dear Maria, do sing the little piece that Count B. sent you. Do you know Count B., Madame Werner?"

"No."

"He comes to us this summer," continued she; "a highly distinguished young man."

"Is your honour acquainted with the family of Grossier Dahl?" asked I, now wearied with being always the respondent.

"No—a little," replied she; "our circles are so different—good, very good people, I believe. I have seen them a few times in company; the—what do you call them—the Dahl—Dahlins, don't mix much in the better society of this place."

"Because they are so old, I presume," said I. "I have heard a great deal of their grand-daughter, Miss Læven; she must be very amiable."

"She is a very pretty girl," continued Mrs. Von P., "but a poor little, misshapen, sickly creature; she will not live long—the whole family is of fragile health."

"A little, misshapen, sickly creature!" repeated I, greatly astonished; "what in the world—"

But I had not much time to be astonished on this subject, as one of the gentlemen mentioned the new neighbour at Ramm (I began to be half wearied of hearing of the new neighbour), and Mrs. Von P., who seemed as if she feared the conversation might stagnate, threw herself zealously into the subject.

"Oh, that must be an interesting man!" said she, "a *true héros du roman*! His name is Romanus, or Romulus, and he is an Italian of a noble line. He murdered his first wife, and then connected himself with a beautiful English woman, with whom he went to America; there he had a duel with her brother, whom he killed—whereupon the beloved one died of grief; and now he travels all the world over to dissipate his sorrow, and to do good, for his benevolence is as great as his wealth."

I listened in wonder.

"Such circumstances," continued Mrs. Von P., speaking with great affectation, "belong so entirely to our eccentric and passionate times, that we cannot pass sentence on them according to severe moral laws. Deep, passionate, Byronic natures require their own measure; one

must take climate also into consideration, and not require from men under the suns of the south what one expects from those living in our colder north."

I was silently astonished at Mrs. Von P.'s words, and especially by the expression "Our eccentric and passionate age;" but it soon occurred to me that she drew her knowledge of the age only from novels. Observe, good Maria, that I say *only*—because novel-reading is not injurious, except to the exclusion of all other reading.

Long live novels, novel-readers, and novel-writers! especially as I myself am one of them! *Mais revenons à nos moutons*.

The young ladies sang and quavered, and seemed almost to have forgotten that there was such a phrase as to leave off. I went to them, and was mischievous enough to inquire if they ever sang Swedish. Whereupon they answered, No, and began to speak of Malibran, of Paris, and such subjects, without speaking well of any of them.

Affectation, false taste, presumption, how I detest you! and on that account I will now make my escape from the nest of these three owl-sisters.

Mrs. Von P. took a ceremonious and cold adieu, without asking me to come again. I conjecture that music lessons, and my acquaintance with *wall* and *quist* people, made Mrs. Von P. feel that I was not fit to mix in their circles. Well—and she may be right there.

On our way home we met wagons laden with goods for the new neighbour at Ramm. After all I have heard of this man, if he should only be a common, every-day sort of a person, how vexed I shall be!

14th June.

Yesterday afternoon we were at home, and rejoined on that account. Lars Anders worked like a regular joiner, and I read to him what I had written about our visiting-days. It gave him pleasure; he laughed, and yet he blamed me, at the same time, for having spoken with so much severity of some persons; neither was he quite satisfied with the judgment I had passed on the Von P.s.

"You call them," said he, "a collection of unfortunate pretensions, and yet you have seen them only once. It is very difficult, my dear Fanny, to pass judgment on men after a long acquaintance, and quite impossible to do so after one visit. Beyond this, many persons, under different circumstances, exhibit such different sides of their character. I have seen people affected and ridiculous in society, whom I have admired by a sick-bed; many, in one case wearisome and assuming, who, in another, have been discreet and agreeable. Others, again, have eccentricities at one time which they lose later in life; many turn their best side inward, and perform the noblest actions, while the world is laughing at the fool's cap which they seem to exhibit. It may be so with this family."

"Granted, granted, dear Bear," said I; "and I promise you that, as soon as I become aware of the fair side, I'll paint it in my best colours."

"But were it not better, till then," argued he, "to place the faults more in the shadow? It is exactly by such over-hasty judgments that man injures his neighbour; for nobody reflects that one fault does not spoil the whole person."

"What would you have?" asked I: "you distress me; do you wish that I should throw all I have written into the fire?"

"No, let it be as it is," said he; "the mind of your reader will probably suggest what I have said."

"But, for greater security, Bear, and to ease my own conscience, I will make her partaker of our little conversation."

And this, my best Maria, I have now done. Ah, I shall always remain an over-hasty person, who judges by first impressions!

Forgive me, and love still your

FRANZISKA.

### CHAPTER III.

I come from—a better world; I have been in the kingdom of heaven! Do you wish to know how it looks there?

There was a patriarch and wife; and only to see that ancient, venerable couple, made the heart rejoice. Tranquillity was upon their brows, cheerful wisdom on their lips, and in their glance one read love and peace. A band of angels surrounded them; some little children; others, blooming maidens, of whom one particularly fixed my attention, because she so perfectly answered my idea of a seraph; not because all the other angels surrounded her, not because she was so beautiful—for she was not beautiful—but because she looked so pure and loving, and because she seemed to be there for the happiness of all.

Now she was with the patriarchs, and mutual love beamed from glance and gesture; then she lifted angel-children in her arms, and kissed and embraced them; and then she spoke joyous, graceful words with the angel-maidens. She was a kind, heavenly being, whose happiness seemed to consist in love. She gave a sign, and nectar and delicious fruits were carried around, while she herself took care that the children had as much as their little hands could grasp.

The beauty of innocence seemed throned upon her white and gracefully moulded forehead, which affected me as if by the foresight of a heavenly vision. The expression of her beautiful blue eyes was clear and holy, and had that quiet bashfulness, that candour, which delights us in children. I never saw a glance which expressed so much inward goodness, which spoke so plainly that her whole world was pure blessedness. The light brown hair was of wonderful beauty and brightness, and the skin white and transparent; in short, I never saw a form so much resembling a beautiful soul, nor a manner which so much reminded me of music.

I learned that this affectionate maiden was called Serena, and that the children had assembled to celebrate her birthday. All gathered themselves around her, all stood in need of her, all listened to her, and all were listened to by her.

"Ah, Serena!" said the angel-maidens, "sing us 'The Flower Gatherer,' that lovely, sweet song."

"Oh, Serena!" besought the angel-children, "play to us, that we may dance."

"I will do what you wish," said the kind Serena, "but what shall I do first? I fancy I must first play for the children, and then we will ask the stranger lady to sing us that beautiful song, because she sings it better, certainly, than I do."

Serena sat down and played, while the young danced and the old smiled, so that it was a pleasure to see. After the dance, the fruit-basket

was again carried round, and then Serena asked me, in the name of all, to sing "The Flower Gatherer." I sat down to the piano, and the little band, with oranges in their hands, thronged around me; their rosy cheeks and joyful glances animating my song.

"Ah, once more! once more!" burst forth from all sides, when I had ended; so I sang it yet once, and twice again; the little angels seeming as if they could not be satisfied. The patriarchs thanked me for my song, even as heartily as the children, and I thanked—the poet.

Serena then introduced games of various kinds, and all was laughter and fun during these games; and while I sat by the patriarchs, there stole in one little angel, who possessed a strong portion of earthly covetousness, and took something from the hoard of her sister. Serena, who at that moment was handing nectar to the patriarchs, followed the child with her eyes, and then going after her, took her aside, and said, with a grave, although mild countenance, "Why, little Eva, did you take your sister's apple?—was it right?"

"She had two, and I had none!" stammered out little Eva, frightened, and ready to cry.

"Because you had eaten yours," remarked Serena; "but in no case had you a right to take your sister's fruit; that was very wrong, Eva."

"I thought nobody saw me," said the little one, weeping.

"But if no one else saw you, God saw you; and he does not love children who do what is wrong. Go, now, and lay the apple down again, dear Eva."

Little Eva went and laid down the apple again. (if great Eva had only done the same!), and with tears on her cheeks, said to Serena, "But, then, won't you love me any more?"

"Will you promise me not again to take, without permission, what does not belong to you?" asked Serena, softly, but seriously.

"Oh, yes!" sighed the little one, "I won't do so again!"

"Then I shall love you, and you shall be my dear little Eva again," said she, taking the child upon her knee, and letting it quietly weep on her bosom.

This little scene, of which I was a secret spectator, while I was chatting with the old people, gave me a picture and a lesson which I shall not soon forget.

At the Dahls, also, as everywhere else, the new resident at Ramm was spoken of; not in the spirit of extravagant conjecture; some things which were good and noble were related of him; the man certainly was not Don Miguel, and there was joy over him in the kingdom of heaven.

In this kingdom of heaven there was a little sparrow, but not like any sparrow I ever before saw; it was tame, and full of a human-kindness; the angel-children were particularly charmed with it. All was laughter, bustle, and merriment, as the sparrow flew about, sitting ever and anon on their little heads, and "Gold-gelb! gold-gelb!" was repeated by all the jubilant company.

So passed the whole evening, with games, dance, song, and laughter. At one time, the angel-band, conducted by Serena, came and danced round the patriarchs, enclosing us in the joyful circle, till, again breaking loose, in the midst of song, they dispersed to form new groups.

However beautiful and joyous it might be in the kingdom of heaven, still we must think of returning to our little earthly home; so, after we had supped with the angels, we set out on our

way; but the worthy patriarchs and the lovely Serena prayed us so warmly and earnestly to come soon and spend a whole day with them, that we gave our hands upon it; and I must confess that I desired nothing more. On the way home I could talk of nothing but Serena, and went to sleep with her lovely image in my soul.

Perhaps, in time, I may come to see this family in a more prosaic light, and then you will receive a less poetical picture. Life wears oftener its every-day than its festival garb. 'This, however, I know, I have had a heavenly vision.

June 18th.

Away from home may be good, but at home is best! So have I often thought during the two pleasant days I have passed quietly in looking after my own affairs, in taming my Bear and my little animals. All goes on quite well; six hens, three ducks, and two turkeys are now my intimate acquaintance. I have caressed and fed the cows to-day; the fine creatures! the largest and handsomest of which I have christened Audumbla, in memory of the beautiful northern mythology, of which I have read in the symbolical lore of the Edda.

What of my husband? Since he has given up his little vices, he has acquired, God knows how! continually a greater influence over me. This, however, is certain, that he is good and reasonable. Yesterday evening he came into our best sitting-room with the pipe in his mouth, but stood at the doorway looking at me, and made such roguish, questioning grimaces, that I sprang up, embraced both him and his pipe, and drew them both into the room. I was so happy that the pipe did not hate the room—but really too much friendship.

19th.

Miss Hellevi Haugsiebel—sprightliness to the very roof—supper on Svanö; and thus have you yesterday afternoon. She seemed to me like preserved ginger: when one takes a little, one finds it refreshing and delicate, but all day long is quite too much.

"Bear, come here, angel: what say you to this comparison?"

"That it is malicious, and that you yourself are ginger!"

"Ginger! that you are, you bear!"

20th.

The sisters-in-law are come. Yesterday morning we received a note from *Ma chère mère*, inviting us to go for the evening; in the first place, because she wished to see us; and, secondly, because she wished us to receive the relations with her, who were expected that evening at Carlsfors. "If the little wife will come the first," added she, "I shall be right glad to see her; and for that purpose shall send my Norrkopings carriage with the brown horses after dinner to Rosen-vik. For this once I will burden my conscience by separating man and wife; still, if they can come together, so much the pleasanter."

I was very curious to see the brothers-in-law and their wives. My husband, who was overjoyed by the thought of seeing again his beloved brother Peter, could not, however, on account of several patients, reach Carlsfors before evening; so I went alone in the Norrkopings carriage, which is pleasanter than the heaven-chariot.

I found Lagman Hök with *Ma chère mère*. He comes regularly once a week, and brings from the city, where he lives, newspapers and law documents; for *Ma chère mère*, who has a strong sense of right, has many lawsuits. She talks with him

a great deal about her affairs, in which he takes more interest than in his own; and so talk they till ~~some~~ comes in, during which meal she shows herself a most agreeable hostess. This lasts till six o'clock; then says *Ma chère mère*, "Now, Lagman, we will walk;" and the two parade, side by side, up and down the large room. This time may be regarded as one of rest; for the two never speak a word, excepting that *Ma chère mère*, who goes with her hands behind her back, says unceasingly, yet almost inaudibly, and only by the movement of the tongue, "Trallala, trallala, trallala! trallala, trallala, trallala!" This walk, which has come to be called trall, lasts, probably, half an hour, on which *Ma chère mère* says, "Now, Lagman, let us sit!" on which the two sit down, and begin to chat again, but not of business, but of the good old times; of the then living remarkable people; relate anecdotes, and drink tea. So have they paraded, trilled, and chatted, above twenty years!

The Lagman has sometimes wonderful fits of absence: he will place himself, for instance, within a doorway, or against a wall, and there stand for hours, in deep thought, without once moving from the spot. Sometimes, at table, too, if he would pour out a glass of water or wine, he never notices when the glass is full, but keeps pouring on till it runs over the table. *Ma chère mère* is not much pleased when such accidents occur; but she never speaks one unfriendly word to him on the subject, but jokes him, merely, on his "poetical distractions." Nevertheless, if she see his large hand reaching towards a bottle, she mostly is beforehand with him.

But I let my pen fly, like a wild bird, from one object to another. I return now to the evening when the relations were expected.

Both *Ma chère mère* and her house were in their most festival garb. The *skurka*, or helmet-cap, sat high and proud on her serious brow, and she marched through the large room, by the Lagman's side, with the air and carriage of a general. All the doors stood open, and all the steps were crowded with servants in livery.

"Welcome now, my dear Franziska," said *Ma chère mère*, reaching to me her hand with a stately bearing; "you will now make the acquaintance of your new family. We shall see what these young ladies are like: in the meantime, my heart! go and do what you like, while I finish my walk."

I took permission, and went to see how the chambers of the sisters-in-law looked. I found the coarse toilet-covers had been replaced with others much finer, which gave me pleasure. In every other respect, too, the rooms were comfortably furnished; all was substantial, convenient, and clean; but I missed something of the poetry, something of the luxury of life, without which life and home would only be mere necessary establishments.

"*Ma chère mère*," thought I, "will leave this to the ladies themselves, will leave them to beautify their own little world, according to their own taste." Although I could not but confess that this was best, I felt irresistibly compelled to anticipate some little; and going, therefore, into the garden, gathered a quantity of flowers, which grow there in superabundance; hastily wove two garlands, one of which I hung over each looking-glass, and then, disposing glasses of flowers about the rooms, pleased myself in no small degree with the friendly aspect they gave. Presently, however, I heard a strong voice be-

hind me. "Yes, indeed! it is your pleasure, is it? to go romping about in my garden, and among my flowers? What did you think I should say to that?"

I turned round, and looked somewhat terrified at the severe countenance of *Ma chère mère*.

"Now, now, don't look so *héblé*," said she, her countenance changing, and patting me on the cheek; "I will say no more than that you are poetical, and, if you choose to fill the chambers of your sisters-in-law with plunder, that is your business, not mine; the thing, however, looks very pretty. I see, my dear, that you are not without taste; and now, if you will have a cup of tea, come out with me, I have no inclination to wait for the young gentry. Hök is standing in the saloon-door in one of his reveries, but we'll see if we cannot wake him."

As I followed her into the saloon, I heard my husband's steps in the next room, and whispered to her, "When he asks after me, you know nothing about me;" and hid myself behind an open door.

*Ma chère mère* winked her approbation of my little trick, and he entered at the same moment.

"Where is my wife?" asked he, as soon as he had greeted her and kissed her hand.

"I have had no intelligence of her," replied she; "I have not seen her."

"Lord God! where can she be!" exclaimed he, in such an agitated, terrified manner, as quite affected me; so, after he had looked on all sides, and was just turning to leave the room, I sprang forward and clasped my arms around him.

Ah! how sweet it is to know that one is beloved; but, for all that, I would not play such another joke!

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed out *Ma chère mère*, at our embracing.

*Ma chère mère* seated herself at the top of the great saloon; called me to sit near her; and then ordered Lars Anders, Lägman Hök, and Tutin, to arrange themselves in the half circle around her. I saw by this that she was bent upon a great scene, which should be imposing to the young ladies; for thus, in order to approach, they would have to pass up the long saloon. I assure you that my heart was full of sympathy for them; and, in the depths of my soul, I thanked my husband for his kindness in letting me make *Ma chère mère's* acquaintance in the *impromptu* manner I did, thus preventing me having to pass the ordeal of a solemn presentation, which would have been a horror and stumbling-block to me.

*Ma chère mère's* strong nerves prevented her having any idea of such feelings; and while we sat at our post, she merrily and graphically told of her first presentation at court; and how, for a long time beforehand, she had practised making her reverences before five chairs; and then how these reverences, after this, were performed before the crowned heads themselves.

She described the whole scene, and the principal persons, with so much life and spirit, that I forgot where I sat, and why I sat there, when a carriage was heard approaching.

*Ma chère mère* paused, and I started up; so did my husband; but she laid immediately her heavy hand interdictingly upon my arm, and said to us both, "Sit still! The old one shall be first to bid them welcome, and the old one will await them here!"

She looked solemn and dignified, and I sat down again with a beating heart. My husband

looked undetermined; but as he listened to the commotion and sound of voices in the hall, he said, "It is only Jean Jacques!" and sat down again.

The next moment steps were heard, and, with a loud voice, a servant announced "Baron Jean Jacques and his lady!"

A silken dress rustled, and a lady entered, probably of my age, but taller, conducted by a gentleman. She looked altogether *comme il faut*, stepped quickly, but with great self-possession, through the room, towards *Ma chère mère*, who raised herself majestically, and, advancing a few paces to meet her, looked highly imposing. The young lady courtesied very deeply, and kissed the offered hands, as I had done, while *Ma chère mère*, in return, kissed her, but only on the forehead; embraced her, and bade her welcome, hoping she would find herself agreeably at home in this house. Next, she saluted Jean Jacques, and that exactly in the same way as she had saluted my husband before.

The new comer and I sat down near each other; at first we were a little excited, but soon calming ourselves, became most friendly, and engaged in an agreeable conversation; in short, I greatly admired this first-seen sister-in-law, by name Jane Maria. She is not handsome, but has something superior in her appearance, while her form is exquisite. Her remarks and demeanour show both gentleness and understanding; her toilet, also, is very pleasing and appropriate; a brown silk dress, a gold chain and watch, a simple, but stylish bonnet, trimmed with clear blue, which accorded admirably with her hair. It always gives me pleasure to see a lady who understands the art of dressing well; it is a sign both of understanding and taste.

"But where is Peter?" asked my husband, at least seven times before the first salutations were over.

"Peter comes later," answered Jean Jacques, at length; "that is, if he come at all to-night. It pleased Ebba," continued he, "to go to sleep at C., where we dined, and she would not wake. Peter called and knocked to no purpose, so, at last, I and my wife left them, in order that *Ma chère mère* might not expect us in vain. I thought Ebba might just as well have slept in the carriage, since she never looks at the country, but sits wrapped up in her double crape cap."

*Ma chère mère* slightly moved her eyebrows, and Lars Anders drew his down, when, in that very same moment, a carriage drove up to the door.

"There he is," exclaimed my husband, and rushed out, before *Ma chère mère* could call him back, like a bomb, through the open door, to meet his beloved brother. She shook her head, however, and looked angry, while I loved him all the more for his affection to his brother.

Behold, now, the sister-in-law, Number two.

A slight little figure floated in petulant, but gracefully; the eyes half shut; a little straw hat hanging on the arm; a little cap with rose-coloured ribands inclined to one ear, and kissing, as it were, on the other side, several locks of dark brown hair which flowed negligently forth. Her husband followed her with his eyes, while he was stopped in the doorway by a second embrace from his brother.

*Ma chère mère* raised herself majestically, as on the first occasion, and advanced three steps towards the little sylph; but she, to our great astonishment, floated past, without looking up to

her, and throwing herself negligently into the armed chair, from which *Ma chère mère* had the moment before risen, exclaimed, "Ah, I am so fatigued, so fatigued, so warm, that I must die; ah!" while the silken robe which she wore falling open, showed a fine cambric dress, and, still further, the very prettiest of all little feet.

Oh, that you could have seen *Ma chère mère*! She stood as if thunderstruck! while Peter, rushing forward, seized Ebba's hand, and, endeavouring to raise her from the chair, whispered, "Ebba, in Heaven's name, bethink thee! Ebba, it is *Ma chère mère*."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Ebba, like one awakened out of a dream, and looked up, with a pair of beautiful brown eyes, to the great lady, just as people look up to a church steeple. *Ma chère mère*, on her side, approached her with a countenance that seemed to express, "Whatever sort of an extraordinary little creature are you?"

As the two were about to meet, Ebba snatched her hand suddenly from her husband's, and, springing upon a chair, threw both her arms around *Ma chère mère's* neck, and kissed her with all the grace and freedom of a child. This seemed to make a peculiar impression on the elder lady, who, grasping her little person in both her large hands, placed her, like a child, in her arms, and carried her under the chandelier, which was then lit up with the beams of the setting sun, and examined what seemed like a cherub's head surrounded with light. Ebba laughed, and we all were obliged to laugh too; while *Ma chère mère's* loud "Ha! ha! ha!" resounded above all. She patted and pinched the cheeks of the ill-trained, but lovely young creature, till her fine dark eyebrows contracted themselves, and she exclaimed, again and again, "Let me go!" But *Ma chère mère*, who wished somewhat to punish her, jested still with her, as people jest with a child; but at length, as tears filled her eyes, she shook her friendly by the hand, kissed her forehead, and saluted Peter with the words,

"Chastise your wife, my dear son, otherwise she will chastise you."

Ebba greeted me most ungraciously, never once looked at Lars Anders; but, throwing herself on a sofa, looked through the room and on the company with an air of indifference. *Ma chère mère* made no remark, but saw all this with a certain bitterness of mien which, according to my thought, seemed to say, "We shall soon bring you into order, little malapert."

Notwithstanding all this, Ebba is, from head to foot, the very prettiest little creature that I ever saw. She resembles more a fairy than a human being; but her countenance is somewhat disfigured by an expression of superciliousness and pertness which especially plays around the small mouth and the dilated nostril. It is true that she is very young, but she seems to me to be one of those young creatures who are particularly hard to train. Lars Anders seemed to think the same, and looked upon her and Peter with a troubled air. Peter, to all appearance, is desperately in love with his little humorsome wife, who, on her part, does not appear to trouble herself particularly about him; nor does it appear extraordinary that he has not inspired love in such a young, childish creature. Peter is singularly plain in person; has a very large nose, and his yellow-gray hair stands towards all points of the compass. In manner, he is quiet and introverted; yet his eyes, which are handsome, have an expression which is speak-

ing and full of soul. He sat the whole evening as if sunk into himself; pressed Lars Anders's hand sometimes, and glanced often at his wife, who lay on a sofa and slept. The evening would have been very tedious, had it not been for Jean Jacques, who, having travelled abroad but a short time before, related to us various and very interesting accounts of mechanical and industrial undertakings, such as railroads, the Thames tunnel, etc. Jean Jacques, unlike Peter, is very good-looking, has the power of being amusing, and appears to be full of life and knowledge. *Ma chère mère* was greatly pleased with his narratives; and all, indeed, listened to them with the greatest interest; so much, in fact, on my part, that I was sorry when supper was announced.

On the announcement of supper, we all turned towards Ebba, who, indescribably pretty, lay asleep on the sofa, like a rose-bud folded in leaves. I said something of the kind as we stood round her, and was thanked by her husband with one of his fine glances; then, bending over her, he kissed her in order to wake her, saying, "Ebba, my angel, rise!"

"Why cannot you let me rest in quiet? How unbearable you are!" was her loving reply; and she would have composed herself anew to sleep, had not *Ma chère mère* elevated her strong voice.

"My dear child," said she, "hear! If you are not ready to come with us to table this moment, you will have nothing to eat. Don't imagine that anybody will give themselves trouble on your account."

The little one opened her eyes in the greatest astonishment, raised herself, and, without another word, *Ma chère mère* took her hand and led her into the eating-room. Ebba allowed herself to be led, but with a look of indescribable ill-humour. *Ma chère mère*, however, was extremely amiable towards her, seated her by her, and showed her a thousand little attentions. There was something so irresistibly inciting in *Ma chère mère's* friendliness, that even Ebba yielded, like the rose to the rays of the sun, the ill-humour vanished; and then, indeed, she became unspeakably lovely, and the little Love's head appeared quite bewitching. She ate, laughed, and chatted with *Ma chère mère*, who busied herself with her. Peter looked quite happy; Jean Jacques talked with Tautin, who looked no less fortunate, about English roast beef and French *omelette soufflée*. I kept up a continued conversation with Jane Maria, whose obliging demeanour and agreeable style of conversation pleased me more and more. Lars Anders sat silent near his brother, and looked dissatisfied.

At the conclusion of the meal, *Ma chère mère* ordered a steaming bowl of punch to be brought in, filled the glasses for us all, and gave a sign with the hand for the servants to withdraw. We all at once became suddenly silent, as if expecting something extraordinary; and *Ma chère mère*, after she had cleared her throat, raised her sonorous voice, and spoke with earnestness and strength to the following effect:

"My sons and daughters, I will say this to you, because I see you all here assembled round my table and in my house, for the first time; I will say this to you, my children, because I still wish to see you often here, as three united and happy families.

"In an old regulation for soldiers, which was in possession of my deceased husband, General Mansfield, it was said that only in the moment when the fight commenced should the order be

given to the troops, and this order consisted but of three words—"Do your best!"

"This rule may also be of some value to the married. Books of education, the advice of fathers and mothers, the precepts of teachers, continue to the altar of Hymen; but there they all pause, and merely say to the wedded pair, 'Do your best!' After this, truly, it is not an easy task to give counsel. Every marriage has its own freemasonry, the one unlike the other, with which it is not well for the uninitiated to meddle. But some good advice, my children, you may listen to with profit, from an old lady who has seen some little of the world, and who has had some little experience in the freemasonry of married life; and if you, in your married career, profit by these counsels, it will be well for you. Thus—

"If, my children, you would be happy, avoid sour looks and changeful humours. By these, people entice Satan into their houses. 'A little cloud,' says the proverb, 'can hide both sun and moon.' Yes, my daughters, guard against what may be called 'bad weather' in the house; and you, my sons, take heed that you are not the November storm that calls it there.

"Remember what the proverb says, 'Peace cherished is strife banished.' I have, my children, seen that in you already which displeases me; but I hope it will all pass by, and be amended; therefore I will say no more about it.

"Deceive not one another in small things or in great. One little, single lie has, before now, disturbed a whole married life. A small cause has often great consequences. Fold not the hands together and sit idle.—'Laziness is the devil's cushion.' Do not run much from home—'One's own hearth is gold worth.'

"Many a marriage, my friends, begins like the rosy morning, and then falls away like a snow-wreath. And why, my friends? Because the married pair neglect to be as well-pleasing to each other after marriage as before. Endeavour always, my children, to please one another; but, at the same time, keep God in your thoughts. Lavish not all your love on to-day, for remember, that marriage has its to-morrow likewise, and its day after to-morrow too. Spare, as one may say, fuel for the winter.

"Consider, my daughters, what the word housewife\* expresses. The married woman is her husband's domestic faith; in her hands he must be able to confide house and family; be able to intrust to her the key of his heart, as well as the key of his eating-room. His honour and his home are under her keeping: his well-being is in her hand. Think of this!

"And you, my sons, be faithful husbands and good fathers of families. Act so that your wives shall esteem and love you.

"And what more shall I say to you, my children? Read the Word of God industriously; that will conduct you through storm and calm, and safely bring you to the haven at last; for the remainder, do your best! I have done mine. God help and bless you altogether."

With these words she extended her arms as if to bless us, made a solemn greeting with her head, and emptied her glass to the bottom.

Ebba was insolent enough to let a very genteel yawn be audible, nor did she even raise her glass, but, reclining backward in her chair, closed

her eyes, while Jane Maria emptied hers with a very becoming air. For myself, I must acknowledge that I thought the beginning of the speech heavy, and could hardly refrain from smiling; but, by degrees, the earnestness and energy of *Ma chère mère's* words took hold of me, and, by the time the speech was ended, Lars Anders and I heartily drank to each other and to *Ma chère mère*.

When the *skål* was drunk, *Ma chère mère* rang for the servants to enter, and taking, with the stiffest general's mien, the arm of Lagman Hök, she ordered us to pass, two and two, before her—mustered us, as it were. In passing her, she clapped me on the shoulder, and said, "You are the least!" (This is not true, since I have measured myself with Ebba, and am half a head taller than she; but *Ma chère mère* has pleasure in jesting with me.) Ebba, however, would not arrange herself according to command, would walk by herself; and, in order to escape from her husband, she skipped like a bird round about us and among us. *Ma chère mère* closed the procession with Lagman Hök.

We sat chatting for some time after supper, and then *Ma chère mère* conducted the young people to their rooms; I following, and Lars Anders, also, who would not be left out in anything. Ebba's good humour continued, but it exhibited itself in laughter and jests over the old-fashioned furniture; on which account *Ma chère mère* read her a grave lecture, to which the strange young creature listened attentively, and when it was ended kissed her hand and courtied with comic humility. She is a sweet, ill-educated child, and appears singularly ill-calculated for the wife of the grave, quiet Peter. Jane Maria, on the contrary, seemed perfectly satisfied with everything, and remarked my flowers with delight; in fact, showing, by her rational, well-bred behaviour, a perfect contrast to the eccentric wildness of Ebba. *Ma chère mère* was in high good-humour, and jested with us all, if not in the most refined manner, yet certainly with great wit. There is something peculiar about her, which captivates every one. I observed also, this evening, how, through her clear-headed, unequivocal arrangements, she gives satisfaction and security to all around her. Thus she immediately assigned to every one of us our places, and one soon finds the advantage of regulating one's self according to her rules.

*Ma chère mère* invited Lars Anders and me to dine the next day with the family. I was glad of it, for I wish to see them intimately. I anticipate for myself a friend in Jane Maria, and my heart covets female friends; for, since I have lost you, Maria, I am conscious of a great want in my life, which writing cannot supply; and if I won-Jane Maria's love, I should not have the less friendship for you.

But to return to the last evening, to Lars Anders, to Rosenvik. Arrived there, I imparted to him my remarks on brothers and sisters-in-law. But he was so deep in one reflection, that he only replied to all I said with a sigh, and the words, "Poor Peter!"

Somewhat impatient over the everlasting "Poor Peter!" I said, at length, "Well, then, Peter must act wisely, like a certain Lars Anders; he must improve his wife by kindness and reason, and then he must submit himself to her tyranny." Lars Anders said pretty things in return, with a kind countenance, but then, after all, he wound up with the words "Poor Peter!"

\* Housewife, in Swedish, *Hustru*; that is, derivatively, the house-faith or trust.

He troubles himself truly on account of Ebba; calls her a witch, and will not grant that she is lovely; on the contrary, Jane Maria pleases him as much as she pleases me.

I go now to dress for dinner, and send you a thousand kisses with my letter.

#### CHAPTER IV.

*Rosenvik, June 21st.*

THE dinner went off very well yesterday. *Ma chère mère* was cheerful and kind; Ebba well-mannered, and lovely as the morning; Jane Maria perfectly elegant and well-dressed; yet I could have desired a little more freedom, and have wished, also, the large *sténig* away from the forehead, for nothing pleases me which overshadows the brow. Jean Jacques was entertaining, with his interesting relations. Lagman Hök, however, poured half a *caraf* of water over the table, which greatly embarrassed him; so much so, indeed, that, some time afterward, when Jean Jacques was describing, with great energy, a certain winged steam-carriage in which people might travel through the air, to which the Lagman appeared to listen with the most fixed attention, thereby animating Jean Jacques to extraordinary energy, he suddenly interrupted him with the question, "Pardon me, Mr. Baron, but of which *caraf* were you speaking?" at which *Ma chère mère* laughed, and Jean Jacques looked annoyed.

Jean Jacques talks a great deal. To-day I found it somewhat wearying, especially after dinner. At length I heard only a continued hum, out of which the words Railroad, Manchester, Tunnel, Steam-engine, Penny Magazine, alone struck my ear. The more Jean Jacques described the sleeper I became, and at length he fairly gave up his unworthy listener. But a singular occurrence speedily awoke me out of my drowsiness.

*Ma chère mère* was sitting on the sofa, arranging the well-used patience-cards for the blockade of Copenhagen; Lagman Hök was sitting near her, taking snuff; and a young servant was handing about coffee, when Jean Jacques exclaimed, "Heavens! how like he is to Bruno!"

All at once, *Ma chère mère's* patience-table received a blow, which sent it, with the blockade of Copenhagen, spinning to the floor; yet no one looked at anything but *Ma chère mère*, who had become deadly pale. The nose was contracted, the lips blue, and the breath emitted with a strong, heavy sound. Then raising herself, like a fermenting billow, she shook her clinched fist at Jean Jacques, while the eyes seemed starting from the head. It was a figure to excite a shudder; and Jean Jacques, growing pale likewise, drew himself back. It was terrible to see her; and I waited, almost breathless, some fearful catastrophe. But she stood as if stiffened into that threatening attitude, immovable and speechless, as if under the spell of a terrible enchantment, or as if some horror-exciting ghost had passed before her. For a long time she stood thus, and only the wild, audible breathing gave evidence of the strong inward emotion.

While I gazed upon her thus, my terror changed into anguish of heart, and I was about to hasten to her, when Lars Anders held me back; and while he threw his arm round my waist to detain me, he himself sat still and attentively observed her. No one approached her;

and, after a few moments, the fearful emotion passed by of itself. The clinched hand sunk; colour returned to her countenance, and her eyes grew milder; she breathed deeply several times, always lower, as if she sighed, and then, without speaking a word, or even looking round on any one, passed, with slow steps, from the room, closing the door after her. Notwithstanding this, I would have followed, had not Lars Anders restrained me; but seeing me restless and excited, he took me aside, and, in a few words, gave an explanation of this extraordinary and painful scene.

"*Ma chère mère*," said he, "had herself one son, called Bruno."

"And is he dead?" interrupted I, interrogatively.

"Yes."

"And on this account," asked I, astonished, "can his name and the remembrance of him agitate her so much?"

"Not merely on that account," he replied; "he occasioned her great sorrow, and everything that reminds her of him, especially the pronouncing his name, agitates her thus powerfully. But one must allow these outbreaks to pass over unobserved; they pass over quickest when she is left entirely to herself."

"But what became of her son?" I asked.

"It is a long history," he replied; "I will tell you another time, Fanny."

"Another time is a villain!" said I. "I hate another time! I can wait no longer than this evening."

"Well, then," said he, "this evening; but we must not longer stand whispering here."

As we returned to the company, we found Lagman Hök sitting on the sofa at the patience-table, endeavouring to rearrange the pieces exactly as they were before they were upset, that *Ma chère mère*, on her return, might not, by any circumstance, be reminded of the scene which had just occurred. When he had succeeded in arranging the pieces, he took snuff, and sneezed nine times successively, which convulsed Ebba with laughter. His solicitude for *Ma chère mère* affected me; such attention is amiable; so ought friends to have care one for another.

I believe I have never sketched the Lagman's portrait; behold it, then, done hastily. He may be probably sixty years of age, is thin and tall, has long feet, long hands, a long neck, and a large countenance, in which traces of smallpox, and furrows, and a large aquiline nose, leave no beauty; and yet you must except a pair of eyes, which, under heavy eyebrows, have a quiet, kind, and pleasant expression. They remind one of the impression made upon one by the friendly shimmering light, seen through the windows of a hostel, on a cold autumn evening. He seems, good man, as if he had a peg in every limb; and never did I see so long and stiff a back as his! I never can see him without wondering how he ever can be suspected of poetical fancies. *Ma chère mère*, however, has firm faith on this point. For the rest, I can say little, as, excepting with *Ma chère mère*, he seldom speaks with any one. His voice, his whole demeanour, is soft; yet, although he is so quiet and silent, one can never forget that he is in the room; for, excellent man, as he certainly is, he takes such an immense quantity of snuff, that heaps of it lie where he has been sitting; yet, after all, that is not so very bad!

While Lagman Hök laid the patience in order, and Jane Maria, Jean Jacques, and I were

talking of music, Ebba had an opportunity to exhibit her cleverness. In the first place, she drew the needles out of my stocking, overturned Lagman Hök's snuff-box, and, after other misdeeds, crept behind Lars Anders and Peter, who had laid their heads together in a deep conversation, and sewed their coat-laps together. The good brothers foreboded nothing wrong; neither did I, who, wishing to take advantage of the fine weather, proposed a walk, to which all consented; and both stood up, when, *ratsch, blatsch*, resounded it, and the two coat-laps were violently torn asunder. Lars Anders gave a desperate leap, and made the most horrible grimaces. It was impossible for me to avoid loud laughter, and, in a paroxysm of childish delight, Ebba threw herself on the sofa. Peter seemed not to know how to take the affair; and Lars Anders, who at first was irritated at both Ebba and me, I believe, swore afterward good-humouredly at us both. Jane Maria shook her head, and yet laughed; but afterward, as she sat down to her beautiful tapestry, and saw that there, also, Ebba had been at work, she became quite red, and, casting a stern glance upon her, said something, in a very bitter tone, about "unpardonable impertinence."

While poor Lagman Hök sat quite still, endeavouring to collect together his snuff, I proposed the walk anew; to which all assented, excepting Ebba, who, lying negligently on the sofa, declared that, as long as she remained in the country, she would never set her foot out of doors; that she abominated country dust and country roads, and that green was injurious to her eyes, &c. In vain we tried to persuade her; in vain Jane Maria talked to her of her childish folly; she continued wilfully adhering to her determination, and Peter—stopped at home with her. And now, like my husband, I must sigh to myself, "Poor Peter!"

Lagman Hök also remained still sitting where he was, probably waiting the return of his friend; and, under pretence of fetching a shawl, I stole to the door of *Ma chère mère's* chamber, and listened there, full of restless sympathy. I heard, however, nothing but a spasmodic yawn, and, greatly relieved on her account, followed my party on their walk.

The weather was lovely; Jean Jacques talked with his brother of the new arrangements he intended to make on the estate, and blamed *Ma chère mère's* old-fashioned management: to which the other replied by a variety of wry faces, and by puffing prodigious volumes of smoke out of his pipe. Jane Maria and I fell into discourse on Bulwer's and Miss Martineau's excellent novels, which gave me pleasure. I found her well read, and acquainted with several languages, whereupon we agreed to read together Dante's "Commedia Divina," which will be charming.

While we were rejoicing on this subject, we turned into a lovely woodpath by a mill, the rushing of whose waters we had heard through the wood, when suddenly I became aware of an object which made me pause, and pluck Lars Anders by the sleeve, to make him observant of the same. All stood still, and looked to the left, where the sun shone upon an open green space. A man of a strong, almost athletic figure, in a dark, handsome riding-dress, was passing under the oaks which grew there. He passed slowly, his arms crossed over his breast, and his head depressed, as if in deep thought; near, or, more correctly speaking, behind him, went a hand-

some, glossy-black horse, whose bridle was richly set with studs of silver: the rein hung loose, and the beautiful head now bent itself to the grass, and now caressingly raised itself to the shoulder of its master, who appeared accustomed to this, and left his faithful attendant at full liberty.

We had only a glimpse of the man's profile, since he was passing from us, but it gave us the augury of a dark, gloomy countenance. Thus went man and horse onward, in friendly understanding with each other, deeper into the wood, and vanished at last from our view; but our conjectures followed him, and we came to the fixed and unanimous conclusion that this was no other than our so-much-spoken-of mysterious neighbour at Ramm. And now, whether he be called Romulus or Romanus, whether he may justify Mrs. Von P.'s romance or not, this is certain, that his appearance before us, and his exterior, had a truly romantic air. I confess that I am quite curious to see more of him, for I am convinced that, if I could only see him face to face, I should immediately know whether he be a *Don Miguel* or a *Harvard*, as the account we heard of him at the Dahl's might lead me to suspect.

When we returned to the house, after about an hour's wandering, we found *Ma chère mère* sitting in the anteroom by her patience-table, and Lagman Hök beside her, all looking as if nothing remarkable had happened, excepting that *Ma chère mère's* countenance was unusually pale and earnest. She motioned to us kindly on our entrance, but spoke with no one. Tutting gave us tea, and then Jane Maria sat down to the piano and played a heavy piece from Hertz, more difficult, as it seemed to me, than beautiful. But how she plays! She is a perfect mistress of the piano; the only pity is that she has no voice, else we would sing together; but, however, she can accompany me. I am fortunate in having her for a sister-in-law; what a difference between her and Ebba! Ebba, too, through the whole of the evening, was amiable, excepting that she insisted on everybody dancing; and, as nobody showed an inclination for this, she began to dance by herself in the next room, and sang the while very prettily. Peter's eyes dwelt upon her with delight; and I wondered not at it, for she is a little Grace, when she is gentle and happy. Partly to please her, and partly led by a secret desire for dancing myself, I enticed, after a few minutes, company to her. We lead in Jean Jacques, and at last Peter, and danced for a while in the gaiety of our hearts, to her indescribable joy.

But in a while the gentlemen grew tired and left us; and then Ebba, seating herself in a corner of a sofa near me, began to tell of all the balls of a former winter which she had attended in Stockholm, and how she was dressed, and how often, especially by this person and the other, she was engaged to dance, till an irresistible fit of yawning seized me, and would soon have conducted me to the arms of sleep, had not over-loud talking in the anteroom made me interrupt Ebba's discourse, in order to hasten there.

*Ma chère mère* played Boston with Jane Maria, Lagman H. K., and Lars Anders, and was now angry with Jane Maria, who, as I suppose, played better than she, and, some way or other, had made *Ma chère mère* *dela*. I only heard the words, "How can you think of not following, when you have four trumps and the king of spades in the elder hand?"

"I don't think of following," replied Jane Maria,

in a tone of vexation, "when I see that I cannot make my play."

"And on that account I am to become *bete*," said *Ma chère mère*, angrily; "and I was *renonce* in clubs, and you in diamonds!"

They were quite at strife; but this scene was interrupted by the entrance of the book-keeper, who came in to complain of two stable-boys, who refused to obey his commands. *Ma chère mère* allowed him to state distinctly the nature of his commands, and the refusal of the boys; and, as this evidenced great forwardness on their parts, her countenance became severe, and she started up hastily. Jean Jacques stood up also; but she motioned him down again, went out, and returned almost immediately in her Januarius and helmet, and, accompanied by the complainant, went off with great strides for the stable.

"How has it gone on?" asked Lars Anders, as, in about ten minutes, she returned, apparently refreshed by the rectification.

"How can it be other than right?" returned she, cheerfully. "I gave them words, and not songs; thus they perceive whereabouts they are, and then I should like to see if they would dare disobey; for the rest, there was no danger with the people. Tannerstom is too easy, and that he must be told, too. But so it is; all would use the axe, but nobody fetch the handle; all would be masters, but nobody will bear the burden."

Supper was announced, and she was, as usual, the most polite and active of hosts; all trace of the afternoon's scene had vanished.

Late in the evening, as we were once more in our quiet home, I asked and received from Lars Anders the following explanation of the unhappy family affairs, which, as nearly as possible, I give in his own words:

"*Ma chère mère* was had, by General Mansfield, one only son, who was called Bruno, after his father. His birth nearly cost the life of the mother, and that which she had bought so dearly was more precious to her than life itself. Many a time has she been on her knees by his cradle, as if worshipping him; many a time, when a slight indisposition has made his night restless, has she sat and watched by him. She suckled him herself; scarcely would permit any one besides herself to nurse him, scarcely to touch him. He slept in her bosom, he rested on her knee; her arms were his world, and they encircled him with undying love; and he, on his side, wild and despotic as he then was, hung on her neck with the utmost tenderness, and seemed to find rest nowhere but upon her bosom. It was beautiful to see them together; they were the lioness and her cub, who, in a union of savage strength and deep tenderness, combat together and caress at the same time. Thus the relation between mother and son was extraordinary, and sometimes hostile, even from the cradle. One day, as she laid him, a child but nine months old, to her breast, either in hunger or passion, he bit her severely with his young coming teeth. Transported with the pain, the mother gave him a blow. The child let go the breast, and refused from that moment ever to take it again. He was weaned; for the mother could not tolerate the idea of his being nourished with the milk of a nurse. Afterward, in his eighth year, as she would have given him a well-deserved correction, he turned like a young lion and struck her.

"Still, in the midst of scenes which exhibited on both sides the most ungovernable character, instances almost daily occurred which showed

unlimited power of self-sacrifice; she threw herself between him and every danger; and he would kiss the very traces of her lacerations. When they met, even after a short separation, it was ever an outbreak of the warmest love; still, the next moment, perhaps, they would be at strife with each other. This state of feeling increased, with years, for both were of the same powerful, determined character. They seemed unable to live either together or apart.

"It would have been impossible to find anywhere a handsomer boy than Bruno was; and yet, although the mother worshipped him in her heart, her sense of justice was so strict, that she never, not even in the slightest instance, favoured him to his stepbrothers' disadvantage. Never, if he deserved punishment, was he spared before them; never had a preference shown to him in regard of pleasure or reward; in no way had he the advantage of them, excepting the caresses of his mother.

"We were all brought up with severity; and as regards money, were too scantily supplied. For myself, I always had an inclination towards economy; nevertheless, I was compelled to have recourse to my own innocent industry to supply myself with postage-money, or the means to obtain any little outlay which *Ma chère mère* considered superfluous; hence I became, in secret, a carpenter.

"Bruno was naturally extravagant and prone to dissipation; and very early, in order to gratify his palate, or to appease his thirst for pleasure, resorted to less innocent means. He purloined what he could not obtain voluntarily, first from his brothers, then from the domestics; but no one dared to punish him for this, or to represent it to his mother; for the fiery-tempered boy, gifted with almost Herculean strength, had obtained power over his brothers, and was feared not only by them, but by all the household. He was beloved by none, excepting by me; I cannot exactly say what it was in him that was so captivating to me; I admired, it is true, his great natural abilities. His wild and witty tricks often decoyed me to smile, at the same time that I was compelled to blame; but what operated most upon me was the simple fact, that I really think he liked me."

Lars Anders said this with an agitated voice, remained silent a few moments, and then continued.

"I must do him the justice, however, to say, that he never was disobedient to those who spoke to him with mildness and reason. More than once he abandoned, at my request, unworthy pursuits, and often would he weep bitterly, when I represented to him his unfortunate first steps in the path of vice.

"But I was seldom at home at this time; for, much older than he, I had finished my academical life as he began his, and was always from home, in the pursuit of my medical profession.

"The influence which a child, a little girl, had over Bruno, from his thirteenth to his sixteenth year, was very extraordinary. This was Serena Löfven, with whom you were so greatly pleased the other day in the city. She was, at that time, a lovely, quiet, but sickly child; and *Ma chère mère*, who had always a great esteem for Madame Dahl, prevailed upon her for three years to bring her, during the summer months, to Ramm, in order, partly by the water of a mineral spring, and partly by the fresh country air to improve Serena's health. The little angel

like child interested the wild Bruno, and it was wonderful to see what constraint he had over himself, and of what self-denial he was capable on her account. He left all, to carry her out into the woods about Ramm; to caress her, or to sit quietly by and watch her while she slept. On holydays, or whenever he had a holyday, he went wandering forth early in the morning with a basket of eatables in his hand, and Serena on his arm, and seldom were the two seen again before evening. All this improved Serena's health, and softened the temper of Bruno. One tear, or one prayer from her childish lips, was to him a more effectual incentive than all the commands of his mother or of his teachers.

"If this better part of Bruno's nature had been cultivated—the violent repressed and the gentle yielded to—I am convinced that he would have become a good and distinguished man; but his tutor, a person of rigid, unbending character, and, still more, his mother, seemed to have resolved only to make use of power in the subjection of his undisciplined will.

"All this time *Ma chère mère* foreboded not how perilous was the course which Bruno was pursuing, and I myself knew nothing which I should have feared so much as her making the discovery—she, so proud, so sensitive on every point of honour, so rigid in her principles, and her whole moral conduct! Bruno's great beauty, his remarkable abilities and natural talents, his expertness in all bodily exercises, his courage, nay, even his overbearing, constituted her pride, and made her eyes sparkle with delight at his approach, or even the very speaking of his name. To have heard anything dishonourable of him, must have been a death-blow to her. Bruno, too, had pride and sense of honour, and the approbation of his mother was necessary to him; but his violent passions, and his inability to govern them, drew him perpetually into guilty conduct.

"But now came a time when I passed several summer months at Ramm, and where, from what I saw of him, I hoped he had abandoned his evil courses. He had been confirmed in the spring, and now appeared thoughtful and mild. The connexion between him and his mother seemed more peaceful and affectionate than ever. I hoped he had conquered the darker part of his nature; he himself, too, said the same thing to me. But one thing I could not even then help observing: he had his own private expenses, and those to an extent far greater than his own means ought to have allowed. For some time, it is true, I had been in a condition to assist him with money, and had hoped by this means to restrain him, and prevent its application to improper purposes. He frequently requested money from me, and I furnished him with as much as was in my power; but one day he requested so large a sum as astonished me. I refused; in fact, I could not do otherwise; and at the same time reproved him for this extravagance. He made no reply, but ground his teeth angrily, and left me. This was the last day we were to spend at home together; on the following he was to leave for the University and I for S—. That forenoon he went to the city to take leave of the old Dabls, and of his little bride, as he called Serena, and was not expected back till evening.

"Immediately after dinner the book-keeper entered the room in great agitation. He had missed, he said, a stated sum of money, which that

very morning he had placed in his desk, and that he must suspect the thief to be one of the household, as no one but those accustomed to the house knew where he was in the habit of keeping his money.

"It was the first time, as *Ma chère mère* believed, that such a circumstance had occurred in the house; she therefore took up the affair with the greatest warmth, and immediately undertook a domiciliary search.

"Accompanied by the book-keeper and two of her oldest and most faithful servants, she went through the whole house, examined every corner, and examined all her domestics with the greatest severity; even the oldest among them were compelled to submit to the search. As nothing was discovered anywhere, not even the slightest trace which could lead to suspicion, she began to think that probably the informer himself might be the thief; and thus the possessions of the young book-keeper, and even the clothes which he wore, were subject to a yet more severe scrutiny than those of the others had been.

"This young man happened to be a personal enemy of Bruno; and, whether he really suspected him, or whether he spoke in the bitterness which *Ma chère mère's* proceedings towards him awakened, I knew not, but he said, with unmitigated chagrin 'Your honour may perhaps find nearer home what you seek!'

"What do you mean?' demanded she, with an awful glance.

"That your honour," replied the irritated man, may find with your own flesh and blood that for which you have cast suspicions on innocent men!

"Man, you lie!" exclaimed *Ma chère mère*, pale with rage, seizing him and shaking him by the arm.

"I will be a liar!" returned he, almost beside himself with passion, 'if one of your own sons be not a thief!'

"Follow me!" said she; and with flashing eyes and pale cheeks, accompanied by the book-keeper and the two old servants, she went into our chamber.

"I had been out, and had only just returned and been informed of what occurred, as *Ma chère mère*, with her attendants, entered. I cannot describe the sensation which I felt at that moment; a foreboding of the true fact passed through me; I became pale, and involuntarily seated myself on Bruno's travelling-chest, which, together with mine, stood ready packed for the journey. *Ma chère mère* looked at me with a penetrating glance, started, and became paler, while, with a firm voice, she said to me and my brothers, who had also come into the room,

"My sons, for the honour of the house, you must submit to the same search to which all the rest in the house have submitted. I need not tell you that all this is merely *pro forma*, and that I am convinced of your innocence.'

"With this, she cast upon me a glance which was at that time inexplicable to me, and, passing my chest by, went and sought among my brothers' things. After this, she returned to the room and opened my packed-up chest. Everything was turned out, but nothing was found which had no right there, and, at the bottom of all, they found my carpenter's tools. When all had been examined, *Ma chère mère* cast upon me a glance full of maternal love and joy. Alas! she had had suspicions of me—of the thoughtful man, rather than the wild youth! and now she

raised her head, and one could read, in her strong, expressive countenance, 'Thank God! now I am easy.'

"Now, then, there are only the things of the young baron left," said one of the old servants, respectfully; "but the chest is locked, and, besides this, it is not necessary."

"That may be," said *Ma chère mère*, "but he must fare like the rest; the box shall be broken open."

"But the young baron—is not at home," said the servant, anxiously; "we cannot—"

"His mother commands it," said she, warmly. "It was done."

"With her own hands the mother took out books and clothes, which had been thrown in in great disorder. Presently the hand was withdrawn, as if it had been burned by red-hot iron; she had stumbled upon a bundle of notes. It was the missing money. She took it out; turned it about in her hand; examined it as if she could not believe her own eyes; grew paler and paler; and then exclaiming, in a voice of inexpressible anguish, 'My blood! my own flesh and blood!' sank, as if lifeless, to the floor."

"We carried her out; and our exertions, at length, recalled her to consciousness. Terrible was her awaking. But she shed no tear, uttered no word of anger or complaint. She appeared strong and determined."

"She sent immediately to Pastor Rhen, the clergyman of the district. He was a man of iron; stern, strong, and one ready to combat, with word or deed, in support of what he considered right; and, more than this, he was an honest and faithful friend of *Ma chère mère*. To him she confided this painful circumstance, and they two decided the steps which should be taken in consequence. I anticipated what was designed, and made use of the influence I had frequently found myself to possess with *Ma chère mère*, to induce her, but in vain, to resort to less severe, or, at all events, less violent measures. But all my representations were useless; she merely answered, 'Unpunished crime only induces to still farther crime. Bitter must be atoned for by bitter.'

"In the evening, about the time when Bruno was expected to return, myself, my three brothers, the old servants, and the book-keeper, were ordered into *Ma chère mère's* apartment. The room was dimly lighted; and there, in its gloomy half-light, sat, in a tall armed chair, Bruno's mother, with Pastor Rhen beside her; her countenance bearing traces of the sorrow which she bore in her heart. But over sorrow, and shame, and anger, there prevailed such an expression of stern determination as I never saw before in a human countenance."

"Thus, then, was assembled that small, but fearful court of judgment, before which Bruno was to be cited. Here we awaited him—a terrible hour! during which no one spoke; but I saw in that dull light the drops of cold sweat stand like beads on the brow of that unhappy mother."

"It was towards the end of September; a stormy evening, and a gusty wind shook the casements. One moment it was still, and then, then, we heard the fiery clatter of a horse's hoofs on the court pavement. *Ma chère mère* trembled as I had never seen her before. I heard a dismal rattling, not of the casements, but of her teeth, as they chattered together. My brothers wept; the old servants stood dumb, and with downcast glances; an expression of remorse

was on the countenance of the book-keeper; and even the iron-souled pastor seemed gasping for breath."

"The door was quickly opened, and Bruno stepped in. I see him at this moment, as if he stood before me as he was then, warm from riding, and from the storm; full of health and spirit; I never saw him handsomer than then! He came to his mother, longing, as he always did, even after only a day's absence, to throw himself into her arms; but, as he reached the door, he paused, started, and threw a terrified glance on his mother, who covered her face with her hands. Bruno grew pale, looked round upon us, and then again upon her; she cast a flashing glance upon him, and his countenance fell; he became yet paler, and stood there a criminal."

"At that moment her voice was heard, hollow and stern, to accuse him of theft; and, pointing to his rified chest, and to the money which had been found in it, she demanded his confession."

"Bruno acknowledged himself guilty, with an inconceivably bold haughtiness."

"Fall upon your knees, and receive your punishment!" said the stern judge. But Bruno bent not. A consciousness, which, after his haughty confession, seemed to have deprived him of all volition, overwhelmed him; he stood pale as death, his head dropped upon his breast, and his eyes riveted to the ground."

"Pastor Rhen approached him. 'Young man,' said he, in a low voice, 'you have grievously sinned against the commands of God, and against your mother. Acknowledge your guilt, and submit to your punishment!'

"Bruno stood, as if deprived both of speech and hearing; and the pastor, taking his silence for consent, began to read, in a strong, solemn voice, the customary questions of church penance: 'Dost thou not know that, by thy crime, thou hast not only grievously offended against God, but hast occasioned scandal in this community?'

"These words seemed to rouse Bruno from his lethargy; he raised his head proudly; a fiery glance shot from his eyes, but he made no reply."

"Once more the question was repeated, and he yet remained silent."

"Fall upon your knees, sinner!" exclaimed *Ma chère mère*, raising herself, and in an awful voice."

"Bruno cast a dark and threatening glance upon her, which she returned, and then he replied proudly, 'I will not! What,' demanded he, 'has this priest to do with me? I have not desired him. If he be here about confessions of guilt, others may come in question as well as I! Exasperate me not, or—'

"Silence!" said *Ma chère mère*, gloomily, "and answer only to my demands. Acknowledge, are you alone guilty in this theft?'

"Bruno answered only by a dark glance."

"Answer!" said she, hastily, "answer! Is there any partner with you in this guilt?'

"Bruno cast another long look on his mother; and then, with a firm voice, said, 'No, I alone am guilty.'

"Bow down your knee, then, unhappy one!" said she. "Your mother, whom you have covered with shame, commands you to endure the dishonour which you have deserved. Fall down!'

"Bruno stamped his foot in wild rage, clinched his fist, and darted a furious glance at her."

"Compel him down, you people!" cried *Ma*

chère mère, in terrible anger. 'Priest, if thou art a man, bow the disobedient, degenerate son to the earth. Make him humble himself before the commands of the Lord.'

"I was about to step between them; but, the moment the pastor laid his strong hands on Bruno's shoulders, they were flung off again, with a violence which whirled the pastor completely round.

"Layest thou hands on the servant of the Lord?" exclaimed the pastor, in a phrensy of rage, forgetting himself, and seizing Bruno with a sinewy grasp. But Bruno had the strength and elasticity of the lion; and, after a strong struggle, the pastor lay stretched on the floor.

"Seize him! hold him!" exclaimed *Ma chère mère*, beside herself.

"The book-keeper, and one of my brothers, who attempted to hold him, soon laid by the pastor; and then Bruno, starting back a few paces, seized a staff which stood in a corner of the room, and swinging it over his head, threatened, with the expression of mad phrensy, to strike it upon the face of any one who should dare to approach him.

"No one dared to do so, except his mother. 'Remain where you are,' said she to the others; and then, with firm steps and quiet mien, she approached him, laid her hand upon his head, bowed him down before her, and asked, in a voice which made the blood freeze in my veins, whether he would submit himself to her will, or receive her curse.

"Mother and son looked at each other with eyes of flame and defiance. They stood so long. Again she repeated the question; and then followed terrible words on both sides. Again all was still; the curse-speaking lips became stiff, the haughty glance dimmed, and mother and son sank, fainting, together.

"Both were carried to their separate chambers—"

Lars Anders paused here; and I, shuddering, laid my head upon his shoulder, exclaiming, "Oh, horrible! horrible!"

"They returned to consciousness," continued he, after a silence of some moments, "but did not see each other that evening. I sought to speak with him; but he affected to be sleeping, and I returned to my chamber.

"In the night, when all was dark and still, we heard a wild, prolonged, and thrilling cry from his room. I sprang up, and hastened there. Bruno's mother was standing there alone, with a wild and agitated look; he was gone. The open window seemed to indicate that he had made his escape that way, although a descent from a height like that appeared almost incredible; but yet it was so. Bruno fled that night from his mother's roof, and never returned. We never heard tidings of him, and all inquiries were vain. He seemed as completely to be gone as if cut out from the number of the living. Seventeen years have passed since this unhappy time, and we have never discovered the least trace of him. We therefore believe his death probable.

"In the flight, Bruno took not the least thing with him, excepting the clothes he wore, and some papers. On his table lay a sheet of paper addressed to me, and written in evident haste.

"I have met severity with scorn," it said, 'might with might; and this has made me appear more criminal than I truly am. But before you, brother, who have never been severe or unreasonable towards me—before you, who, as I be-

lieve, love me, I will not appear worse than I am. Hear me, then, for this is the last time; this last theft (and I had sworn that it should be the last) was not entirely a theft. The day after tomorrow the money would have been restored; and of which, if you will convince yourself, speak with Mr. F. in W. The money was not for myself, but for the unfortunate—but what does it signify? My mother refused me a loan, and now I took only that which at one time would be mine. It was discovered, and she—she must bear the consequences of what has happened, and may yet happen. Farewell, forever.

BRUNO.  
"*Ma chère mère* tore the paper out of my hand, and read the contents. 'He has stolen more than once, then,' said she, passionately; 'I have brought a thief into the world!' added she, reading the letter into a thousand pieces.

"From this moment she spoke not one word for three years. She shut herself in her own room, which was darkened; would endure neither light nor the sight of man; ate and drank but little; slept scarcely at all; spake with none; and no one, with the exception of Elsa, ventured to speak with her. When any of us, against her commands, were bold enough to approach her, she either fell into violent rage and showed the intruder out, or sat immovable, with her hands before her face, obstinately silent, and deaf to all our entreaties.

"Lagman Håk, in association with Pastor Rhen, managed her affairs, and in the hands of these honourable men they were safe; while a skilful overseer, acquainted with the place, farmed the estate under their inspection. But as *Ma chère mère's* hypochondriacal condition had already continued so long, and threatened a still longer continuance, I determined, after consulting with those friends, to call her own family together, and, in conjunction with them, to consider and determine what was best to be done both for the present and the future.

"This family meeting took place at Ramm, in October, 18—, three years after Bruno's flight. One day, as we sat together in the great hall, busily occupied by our council, the door was suddenly opened, and *Ma chère mère* entered; lofty, quiet, collected, and more respect-inspiring than ever. She addressed the assembly in her customary strong, solemn manner; saying that she knew the object of their meeting; justified it on account of her long sickness; but declared the congress to be now dissolved, because she felt herself again in perfect health, and again in a condition to regulate, as before, her family and her property. She returned thanks to all her friends, with an earnestness that affected all, for the patience which they had shown towards her, whom the Lord had so severely afflicted. Next she bade her relations all kindly welcome, prayed them to remain yet longer, and to be as cheerful and happy at Ramm as formerly.

"It would be difficult to describe the effect which this scene produced upon the assembly; admiration, esteem, and sympathy were the feelings of most; for myself, I felt sincere joy, for I really loved her.

"To gratify her wishes, the family remained there a few days; but all gaiety had vanished from Ramm. *Ma chère mère*, though strong and domineering as ever, went about like the shadow of what she had formerly been. Her complexion was changed; her hair became perfectly gray; her formerly handsome, animated coun-

romance bore traces of the most painful sufferings; and she, who formerly was so cheerful, had become gloomy and thoughtful. She now wore always a dark-gray dress, and rejected all ornaments; at times, too, she had attacks of deep melancholy, and would sit silent for hours, and cover her face with her hands.

The first use she made of her re-established self-government was to remove from Ramn to Carlsfors. Shortly thereafter she purchased this estate; for, seeming to regard Bruno as dead, she never named him, and endured nothing which reminded her of him. The old servants were dismissed with pensions; for she wished to establish an entirely new household, and retained only Elsa of all her former domestics.

"Time passed on, and by degrees the dark melancholy seemed to leave her, and now for the last several years she appears to have resumed her former life-enjoying existence; the only thing necessary is, that every one should carefully avoid touching the wounded part, which never can be perfectly healed in this world.

"Bruno's flight made a great noise in the country, but *Ma chère mère* was so beloved and honoured by her domestics that the disgraceful occasion of his flight was never known publicly. Many uncertain reports were spread, but people all adopted the opinion that incompatibility of temper in mother and son had been the one sole cause of this violent separation.

"Another mode of treatment, from childhood upward, would probably have made Bruno's fate different from what it was! but now—unfortunate Bruno! I must always lament and pity him." So concluded Lars Anders, with a tear and a deep sigh.

This history saddened indeed my spirit, but I must confess that it has given *Ma chère mère* a much higher interest in my eyes. I perceive now, in the depths of her being, the wounded and bleeding heart of a mother; and her misfortune was greater than her fault. I feel a closer affinity to her—I love her better.

Ed.

I wish to send off this packet of letters, yet I must say, before it goes, that I am here now as a mock widow. Lars Anders has taken a journey with Peter to G—, to arrange some money matters. Lars Anders, during his twenty years' practice, has saved a pretty little property; which, by Peter's advice, he has now gone to invest in the great trading-house of G—. During this time, therefore, I rule and reign in solitary state over Rosenvik, the cabriolet, and the horse. Lars Anders desired me frequently to use these latter in conveying me to Carlsfors; and Peter asked me, in such a friendly manner, to look after his little Ebba, that I shall fulfil their wishes; although I would just now much rather remain at home, in my own loved home, and see my peas in blossom.

At the end of next week we are to receive a visitor at Rosenvik, the prospect of which makes me a little anxious. It is the young Baron Stellan S., who was an intimate friend of Lars Anders's youth. Lars Anders is this young man's guardian, and is attached to him, not only on his father's account, but on his own also. This young Stellan S. is gentleman of the bed chamber; handsome, rich, and full of talent. All this is not so very terrible, certainly; still, from much that I have heard of his elegance, his toilet, his style, I am not quite easy about entertaining so fine a gentleman in my small, but modestly-sup-

plied house. I cannot see, for my part, how he is to be amused; and I wish, most sincerely, that every friend of my husband's should find his house agreeable.

But all can go on as it may; only, how will it go on with my romance? No intrigues, no entanglements, consequently no disentanglements; I get only new persons. How am I to unravel all these? how keep the threads together without a perfect jumble? And now, again, two new characters—the brilliant Stellan S., and the mysterious Romilly; it makes me quite out of breath; how will it fare with my romance?

But, let it turn out as it may, I remain your  
FRANZISKA.

#### A STRANGE LADY TO THE READER.

I hope, worthy reader, that this will reach thee in good health and good-humour. I hope, such being the case, that thou wilt excuse it if, now and then, the letter of a gentleman should slip in, among those of a young married lady, and that thou wilt not take it altogether amiss if an unmarried lady occasionally should take up her pen, in order to converse with thee. All this is merely that thou mayest have less trouble; and, in fact, I do not otherwise know how thou, dear reader, and the young wife, would ever be able to unravel all this about the Neighbours.

I remain, my reader, with the greatest esteem,  
A STRANGE LADY.

BRUNO MANSFIELD TO ANTONIO DE R—.

Ramn, Midsummer evening, 18—.

Here I am again; here, where I was born, where I played and loved, as a boy and as a youth! Between then and now lies a sea, a sea full of—but, nevertheless, I am once more here. The oaks are as green as ever; the mountain peak is as high; the clouds pass over as they did hitherto. Feelings, thoughts, actions, are also clouds; they come, they go—space swallows them up—swallows?—no, something of them remains behind—I feel that too well!

I have ascended to the summit of the mountain, and stood where I stood as a boy; where I stood with panting breast, and saw the sea-waves lashed into foam by the winds, and the blue mountains raise themselves from the opposite shore; and whence my forebodings, my aspirations, and my longings, fled forth far beyond. I stood by the selfsame fir-tree: it had outgrown me, although its roots strike into the rock; a heap of stones lay beneath—I was acquainted with all these. The boy had built a pyramid upon the mountain top, and had planted there his banner of freedom. The pyramid was thrown down, but the man stood there now, and thought of the work of the boy, and smiled—a bitter smile. I have wandered about in the wood, in the fields, and on the seashore; I have sought out many particular places, and woke many remembrances. The stormy appears to me calm, the guilty innocent. You may imagine how this is. I have lived my spring-time over again; I have enjoyed, I have wept; it was delight!

Now it is evening, and all around me is still; I also have a moment's rest. Like the calm leaf, which, lately blown by the wind, struck lightly on the casement, or the falcon which lately flew circling over the meadow—all are at rest. The mist now lies white and transparent over the green earth, and over reposing human beings. I hear the monotonous song of the moor-larks than which I know nothing sweeter. As a child

I slept every summer evening to this song, with my face turned towards heaven, which was then rosy as now, and watched how the clouds became more golden and brighter the deeper the sun sunk—as it is with the action of a noble life, the nearer it draws to a close. Oh!

And then, as my eyes closed themselves, and living images began to shape themselves into dreams, then drew near—then every, every evening, one form stood by my bedside, and kind hands carefully drew about me the covering, which I had negligently thrown off; a warm, caressing breath then passed over my cheeks; I knew well who was near me, it was—my mother! Oh, how every fibre of my soul thrills and palpitates at this adored, yet terrible name—my mother! She was a handsome and noble lady, and I was proud to name myself her son. Sometimes I have suddenly thrown off the covering which she had so carefully laid over me, and with one spring fallen on her breast, embraced and kissed her, as I never kissed any beloved one—and she clasped me in her arms—that, that was love! Sometimes, too, I lay still, pretending to sleep, and then I have seen her fall on her knees by my couch, and pray—pray for me! How have those prayers been answered!

I have had this chamber repaired and furnished. I did not wish that it should too closely resemble what it was. I feared lest the apparition of a child, in the white dress of innocence, should present itself to me. The sleeping-room of my mother, however, I have left unchanged. I have not been into it; I cannot, and it is kept locked.

After this, will you acknowledge me again? Will you not lament over me as weak and pusillanimous? Hear me! I am rejoiced to feel myself again human; I am glad that no death-in-life quiet has petrified my heart. Still, as long as I live, no sentiment shall weaken or depress me, even though it came from the abyss—no joy, and no pain!

I know only too well that I never can be happy—peace is not for me; I can never forget; nevertheless, I can bear. But I will bear alone what I alone have merited. Many a tone can life awaken in my breast, but never that of complaint. I defy both the world and suffering! Beyond this, too, man can always cease to be, when he finds that miserable jugglery called “life” too heavy for him! Sometimes I think, “Perhaps it will mend; perhaps the yet bright day may efface the shadows of the past; perhaps the storm may be hushed, and these lamenting, mourning voices die away; time, rural occupation, custom, and perhaps domestic happiness—” You smile, Antonio. Alas! I smile also at such childish dreams. It may be; but, at all events, like a watcher, I look out for something—perhaps, after all, only for a dream.

Did you ever hear of a man who sought after his shadow? He had lost it, and it never prospered with him afterward in this world. I am that man. I seek my lost shadow. I seek after esteem; after consideration in that place from which, after having violated the law, I fled. I would win the civic wreath there. I would atone by beneficence for early misdeeds. Can it be? In the eye of the world, yes! but, with the judge in one's own breast? One thing, however, I will obtain; for, without the obtaining of that, everything else is nothing. Should this be refused to me, I will once more leave the land of my childhood, go once more into the wide world, and be

—cursed! Why was Cain's brow stamped by Heaven with eternal unrest! *He was cursed by his mother!* I know how Cain felt. I also was cursed by my mother, and am without rest in the world. And now, I desire, I will, that, upon that brow, whereon she laid so heavy a curse, she will again lay her hand, remove the curse, and place a blessing in its stead! Oh, then will its burning fire be cooled! Might I only bend my head to that breast which first gave me nourishment; might I see forgiveness in that stern glance; might I yet once more press those lips in love which once cursed me! Oh, I thirst, I burn, I languish after this happiness!

Do you know a high, holy, sweet, fearful name—a name which breaks forth in the struggle between life and death—a name which God himself, loving and suffering as a man, pronounced? This name I will address in my soul to her who has cast me off. Mother! O, mother! mother, my mother! wilt thou acknowledge thy guilty son? wilt thou forgive him? I scarcely dare to hope it! Yet she should do it—she was guiltless. Severity against severity—bitterness against bitterness—it could not succeed! But would she only be affectionate—would she only forgive! I pour out prayers at her feet!

You know my passion for music. I can satisfy it here. I have a fine-toned organ placed in one of the rooms. Every evening, at the approach of twilight, I sit and play there till deep in the night; the deeper the stillness, the dimmer the twilight, the higher peals forth the organ. It quiets me; it exalts and refreshes my soul. In its flood of sound I drown the recollections which become living in the bosom of night. Music is a glorious thing! it is an intoxication, an enchantment; a world in which to live, to combat, to repose; a sea of painful delight, incomprehensible and boundless as eternity.

In such moments, a vision sometimes presents itself; it appears to me as if there arose out of this tempestuous world, above this sea of sound, a—what must I call it? a hope, a heavenly spirit, a kind, reconciling genius, which, extracting from this stream of sound all that is most beautiful and most ethereal, weaves therefrom its own pure essence. The deeper the fugue descends, the brighter becomes this image, like stars in the dark night. Then sinks the storm, and my soul becomes tranquil; all dissonance, all pain is gone, and the heavenly image floats radiantly over the quiet lake; then it dims and vanishes. I cannot keep it; it arises with the ascending of the sound, and fades with its decline; neither can I call up at will this heavenly phantasma, although I have ever an indescribable longing to behold it. A reality so beautiful as this vision, life has never presented me with. I seldom go to rest before the sunbeams dance in the Helga Sea, and then my spirit is wearied with the warfare and enchantment of the night, and I can rest several hours.

Would that the song of my heart, the miseries of my soul, could reach the ear of my mother! But, before she hears my voice, messengers will approach, who, in friendly melodies, shall speak to her of the stranger; she shall hear him praised and celebrated, and then she will all the less shrink back from acknowledging him to be her son. But should she not do so—then, Antonio, you will soon again see, at the *Rouge et Noir*,  
YOUR FRIEND.

## CHAPTER V.

FRANKISKA WERNER TO MARIA W.—.

*Rosenik, 26th June, evening.*

"Ha! a stormy day, a truly unfortunate day! of which, however, the beginning was good. Yesterday I was invited to dinner, and to a Midsummer dance, at Carlstors; but my headache prevented my going there. I let my servants go to the dance, excepting Sissa, who could be induced on no condition to leave me, and I myself passed the lovely Midsummer-day on the sofa. That was not very agreeable, yet it did me good to think on the many who were joyful on this day.

To-day I am quite well, and overflowing with spirit. As I felt, therefore, an inclination for a long walk, I took my work-basket, and set off for Carlstors. The weather was rather dull, but still and pleasant; the country was full of its summer glory; the scythe had not yet gone over the flowery grass; butterflies flitted past with glittering wings; the birds sang, and I sang too; sang, as I walked over the beautiful earth, and felt myself happy to be one of those little beings which, inspired by a light and thankful breast, lift up their voices in praise of the Creator. To take such a walk as this is one of the greatest pleasures I know. I was as light and careless as a bird; I forgot all the weariness of the world; for air, flowers, green trees, blue waters—the whole life of nature, had become my life!

When I arrived at Carlstors, I found *Ma chère mère* busy at her laithe. She seemed delighted to see me, embraced me cordially, scolded me for my "stupid headache," and very soon we were in the midst of a lively and jocose conversation; during which time she went on with her work, and I admired her dexterity. It gives me real delight to feel that *Ma chère mère* and I become still more intimate. There is something between us that accords. I like her, and always feel cheerful and unconstrained with her; she is a prudent, true-hearted woman, even if she be too stern. She is one of those rare characters who always know what they are aiming at, and such have a beneficial influence on me. My quicksilver nature is calmed down and regulated by theirs. Two or three times during our conversation, she spoke to me with the pronoun *thou*,\* which, in her mouth, has a something particularly graceful and sincere. Generally she uses *you* to all ladies, and Jane Maria she calls "daughter-in-law;" the little word *thou*, addressed to me, gave me great pleasure, as did also the present of a handsome turned box, which she had completed under my eyes.

Would it be possible for two people to be talking together in this neighbourhood, without mentioning the new resident at Ramm? I believe not. *Ma chère mère* also spoke of him to-day. This extraordinary man, it seems, has consecrated his residence in this country by a large donation for the erection of a school, which has long been wanted here. The old, estimable Mr. Dahl, who, notwithstanding his great age, is so active, and the Pastor D., in W., have undertaken the management of this business. *Ma chère mère* spoke of it; and it seemed to me that she also intended to take her part in this new erection, not only by providing the oak-timber necessary for the building, but by her good counsel also. A few words which she said on this

occasion, respecting education and general enlightenment, pleased me, on account of the clear views which they contained.

Thus were we two, as one may say, in the sunshine together, but towards noon clouds began to gather.

In her behaviour to me, Jane Maria was, as usual, most friendly and agreeable; but towards Ebba she assumed a chiding, admonitory, governess tone, which became her as little as it did good to Ebba. Poor Ebba! whatever might be amiss with her, she was in so bad a humour that not even a lover could have given it a better name. Negligent in dress and deportment, she leaned herself back, in a wayward mood, in her chair, and would eat nothing; made faces, threw her knife and fork away, grumbled right and left, and behaved most unbecomingly. Jane Maria blamed and moralized in vain; *Ma chère mère* said nothing, but I saw by certain glances that a storm was not far off. I was anxious, as I always am when I apprehend domestic strife, and did all that lay in my power to pacify all parties; but there was something strange in Jane Maria—*she* seemed as if she wished rather to unveil, than to conceal, Ebba's faults. Ebba began to sing to herself.

"People don't usually sing at table, Ebba," said Jane Maria, louder than there was any occasion.

*Ma chère mère* seemed to wish, as I did, to establish peace. She talked, therefore, with Ebba, in a joking tone; but Ebba only looked scornfully at her, by way of reply.

"Ebba, it is very unseemly to look at *Ma chère mère* in that way," said the carping voice of Jane Maria.

"Yet a cat may look at a king," remarked *Ma chère mère*, good-humouredly; then adding, but more seriously, that she thought she had a reasonable lady at table, and not a child. Ebba began to sing again.

"Don't sing, Ebba," said Jane Maria; "but listen to what *Ma chère mère* says."

"I don't know why I should do so," replied Ebba, with matchless effrontery.

"Because it is your duty," thundered out *Ma chère mère*, striking the table with her clinched fist; "and if you do not know this already, fetch me the hangman! but I will teach it to you!" said she, rising, with all her features expressive of great displeasure. The storm, after this, might have passed over, had not Ebba's incivility exceeded all bounds. I had often remarked, that, in small things, Jane Maria wished to have the preference over Ebba or me. She will always enter a room first; be first conducted to table; once I heard her say to the servant, "Remember that you must always present me before the Baroness Ebba." I willingly let this pass unnoticed; but Ebba took every opportunity to oppose Jane Maria's assumed claim of priority. A plate of milk, which new unfortunately stood between the two sisters-in-law, was the occasion of strife. Jane Maria, with a very well-bred air, endeavoured to appropriate this to herself, when Ebba snatched it with such violence that the milk was spilled over Jane Maria's muslin dress. All was over now! Jane Maria grew scarlet; *Ma chère mère* pushed back her chair, and, without saying a word to Ebba, took her by the arm, and led her out of the dining-room. I was deeply ashamed, and wished myself away. We all arose; Jane Maria went to change her dress, and we assembled in the anteroom, into which *Ma chère mère*

\* A term used among equals only, as a demonstration of familiarity.

also soon came, leading in Ebba, whose face was scarlet, and who with difficulty kept back her sobs. She led her to Jane Maria, and pronounced an apology, which Ebba repeated, word for word, after her; whereupon the two sisters-in-law embraced, but without cordiality. All this over, Ebba rushed to another room, threw herself on a sofa, and cried herself to sleep.

After coffee, *Ma chère mère* made the proposal to Jane Maria that she should play an overture, and then that they two should play a piece together. Jane Maria, who has no great opinion of *Ma chère mère's* musical talents, glanced at me, with a half-sarcastic expression, and then, in compliance with the request, played a *sonata* of Mozart's, which *Ma chère mère* selected, and in which she accompanied her on the violin. Jane Maria played with more ability than good-will. I was charmed, however, as I always am, by the music of Mozart; but Jane Maria will not willingly play any music but that of Hertz or Czerny, which, to my taste, is too fantastic and affected; and this time, her superior talent, *Ma chère mère's* zeal, and her being so practised in her "Mozart," as she calls him, occasioned this piece to go off so well that *Ma chère mère* herself cried "Bravo!"

After Jane Maria, it came my turn; but, partly in consequence of the "*grande sonate par Steibelt avec accompagnement de violon*" being wholly unknown to me, and partly in consequence of my being but a bungler on the piano in comparison of Jane Maria, I performed only indifferently. In vain did *Ma chère mère* beat the time, in vain made such flourishes on her violin that my *tympaum* was nearly rent to pieces—we were still both of us out of time. We began again—we repeated—she was impatient, and I was impatient—and we wound up with a perfect *charivari*; after which, *Ma chère mère* laid down her violin, and called me "a little sheep."

"When Jane Maria and I go together," said she, "it is very different—one can call that harmony."

The harmony, however, between *Ma chère mère* and Jane Maria was soon disturbed, in consequence of a question of housewifery. *Ma chère mère* uses one and a half measures of malt to two measures of beer, and to half a measure of ale. Jane Maria asserted that one third less malt, according to her method, would brew the same quantity of good beer and ale.

*Ma chère mère* said this was purely impossible, but Jane Maria abode by her assertion, and thus the strife lasted a long time; till, at last, Jane Maria let fall the remark, that *Ma chère mère* did not understand the right art of brewing. This was unlucky.

"Will the egg be wiser than the hen?" asked *Ma chère mère*, with bitterness. "I do not trouble myself about your new-fashioned art of brewing, and your wonderful discoveries—there may be art in them, but there is all the less worth. They who have tried know; and I have seen a few more years, and a few more brewings, than you have, daughter-in-law Jane Maria."

Jane Maria worked busily at the embroidery, grew very red, but was silent, with a countenance of superior wisdom. This was not pleasant; but, in the mean time, Ebba awoke, and came into the room like a bird after a shower. In order to amuse her, I proposed some cheerful game at cards, to which *Ma chère mère* assented gladly, and we sat ourselves all down to a round table. But, in the very beginning of the game, Jane Maria and Ebba fell into strife about some rule

of the game. Ebba appealed to me, and I gave my decision in her favour, with a merry remark on Jane Maria's opinion, which offended her; and, in return, she gave me a biting reply. Heaven knows how it was, that my thermometer rose in a moment! I was hot to the very roots of my hair, answered somewhat tartly, and for some moments we two quarrelled sharply. As soon, however, as I saw *Ma chère mère's* large eyes fixed upon me, I was ashamed, blushed, and endeavoured to make amends for my over-hastiness; but never, surely, was a game so little cheerful! Jane Maria sat there as if in a church, and received all *Ma chère mère's* observations, whether coarse or fine, with icy coldness.

I was truly rejoiced when they came to say that the cabriolet was at the door. As I took leave of Jane Maria, she withdrew from the kiss which I wished to press warmly on her lips, and only coldly and scarcely perceptibly touched my hand with the tips of her fingers. I was sorry to see how angry she was with me. *Ma chère mère* accompanied me to the hall, and said, "My dear Franziska, we have all been very wearisome to-day."

"Ah, yes!" answered I, so truly from the depths of my heart, that *Ma chère mère* was obliged to laugh, embraced me, and, looking keenly at me, said, "Yes; and you have been no better than the rest, you child."

"Nor you, mother, either," said I, merrily; but, somewhat shocked at my boldness, I added, warmly, "Forgive me!" and kissed her hand.

"Now, come again to-morrow," said she, laughing, and giving me a little slap on the cheek, "and we will try if we cannot do better; come, my child! I will send the *Norrkøpings* carriage to fetch you and take you back—the horse knows one way just as well as the other."

This little parting scene lightened my heart. *Ma chère mère* possesses a stronger charm for me daily. But Jane Maria! How speeds it with our friendship and *La Commedia Divina*? But there are with every one bad days, when the tetra-*p* is out of tune; and I myself was, as *Ma chère mère* says, no better than the rest.

To-morrow I hope all will be straight between Jane Maria and me.

96th evening.

No! all is not straight again between Jane Maria and me. Extraordinary, how any one, on account of a trifle, can nourish resentment, more especially when the warmth was mutual!

*Ma chère mère* met me yesterday more cordially than common. Jane Maria, on the contrary, was constrained and unfriendly; she would not converse with me, and when I spoke to her scarcely answered me, which distressed me to the heart. I was also grieved for Ebba; she was pale and depressed, but not in ill-humour, and appeared as if she hardly understood either herself or life. She looked as if she needed a friend, and I determined to become such to her, according to my best ability. I remarked, also, that Jane Maria's moral lectures did no good; and that Jean Jacques's eternal exhortation to her, "to be rational, and go out and walk," only fixed the determination never to set foot out of doors, and to be as little rational as possible, the more firmly in her wilful brain.

I took the opportunity, during a moment when we were alone, to say to her, "Have you any desire to come to-morrow morning, quite early, to our house, to drink new milk? I have a cow, by name Audumbia, that gives the most delicious

enfolk in the world; and, beyond that, is so tame, that she will take bread out of your hand, if you will feed her. Have you any desire?"

"Ah, yes!" said Ebba, surprised, and opening wide her beautiful eyes, which instantly became brilliant.

"Now I shall come and fetch you," said I, "early to-morrow morning. But can you be up by six?"

"At five, or four," returned she, with enthusiasm.

"But you cannot walk so far," rejoined I; "it is nearly a quarter of a mile (Swedish) from Rosenvik—no, it is too far!"

"No, no, certainly not!" persisted she: "I can very well walk a mile, or more. I am strong—I can dance a whole night."

"Then I shall come and fetch you at six o'clock," I said, "and keep you with me the whole day. We will bake pancakes for ourselves for dinner, and in the evening I will bring you back in the cabriolet. The horse is so quiet, that you may drive him yourself."

"Heavens! how charming it will be!" exclaimed Ebba, quite enraptured.

"But," said I, "we must first have *Ma chère mère's* permission."

"Of course; I will run to her immediately, and speak about it," and away she ran. The day to the country, the resolve never to go out, re-forgotten, in the prospect of going with me, drinking milk, and driving the horse.

I rejoiced over my conquest, and that I should have Ebba for a whole day with me; for I felt persuaded that she possessed a good heart and understanding, if the right means were only used to call them forth. A few moments after this, I went to *Ma chère mère's* room, and found her, with Ebba seated on her knee, chattering to her, with all the merry freedom of a child, the while she was twisting the worthy old lady's cap into all odd bends and shapes. *Ma chère mère* laughed, and granted her request. There exists the very best understanding between them.

"So, my dear Franziska," said *Ma chère mère*, kindly, "I hear that to-morrow morning you will convey Ebba away, in order that she may drink sweet milk with your calves. I presume that you convey her away in an air-balloon, because you know that she cannot walk on dusty roads or green grass."

"How cheerful that would be!" exclaimed Ebba, clapping her hands, and hopping out of the room.

"She is not bad," observed *Ma chère mère*, "but she is an ill-trained child, and must yet be better taught. If it had been done earlier, it would have spared after-trouble. Franziska, if you have children, remember the words of the son of Sirach—'If you have children, chastise them.'"

I suggested that one should merely work by reason on children, and thus train them to be good men and thinking beings.

"Many ways may lead to Rome," returned she, "but the way of the rod leads them much sooner than the way of reason. Of course, you must operate on men by reason; but to be reasoning with children is to talk yourself hoarse, and get nothing for it. Teach the wolf the *paternoster*, and he still will be craving for the lamb. My mother-in-law Reinhold's children were to be brought up on this reasoning system, and were to turn out something wonderful. Nay, it was horrible—the whole brood was the plague of everybody in the house. One day there were visit-

ers at my brother-in-law's, and the children went about, making havoc, like little demons. Some one of the company remarked that something was 'black as a raven'; whereupon, one of the young Reinholds cried out, 'The raven is white.' 'No, my young one, the raven is black.' 'Nay, the raven is white, the raven is white!' screamed the child, angrily. 'The raven is black,' said the mother. 'The raven is white!' repeated the boy. Now, what should one do? Could one have had a raven directly at hand, to convince his reason? No, and so that young one would have the last word. I should like to have had him under my hands, and then he should soon have learned, and that with emphasis, that a raven is *not* white. No, no, Franziska; reason is a good thing, but it does no good with children. Those who will not obey father and mother, will yet obey the rod."

The story itself, and the zeal with which it was told, made me laugh heartily; but the thought how unfortunate *Ma chère mère's* doctrine had proved with regard to her only son, inspired a feeling of sadness; and, full of my own thoughts, I said, "It is possible that, for different dispositions, different modes of treatment are requisite."

"Perhaps so," returned she, and a dark cloud rested on her brow; but she soon dispersed it, and gayly resumed the conversation.

"In the mean time, Franziska," said she, "I am glad that you have taken that pretty little romp, Ebba, a little under your care. At her age, discreet words are seldom wasted; what is hidden in the snow turns up in the thaw."

The pretty romp was good-humoured and amiable all the day. Jane Maria, on the contrary, only the more sullen; at least towards Ebba and me. It seemed as if she thought we had made a league against her. I had a great desire to show her that it was not so, and that there was nothing I wished for more than that there should be again a good feeling between us; but she exhibited traits of character which almost displaced her from my heart, because they betrayed a want of goodness and true education. It was towards evening, and we were speaking of Bellini, with whose ballads Ebba was charmed. Jane Maria said he was too uniform, and that there was no life in his melodies.

"Oh," cried Ebba, "I must sing you one of his pieces, which is angelic. I learned it the last winter with Mr. B.; you must hear it!"

She sprang to the piano, and sang with much grace a charming little piece of this melodious master. I listened with great pleasure; when, exactly at the moment in which she executed with observant care a most expressive *movendo*, Jane Maria pushed back her chair with great noise, and went out of the room, both opening and shutting the door violently. Ebba turned red, and so did I, because Jane Maria's behaviour was painful, and was evidently intended to set Ebba down. I saw, by a glance, that *Ma chère mère* felt it as I did; and when Ebba left off, with tears in her eyes, she praised her greatly; more, indeed, than she would have done if Jane Maria had not shown such great unfriendliness.

Jane Maria is always spoken of as a lady of such superior education! "Ah," thought I, reviewing this scene, "how superficially is this beautiful and much-expressing phrase applied!" and I felt, after this, no longer any great desire to seek too much after a reconciliation with Jane Maria—I will let it take its time, and come when it will.

37th, evening.

This morning, at five o'clock, I set out on the way to Carlsofors, to fetch Ebba. The weather was as fine as I could wish, and at six o'clock I found Ebba at the appointed place, ready dressed, full of enthusiasm, and impatiently awaiting me. With the exception of the domestics, nobody was up but she, and so we set out. At first she leaped, and talked, and laughed, and sang, rejoicing in her life, like a bird; but no sooner had we reached a large, beautiful, and thick wood, which lies about midway between Carlsofors and Rosenvik, than she became suddenly quiet. It was, in fact, a situation calculated to excite pleasant and serious thoughts at the same time. It was perfectly still. Large dewdrops hung on the leaves of the trees; while the golden rays of the sun, breaking through the wood, produced, amid the rich foliage, innumerable beautiful effects of light and shade. The air was indescribably pure and delicious, and Ebba involuntarily went slower, while I walked silently beside her. A solemn mood was over me, and now and then I glanced at her. A soft paleness overspread her beautiful young face; a certain new perception might be read there: her eyes, which were filled with tears, looked slowly around, as if full of astonishment—she beheld a new world!

At that moment, a bird struck up wonderful, enchanting notes. One might have thought him endowed with a thinking soul.

"Oh, what is that?" asked Ebba, astonished, and standing still.

"It is a nightingale," I replied, rejoicing no little in the beloved, but so rarely-heard song.

Ebba listened long, looked long, as if listening to everything around her. It seemed as if her spiritual ear had now, for the first time, awoke to the high song of life.

"Gracious Heaven!" whispered she, "how solemn it is, how wonderful, how beautiful!"

I repeated, half aloud, the words of Tegner,

"Ah! if so much of beauty pour itself  
Into each vein of life, and of creation,  
How beautiful must the great Fountain be,  
The Bright, the Eternal!"

Ebba threw herself, weeping, into my arms, and I clasped her to me with sisterly affection.

"Ah, Franziska," said she, "I know not how I feel! I am happy, and yet I must weep! It is so beautiful around me! Tell me, what is this like."

"Life," I replied.

"Life?" repeated she, astonished; "but life has so many unaccordant, so many adverse scenes."

"Yes," said I, "but what we see at this moment resembles the truth of life—the inward reality of life—which is serious, yet, at the same time, joyful."

"I do not perfectly understand you," said Ebba, laying her hand on my forehead; "but I think I half guess—thoughts pass through my mind, but I cannot arrange them."

"In time, dear Ebba," I replied, "you will understand them better."

"And if I understand that seriousness of life," said she, "of which you speak, should I then be joyful, and laugh, as now?"

"Oh, yes," I answered: "then, for the first time, Ebba, would you be truly joyful and happy; then you would not, as now, have so much ill-humour, and so many weary moments."

"I will learn the seriousness of life," said she, cheerfully; "but, then, who will teach me? Jane Maria cannot do it; you could, but then I shall so soon leave you."

"Do you know, Ebba," asked I, "whom this wood-scene resembles?"

"Whom?"

"Your husband," I replied.

Ebba looked at me with sparkling eyes, and said, "I believe you are right."

"Yes," I said, "his spirit is both serious and bright; and, if you will learn the seriousness of life, and its beauty also, live for him, Ebba. Oh, Ebba! be like the nightingale to his domestic life! be to him like the sunbeams between the trees; unite yourself inwardly to him; be guided by him; make him happy; and then you will understand what is the best happiness of life, and will acquire a worth in your own eyes, with God and with man."

Ebba was pale, kissed my hand, and wept. But, ah! how lovely were those tears upon those cheeks, announcing, as they did, the morning-dawn of womanhood in a hitherto childish being!

I left Ebba to her own thoughts, and we went on our way, silently, towards Rosenvik; nor was it until we arrived there that she aroused herself from her reflections; and then the foaming milk, which we took, in glasses, out of the milk-pail, seemed to us a drink worthy of the gods. Ebba could not conceive that Audumbra's could be like common milk, and I did not entirely deceive her.

My intercourse with Ebba during the remainder of the day strengthened my good opinion of her; many good natural qualities lie hidden, which, if properly developed and cultivated, would make her a good and estimable being. There is, it is true, much in her that is childish, but I have every reason to pardon that, in her seventeenth year, which I, at seven-and-twenty—

Ebba, at one time, fell into deep, and, as it seemed to me, sorrowful thought; I asked her, therefore, tenderly, what pressed upon her mind.

"Oh," sighed she, "if he only were not called Peter!"

I could not help laughing aloud; but poor Ebba sorrowfully continued, "Jane Maria, also, thinks Peter a dreadful name; and that Jean Jacques sounds so well! Oh, how disagreeable it is, that he should have been called Peter!"

I tried to comfort her, and mentioned to her the various great men who had borne the same name. She thought but little of the Apostle Peter, and just as little of the Czar Peter. The Herr Peder, of the popular song, made the name somewhat more poetical, and, at last, she was almost inclined to be reconciled to the name, when I showed her that Pedro and Peter were the same, and that a lately-deceased emperor, nearly connected with our own royal house, bore that same name. She proposed to call her husband Pedro. I proposed, also, various abbreviations; and, after all, we concluded by laughing heartily at the whole affair; so that, in the end, Ebba was as much satisfied with the name of Peter as I with the much less poetical one of Lars Anders.

We ended the day with blowing bubbles in the open air, with as much enthusiasm and delight as if we were still little children; and then I took her home in the cabriolet, giving up to her the reins, sometimes, to her no small delight.

I was quite curious to see whether Jane Maria continued still in her state of discontent. It seemed to me impossible that she could; but, at the first greeting, I perceived that it was so. I was quite distressed at this, and nearly lost all my hope of a friendly understanding between us, because I cannot love any one who is not reason-

able and kind. Conduct like this, so properly called by the ugly name of sulking, turns life into a gloomy autumn-day. A thousand times better is the fiery temper of *Ma chère mère*. She speaks out violently; but, when she has "said her say," it is all over; she once more is perfectly kind, nor wears an angry face any longer. Nevertheless, I am glad that I have not daily to crouch before her sceptre; and, the more I compare Lars Anders with other people, the more does he seem like an angel of peace.

*Ma chère mère* was very much occupied this evening with the new neighbour at Ramm; partly because she had heard so many reports of him greatly to his advantage, and partly because he had shown her a great civility. Some time ago, she mentioned, in company, that she longed for a roast of roebuck, and that it was her wish to have a pair of roes, in order that she might introduce the breed into the park. Before her misfortunes, *Ma chère mère* was a great lover of the chase, and had brought down many a swift-footed roebuck. Her new neighbour at Ramm, having heard of this, had now, therefore, sent her a delicious roast—a fat young roe, which he had shot; together with two live specimens of these creatures, which they had been fortunate enough to take in snares.

This present was accompanied by a very polite French note from the new neighbour, which said, that, having accidentally heard of the wish of the former proprietor of Ramm, he now esteemed himself fortunate in being able to accomplish it, especially as he should himself soon become the proprietor of the estate, and then his highest wish would be to stand in the most friendly connexion with so estimable a neighbour; in pledge and proof of which, he prayed her to receive what he had sent. The letter was signed "Antonio de Romilly."

*Ma chère mère* was charmed with the French note, with the roebucks, and, above all, with the politeness of the new neighbour.

"See!" said she, "one can call that *savoir vivre*. Yes, these Southlanders have not their equals anywhere. We must see the man. I will invite him to my first great dinner-party; yes, even if he does not pay me a visit before; such politeness as this, indeed, is worth seven visits. But now I must answer this note, and that in French too. Franziska shall read the note, after I have finished it; but, thank God! I have learned French grammatically, and used to both write and to speak it as well as most people. Of late years I have forgotten something of it, but I shall be very glad to bring my French into use again with this polite Monsieur de Romilly; it will be very pleasant to make his intimate acquaintance."

It must be very agreeable to make the acquaintance of this man—I say, with *Ma chère mère*; because a person of whom everybody speaks, and whom nobody sees, who displays beneficence and politeness, yet whom nobody knows, is, incontestably, an extraordinary and interesting phenomenon.

*Ma chère mère* laboured long at her French letter, and, as I read it over when it was completed, I had difficulty to avoid smiling, it was so ornamental and old-fashioned. In part, too, it was so like herself, written in so thoroughly antiquated a style, yet expressing so clearly and forcibly her meaning. I considered it, therefore, impossible, and equally unnecessary, to alter it; and "*Monsieur, et très honoré voisin, "politesse magnanime," "présent gentil et courtois,"* and such-like extraordinary words, remained as they were written. I

said, moreover, that the note was good, much to the satisfaction of the writer, who had watched me with some disquiet, and who, having my approval, was contented with the note, with herself, and with me.

300A

Ah! I breathe again! The air is, at last, clear between Jane Maria and me, and the south wind which dispersed the mist is called—flattery.

The day before yesterday, Lars Anders came home, satisfied with himself, his journey, his business, and, above all, with his little wife, who, on her part, was not dissatisfied with him. Yesterday evening was the Sunday's dance at Carlafors, and we were invited by *Ma chère mère* to be present, because she wished the *skat* to be drunk to the two last-arrived married couples, and to make a speech to the people on the occasion; all which would have been done on the Midsummer day, had not Lars Anders and Peter been absent.

*Ma chère mère* played on the violin, for the dancing, nearly the whole evening. Ebba danced, from hearty love for the amusement, and so did I. Jane Maria and her husband, who were out visiting, came in only late, as spectators. I poured forth a stream of admiration of her toilet, which truly was most tasteful, and so the gray cloud which had hung between us dispersed itself, and Jane Maria became, to my indescribable refreshment, friendly as ever. But, with the *Commedia Divina* of our friendship, all is, alas! over, and that grieves me. I wish, among my many neighbours and acquaintances, to find a friend. Ebba is too much of a child; Miss Hausgiebel too much of a bird; and *Ma chère mère*—is *Ma chère mère*. It would, after all, be but a poor pleasure to have many neighbours, but no friends.

After the dance, *Ma chère mère* ordered the punch-bowl to be brought in, and *skat* to be drunk to the newly married. She also made a speech, thickly interlarded with proverbs, which, however, on the whole, did not seem to be one of her most successful efforts.

My husband takes my letter with him to the city; I close it, therefore, in haste. I should be astonished if anybody wrote as long letters as I do. But for this reason you are my Maria, and I am your

FRANZISKA.

## CHAPTER VI.

Rosenvik, 3d July.

As a bee goes from flower to flower, so go I from neighbour to neighbour, and collect honey for my hive. The harvest has been rich to-day; and no wonder, since I was with the flower of the valley—the good and amiable Serena.

Lars Anders reminded me, this morning, that we promised the old Dahls to spend a day with them. He therefore proposed that I should accompany him to the city this morning; said he would leave me at the Dahls, and come in himself there to dinner, after he had visited his patients. I was frightened at this project at first, and made many objections to it; as how I could not go out on that day of all others, because it was not convenient to me; neither did it seem the most becoming thing in the world for strange people to make incursions in this way into other people's houses, and there establish themselves for a whole day, while, all the time, they, the unbidden guests, are wished, perhaps, at Nova Zembla. But against all this, Lars Anders, in his laconic way, was remarkably eloquent, and over-

turned all my objections; add to which, a secret thought of Serena and the kingdom of heaven captivated me. I dressed myself, therefore, simply, but prettily, according to my husband's taste, and away rolled the cabriolet containing Bear and his little wife.

I was properly delivered up at time and place appointed, Bear taking it into his obstinate head not to go in with me, but to let me go in and speak for myself. In vain I represented to him that I was not so fortunate as a *physic-boule*, which, at the very least, takes with it a paper label, whereon is indicated for what purpose it may serve, and that everybody may know what is to be done with it. He said that I had nothing to do but to greet them from him in a proper way, and that this and my countenance together would do what was needful.

And so we parted, quarrelling.

As I went up the steps, it appeared to me that I could be of no more value than a person who comes with the intention of borrowing money; but scarcely had I entered the door, than I was ready to believe that I must be either "the cream to the coffee," or some much-longed-for present, so was I rejoiced over, and welcomed, and embraced; all which I felt, in my grateful soul, to be on account of my husband. I arrived just as they sat down to coffee; ate, drank, talked—and felt myself, in short, like a child of the house.

And now I will send you in prose a description of the family, which I have already drawn in poetical colours. They bear the same relation to each other as an every-day and a holy-day—but both are of the kingdom of heaven. I speak not now of my own impressions, but from information which I have had from Miss Hellevi Haugieble and *Ma chère mère*.

#### THE HOME.

For above half a century this ancient couple have inhabited the same house and the same rooms. There were they married, and there they will celebrate their golden nuptials, in the course of the next winter. The rooms are unchanged, the furniture the same as for fifty years; yet everything is clean, comfortable, and friendly as in a one-year-old dwelling, but much more simple than the houses of our times. I know not what spirit of peace and grace it is which blows upon me in this house! Ah! in this house fifty years have passed as a beautiful day; here a virtuous couple have lived, loved, and worked together. Many a pure joy has blossomed here; and when sorrow came, it was not bitter—for the fear of God, and love, illuminated the dark clouds. Hence emanated many a noble deed, and many a beneficent influence. The happy children grew up; they gathered strength from the example of their parents, went out into the world, built for themselves houses, and were good and fortunate. Often do they return, with love and joy, to the parental home, to bless and to be blessed. Ah, my Maria! I feel that I am again sliding into the poetical vein; but what would you have? These are pictures of every-day life, which, let me turn them as I will, always stand in a poetical light; yet I will endeavour to keep more to the earth. Thus, then—the children, three sons and four daughters, come once a year, with their children, to visit their beloved parents, and extend new life to the home of their childhood—that home which is still to them as full of love and goodness as ever, only that it has become stiller and more peaceful; because it is evening there,

and the shadows of the grave begin to ascend round the revered parents.

And now let us glance at

#### THE FATHER.

A long life of probity, industry, and beneficence has impressed itself upon his expansive forehead, and upon his open, benevolent carriage. His figure is yet firm, and his gait steady. The lofty crown is bald, but a garland of silver-white locks surrounds the venerable head. No one in the city sees this head without bowing in friendly and reverential greeting. The whole country, as well as the city, loves him as their benefactor, and venerates him as their patriarch. He has created his own fortune, but sacrificed much for the public good; and, notwithstanding much adversity and loss, never let his spirit sink. In mind and conversation, he is still cheerful, and full of jest and sprightliness; but, for several years, his sight has failed him greatly; and the gout, which makes its appearance at times, troubles his temper. Ah, the prose of life! But an angel moves around the couch to which suffering may confine him; his feet are moved and enwrapped by soft white hands; the sick-chamber and the countenance of the old man grow bright before Serena!

We shall not come out of the poetry of the house while she abides there.

#### THE MOTHER.

An aged countenance and a bowed form, and you see an old woman; but show her something beautiful, speak to her of something amiable, and her mien, her smile, beams from the eternal youth which dwells immortal in her sensitive spirit, and then will you involuntarily exclaim, "What beautiful age!" If you sit near her, and look into her mild, pious eyes, you feel as if you could open your whole soul, and believe in every word she speaks, as in the Gospel. She has lived through much, and experienced much; yet she says that she will live in order to learn. Truly, we must learn from her. Her tone and her demeanour betoken true breeding and much knowledge of life. She alone has educated her children, and still she thinks and acts both for children and children's children, and still bears home and family cares on her own shoulders, although she now supports herself on Serena.

Since the death of her youngest daughter, she is become somewhat melancholy. This is not observable in her words, but in her frequent sighs. Like her husband, she is universally revered and beloved; and all agree in this, that a more perfect union than exists between this couple cannot be imagined.

Will you see in one little circumstance a miniature picture of the whole? Every evening the old man himself roasts two apples—every evening, when they are done, he gives one of them to "his handsome old wife," as he calls her. Thus for fifty years have they divided everything with each other.

The good old lady called me Franziska immediately, and addressed me with the pronoun *thou*, in a kind, grandmotherly tone, that did my heart good. I can like *Ma chère mère*, but I could love this dear old lady.

And now to the third person—the peculiar beauty and ornament to the house—

#### SERENA.

Her mother was called Benjamin, and was, like the Benjamin of the Bible, the youngest and

best-beloved child of her parents. When scarcely eighteen, she married a young man who both possessed and deserved her whole love. It was a marriage beautiful as a spring day, but too soon cut short! The daughter, who after two years was the fruit of this marriage, was named Serena; and with her birth the mother's days on earth were ended. She blessed her daughter, and died. The father followed her in a few months—they could not longer be separated. The cradle of the little orphan was taken to the house of the grandparents; she soon was their comfort, and soon also their loveliest joy; but not only was the little Serena beloved by them, but by all their friends and acquaintances also.

The beautiful life of her parents and their early death had thrown over the motherless child the mourning weeds which draw the sympathetic tears of good men. Her childhood, however, was one of suffering, from a weakness in the hip, which kept her long confined, and cut her off from the pastimes of children, paled her cheeks, and gave to her lips that quiet smile of sadness which yet dwells there at times with all the power of a mysterious enchantment. All this, united to her much patience, and the intrinsic amiability of her whole being, captivated all hearts, and won for her the sympathy of all.

For a long time, it seemed as if the languishing angel would extend her wings, and follow the ascension of her parents; but it was not to be so. Watchful and true affection kept her still on earth. Like a rose on a sunny grave, like a young vine which clings with its tender twigs around firm and ancient stems, so Serena grew up, gladdened by the loving looks of friends, and tenderly sustained and led by those who had been the support of her parents. She became healthy, smiled, played, developed herself, and ripened, by little and little, to a beautiful, harmonious being.

She learned everything with a degree of difficulty, but she retained what she learned in a faithful memory. Always timid to begin, she never relinquished what she had once begun till it was completed, and well completed. Thus her teachers, who were in the beginning impatient, were in the end always satisfied. Serena was not richly endowed, but then she did all so well—she was so good, so true, so affectionate!

So she grew up, and became the flower of the valley. The earnestness of her spirit, and the clearness of her understanding, made her happy; happy with the joy of angels—the pure, animating, self-communicating joy:

"Look at Serena!" said every mother in the country to her daughter. The daughters looked at her, and endeavoured to resemble her whom they could not help loving.

But the prize in this picture, the earthly feature in this angel-image! Ah, also, this must be told! Serena is lame in her hip. The word frightens me, and I am ready to contradict what I have just said; and if you imagine Serena to be a limping, crooked figure, I do contradict it with all my might. You must imagine a graceful, perfectly lovely figure, which, when walking, slightly bends forward, without being disfigured thereby. Her lameness gives a slow, undulating motion, which appears rather like an exception to the rule than as a real defect. Is it the remembrance of a suffering, or the tone of her whole being, which so completely conceals this fault of nature? Whatever it may be, it inspires no other feeling in those who see her but an involuntary desire to support her.

Serena's appearance in other respects you must imagine from my former description. The innocence of her brow, the clear, child-like gleam of her blue eyes, charmed me as much now as when I saw her first; and I thought her still lovelier in her simple every-day dress than in her festival garb.

I must not forget Gold-gelb, who flew twittering around his lovely mistress. Madame Dahl told me, when I inquired how the little creature became so tame, that, during the severe winter of two years ago, Serena found the little creature lying half dead on the house floor. She took him up, cherished, and fed him. The sparrow recovered, and since then has been as attached to Serena as if he understood how to be grateful. It is true that Serena tenderly cares for him, as she does for everything that is under her charge. He goes into his cage to eat, but, excepting at night, is never confined.

And now about myself—since I must not forget myself. Madame Dahl begged me to sing (how agreeable to be possessed of some little talent or other!). I obeyed; was applauded and thanked with warmth.

"And now Serena must sing some little thing," said old Mr. Dahl, quite gayly.

"Oh, grandfather!" said she, blushing, "how it will sound after what we have just heard!"

"My dear child," replied the old man, smiling, "do not let Madame Werner hear that you are vain."

"No," returned Serena, joyfully, "and on that very account she shall hear my weak, hoarse voice."

She sat down immediately to the instrument, and sang a sweet little gem-like song of Lindeblad's. Her voice was not hoarse, but weak, and evidently not much practised; but she sang with so much soul, with so much thought, in word and tone, as gave me intrinsic delight.

"Yes," said the old gentleman, evidently charmed to the soul, "I would much rather hear that than all our Catalinis, Maras, Dulcamaras, or whatever they may be called, who are more of instruments than singers. This singing, at least, I comprehend with my heart as well as my understanding. If Serena had only had opportunity to learn, then—" and the old man looked very significantly.

"Are there, then, not teachers of singing in the city?" I asked.

"None, with the exception of old E., who sings so terribly false. Several of our relations wished to take Serena with them to Stockholm, that there she might cultivate her talent, but she would not leave us. She knows very well that, without her, we should not find ourselves so well off; and therefore her voice must remain new sticking in her throat, and, moreover, will get quite hoarse, because she reads so much Latin." With these words, he extended his hand to her, she embraced him, and both laughed. "If you are not tired of singing," continued he, "come, my good child, and read me some Latin out of this new book of Victor—you know what, I always forget what the fellow is called—will you, my child?"

"With all my heart," answered Serena; and the two went out together.

"Does Miss Löfven read Latin?" inquired I, with astonishment, of Madame Dahl.

"Ah, it's all nonsense!" said the good old lady, smiling. "Since my old eyes have become so weak, Serena has read to him. His fa-

avourite reading is novels and romances. The last, he says, preserve his soul young. Now, when there occurred passages in these books which Serena thought not quite proper to read aloud, she was accustomed to skip them; but when it happened, as sometimes would be the case, that this could not well be done, she said, 'There is some Latin here!' My husband, who is sometimes half asleep during the reading, let the excuse pass for some time, although he thought it rather odd that Latin should so often occur.

"It is an extraordinary way of writing," said he, sometimes, 'that our modern authors have got; it is a cursed pedantry,' etc., till he got quite excited about it. One day, however, it happened that Latin came so very often in the book she was reading, that my old man, astonished in the highest degree, began to search the matter to the bottom; and when Serena had finished reading, and left him to himself, he put on his double spectacles and began to study this imagined Latin. He soon, therefore, discovered how it was; and now this Latin is a standing joke of his against Serena, whom, however, he persuaded by little and little to be less exact regarding the Latin."

We continued for a long time to talk about Serena, and the good old lady listened with pleasure to all that I said respecting her favourite. At length, said she, with a sigh, "And yet she is much less lovely now than she was. It seems to me that, for the last year, she has become thinner, and she coughs at times; I fear that the confined life she leads with us is injurious to her. Dr. Werner has ordered country air and exercise, and many of our acquaintance have begged Serena to come to their country-seats; but she will not leave us, and we ourselves do not know properly what we should do without her, especially my husband, who will not hear of her leaving us. We have, therefore, thought of renting, next summer, a little country-house in the neighbourhood of the city, where we can have her with us, and yet benefit her health. In the mean time, she must, as often as possible, ride on horseback in the country, and I and my husband will accompany her in the carriage. We think of beginning this regimen next week, when Serena will have a nice little safe horse."

Here I interrupted her to inquire if it would not be possible that Serena should take her rides to Rosenvik, and should now and then remain with me the whole day! I would take the greatest care of her; we would be out together in the fresh air, we would drink new milk, we would sing together; and God knows what I did not say besides, for a flood of eloquence came over me.

The old lady thanked me, looked half pleased and half troubled; did not know what could be done, and said, at last, with a sigh, "We'll see what my husband says; we will speak with him."

And I will speak with my husband too, thought I, and get him on my side, and then who can withstand us! I was possessed with the greatest possible zeal to accomplish the affair. My husband came, and the moment he entered the door, I surprised him with my project.

"My sweet Bear! if you love me you must take my side, and speak for me and with me, that Serena come to spend a whole day with me at Rosenvik. You see, she will ride out for exercise; that you yourself have prescribed, an-

gel! Prescribe now, also, that she rides to us, say that it is necessary to her health. I will take care of her, and I will sing with her. Say this to the old people, talk with them, manage that it shall be done! You will do it, Bear, dearest!"

"Heaven help us! What a *flutz de bouche*! Could one only draw breath! *Uff!* Now I see that you are pretty much at home here!"

"Entirely through my own merits, and nobody's else," said I.

The whole family received and welcomed my husband as a very dear and much-esteemed friend. He acts on these occasions in a pacha-like manner, and receives all friendliness and politeness as no more than his just tribute, and that may very well be correct.

As I have placed myself to-day on the prosaic side of things, I kept at dinner-time a watchful eye upon the part of the domestic arrangement; for, without completeness in this respect in the north, at least all the poetry of life evaporates like the odour of Champagne. But I only discovered that I might learn much from Serena both as regarded cooking and arrangement. For the last several years she has regulated, and that excellently, the domestic arrangements. The sweet girl was an observant and graceful hostess to the whole table: while she, seated by her half-blind grandfather, seemed to devote her constant care to him.

After dinner, I soon began to introduce my project, which Lars Anders seconding, both with reason and force, was carried through successfully. At first the old gentleman looked thoughtful; but when I mentioned how Serena and I could practice singing together, he assented joyfully, shook my hand, and said it was excellent! When Serena heard the consent of her grand-parents given thus cordially, she showed what pleasure the idea afforded her also, embraced me, and said, with a tear in her eye, that I was quite too good to take so much interest in her voice.

I was pleased to my heart's core, and, being light in spirit, everything else was pleasant. The evening passed in agreeable conversation. Mr. Dahl spoke warmly of Mr. De Romilly's large donation, and of all the advantages the country would derive from school instruction, of the kind, and to the extent, which they now could adopt. The old, yet still vigorous man, was already in full activity, as director of the scheme. In this, his seventieth year, he is as ardent for the well-being of his kind as any enthusiast of twenty; and when one sees an instance of this kind, one has a desire to live long.

Serena has the power of being unwearyingly entertaining. One cannot exactly say that her conversation is in any way distinguished, but it expresses a certain high tone of spirit which I call womanliness. I wish that she were my sister. Oh, if I could only possess her for my friend! It is true, that, compared with me, she is very young, and she does not exactly look upon life as I do; still she attracts me irresistibly, as it were, into her angel-world.

On our way home, Lars Anders and I spoke almost entirely of her. He was much more talkative on this subject than he is accustomed to be on most. "She is," said he, "a most estimable young lady. It is quite affecting to see how altogether she quite sacrifices herself for her old grand-parents; how self-forgetting she is! As physician in the family, I have had good op-

portunity of observing this. I know, quite certainly, that she has declined four good offers of marriage; people say more; always under the plea that she could not sufficiently love the admirer; but the certain reason was, that she could not leave the old people. She lets it be very well seen that she will not separate from them. Two years ago, a young, amiable Englishman, who was most desperately in love with her, proposed, but he was refused like the rest, although every one believed that Serena was not indifferent to him. He did not conceal his despair, fell into dissipation to divert his mind, and, a year afterward, died unfortunately. People ascribed this to the desperate state of his affairs; but, certainly, the unfavourable termination of his love-affair was the chief occasion of his misfortunes. Be that as it may, this is certain, that this circumstance made a strong impression on Serena, and ever since her mood has been less cheerful, and her cheek has become paler; but her calmness and her amiability, nevertheless, remain."

"May she gather joy and roses at Rosenvik!" exclaimed I.

5th July.

I have seen him! I have seen him! The woodman; the spy; Don Miguel; the polite one; the beneficent one; the mystery; in one word, the new neighbour at Ramm, Mr. De Romilly! I have seen him! and, if I were to live fifty years, and never to see him again, I should never forget him.

Is he, then, so handsome? I do not know. Or so ugly? I do not know. Is he so amiable? I don't know that. Or so unamiable? I don't know. Whom is he like? I don't know. Is he a hero for romance? That I can't tell. What is he? Neither do I know that. Such were the questions put to me by Miss Hausgiebel to-day, and such were my answers to her.

Now listen, my Maria.

Yesterday afternoon I was agreeably surprised by a visit from the brothers and sisters-in-law. Already had they made all possible voyages of discovery in my little world, and we were beginning to get quite merry and comfortable together, and to turn over the project of taking supper all together on Stanö, when suddenly the opening door was darkened by a tall, strong, and gloomy figure. At the first glance, I recognised the stranger we had seen in the wood, and was quite oppressed. I know not why, but it was as if a voice exclaimed to me, "Samiel! Samiel!"

Lars Anders met the new-comer with his accustomed cordial frankness, and bade him welcome. The stranger mentioned his name in a voice that seemed to me dissonant. My husband introduced him to me, and then all took their seats.

There is no one, in all the world, who asks fewer questions than Lars Anders, and strangers, in particular, might remain, for him, eternal mysteries. Not so Jean Jacques; he questions people without ceremony, although in an easy manner, and not so as to offend any one who is not too sensitive. In a few minutes, he had inquired from Mr. De Romilly how long he had been in Sweden—how long he thought of remaining here—how it pleased him, and so on. One must confess that his zeal in questioning did not enliven the stranger much; for I never heard any one return such short, indefinite, and dry answers. Notwithstanding all this, I was infected by Jean Jacques, and even inquired, while the others were speaking French, whether

Swedish appeared to him a harsh language; when, to my great astonishment, he answered in Swedish, with a foreign accent, yet in an altogether altered and melodious voice. "On the contrary, it appears to me very sweet, particularly in the mouth of a lady."

"You speak Swedish," said I, astonished.

"Some years ago," answered he, in the same mild voice, "I passed a winter in Sweden, and learned your beautiful language then."

The conversation now continued in Swedish; but Mr. De Romilly took only little part in it, although Jean Jacques did his utmost to draw him out, by touching on subjects which he imagined must be familiar to the stranger. Especially did he relate a deal respecting Portugal, its trade and colonies. From this subject, the conversation turned on the various races of mankind, a subject which Jean Jacques handled both interestingly and well; although it appeared to me that he was unjust towards the race which he called Ethiopic, inasmuch as he placed them in the same grade with animals; declaring, farther, that the negro was totally incapable of any higher degree of culture, which assertion Peter combated in part. From this, the slave-trade came to be spoken of. To my amazement, Jean Jacques justified it; and asserted that the negro possessed no value at all, except as the slave of the cultivated European, and was only capable of a measured degree of happiness.

Peter opposed this to the utmost, and on sound principles; while Jean Jacques quoted passages from Tarlton and Gascoin in support of his proposition, and Peter answered, triumphantly, with assertions from Wilberforce and Canning. All this time the stranger spoke not a word, although he evidently listened to the conversation with the most lively interest; while, at one time, a scornful, bitter smile would curl upon his lip, at another, an extraordinary flash would seem to light up his dark eyes. I could not remove my gaze from him; and although it was impossible to say to which side his opinions inclined, yet it appeared to me that he listened with the greatest satisfaction to Jean Jacques, especially while, in a long and zealous speech, he was endeavouring to place the negro in the lowest point of view, more particularly as regarded his intellectual being; asserting that Nature had, herself, planted an impassable barrier against his advances.

"Do with the negro what you will," said he, in conclusion; "heap upon him education and enlightenment, still his understanding will ever remain slavishly subject to that of the European; develop all his faculties, and he will still remain a machine in the hands of the European, whom he is designed by Nature to serve."

I saw this while, by Lars Anders's countenance, that all this did not much please him; and when Jean Jacques had finished, he said, with emphasis, "I know not whether the negro be capable of a higher intellectual development, neither do I know whether, after all, that intellect be the most important part of the human conformation; but this I do know, that the negro is a man, and, as a man, he is my brother."

"Brother!" repeated De Romilly, in a voice which startled me, so extraordinarily wild, and almost threatening.

"Yes," replied Lars Anders, with warmth, "I say brother; and whoever trades in his life, or his freedom, is a monster—is worse than a murderer."

"A murderer!" repeated the stranger, with a spasmodic contraction of the eyebrows, and in such a gloomy voice as involuntarily turned all eyes upon him. The expression of his countenance changed again, and he remarked, quietly, but earnestly, to Lars Anders, "*Monsieur, je pense entièrement comme vous.*"

He said no more, but sat as if his thoughts were sunk into himself, nor appeared to pay the slightest attention to the after-conversation, which Jean Jacques had led, with his usual ease, to subjects quite different.

After a while, I spoke again of our little excursion to Svano, and proposed to the whole company that they should immediately adjourn there, while I would follow them a little later, with the collation.

Mr. De Romilly, who did not seem to have much taste for so pastoral a meal, excused himself, and shortly after took his leave. We saw him, as we were about to set off for Svano, mount his beautiful black horse, and, with a polite parting salutation, he vanished under the trees.

I felt myself relieved when he was gone; and yet, involuntarily, I looked after him with a desire to obtain yet one more glance of that dark and handsome face.

We proceeded to Svano, and had a merry evening there. The green grass seemed to neutralize all pretensions and claims to precedence; Jane Maria and Ebba drank milk out of the same glass!

But, as yet, I can speak of nothing but the stranger, and for the whole evening could think of nothing else. Jane Maria bantered me on my absence of mind. I cannot, in short, even get his image from my thoughts. I have now seen, *en face*, this much-talked-of neighbour; and yet, I know not what I should say of him. The first impression which he makes is of great simplicity, and at the same time of great power, but a power that would be oppressive. He reminds me of a beautiful thunder-cloud. He is very tall, of a strong build, and rather stout than otherwise; the countenance strong and manly, with a very dark complexion; while several scars, as of sabre wounds, no way disfigured the face. An agreeable expression, at times, played about his mouth; but that which spoils the whole countenance, and gives, at the same time, a something startling, nay, almost hideous to it, is his habit of contracting together the great black eyebrows, till they form together one direct line over the nose. As soon as they separate again the countenance brightens, and one is almost compelled to exclaim, "It is beautiful!" Under those brows are seated a pair of eyes which I cannot understand. They seem to be changeably black, and burned yellow. Sometimes too, even when the mouth speaks, the eyes will be perfectly inexpressive; again they will fix themselves with such a keen, penetrating glance, that one quails involuntarily before them; again they will sometimes flash forth glances suddenly, like flames bursting abroad in night. This wonderful and rapid change prevails in his voice likewise, and I am surprised if it do not go even beyond this. Another peculiarity in him also I observed, indicative of a fearful nature, and which I have observed also in other men of violent passions, that is, a vein upon the scull, which has the exact form of the thunderbolt, especially when any excitement strongly agitates him.

For the rest, his demeanour pleases me. It is perfectly simple, without any trace of constraint, or any pretensions whatever; and yet, at the same time, he has nothing frank about him, and nothing which inspires confidence. He seems to me like some powerful element, of which I know not whether it be good or bad, whether it will destroy or make happy. But if these wonderful eyes were riveted in love on any one; if this voice spoke words of love—then, believe me, he would be dangerous. Above all, I have never seen any one who so much resembled a mastery. I have both desire and anxiety to acquire a thorough understanding of him.

But, thank God that Lars Anders is no gloomy secret; that his soul is clear and undisguised as God's daylight! for this constitutes the blessedness of united life, and the peace of home.

6th July.

To-morrow Baron Stellan S. comes. I cannot say that I rejoice about it, while Lars Anders is quite ardent with preparations for his reception. There is scarcely anything good enough for him. He will be treated and petted as if he were a little coquetish countess. Such a dainty gentleman must be a weariful guest, especially at the rustic Rosenvik.

"Yes, yes, Bear! he shall have your Turkish slippers. This real China wash-hand-basin, too!"

"Yes, yes, child!"

"Your good-youth shall have all!"

But I wish the gentleman of the bedchamber was in Constantinople! However, Bear is so happy; he likes the man so, that, on his account, I will appear amiable.

10th July.

Baron Stellan is here, and all goes on excellently. He is polite, agreeable, seems satisfied with everything, and is one with whom it is extremely easy to live. He takes walks with Bear; talks of physic and politics with him; and, while I work, either reads aloud to me, or chats pleasantly. One soon gets acquainted with him, especially when one has seen him a few days. It is true that life in the country assists a great deal, particularly when persons are together the whole day.

My husband has desired me, on Cousin Stellan's account, to stay at home, and to make it a point that he shall find in our house both pleasure and contentment. He loves his young ward with all his heart. See here his portrait, made with a few flourishes of the pen.

I could almost name him as the opposite of De Romilly. This is a vast, wild, natural scene; that, on the contrary, a lovely, perfect, well-kept English pleasure-garden. A fine education has polished Cousin Stellan, and made the very best of him; his handsome and graceful figure presents itself early; the unconstraint of his carriage ennobs his natural gifts. The mouth, round, which plays at times an elegant and rather sarcastic smile, shows, when it opens, the most beautiful teeth, whose whiteness is only set off by the dark-coloured *mustache*. The eyes are not large, but they have a fine expression; and the dark-brown hair falls in graceful curls upon the white forehead. The toilet is performed with extraordinary care and much taste. What can I say more?

Cousin Stellan has many talents: draws, sings well, talks in the most agreeable manner; and has, with all this, at least in the country, something unassuming in tone and bearing, for which one thanks him, especially when one

takes into consideration his position in society, and his prospects in life. Somewhat too much, I think, he busies himself with his toilet; but there is nothing bad in that; and, after all, it is very natural for one who is very young, rich, and handsome, to do so.

114A.

He is wonderful, the worthy Cousin Stellan; and I cannot understand really what he properly is! In the first place, I see that he is not a true Christian. Yesterday evening, he spoke a great deal about Mohammedanism, and called it the wisest and best of all religions—praising the Koran as the best of books. He declared, quite candidly, that he wished he had been born either a Turk or a Persian, that he might have spent all his days in Oriental pleasures—might have had his *serail*, and such like.

I was quite excited at this speech, and contended warmly against the Koran, without knowing much about its contents, and said many contemptuous things against all these Turkish ideas. Cousin Stellan did not allow himself to be disturbed by all this, but spoke his thoughts, with reference to the highest state of human happiness, quite distinctly. It was not at all edifying to hear. I was a little angry; and, beyond this, I was as much provoked by my own warmth as by Stellan's coolness, and, more than all, by the indifference of Lars Anders, who, during all our discourse, never spoke a word, but only sat making faces, while he was carving at a chess-queen.

The conversation was interrupted by the evening meal, and was not afterward renewed; but I could not let Bear go to rest that night before I had some talk with him on the morals of his gull-youth. I must also confess, that neither was I much more contented with him. He defended Stellan quite too well; and assured me, that notwithstanding his Turkish notions, he was a most upright fellow, and never would be guilty of anything unworthy. "His only error," said he, "is a little levity as regards women; but this," added he, "with young men, is such a common failing, that one must not judge them too harshly on that account."

"Good!" said I; "and now, Bear, I'll tell you what—if he, while you are away, out of a little levity, endeavours to win my heart, I shall think that this is only something quite usual in a young man; so I shall not be very severe with him."

Lars Anders looked so much astonished and confounded, that I laughed, embraced him, and set him right; and, at last, he came over to my opinion, that it might be better, if Stellan possessed sounder principles; if he were steady and well married. His mother and his whole family, he told me, greatly wish that he should marry, but he himself shows no inclination to do so. My husband encouraged me to talk with him of the happiness of marriage, and I certainly will not omit to do so, nor also to read some part of the catechism to him; he is not Sultan yet, and must bear the truth.

134A, evening.

I have, my dear Maria, certainly, many qualities of a good preacher; as, for instance, faith, seriousness, and zeal; but, alas! not the power of convincing my auditor.

Will you now, good Maria, hear my sermon and its consequences? I sat by the open window; my heart was light, and I sang in emulation of the birds in the elder-bush. Stellan came in, and, seating himself near me, began pulling

to pieces some beautiful monthly roses which stood in a glass on the table. I thought the opportunity a favourable one, and felt myself excited in spirit to commence a lecture.

In order to lead the conversation, I began, perhaps not very discreetly, to reprove him for destroying the flowers, which, if spared, would have afforded him more pleasure.

"They would, at all events, soon wither," said he, still pursuing his employment; "and it is exactly their perishableness which makes them beautiful to me. I know no flowers so wearisome as everlasting ones."

You may thus easily see which way the door was opened. I rushed in hastily, and began at once on the chapter of marriage. I fell at once upon Stellan's favourite idea, and exalted the desirable and pure joys of life, in opposition to fleeting pleasures, to butterfly-life. I painted in warm colours, which I drew from my own heart, the beauty, the unending happiness, which develops itself in a well-assorted marriage.

Cousin Stellan answered me, at first, only evasively—sometimes with a little jest, sometimes with politeness—as, for example, "If all ladies were like Franziska, I would be a married man directly! If all marriages resembled yours," &c.

I affected to hear nothing of all this; but, in my zeal to get him married, placed as it were, in array before him, one pretty and well-bred girl after another. But Stellan found faults in every one. This had large feet; that had ugly teeth; the third dressed ill; the fourth had a disagreeable voice. At last, quite provoked by all these objections, I asked him whether he really, after all, thought himself so very magnificent!

"God forbid!" exclaimed he, with an agreeable, but peculiar intonation; but I saw that he was entirely satisfied with himself; and, as I could not deny but that he was uncommonly handsome and agreeable, I began to speak of the inward man; reproved him for his superficialness; said that mere outward attractions were nothing but dust, and exalted the beauty of the soul as most important, especially in those who censure young ladies on account of their hands and feet. In connexion herewith, I said the most beautiful things on the subject of family life, which I praised with a zeal equal to that of the deceased Miss Rönquist.\* My descriptions affected me, and I grew quite warm; but Stellan cooled me down by an affected yawn, and by quietly humming the melody of "Old Noah."† This made me quite angry, and I told him that he was a heathen, an orangoutang, unworthy of the hand of a noble girl, and that he did not deserve to partake of the highest and purest happiness of life.

"But is not that happiness of which you speak, Franziska," becoming at once quite grave, "like the Phoenix, only a beautiful fable on earth? Can you, Franziska, who appear so certain and so much at home on this subject, name to me, among all the families that you know, one single one which is really happy, and really united, and which blesses the band that holds them together, not merely at one moment of their lives, but under all the changes of their lifetime? Name me but one such family, Franziska," said he, looking at me earnestly and keenly.

I began to reflect and to consider. Is it not the

\* A character in "The President's Daughter," another story by Miss Bremer.

† *Gubben Noach*, a popular Swedish song, by the favourite of the people, Bellman.

most absurd thing in the world, that often the very word, the very thing, that we require, escapes from us? It was exactly so with me and the happy family. I fancied I knew many such, but now I could not bethink myself of a single one. I sought and sought. I sprang into this house, and out of that house, among all my acquaintance; I grew anxious and warm, because I could not find what I sought for; while Stellan sat looking at me with a secret and mischievous delight.

In order to save myself and family happiness, I thought it best to object to his extravagant demands, and began, "Perfect happiness is nowhere found on earth—" Stellan saved me the necessity of saying more, by his interruption. "You are right, Franziska," said he, "and least of all in family life. The ephemera, man, can only enjoy happiness or bliss on earth on the condition that he live there as an ephemera; that, like a butterfly, he rocks himself on the tree twigs, sucks the honey from the flowers, and, like it, too, does not fetter himself to the ground. So soon, indeed, as he does this, he is the prey of worms and creeping things. Then all that is dull and insipid in life—the heavy, weariful prose of life—comes over him; the wings of the Psyche fall off—the butterfly becomes the worm. Believe me, Franziska, I have seen more of life than you; and sadly too much either to praise it, or to wish myself to play the part of a *'père de famille.'* The family is an instrument which sooner or later gets out of tune; this is the nature of the strings, and in their relationship to each other. I will show you this in some families with whom I am acquainted. I might begin with my own family, since I also, Franziska, have had parents, and brothers and sisters; have also heard quarrels, have quarrelled myself; have been envious, and have bickered with my own flesh and blood. But this now all is past; we have separated, and have different interests, and, in consequence, are become good friends.

"I will speak of the A.s," continued he; "they had, I believe, a good income, till the children grew up; these children were badly educated; they turned out ill; and now, through them, the parents have sunk into poverty and care.

"The B.s did quite differently. They were stern and despotic, and the children have all escaped from home, shunning it ever more than a prison.

"The C.s made it their most important business that their children should be well educated. They had them instructed in everything; gave them teachers of every kind; spared no cost; and rejoiced, and were proud, for a while, of the progress their children made. The children were rich in knowledge and talent, and despised their parents, who, in comparison of them, were ignorant; and now the parents grieve, silently, like shadows, over their brilliant children.

"With the D.s it appears much better. They give now, as they have done for thirty years, magnificent suppers; but, if you saw them near, if you knew the emptiness, the coldness of their life—ha! the eatables on their table are the only things that warm and unite them.

"At the E.s, for a long time, all was gay. They were joyous, friendly, hospitable; their daughters were called the Three Graces; they made parties, and gave entertainments. Years went on; the Three Graces grew old in the paternal house; they withered away together, and the world forgot them. They remain together, alone, and pout through their uneventful life. In

an evening, they sit at a round table, light candles, and wait for company—which never comes.

"I will not speak about the F.s. The wife has one will, the husband another; it is perpetual storm there, and the children are accustomed to say, 'If there be not a tempest in the north, there is in the south—but there is always a north wind.'

"If one only knew how to keep things smooth!" said good Madame G., as she wished to heal a breach which her violent husband had occasioned in her domestic union. Thus has the family gone on smoothening, and has, by degrees, smoothened itself out of all comfort and order; they keep on smoothening still, and manage just to keep together. It is a family in a state of perpetual asthma; it neither lives nor dies.

"My mother wished that I should take a wife out of the H. family. I went there one evening; all looked charmingly; the daughters, handsome and well dressed, all perfumed, and comfortable. I went again, one forenoon. A pair of—not clean—stockings lay upon a chair in the drawing-room, and an infamous smell of sour paste met me, from somewhere. I went into another room, and away flew the daughters—from the spinning-wheel. Housewifery is an excellent thing, but spinning deranges the toilet; and to smell sour paste, only once, is an abomination. Sour paste and domestic happiness do not at all accord, in my estimation."

"But that is childish!" exclaimed I; "you will never be able to live on the earth with over-refinement like that!"

"Yes," answered he, "I confess that this may seem very trifling, but such is my nature; the sour paste of housewifery deterred me from becoming the head of a family.

"My friend J.," continued he, "had been married four years, during which time I had not seen him. Not long since, I happened to be in the country where he resided, and availed myself of the repeated invitations I had received to visit him in his Idyllic home. When I arrived there, I found two barefooted servant-girls scouring the first floor; in the second I nearly fell down, having entangled my foot in a string which fastened a spinning-wheel to the leg of the stove; in the third I heard children crying with all their might. I waited several minutes, that the crying might cease. I grew tired of this, however, and so, half dead, rushed, with a leap over the scouring-tubs, out of this Idyllic home."

"You chose your visiting-time very badly," said I; "must not people have their houses scoured? and must not little children cry, sometimes? Ought not one to have patience with little children?"

"That I believe, Franziska," returned he; "but, exactly because I do not possess this beautiful patience, and because I do not think these family scenes are to be coveted, exactly on that account I have no inclination for the marriage state. But I have more weighty objections than these," said he, "against domestic life. There is a something in man which tends ever to repel. The more individuals are brought into close and enduring connexion, the more this stone of repulsion is felt, the more do its jagged edges and angles wound. Outward circumstances assist this; one person crowds another so easily, they are mutually in each other's way; and the consideration which one person has, and must have, for another, is only like a leaden weight upon his freedom and his enjoyment. If it be commanded that we live for another, then, properly

speaking, nobody lives happily for himself. I do not deny that there may be high and enduring happiness in marriage and in domestic life, but these instances are the few exceptions. They are the echoes which sound across to us from a lost paradise; and, as I am speaking on this subject, what do you say to the apple in the history of Adam and Eve? It has descended to all their posterity; hence, most families have an apple to bite, which occasions trouble and discord.

"Would you know, Franziska, where the greatest need, the greatest *enemi*, the greatest envy, the greatest bitterness, the most intrinsic mutual hate are—would you know where the most tearful eyes, the palest cheeks, the most joyless, the most wearied hearts, may be found? I will show you them all in marriage, in the domestic circle—in one word, in family life!"

I cannot tell you how I felt after these descriptions of Stellan's, because I was compelled, in so many things, to acknowledge truth; and, although he saw all in a one-sided point of view, and I could laugh over many things, as, for instance, at the sour paste, yet many others really touched me to the heart. I was shocked at the thought that there was so much mental poverty, so much deep misery in family life. But still, the idea of family life was one which I loved; one which I had faith in; which had grown up, as it were, with all that was good in me. All this now seemed profaned by Stellan. I felt sadness; I felt anxiety, and pain, and a thousand mixed feelings filled my eyes with tears, while I exclaimed, "But I am happy! my husband is happy! we are happy!"

"Yes; now is the honeymoon," said the unmerrifol Stellan, "and perhaps yet for one, two, or three years. But let these years pass; let children and care come—you'll have, for instance, ten girls—what will you do with these? No money, no marriage; one girl lame, one with a spine complaint!"

"Ten girls!" I was shocked. I saw them already around me, tall, grown-up, demanding that I should give them happiness, as I had given them life. I saw one of them sickly; one with a spine complaint. I sank down under this burden, which was too heavy for me, and, while I wept without being able to say a word, up rose Stellan, threw away my last monthly rose, and went out. The abominable wretch! I almost wished never to see him again!

"Ten girls!" For a long time I could think of nothing but these words. By degrees, however, I endeavoured to calm myself, and began seriously, and as a Christian, to reflect on the affair. I was no longer shocked at my ten girls, but was quite consoled by them. I would devote myself altogether to them; I would make of them industrious, God-fearing human beings. They should become good and happy; should love one another; and, sound in heart, should be able to face the world. The more I studied my family picture, the more alluring it seemed. I began regularly to love my ten girls, but, most of all, the lame and the afflicted one. I created no illusion; but I felt, in my strengthened heart, that it really would succeed, and that, with God's and my husband's help, I would make the ten girls fortunate. And then I thought how rich I should be at the day of judgment, when I could say, "Here I am, Father, with the children that thou hast given me."

So felt I, so thought I, and I was calm and

G

joyful in spirit. I went out into the birch-grove to cool my red eyes and cheeks; and then I had several things to look after in the kitchen and the storeroom; and thus, what with one thing, and what with another, I had nearly forgotten my ten girls; but, as Lars Anders came home, some way or other, all the depression, all the despondency, seemed to fall upon my heart again, and I became as weak as a child. When my husband came up and kissed me, I threw my arms round his neck, and both laughed and cried at the same time.

"No doubt, Lars Anders," said I, "you would love me, and be satisfied with me, and we should be happy, even if we had ten daughters; and you would love them all, even if they were lame, and had a spine complaint!"

I could not properly finish my speech. Good Lars Anders! he made such a horrid face, and looked just as if the ten daughters were hanging round his neck! But, as he saw me so agitated, he gave me a glass of water, and begged me to speak Swedish—he imagined, probably, that the "ten daughters" was Hebrew.

I explained to him the whole affair in perspicuous Swedish, and then he laughed loudly, and assured me that we should always be happy, and that he would always love both me and the children I should give him.

Stellan came in at the same moment. He appeared embarrassed and distressed to see me so much excited; but, in the joy of my heart, I offered him my hand, and exclaimed, "We will be happy, my husband and I; we will be happy, even with ten daughters, and even if they, every one of them, be sickly; we will love each other, and love them also."

Stellan was really affected; he blushed, kissed my hand, and prayed me to forgive his having joked so rudely. Lars Anders was kind to me as an angel, and would not go to the table till I was quite calm. I hastened to become so, but still could scarcely swallow a morsel. I fancy my ten daughters stuck in my throat; beyond this, I fancied Lars Anders looked at me with a degree of consternation. Ten daughters! But that really is too many!

But I will not think any more about it. While Lars Anders and Stellan take a walk, and the evening paints the scenes of nature in *sepia* and Indian ink, I will cast another glance on Cousin Stellan's ornamental pictures of family life. Are they really true? In many individual cases, ah, yes! but, in the general, no, oh, no! And, even were there in earthly families more of shadow than light, Thou all-wise Artist, who hast painted in such magnificent light the great picture of life, Thou couldst teach us to spread out the colouring better upon our small canvass. But Thou hast already taught us, and it now depends upon ourselves; and, if we labour with fervency and truth, our family picture will be beautiful, and will be worthy of its place in the collection of the Most Blessed.

"One finds," says Stellan, "a something among human beings that always tends to thrust them asunder." I grant that envy, pretension, unreasonableness, *enemi*, and a thousand large and small stones of repulsion, are capable of occasioning bitter feeling. I grant, also, that they are felt most keenly exactly when the circle is most confined—that is, in family life. What then? Is there no power, mild, yet energetic, whose efficacy consists in equalizing and sweetening all, and changing even evil into good?

Who will not here remember the doctrine of the Apostle, and who has not blessed it a thousand times in his life, "Love is patient and mild?" etc.

I will now examine a few of Stellan's family scenes. I will leave the external relationship as it is, but will conduct into the interior bosom of these families the angel-sisters, Truth and Love. Then behold how the picture will be changed! See, for example, the family with the talent-gifted children and the uneducated parents. True instruction, true enlightenment would have ennobled the children. It never would have happened, then, that they would lightly have esteemed good and upright parents because they were better informed than they. They would have known that true human worth consists in moral qualities and in upright conduct. They would have surrounded the parents with reverence and gratitude, enlivened their home, and beautified their days with their talents.

And then the family of the Three Graces! A melancholy picture! I must yawn when I think of it; but it is not the family-bond, but vanity, high-mindedness, and inward emptiness, which has placed them in this puppet condition.

If Stellan tear away happiness from families, I would willingly know where he places it. I will ask him what men and what position in life he regards as the happiest. Perhaps a bachelor's life! But, then, he must be an egotist who disowns all bonds of nature; I envy no one such a happiness. But I will ask Stellan if he himself be happy.

134.

I have asked Stellan. At first he would give only an evasive answer, jested, and was witty, but without joyousness; but, as I questioned him still more earnestly, and besought him to speak the truth, he also became earnest, and said, "I am not happy! Life appears to me poor, and I often feel an almost insupportable weight in myself."

"Ah, thank God!" exclaimed I, quite charmed and excited. He looked at me astonished, and I continued: "Thus you are not the unworthy egotist that you must have been, if you could have been happy with your way of thinking. You have described married life so as to make one weep; but I, Stellan, could describe to you the life of a bachelor, and you would find it so miserable, so barren, that you would not give a pinch of snuff for it. But thus it need not be with you, Stellan; you are a good, thinking being; you will discover the true worth of life, and will renounce all extravagant pretensions and all exaggerated sensibilities; you will become happy through noble employment, through an amiable wife, through domestic and family life."

He smiled half sorrowfully, shook his head, and said something about sour paste.

"But Cousin Stellan," said I, "in our house, as in domestic business goes forward; also here do we spin, make paste, and scour. Is it here, then, so comfortable?"

"If all women were like you, Franziska!" returned Stellan, took my hand, kissed it, said something about "this white, fine hand," kissed it again and again, became crimson, and cast upon me an extraordinary glance. I also became crimson, and felt I know not how, drew my hand back, began to talk of the weather, and then went directly into the kitchen. A stupid scene on the whole, but it must not occur again

unrepeated; no, so sure as Lars Anders lives, and I am his Fanny!

Think, if *Ma chère mère's* lecture should actually serve my turn, and I really should find an occasion to say, "Sir, you are greatly mistaken," &c. But in no case should I go directly to my husband and say, "Dear friend, so and so has occurred." A woman who loves herself and her duty can take care of herself. One does not need any *gendarmism* for one's self. But perhaps at this very moment I am making use of it, when I am shocked at so slight an affair.

In the mean time, I have a sort of satisfaction in knowing that Stellan, with his way of thinking and feeling, is not happy; and had I only properly reflected, I needed not to have asked the question; for Stellan, with all his gifts, is an *ennuyé*. He opens a book, reads a little, yawns, and throws it aside. He takes a newspaper, and does exactly the same. He begins a drawing, and leaves it uncompleted. He has real interest and pleasure in nothing. He is willingly in the fresh air, loves nature and flowers, but will remorselessly destroy the loveliest of them. It is soon too warm, soon too cold, for him; sometimes it is windy, and the wind is to him something horrible. Extraordinary! this man, in every-day life so affected, so sollicitous of his own convenience, is yet, as I have heard from my husband, as determined as bold. He has good intellect, fine knowledge, and might, perhaps, become a distinguished man, if he would only give himself the trouble to study. But perhaps he smells sour paste in books; and in that he may be correct, even beyond the binding.

144.

No; I was not wrong to *gendarmise*, and be upon my guard. They are precisely the little things which must put people on their guard; for the proverb is true, "A great fire often arises from a small spark." How often is a slur, deserved or undeserved, cast on the reputation of a young woman, merely because she has not been circumspect in little things!

We spent yesterday afternoon on Svand. Cousin Stellan was unusually lively and polite, and invited Lars Anders and me, on our return home, to a game at ring-throwing. I accepted the proposal gladly; and soon our rings, wreathed with their pink ribands, were flying among the green trees, and merrily and dexterously we caught them again on our sticks. Lars Anders threw several times, but soon grew weary, panted, sent all pleasures which required exertion to the hangman, and so went into the house. I confess my error, Maria; as a rational wife, true to her duty, I ought to have followed my husband; but I was so heartily delighted with the game, and had not the least desire to leave off! So, warm, ardent, and almost wild, Stellan and I continued to throw our rings, all this while getting farther and farther from the house. At length twilight came on, so that we could not distinctly see the course of the rings, and Stellan's remained hanging behind me in a birch-tree. I sprang towards it, and leaped up to reach it, when I suddenly found myself embraced by Stellan, while he whispered close to my cheek, "Fanny, dear Fanny!" I was excited by a thousand strange feelings; but in a moment I extricated myself, and said—odd enough—in *Ma chère mère's* own words, "Baron S., you mistake; your ring hangs upon the tree there!" This I spoke with so much emphasis, that I was understood immediately.

"Aha!" said Stellan, somewhat confused, as I thought, while he reached down his ring.

"It gets cool now," continued I: "it is best to go in;" and without farther parley, hastened to the house, while Stellan slowly followed, humming an air out of "Fra Diavolo."

I was sitting beside my own good husband, and telling him how dear he was to me, which communication he received with the air of a good-tempered pacha, as, half an hour later, Stellan returned. He held a beautiful spray of wild roses in his hand, which he presented to me, saying, "I have taken away all the thorns."

"Many thanks," said I, took the spray, and stuck it—in my bosom! No, Maria, you could not believe that; I stuck it in Lars Anders's buttonhole. Stellan hummed the air anew, and, shortly after, we separated, somewhat coldly.

Oh, no, my husband, your confidence in me shall not be abused! I will not in the least deceive it. My ten daughters shall, at the least, receive from their mother the inheritance of an unspotted reputation, and a good example.

But what shall I now do? I will not sit here at home the whole day, in order to keep company with Cousin Stellan; neither can I leave the house, because Lars Anders has so expressly desired me to remain at home; much less will I go to him, and say, "My friend, so and so," &c., because this would only disturb his peace, and the relation between him and his young friend, who has certainly no bad intention, but is only indiscreet. I know now what I shall do. This morning I have household occupation; in the afternoon we go to Carlstors, and introduce him to *Ma chère mère*. To-morrow Serena comes to me; and then I will move heaven and earth but she shall come and spend from eight to fourteen days with me at Rosenvik. I will compel Lars Anders to tyrannise over the whole Dahl family but it shall be accomplished. It will do Serena good, and me also.

154.

It is vexatious, that Cousin Stellan should have adopted exactly Jane Maria's method of indicating discontent. There is, it is true, some little difference in the way and means; because Stellan does not exactly suit, but he feigns an indifference and coldness, which are anything but agreeable. He would convince me, as it seems, that I am the very person in the world about whom he would least concern himself. I try to make him feel that I do not notice it; but it always annoys one not to be in entire friendliness with every one about one. In the mean time, were I now cold towards Stellan, he might almost imagine that I wanted to decoy him back.

We spent yesterday at Carlstors, where *Ma chère mère* received Stellan in an extraordinary manner. "I knew your father, my baron," said she; "he was a fine man, but a *bon vivant*. I have heard say that the son resembles the father; and, though we ought to honour the tree which has lost us its shade, yet I must say that you might follow a better example. Now, your father reformed in his latter years; and I hope that the son will do so, and think about a good marriage in time. In doing so, you would act prudently, my baron; for the proverb says, 'Early wooing brings so many rings,' and 'Better one cake with peace than two with strife.'"

Stellan looked quite astonished, and somewhat irritated by this unexpected lecture. *Ma chère mère* did not seem to be particularly in a peaceful humour, and when we looked round us we

found the whole house entangled in strife. *Ma chère mère* and Jean Jacques had fallen out on account of the new arrangements he wished to introduce on the estate, and the old abuses which he wished to reform. The strife between the old and the new had commenced, but *Ma chère mère* held the reins of government fast in her hand; and Jean Jacques, compelled to yield, began to find his situation there not agreeable. Of all these things he complained to my husband. Jane Maria was in open feud with Ebba, and related to me, in a bitter tone, all the injustice which she had to bear; which all consisted in such a many trifles, as compelled me almost to laugh as much as cry; for it is quite as laughable as lamentable, when people, who might live without troubles, imbitter each other's existence by a multitude of unnecessary, self-created entanglements. I endeavoured cautiously to make Jane Maria aware of this, but some way it was unseasonable. She grew excited, to think that any one considered those trifles which so nearly concerned her; and gave me to understand that she was quite capable of deciding what, in this whole affair, was of importance, and what was not.

I had quite determined not again to make gray weather between myself and Jane Maria; and, more than this, just now, I felt a necessity for union; so, without any regard to her dignified words and air, I merely replied, "Yes, certainly, best Maria, your education, your understanding, place you high enough over Ebba for you to have forbearance with her childish folly, without her abusing your goodness."

"You do not know Ebba," somewhat calmer: "she is full of self-love, pretension, and haughtiness. She would tread upon my head if I did not oppose a very high tone to her."

There was a time when I believed that every person possessed in himself a preponderating fund of equity and sound reason; when I believed that they desired nothing so much as to be enlightened; that if they only heard the truth, they would acknowledge it; and that, when they had acknowledged it, they would correct their faults, and, in consequence of this, become contented and happy. At that time I spoke the truth to many, spared good counsel to none, and willingly became the peacemaker in quarrels; but I very seldom found that I was thus able to do a service to any one, least of all to myself. And, to be truly candid, reciprocal service of this kind, which some of my good friends have done for me, has especially tended to convince me that the too candid method, in such cases, is not the best, by any means. In later years, I have been remarkably circumspect in speaking the truth to people; have been very sparing in giving good advice; and have had a salutary fear of rushing into quarrels as peacemaker. But if, without any fault of my own, I do get into this melancholy office, I then close my heart, with a sigh, endeavour to do my best, and make use of the experience which I have gained through my former unfortunate attempts. On this account, I did not now say to Jane Maria, "My good Jane Maria, you yourself are haughty, and full of pretensions; they are your faults precisely which call forth those of Ebba. If you were more reasonable in your behaviour, she would be less overbearing in hers!" I spoke out none of these thoughts of my heart, but merely sighed, and said, "The poor child, she has certainly had a faulty education. Those who have been

better trained must excuse her. A defective education is a positive misfortune."

"Yes, a positive misfortune," returned she, as it seemed in a milder feeling towards Ebba.

But it was not alone with Ebba, but with *Ma chère mère*, also, that Jane Maria was dissatisfied.

The day before, *Ma chère mère* had the horses put to her carriage, and had said to the two sisters-in-law, "One of you can accompany me." The carriage stood before the door, and *Ma chère mère* took her seat in it. She waited a long time before either of the young ladies appeared, and then both came out at the same moment, with the intention of going. There was room but for one of them; both wished to go, yet neither would yield to the other. A violent dispute arose between them on the very steps of the carriage; *Ma chère mère* looked on for a moment, and then, giving the whip to her horses, drove off without either, to the great displeasure and astonishment of both.

Later in the day, as I walked in the park by Ebba's side—for Ebba, since her morning promenade, has become a great lover of the country—I heard all her complaints against Jane Maria. Jane Maria had such unbearably lofty manners towards her; Jane Maria had called her a little fool; Jane Maria would always be the first, would always go first through a door, would always be first served at table; Jane Maria would have everything better; more magnificent than her; found fault with her taste in dress and ornaments; always saw faults in her, and in all that she possessed, while she exalted her own possessions, and instanced them as distinguished and excellent. All this grieved poor Ebba sadly; it grieved me, also, though in another manner.

When she told me all this, we were standing on the edge of a flowing water, whose shore was richly adorned with leaves and flowers. All around us was fresh, still, and beautiful; my very heart was warmed by it, and I felt that I could speak to Ebba in quite another way than to Jane Maria. I threw my arm, therefore, round her, and said, "Dear Ebba, would you be happy?"

"Yes, certainly," answered she, looking at me amazed.

"Ah, my little Ebba," continued I, "then rivet not yourself to such trifles, and don't let them annoy you. See how glorious and beautiful it is here all around you! and you have not rejoiced in these things, have scarcely observed them, because Jane Maria carries herself loftily, and has more costly things than you. Nay, dear Ebba, is it not lamentable that we should spoil all the good and beautiful which life has, through things like these?"

To repeat all that I said, in my zeal, would be to go too far; it is enough that I found a willing ear in Ebba, and that I described to her the folly of such contentions, and the bitter pang which they produce, till Ebba both laughed and cried; and promised, on my behalf, to concede, in future, all that precedence to Jane Maria after which she strove.

In the mean time, Lars Anders, on his side, had to mediate between *Ma chère mère* and Jean Jacques; and, through his influence with both parties, it was so arranged that, while Jean Jacques was to be less precipitate in overwhelming *Ma chère mère* with his new, reformed systems, she should be willing to take his propositions into consideration.

And during all this time what became of Stellan? He busied himself with those who, for the

time being, were at peace; made himself agreeable to all the ladies, one after another, excepting to me, and succeeded perfectly, not even excepting *Ma chère mère*, who asserted of him, "Heavens! he is truly polite, the Baron S. He did justice to his dinner; he is a sensible young man!"

I rejoiced over Ebba during the evening, for she kept her promise excellently, and, instead of making Jane Maria's beloved privileges a cause of strife, she prevented it several times. Jane Maria, at first, looked as if some stratagem of war must be concealed under this amicable show, but at last, convinced of the friendly sincerity of Ebba, she also became quite changed, and descended from her lofty pretensions.

We foolish human beings! How often we torment ourselves and others, and yet could often so easily change that picture of discontent and disquiet into a picture of peace and rest!

When we were again at home, Lars Anders and I related, mutually, how we both had been called upon to "sit between as umpires," and we both felt that never should any one have to come, and thus to "sit between us."

I have at this moment received the news of Aunt Ulla's death. My good Maria, I cannot say otherwise than "It is good!" especially since I hear how happily she died. Aunt Sophie, who writes me this news, adds, "Anne Marie can now remove into her chamber, which is so much more cheerful and convenient than the one she has been obliged to put up with."

There are people, harmless, peaceable people, whose departure is good, more particularly because they make room. This thought saddens me! Oh, if I should ever come to be in the way of my neighbours—if any one among them should ever long for my place, then will I forth—forth!

Here am I now, sitting and weeping over this fancy, and over the thought of my ten daughters

## CHAPTER VII.

Rosenvik, July 18th.

YESTERDAY Serena and I began our singing-lessons. At ten o'clock in the forenoon, a pretty little horse, bearing a light, graceful burden, came cantering up to my door, while a heavy *calèche*, antique as its possessors, rolled up also with the patriarchs. I was glad to see that venerable pair under my roof, and delighted to receive Serena, who seemed already to breathe fresh life both from the ride and the beauty of the morning.

I had a little breakfast in readiness, and my eggs, my fresh butter and foaming chocolate, were praised so little. After the good old people had breakfasted and taken a view of Rosenvik, they returned, and I kept Serena with me for the day. I was imperative that she should not be fetched till nine in the evening, and this was promised me. The good old people tenderly embraced their favourite, who accompanied them to their carriage with a thousand graceful attentions.

After this, we had a singing-lesson. Serena's voice is weak, but a fine counter-tenor. Our practice was principally of the voice and the reading of the notes, for her expression and execution are truly excellent. This her own soul has taught her better than any master could do.

It grieved me to call Serena *Miss*, for she belongs to that class of beings with whom I seem

driven, by an irresistible impulse, to use the pleasing monosyllable *thou*. I asked to be permitted to do so; and asked, farther, that she would call me *Ann*, the most wearisome title which I know, if any seniority appeared to demand some sort of respect from her. Serena laughed, and refused to honour me on account of my years, and prayed me, if there were no other impediment, to be permitted to say *thou*, also, to me. I gladly assented; and, on our comparing ages, found, to my astonishment, that I was only four years older than she. She is three-and-twenty, but the beauty of her complexion and figure would not lead one to suppose so.

After we had arranged these affairs—laugh not that *thou* and *thou* is in Sweden an important moment in an acquaintance; a great step forward, sometimes also backward in friendship—we took our work, went out and seated ourselves upon a bench, in the shade of the lime and elder hedge. Serena, whose fingers have an extraordinary skill in many delicate works, plucked some flowers, and now set herself to imitate, with great accuracy, their seed-vessels and other parts.

Cousin Stellan had been out on a shooting excursion with the brothers Stålmark the whole of the day, and I was glad to be alone with Serena. I was curious to hear her speak of Bruno, and so I turned the conversation upon him.

She sighed at the mention of his name; and when I questioned if she thought he had a bad heart, she replied, warmly, "No, certainly not! His heart, indeed, must have been good and tender, or how, otherwise, would he have been so kind towards me, who was only a weak and sickly child, and must have been burdensome to others? Is not that Ramm on the other side of the lake?" asked she.

I replied in the affirmative.

"I remember yet so well," resumed she, "how Bruno led me about the woods, or drew me in my little carriage. The first impressions which I received of the beauty of life and of nature were from this time. I remember so well how the murmuring in the wood delighted me, and how I was enchanted with the flowers which he gathered for me! If he sang, I sang too; and when he bore me in his arms, and sprang over the mountain-ravines, I felt no fear, but only a little shudder, which was more akin to pleasure than to pain. He was never impatient or unfriendly towards me, and I shall never forget how once, when he was about to beat one of his brothers, he desisted when I wept and called him by his name. If his heart had not been good, why should he have been so gentle towards me? Once he saved my life at the peril of his own; it was in the park at Ramm. Some starlings had built in an oak-tree, and I, in childish folly, desired to possess the eggs. He seated me in the grass and climbed into the tree, from the topmost boughs of which, however, he precipitated himself, on hearing me utter a cry for help. Without thought of himself, he threw himself down, and, with a shriek of horror, snatched from my neck a snake which had wound itself there. I saw him strangle the snake, and tread upon his head, and then, taking me in his arms, I remember that he wept; while I tried to pacify him with my childish caresses! Ah, depend upon it," continued she, after a moment's pause, "that he was not wisely treated. They certainly had not sufficient regard to his ability of loving. Had they, he would not have caused his mother so

much anxiety, and would not have fled from his home and his fatherland."

"Do you remember his appearance?" I inquired.

"Not clearly," she said. "It seems to me as if I saw, through a mist, a handsome, rosy-cheeked boy, with large, beautiful eyes; but if I try to make the image more distinct, it fades."

"And what do you suppose occasioned his flight from home?" I inquired.

"I have been told," said Serena, "that dissension with his mother, and severe treatment on her side, occasioned it. There was great similarity in their tempers. They opposed obstinacy to obstinacy—force against force. Bruno must have died in his exile. Poor Bruno! I have truly lamented his fate, he was so good to me!" said she, with a mournful countenance, while a sentiment of deep sadness filled my heart also.

I changed the conversation then to other persons, spoke of her grand-parents, and as I praised them she became cheerful and joyous. The sentiment of gratitude seemed to prevail in her heart to an uncommon degree; it seemed as if she clung to every recollection which incited to love. If she spoke of a book, also, it was with an acknowledgment of the good she had derived from it; and then how natural and graceful is every word, in short, her whole being! I loved her; she did me good; and I wished that I, also, could be inscribed on a leaf of her remembrance-book.

At dinner we had—Lars Anders—good-humour, good appetite, and, without boasting, good eating. In the afternoon came back Cousin Stellan, in the condition which I generally expect after a shooting excursion, namely, savagely hungry, and without game.

When we had sat and talked pleasantly for an hour after coffee, we determined to make an excursion to Svans, there to eat our evening meal. Serena and I cut bread and butter; filled some bottles with cold *schale*, and laid these, together with a piece of cold roast-meat, in a basket; and with this our cheerful little company wandered down to the shore, where a prettily painted green boat received us. Stellan rowed, a light wind cooled us and curled the water, and, while Serena and I sang "*La Biondina*," we reached the appointed place. We threw ourselves down on a grassy mound, in the red and white clover, under the great oak-tree—I between my husband and the basket of provisions, and Stellan by Serena; and as I saw them sitting there in the green grass, so lovely and so cheerful, weaving flower-garlands for each other, the transient, perhaps sinful, thought rose in my heart of a possible union between those two.

Bear, lying on the fresh, odorous turf, smoked his pipe, and slowly puffed out the volumes of smoke towards the blue heaven, while he listened to, God knows what! foolish nonsense about the Great Mogul, which his wife told him.

Anon, the air seemed suddenly tremulous, and a rush of a far-off tempest of melody reached our ears. This tone, solemn, gloomy, but beautiful, made an extraordinary impression upon us. All were still in a moment, a breeze passed by, and upon this breeze came again a tremulous, mournful, but inexpressibly harmonious tone, which oppressed me to the heart.

"It is the organ at Ramm!" I exclaimed: "the wind bears the sound to us. Oh, that we could hear it nearer! Hush! hush! it comes nearer."

We listened; the melodious, panting sound came again and again, with every flying wind that came towards us from Ramm, but we could not connect together a whole. The trembling tones mounted and died away like the sighings of a sorrowful spirit, and, as I listened to them, I felt as many an inquirer of the old times must have felt when he pondered on the broken and incomprehensible melodies of being, and believed that the wind of Fate played upon the strings of the *Æolian-harp* of life. A longing took possession of me, almost an agony, which those only can understand who experience, like me, a passion for music.

"I must hear this near!" exclaimed I, with decision. "Serena, we two will row towards Ramm, and obtain a clear idea of this music, for I shall become mad if I hear these tones without their intelligence. Remain lying there, dear Bear, and smoke your pipe in peace. Pray let us go; and you remain there, Cousin Stellan; we would be alone, Serena and I—we shall soon be back again."

The gentlemen looked dissatisfied; Bear growled as he continued to lie on the grass, while Stellan accompanied us to the boat. Serena and I were quite joyous and ardent. I rowed the little boat easily. The little voyage was enchanting; for the nearer we approached, the more significant became the music. I could have fancied that the boat sped of itself, as if drawn onward by the invisible might of that wonderful music. The evening was calm; the sunbeams trembled into ever darker gold through the wood; higher ever rose the melodious tempest. Serena and I both experienced an elevated delight, although in a different manner. My heart beat violently, and tears of rapture filled my eyes. Serena was calmer; her white hand played with the waves, while an expression of pure delight and child-like piety gleamed in her clear, beautiful eyes.

Both of us remained silent, eager more distinctly to hear that captivating music. The boat approached nearer and nearer to the black walls of Ramm, and at last lay still as smuggler's-craft, in the shadow of the alder-bushes, close under an open window.

There we heard tones which seemed to come from no human hand, the beloved melody of the *Neck,\* Polika*, an interweaving of rich melodies, which, for beauty and power, surpassed all that I had ever heard or imagined before. They were the children of a mighty inspiration. Enraptured, and carried away, as it were, I bowed my head in my hand, and dreamed that the king of the sea, inspired by the beauty of the evening and of nature, made known to us, himself, his wonderful life; that life which he leads in the mysterious depths, and in the crystal castles of the ocean. But all at once the tones ceased, and I woke out of my dream to a consciousness of the present. I seized the oar involuntarily, and, with one little stroke, turned the boat away from the shore; at the same moment both Serena and I turned our eyes to the open window above, but turned them hastily away again, for there stood the dark De Romilly, in his own gloomy person, with his eyes fixed upon us. We blushed, took each an oar, and returned in much shorter time, I fancy, than we went, although our oars had now to keep time without the accompaniment of the music.

\* A water-spirit.

In the mean while, as we had been absent nearly two hours, we found, on our return, Cousin Stellan apparently very sleepy, and Bear not quite as good-tempered as we had left him, which did not astonish me; but, however, he was soon perfectly right again, on my heartily praying for forgiveness. I feel at times a certain degree of pleasure in sinning, quarter or no quarter, and then in obtaining dispensation by flattery.

We ate our evening meal in quiet and cheerfulness; but Serena, who began to think of her old relatives, and expected to be sent for, turned her eyes towards Rosenvik.

The carriage arrived the moment our boat reached the shore, and, after we had agreed that the next singing-lesson should be on Friday, she left us, Cousin Stellan attending her to the carriage, and showing her many polite attentions. It is remarkable how becoming all such are to a young man.

"Come very soon again," cried I, after Serena; and her friendly blue eyes smiling an assent from under her little straw hat, she waved an adieu with her hand, and vanished between the green trees.

"That was a splendid girl," said Stellan to me, as we yet wiled away a little time under the alder-trees, "only it is a pity that she is lame."

"To you, Cousin Stellan," said I, laughing, "everything in this world limps."

"But I must confess," returned he, "that I have hardly ever seen a less fault in a lady."

"I agree with you, Cousin," returned I; "and I can even believe it possible that, under certain circumstances, such a fault as this can be seen only as real beauty."

He smiled, and made a motion with his head, as though he might think so too. "Franziska," said he, detaining me as I was about to depart, and with a deep earnestness in his voice, "for the last few days, Franziska, you have not been so friendly towards me as you were. Have I grieved you in any way?"

"Yes," answered I, frankly, "by very nearly convincing me that you cared nothing for my esteem—that grieved me."

"Forgive me," said he, kindly, but gravely, "and think yet well of me. I could not willingly live without your esteem, Franziska. Give me your hand upon it, that you believe me, and forgive me."

"There," said I, giving my hand joyfully, but taking care, at the same time, that he did not kiss it, and went in then to Lars Anders, satisfied to have Stellan's esteem instead of his courtesy, and somewhat satisfied, also, with myself.

To-morrow *Ma chère mère* has a great dinner-party, at which the whole neighbourhood will be assembled. Mr. De Romilly, also, has been invited, although he had paid no visit to Carlsfors. I am very curious to see this enigmatical person again; his music has prepossessed me in his favour; a being who can awaken such melodies must possess deep and strong sentiment.

1844.

I was deceived in my hope of being able to observe closer the gloomy neighbour at Ramm. He came, it is true, to Carlsfors, and his entrance made a great sensation. For myself, an unpleasant feeling passed through me, as I glanced at the lofty, black-apparelled figure, which, in entering, drew together the fierce eyebrows with an almost threatening expression.

*Ma chère mère*, who was in *grande toilette*, and really looked very well, approached him majes-

scarcely, and made an oration to him in French, which was equally polite and stately; but which, however, the stranger seemed to understand no more than if it had been Laplandish. He stood immovable, with downcast eyes; and, when *Ma chère mère* had ended, returned, in a low voice, a few words, which were inaudible to me, bowed very low, and left her. I fancy *Ma chère mère* was but little edified by the foreign politeness which she had praised so much before; and as if she had been infected by Mr. De Romilly's mood, she, too, contracted her eyebrows, and returned to her seat.

The next moment an extraordinary commotion took place at the end of the room. The gentlemen rushed together; and, as the group opened itself again, De Romilly was seen as pale as death, and almost insensible, supported by two persons, and about to leave the room. Lars Anders attended him out, and *Ma chère mère* ordered whatever the house contained to be at his service, and after a few minutes, taking me with her, she went out to him herself.

Mr. De Romilly, who sat in a corner of the sofa, seemed then to have recovered himself, but his face was concealed by his pocket-handkerchief. *Ma chère mère* questioned him most kindly of his health. He replied, in a hollow voice, that he found himself compelled to leave the house, since the violent headache from which he was suffering would render him unfit for company. *Ma chère mère* said everything which a polite hostess could say on such an occasion, to which he only bowed in silent acknowledgment; and then, recommending him to Lars Anders's care, we left him, and heard him shortly after drive off.

And now for a few words on the pleasures of the day.

I will commence by passing over the dinner, which, like all other great dinners, was rather heavy. *Ma chère mère* was not in one of her most brilliant humours, and this affected us all; so now for the afternoon.

Mrs. Von P. had, at her entrance, given me only a gracious little nod of the head, and after this she concerned herself no farther with me; on the contrary, she was very friendly with Jane Maria.

Jane Maria played her heavy piece from Herz. It is her *chœur de bataille*, and that it is warlike, one must acknowledge, as well as that it was performed excellently. The moment it was finished, Mrs. Von P. hastened to her, and exclaimed, "Charming! charming! None but our master composers can write thus. Oh! Weber is whimsical, Rossini often poor in melody; but Meyerbeer excels both; he is, as one may say, '*le prince de la musique*!'"

"The piece which I have just played," returned Jane Maria, somewhat dryly, "is from Herz."

"Yes, he is excellent! excellent!" repeated Mrs. Von P. "My dear Baroness, art it is alone which exalts man above brutes; education is the truest aristocracy, which equalizes all differences of rank and wealth among men. We live, truly, in an enlightened age."

"Ah, how pleasant it is to see you!" said the Misses Adèle and Julie, hastening up to Serena, and speaking with affected sprightliness, in fine ornamental voices. "How pleasant it is to see you, little Serena! How are you now, little Serena! Have you always now pain in your hip, poor little Serena?"

"I thank you, my good ones," said Serena, smiling, very quietly, "but it is above a year now since I had any pain."

"No, really!" answered one of them. "Heavens! I fancied you were always ill, you look so pale—but then that is the fault of your dress; what material is it? What! old-world Levantine! Heavens! you are quite old-fashioned, little Serena!"

"I am not just come from Paris," said Serena, with all that cheerful goodness which removed bitterness from her own heart, as well as from that of another. She then observed the dresses of the censorious young ladies, admired them, questioned them about Paris, and listened, with evident pleasure, to all that they could relate to her. Even these two sisters seemed to me to become agreeable while they conversed with Serena.

Cousin Stellan passed about from one to another; had at first a lively conversation with Miss Von P., which seemed soon to weary him; took tribute then of the brothers Stålmarm, who had sat themselves down in a corner of the room, with other gentlemen, to talk about dogs and horses; steered away then to several landed proprietors, who were talking over together the brandy monopoly. As he made his way from these, he was snapped up by Mrs. Von P., and, on account of his sins, was he doomed to hear her expatiate on art and education. At length he tore himself from her and made a halt by Serena, in whose graceful society he seemed to feel himself right.

In the mean time, I took a lesson from my friend Brita Kaisa on housewifery and maid-servants; but, perceiving myself sleepy therefrom, I sought out the patriarchs, with whom I endeavoured to accomplish my great work—the having Serena with me for fourteen days at Rosenvik; nor did it seem impossible that I should succeed. Long live eloquence!

Miss Hellevi Hausgiebel was prevented, by a previous engagement, from being at the great Carlsofs feast. This circumstance, *Ma chère mère's* serious humour, and the great heat within and without, caused there to be no particular life in the company.

When Serena had left, with her grand-parents, which was very early, it grew heavier and heavier; and I was glad when I was once more seated in the cabriolet by my own Lars Anders, on the way to our delightful Rosenvik.

1944.

Oh, the violent, hideous, cruel, detestable! you shall hear whom.

Cousin Stellan was gone yesterday afternoon into the city to pay a visit to the Dahls, and Lars Anders and I rejoiced to be alone. He had brought out his workbench; I had drawn my little worktable to the sofa, and just opened the third part of "The Watchtower in Koatven," which I was reading aloud. That book is to me horrible; the only good lesson which it seems to me people can derive from it is—I have skimmed it through to the end—to feel what a moral extravagance the life of many people and many things in this world would present, if we did not cast one glance to the solving of the great riddle, to the sequel of the history on the other side of the grave. For my part, I would gladly throw the book into the fire, but my husband insists on it that we should finish it. I fancy all the ugliness of the book gave him pleasure.

At the very moment, however, when I was

about to begin reading, I glanced through the window. The leaves of the elder-bushes whispered in the wind, the swans moved their white wings, collected softly towards the west, and it seemed to me as if all beckoned and whispered, "Come out! come out!" impelling me, with an indescribable desire, into the fresh air and greenness. I seized Bear by the ear, and whispered my wishes. He grumbled a little, stretched himself, and then, after a few moments, stood up and took his hat. The good Bear!

I soon put on my bonnet and shawl, and was ready to take his arm, but, the moment we were about to pass through the door, he looked around with a peculiar long glance, as if he had forgotten something, and I—for I know very well the meaning of his looks—sprang in immediately, took his pipe, filled it, struck fire, and lighted it myself, to his great delight.

He had a wish to go and look about in the park at Ramm. We procured a rower, and very cool and pleasant was the sail across that peaceful lake. Bear puffed the long volumes of smoke from his pipe, I sang little barcaroles; and never noticing where we went, about a quarter of a mile on our backward way, struck upon the land by the shadowy shore of Ramm. We landed tolerably far from the house, and then, arm in arm, went into the beautiful, gloomy park. I felt myself happy to be wandering on Bear's arm in the still wood; to feel how the fresh, delicious air, played on my cheek; to know my husband to be so good, and the heaven above us so clear. Also he was happy to be wandering with his wife amid the remembrances of his childhood. He looked around him, breathed deeply, and said, in a low voice, while he pressed my arm to him, "How glorious!" And know, my Maria, if he says one word, it has more weight than a hundred out of the mouth of another.

So wandered we deeper and deeper into the wood. The high, thick-leaved trees; the shade, the silence, the recollections which seemed to abide under these shades, the loneliness, and the image of the gloomy hermit of Ramm; and Ramm itself, which stood there like the Genius of the place, all combined to produce in us a solemnity of mood. But, as we slowly wandered onward, we heard, at first dull, then more distinctly, a treading and stamping, as of a wild horse, which some one was endeavouring, but in vain, to master. I, for my part, have no great fancy for unbroken horses; but Lars Anders, on the contrary, must have had, for he hastened his steps towards the place from whence the noise proceeded. We advanced to an open space, and there making halt, were fascinated, as it were, by the wild, but fine spectacle.

The same man, and the same horse, which we had seen once before wandering together in such Illyrian peace, we here beheld again; but now in violent contest. The man sat commandingly on the back of the horse, which he would compel to leap over a broad ditch. The beautiful creature trembled and backed. It threw itself to the left and to the right; it pawed, it would not take the leap; and the foam fell from its black and shining body. But, like an intrepid, despotic will, the man sat firm, admonishing, punishing, compelling.

The noble animal developed in this wild strife the whole beauty of his race. His eyes sparkled, his wide, outspread nostrils seemed to dart forth fire, while he struck the earth with his hoofs, and with a hundred leaps sought to escape

that one leap which he was urged to. The rider sat with unexampled skill, moved himself to the motions of the horse, and ever again was the refractory animal brought to the same spot. The same demand was made, and ever again began the same contest. Thus, certainly for a whole hour, did the two strive together. The horse then appeared weary, became still, but made no attempt to obey the will of his master. The blood ran down his spur-fretted sides; the man dismounted, and threw the bridle loose; the horse stood quiet, and looked at him; he took something from his breast-pocket, held it to the forehead of the horse. "It is the third time we have striven," said he, sullenly; "farewell!"

There was a flash before the horse, a shot was fired, and he fell dead at the feet of his master. We saw it stretch forth its head, when dying, as if for a caress; we heard a dull groan, and then all was still.

My husband pressed my arm to him with a violence which I had never seen before, struck his clinched fist to his brow, and, drawing back, exclaimed to himself, "It is Bruno! Lord, my God! yes, it is he!"

"It was Bruno!" repeated he again, as we re-entered the wood. "Where was I, that I did not sooner—but now he was so like himself—wild, unmanageably wild, at every opposition—and that expression of brow and mouth! Bruno alive! Bruno here!"

"I wish he were far enough from here," said I, fiercely. "He is a fearful man, and will murder us all, if we do not all the madresses which he will require from us."

I was violently agitated, and was obliged to sit down. Lars Anders, also, was pale, and repeated, with a mixture of disquiet, joy, and pain, "Bruno here again! Bruno! what will his mother say?"

"Ah! she will let him go again," said I. "I wish he were in Botany Bay, to which place he belongs."

"You should not wish so, Fanny," said my husband; "Bruno is not bad. He has his wild moments; but, if he be the least like what he was, he has also his good ones. Mildness and love may work an unknown effect upon him. His coming back alone, his residence here, speak volumes in favour of his heart," said the good Lars Anders, with more fervour than I had almost ever seen in him before.

"And what will now be done?" asked I, full of disquiet.

"He must be reconciled with his mother; he must remain among us," replied my husband.

"The bandit! the murderer!" I exclaimed.

"We shall see, we shall see!" said Lars Anders.

"We will go away from him, otherwise he will shoot us because we stand in his way," continued I. "Oh, let us go back to our peaceful little Rosenvik."

We did so; and it seemed to me as if I came from a tempestuous sea, so much was I disturbed and disquieted.

When we came back to our home, we—that is, Lars Anders and I—talked, backward and forward, of that which had happened, what could be done, and what would happen. He went, with his hands behind him, up and down the room, exclaiming, "Hum! hum!"

At length, we became unanimous that nothing farther was to be done than to keep the discovery which we had made secret, and await the time.

Lars Anders slept not a wink this night; neither did I till morning, when I slumbered, and dreamed that Bruno had struck a dagger into the heart of his mother. I heard her thrilling cry, "My blood! my own flesh and blood!" and then seemed to see her sink into a deep abyss. When I awoke, I was so agitated that I burst into tears; and yet once more must I give vent to my feelings, while, out of the depths of my heart, I exclaim, "Oh, the violent, cruel, abominable man!"

XXX.

No, I cannot detest him yet. Bruno has a heart, although he is cruel to horses.

Yesterday evening he came to us, and my heart opposed itself against him, like a wild horse, and I could not speak a friendly word to him. The visit began with almost general silence; but I looked to Lars Anders, and I saw that this brother's heart yearned towards him, and I could not longer contain.

Cousin Stellan had just begun to read to us, aloud, a part out of "The Jew" of Spindler, which he admired as a masterpiece among works of horror. Bruno's arrival interrupted the reading, and a few moments afterward Stellan laid down the book. Bruno perceived this, and begged that, if we were engaged in reading, he might be permitted to be one of the auditors. Cousin Stellan, therefore, explained to him, shortly, of what this part of the book treated; said how the Jew, Zodik, had been baptized to a religion which he detested by criminal means, and through the cruellest act of power of a Christian knight, and then, on this very account, had been barbarously jested and sneered at by the knight himself; how, under these circumstances, the most terrible despair took possession of his soul; he felt himself cast out of heaven and earth.

"Every paradise is closed against me! Must I, then, be lost? Villanous Gojim! you have stolen my soul from me! I curse you! I vow revenge upon you! retribution! revenge!" These were the words with which Stellan had ceased to read, and he continued farther: "These thoughts animated the unhappy one, torn with doubt and despondency, with a spark which proceeded not from heaven, but from the deep. Zodik collected together his thoughts, and, with streaming hair, glared wildly up to the jagged clouds, which sent down in vain their thickest snow-flakes to cool that raging Moloch image. 'The bond is rent!' yelled he forth, the only living being under the still, icy rain. 'Samiel, prince of the wilderness,' continued he, 'prince of death, and consort of the horrible night—Queen Lillis, the mother of fearful ghosts and of all sins—to thee I resign myself! Defend me from the anger of our God! Conceal me from the wrath of Edom! Teach me to bear the sword against that law which is mine no longer! Permit me to take vengeance on Israel as well as on Esau, till thou takest home my soul in the tempest of thy wrath!'"

The narrative relates, farther, how Zodik hardened himself in hellish sentiments. He became calmer; he conceived that it was permitted, on earth, to the lost one, to live twofold, in his own joys and in the sufferings of others. He declared all men outlawed; and, drunken with a savage joy from the horrible pictures which ascended in his soul, he thanked Fate for the occasion which had lent him power to quench his thirst for revenge, and to become the enemy of the whole human race.

"That is horrible," said I, as Stellan ceased

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reading; "but is it natural? is it true? Is it not one of the terror-pictures which the romances of our age call forth, but which have no counterpart in reality? Crimes and criminals I can conceive, but not an odourate man-hater—not a devil in a human form."

Cousin Stellan shrugged his shoulders. "At all events," said he, "the representation is successful, and full of effect."

"And precisely because it is quite natural, quite true," said Bruno, emphatically; "the sinner must become a devil, who has no hope."

"And who need be without hope?" asked Lars Anders, with the confidence which becomes a pure heart so well. "Who can, who, indeed, need live without hope?"

"Can you," inquired Bruno, in a tone of reproach, "cast the burden of remorse or of pain from a human breast, so that it may open itself to hope? Can you prevent passion from shattering and imbittering? To hope! Then take out of the world punishment ten times harder than the crime deserves—then take away words from the soul, which, once spoken, burn there forever!"

Stellan here was called out by the Brothers Stalmark, who, in hunting-dress, and followed by a pack of dogs, crossed the court. He was, or, rather, he wished to be, athirst for the chase, and left us. Thus he did not hear how I, burning in soul against Bruno, on account of his horse and various other causes, answered him somewhat bitterly.

"If you remove haughtiness, if you remove anger and evil passions out of the soul of man, then you will see that punishment improves, and that misfortune purifies, and leads to humility and hope."

"Punishment!" exclaimed Bruno, with mournful warmth; "believe me, there are sins which punishment cannot reform—there are natures whom severity only hardens. They plunge themselves only deeper upon the sword which is sheathed in their breast. Would you save a criminal of this kind from eternal perdition—would you change the heart in his breast, reach to him the hand of love; forgive him, even if he do not deserve forgiveness—repel him not, cast him not off! A heart may vibrate long between good and evil—it may be long before it can be saved—but the hour comes. If," continued he, "the only bosom after which it longs in the world closes itself against him, then is every paradise of life closed against him! If one horrible, unappeasable remembrance comes, and comes again, forever, night and day, falls upon the soul every moment, like an ice-shower, then—bitter, bitter!"

Bruno supported his forehead on his hand; he seemed to have forgotten us, and everything around him; the thunderbolt upon his forehead was spread out in sharp angles. After a few moments, he looked up again, and resumed: "And under such circumstances, shall a man reform himself, become good, and hope?" He laughed bitterly. "Ah, you good, happy people," said he, "go out into the world; visit the prisons, the galleys; look into those hearts which wear heavier fetters than their bodies, and talk to them of reform! There are furies in life, in hearts—the legends of them in the olden times are no invention; go out to those who are driven by the Furies, and preach of hope, if you have courage to do so!"

"Yes, the thousand!" cried Lars Anders,

stamping on the floor as if in anger, although his eyes were full of tears; "yes, I will preach of hope, and this in prisons, by land, and on sea. I will cry it in the ear of the dying malefactor, will shout it, even to the other side of death, to the other side of the grave—I will cry into endless eternity, 'Hope ye! hope ye!'"

"He undertakes something," thought I to myself; "yet, nevertheless, he is right!" and I rejoiced over my husband.

"Would you," said Bruno, slowly, his cheek blanching, while he supported his head with his hand, "would you also talk of hope to those who sustained the curse of father or mother? and who had deserved it?" added he, with an almost inarticulate voice.

"Yes, in the name of all the world!" cried Lars Anders, vehemently; "and wherefore," continued he, in a tone and with a manner which wholly perplexed me, "wherefore this doubt, and this Jeremiad, and these lamentable despairings, in a man and in a Christian! Why are you come to disturb us with these things?"

The blood mounted into Bruno's face; he cast an inquiring glance on his brother, who, looking quite ferocious and exasperated, continued, "I acknowledge that it seems to me quite extraordinary that you come here as a stranger into my peaceful house, to disturb our quiet with your speeches about prisons, galleys, Furies, and all kinds of hateful disputations."

Bruno, astonished, wounded, and proud, stood up and cast upon Lars Anders his wonderful penetrating and flashing eyes; then sinking them again, he said, in a voice which expressed both repressed pain and anger, "Have I disturbed your peace? I will not disturb it again! Farewell!" and bowing to me, he moved towards the door, his brother following, and still continuing,

"Yes, it appears to me quite extraordinary, inexplicable, and unpardonable, that you come as a stranger, and talk of despair, and irremediable misfortune; of repulsion, and that in—" and here he laid his hand on Bruno's arm, as, turning himself in the door, he cast upon him a look in which all the lightnings of the world seemed agitating his soul—"and that," said Lars Anders, "in the house of a brother, which is your own house also, and before a friend who will do all for you, for Bruno! Yes, it is unpardonable!" and with these words he held him in his arms, and pressed him to his honest breast.

The storm dissolved away in tears of love; Bruno was almost beside himself; the colour changed in his countenance, with a thousand contending emotions; at last all lost themselves in a sentiment of overwhelming tenderness. He pressed his brother warmly to his breast, kissed him, embraced him again, stammering out, "Brother! brother! Lars Anders! can you yet remember me? Will you acknowledge me, and love me as before?"

"Silence!" cried Lars Anders, almost inarticulate with emotion; "silence with your stupid questions! Come, here is my wife, we both are one, embrace her!"

I confess that the image of the dying horse quite vanished out of my mind. I sat there and wept at the embracing of the brothers, and, when Bruno approached me, I presented to him my cheek. He kissed my hand also, and embraced Lars Anders again; a warm, loving heart glanced from his eyes, and from his whole being. I loved him truly at this moment.

We had scarcely begun in some measure to

compose ourselves, when we heard Cousin Stellan returning. "Secret!" said Bruno, in a low emphatic voice, and again we seated ourselves, as quietly, and with as much indifference as possible.

After Stellan's entrance, Bruno remained for a long time silent; at length said he, "One of my people at Ramm is dangerously ill; could I beg you, Dr. Werner, to visit him? I should prefer this evening, or perhaps to-morrow."

"I should prefer this evening," returned Lars Anders; "the earlier the better, before it be too late."

They made themselves, therefore, immediately ready to depart; and, as my husband took leave, he whispered to me to be quite easy, even if he did not return till late at night.

I remained alone with Stellan; but it is possible that he found me the most wearisome companion in the world; for my thoughts were far from him; and although he spoke much of Serena, I remained silent and absent.

Lars Anders did not return home till past midnight, and then he told me what follows.

It appears from Bruno's papers, as well as from his own account, that he served some time in the Portuguese war. After the conclusion of the peace, he took his leave, and voyaged to the West Indies, where, in partnership with a planter, he amassed his fortune by trade. He became rich; passed many years partly in the plantations, and partly in active life, and in travelling; but a longing after his native land, and the desire to be reconciled to his mother, possessed ever and ever his soul more strongly, till, at last, life lost all worth for him. At length, he determined to make the attempt, whether or not he could free himself from the curse which pursued him like Furies, and thus, under an assumed name, he had travelled to Sweden, and even came to Ramm. Here he obtained intelligence of his mother's state of mind, learned her condition after his flight, and how, since then, she had removed from about her all remembrances of him, and that she was still unable to hear his name spoken; and, with all this, the wildest despair had taken hold of him. It appeared to torture him to speak on the subject, and he interrupted himself with the words, "Nevertheless, an attempt must be made—when, I know not. Let us now speak no more about it!"

If this attempt succeeded, he will bring his great wealth to Sweden, purchase Ramm, and settle himself down there; if not, he will, he says, return to the West Indies, and become as one dead to family and fatherland.

So stands the affair; how will it go on? "Hope!" Lars Anders said to his brother; but still his knowledge of the character both of mother and son made him uneasy as to the result; yet, after all, he rejoices in his soul over the return of his brother, and, moreover, that he has found his heart to be as warm as ever.

"But did you say nothing to him about the horse?" asked I. "Certainly I did," he replied, "since I told him where, and by what means, I had recognised him." Bruno coloured deeply at hearing this, and said, "That was an unfortunate hour; I had resolved to make this very leap a prophesying of the result of my fate. I would that it should be taken; but, as the opposition could not be overcome, I was inhibited; and now what I have done distresses me!"

"He is at least a man," exclaimed I, "although not a reasonable one!"

Ah, my good Maria! what will be the end of this? A ferocious, unreasonable son; an inflexible mother, who also has sparks of ferocity in her soul; and between them both such remembrances!

Lars Anders himself, who talks so much about hope, appears himself not to be without fears. God help us all! FRANKISKA.

## CHAPTER VIII.

*Rosenvik, July 29th.*

I HAVE been for several days so busy, so cheerful, so happy, that I have nearly forgotten disquiet, anxiety, the threatening future, and, pardon me, my dear Maria, almost the present. I have lived so much in the present, and have so fully enjoyed it! I have had, and still have, Serena with me; my plans have succeeded. I tyrannised over Lars Anders; he tyrannised over the patriarchs; and I received Serena with the permission to retain her with me a whole week, and perhaps longer.

How joyful was I the evening she came! It was to me as if I had received into my house a beloved younger sister, to whom I should be as a mother. How happy was I to set before her of my eggs, my butter, my fresh-baked *roggen* bread, and to spread on her bed, in the evening, the dazlingly white linen! We rose early in the morning; drank milk from Andumbla; went then into the birch-wood, where Lars Anders has made winding walks, so that it has the effect of a pleasure-ground. I have enjoyed, with her, air and flowers, and have seen her every day become healthier and lovelier. We have sanded together, worked together, sung together, and talked together, and all possesses with Serena a new and higher charm.

Wednesday evening was a tea and coffee party at Bird's Nest; a little festival, lively and gay as the hostess herself, and where body and soul are equally entertained—it is a charming thing to possess a museum.

On Friday it went festively at Doctor Werner's. Rosenvik cannot compare itself with Bird's Nest; but it still has, as *Mrs. chère mère* was pleased to assert of its mistress, its own little charm. As this was our first great party, I was a little uneasy about it, whether everything would go on quite well, and as it should do, especially on Lars Anders's account; for I wish him always to be satisfied with his wife.

Fortunately, everything did succeed properly; the only misfortune was, that a few days before I had said to my husband that, in this festival, he should be treated to a sort of little sugar-cake, which would melt in his mouth. Unhappily, they all melted away in the oven, so that there was not the least morsel of them left to eat. For the rest, all went well, and our visitors were politely contented with all. I sang a little, and then everybody danced to the piano; all were cheerful.

When our company was gone, Bear and I walked up and down the room, and rejoiced ourselves that all had gone off so well, and that people had found it so agreeable with us.

"And how good everybody found the lemonade!" said I.

"And then the little sugar-cakes!" exclaimed he, smacking his lips; "they really melted in one's mouth, so that we perceived nothing of them!"

"Unlucky little sugar-cakes!"

The happiest and pleasantest days, however, we have spent alone at Rosenvik; and then, every evening almost, we eat our supper on Svand. Stellan is our *petit* *jeune* for Serena! Now, now, Cousin Stellan!"

We spent several evenings at Carlsfors. *Mrs. chère mère*, since her misfortunes, accepts no invitations. She is very friendly and kind to me, and addresses me, almost always, with *thou* and *child*; and, when the understanding between us is very good, I call her *mother*, which seems to give her pleasure; but confidence does not exist between us, and that *Berückingens* somewhat shocks me.

On Saturday, Ebba leaves with her husband. I am sorry for it. I have won her affection lately, and she has ingratiated herself with me; there is a deal which is naturally good in her, and, with a prudent management on Peter's part, it would develop itself still more. The tears she shed at parting proved that I was not indifferent to her, and we promised to write to each other.

*2d August.*

Serena remains with me yet fourteen days longer! The good old Dable came here yesterday. It was a joy to see how Serena flew into their arms, and how they embraced her in sincere affection. They rejoiced to see her blooming cheeks; to hear her progress in singing (*I pride myself on being the very best of aunts!*); and they themselves persuaded the sweet girl to fall in with Lars Anders's commands, and my sincere wishes. She seemed to find it difficult to leave the old people; but consented, at last, to the prayers of all; and so I have yet fourteen happy days more.

Between Jane Maria and me all is again harmonious. It is always a pleasure to me to converse with her, and her musical talent is truly uncommon. She appears to me, also, to be much more agreeable since Ebba has left; the intercourse between these two could never be friendly. It is with certain persons as with certain stuffs, each taken by itself is very good; but, when the two come together, they put each other out, as it were; they lose mutually in colour. Jane Maria also becomes more polite towards *Mrs. chère mère*, who, on her side, becomes more friendly to her, although she always keeps her at a certain distance, especially in housekeeping affairs.

Jane Maria has unquestionable merits as a wife, and she and Jean Jacques are exceedingly well satisfied with each other.

Till now, I have only given you sunshine; now comes a cloud; this is called Bruno. Bruno is often here in an evening. I know not why, or from what cause, but I am always anxious when he comes here; it seems to me as if an evil power dwelt in him, as if he in some way or other would occasion misfortune. The warm sunbeams, which seemed to break forth from him as he saw himself acknowledged and embraced by his brother, have now vanished. The tempest-nature has again the upper hand, and he is reserved and gloomy; yet this extraordinary man has a mysterious influence over us all. I fear that Serena feels it deeper than I should wish, although I cannot say that decidedly. Bruno, on the contrary, seems to be evidently captivated by her. He observes her; he listens to all that she says, as people listen to music of which they will not lose one tone. Serena is kind and friendly to him, but so is she also

to Stellan. To whom, indeed, is she not so? But then I fancy that I have seen, at times, a certain timidity towards Bruno, which, in her intercourse with Stellan, I never perceived; and this is not a good sign. But perhaps this may be only a natural consequence of the dissimilar nature and dissimilar behaviour of these two men; even I in Bruno's company am not quite self-possessed. Neither of the two exactly pleases me as a husband for Serana; but Stellan I prefer to Bruno.

5th August.

Aha! Cousin Stellan, is it so? What do you think now, dear Maria? Here, now, has our former despoiser of marriages sat a whole hour, and talked of the happiness of a well-assorted marriage, and of the pleasures and joys which domestic life must afford; then came sighs and melancholy looks, and it was to be understood that he held it for the highest happiness to settle down domestically with an amiable and accomplished wife; and I—I threw all his former difficulties in the way.

"But, Cousin Stellan, the sour paste? But, Cousin Stellan, the wash-bucket? Your wife must have the house scoured! But, Cousin Stellan, that crying of children? All little children cry, even if they be descended from the best-educated parents. And that apple, which is found in all families!" To all these Stellan had one answer, that all earthly disagreeables, with a really prudent and agreeable wife, would be perceived only as a light cloud, which appears transiently in the heavens, and then is gone again. I cherished the same opinion exactly, and said so, at length.

"Yes," said Stellan, "one first becomes perfectly aware of this when one meets with a person who gives, by her beautiful, harmonious nature, a charm and grace to all that surrounds her. One feels, then, first that they are the intrinsic qualities which fashion this outer world, and that the connexion between the two is governed by them."

"Yes, so it is, Cousin Stellan," said I; "and I confess that I have anticipated this change in your views."

"How so?" asked he, blushing.

"Confess," said I, "that a person in our neighbourhood has particularly tended to your seeing marriage and domestic life in a brighter point of view."

"Hum! yes, now, I cannot deny that," said he.

"I have seen it long," I observed. "I am not astonished, Cousin Stellan; you have not seen coolly Miss Hellevi Haugstiebel and her Bird's Nest."

"What! whom? how?" said Cousin Stellan, springing up in confusion, and looking at me with terror; "you jest, Franziska, and that is not right of you!"

"Pardon me, Stellan," I replied, "but confess that Bird's Nest possesses not the least of these disagreeables which you find so great; it never can smell there of sour paste, and certainly it is not scoured more than once a year; besides which, Miss Hellevi is a person with whom life could never be heavy and wearisome."

"God defend us!" exclaimed he; "her excessive sprightliness would occasion me fever, and in eight days I should die of Bird's Nest and phrensy; and then she would embalm me, and, over and above, would most likely be glad of me for a mummy for her museum. I thank you, Franziska! no, look in another direction."

"That I have done already, Cousin Stellan," I replied; "but then a great *but* comes in my way. This person is excellent, but then—she limps."

"The beautiful and renowned La Valliere," said he, "was also lame in the hip."

"Ah! that is true, and alters the affair considerably (for our court people)," added I, *in petto*.

"But she seems to me," continued he, "to have a far greater fault, a fault which is very objectionable in a woman."

"God forbid! And this fault?" asked I.

"She appears to me," said he, "to have a cold heart; she has a repose in her nature which borders on indifference. This is a great fault in a lady."

"You surprise me, Stellan," said I. "I have never observed any coldness in Serena."

"I believe still that it is so," he replied; "but I should be glad to find that I was wrong, for she really is an excellent creature—but," added he, in a light and totally indifferent tone, "icy natures are, to the last, cold;" and, with these words, he went out.

Ah, Cousin Stellan, you are subtle, but your fox will not catch my goose. I see very well how it is; Stellan wishes that I should examine Serena's heart, and then that I should tell him whether it is warm or cold towards him. In the first case, he then would advance securely; in the last, he would withdraw himself, and that on the plea of "that great fault in a lady," and thus would compromise neither his comfort nor his consequence. But does a man truly love when he is thus circumspect? At all events, it will be interesting to see how the sour paste all at once can become sweet; and I will, without doubt, take the opportunity of discovering whether Serena's heart be warm or cold towards my handsome cousin. It is another thing whether I shall or shall not impart to him my discoveries.

6th August.

Now I know what hour the clock has struck, and you shall know it also, my Maria. Oh, Serena! Serena!

I was alone with her yesterday afternoon; and, thinking of Stellan, I asked her what she thought of our young guest. To my astonishment, I found that she had thought very little about him. She allowed that he was handsome, graceful, and full of talent; but she expressed her admiration with a desperate indifference. At this, I began to be a little scandalized. Love, thought I, has many lurking-holes; and when we cannot decoy him out with sugar, one often can with salt; but in vain did I salt my observations in Stellan's care for self, his levity, &c. I could not discover the least point out of the quiver of love. Serena, while she acknowledged his faults, excused them, like Christian Charity herself.

"You are very gentle towards him, Serena," said I; "would you not undertake his education, for example, as his wife?"

"Ah, no, no!" replied she, laughing.

"And why 'Ah, no, no?'" returned I. "You acknowledge, truly, that he possesses very many good qualities, and excuse his faults with all zeal."

"Yes; but I could not think of him as my husband," she replied.

"And why not, Serena?"

"What shall I say?" returned she. "He seems to be good and agreeable, but I do not believe that he could really love any other person or any other thing than himself."

"You would rather have my Bear, then, Serena?" asked I.

"He, who is so good to every one—who has so warm a heart—who is so active for others—Oh, yes!" said she, warmly.

"It is well," said I, "that I have him in secure possession. But tell me, dear Serena, and pardon me; is there no other who stands in Stellan's way? or I really think you must have felt a little warmer interest for him. Perhaps your heart is already disposed of. I have been told of a youth who, a few years since, asked your hand."

Serena blushed deeply at the beginning of my question, then became pale, and answered, after some reflection, "No, I did not love him; but, had I been able to have acted quite freely, it is probable I should have become his wife."

"And wherefore, if you did not love him?"

"Because," said she, "I believe that he really loved me, and that I could have made him happy. There is something beautiful in being able, on earth, to make one human being happy."

"But you have had many lovers," remarked I. "Did none of them please your parents, or had you not the same compassion on these as on the one you have just mentioned?"

"They did not need it," said she, smiling.

"How so? they really loved you?"

"Oh! there are many kinds of love," replied she.

"That is true," I returned; "let us see. In the first place we will set down the moderate lover, who speaks probably thus: 'See, there is a good, rational girl, who will make a regular housekeeper, and not occasion me too much expense, and would be exactly the wife for me.' What lover shall we place second?"

"Perhaps the enamoured," said Serena.

"Yes, certainly," assented I: "the enamoured, who has a bandage before his eyes, and becomes enchanted over head and ears. This love may be violent as a spring-storm, or modest as a violet, but it is past as soon as these; yet this love can, as well as the moderate love, elevate itself to one more inward, and may become nearly related to a sort of love for which I have great esteem—I mean, warm friendship."

"Ah, that is beautiful!" said Serena. "It develops itself first perfectly during marriage itself, and I have often heard in my family how it speaks more in deeds than in words."

"Tell me that, dear Serena," I said, "since I will gladly introduce this language into my house."

Had a man stood before Serena at this moment, he must have thrown himself at her feet, so charming and amiable was she, as she said, "Thy well-being is mine; my well-being thine. Let misfortune do its worst, it cannot make me unhappy, possessing thee. If I have erred, or, if I have acted well, I read it in thy eyes; that is my punishment, this is my reward. Whither should I go with my joy, or with my sorrow, if not to thee? and where shouldst thou go, if not to me? All that we have, have we not it together? If thou art in any respect wanting, if thou art sometimes even unjust, what does that amount to? I enclose thee in my inmost heart, and then we love only the more. I have, by thy side, support, and home, and joy; in the whole wide world, there is no one who understands me so well as thou."

"But what could love say more than this?" exclaimed I, wiping away a tear; "what more could the highest love say than this?"

"The highest love?" repeated Serena, while

a mild paleness chased the crimson from her cheek: "what it would say I know not, but I imagine what it must feel—it is a higher throb in the veins of friendship—it is the heavenly life—" She paused, her eyes filled with tears, and a glance full of exultation completed the thought which the tongue was unable to speak.

"And will you, Serena," said I, after a few moments, "who understand the highest happiness of marriage so well, never enjoy it—will you remain single?"

"I think so," answered she, again calm; "but yet I will love thus sincerely my parents, you, all good people; and through this will I become happy."

"My dear Serena," said I, "that is very well, so long as your heart remains free."

A thrill, a tremble, passed through the fine, warm hand which I held in mine; it was as if a heart-throb had thrilled through her veins, and when I looked at her, her cheeks were flushed with red, and she breathed quicker. The moment I was about to inquire whence came this sudden emotion, I made a painful discovery: the quick strokes of a horse's hoofs were heard, and Bruno dismounted at the door; Serena must have already recognised from afar the sound of his horse's approach.

"Is it so?" thought I, and a light, anxious shudder passed through me, like an unfortunate foreboding. I pressed Serena's hand, and felt as if impelled to embrace her, and clasp her more warmly to me; but this I was prevented doing by Bruno's noisy entrance. He always comes in like a tempest; but he now shook my hand so cordially, and threw so beautiful a glance on Serena, that the unpleasant sensation which I experienced the moment before vanished.

Serena sat down to her embroidery-frame and worked industriously, while Bruno's eyes rested on the figures, and on the flowers, which seemed to spring from them.

"It is a lovely day," said I to Bruno.

"Yes," replied he, in his melodious voice; "but I feel it to be so now for the first time."

We were silent for long; and I was glad when the entrance of Lars Anders converted our trio into a quartet, and soon after, when it became a quintet, through the entrance of Stellan.

But this did not seem to please Bruno. He arose, and, after he had paced the room a few times, he sat himself down to the piano at the other end; and then, like painfully-repressed feelings, sounded forth the low expression of his extraordinary and thoughtful melodies. Serena seemed to dream; she attended not to our conversation, nor, in fact, seemed aware of it, till we began to speak of the approaching golden nuptials of her grand-parents.

"It must be beautiful," said I with warmth, "on such a day, to glance back through a long array of years, and discover only pure recollections and good deeds."

Bruno moved; the tones ceased; and, leaning himself over the chair, I saw that he listened.

"Such a happiness is the lot of but very few mortals," said Stellan, with a sigh.

"And why, Cousin Stellan?" began I again: "because so few aim at it; so few learn to know and to govern themselves."

"And who knows himself? who can do it?" asked Bruno, rising from his seat.

"Hem! I hope I can!" answered I, somewhat startled by the eager interruption.

"Yes, people think so," continued he, with a gloomy warmth; "people think they know them-

selves, because they are untried, because they have never examined down into the depths of the soul. Our connexions make the path smooth; life goes on like a sunshiny day; and the undisturbed spirit, which no storm has shaken, no night darkened, regards itself as firm as light. The blind ones! The lucky ones! They know little of life. But who that has proved how much life has of temptation, afflictions, and joys; who that feels his soul shaken by passions, would dare to say that he can regulate himself as he would? And who is always the same? Look into history: do not vice and misery pollute the lives of the greatest men? Cannot the malefactor accomplish noble actions? Cannot man, in one hour of his life, possess in his heart a paradise of love, and, in another, is it not cold, poor, and desolate? To know himself! Is not that to feel himself a mass of contradiction of all possible kinds? as a toy between heaven and hell, with which angels and devils disport themselves? Man can do much without consistency; he can do the greatest, the noblest actions one moment—the next moment drags him downward! To know himself is but to know his own weakness!”

Bruno's speech had rushed onward like an impetuous stream, which suddenly rises above the shore, and breaks through all impediments; and I confess that I myself felt overwhelmed by it. In my own so often changeable and sensitive heart, a hundred evidences arose to the truth of Bruno's sorrowful doctrine. I felt my courage sink, but Serena had not let go the rudder. She fixed her clear eyes on Bruno, who stood over against her, and said, with all her peculiarly sincere and consolatory gentleness, “Certainly, there are contradictions and inconsistencies in all men; but must not one concede that these diminish in the same proportion as they are repressed?”

“It should be so,” said Bruno, slowly fixing his eyes on her heaven-serene countenance.

“And do we not see,” continued she, “in manifold examples, that such ennobling takes place? Do we not know that fallen human beings have created themselves again? that the severely tried have come out of the contest as victors? Every man carries in his breast a secret image of God, which can enlighten his being, and which strives to exalt him to a higher existence.”

“Yes, it is so; I believe it!” said Bruno, mildly, though gloomily, and seated himself beside her.

“Let us, then, hope for all,” continued she, with heartfelt emotion; “the way may be more difficult for some natures than for others, but He, who is bright, and good, and eternally consistent, will some time let his voice be heard, and will raise them to light and harmony.”

“Amen! Amen! so be it!” said Bruno, resting his forehead on his hand. “May all the restless spirits receive peace!”

“Before all things goes a good-will,” thought I; but I would not raise my voice, after Serena's angel-tones, even to speak words of wisdom.

We sat long silent, each one busied with his own thoughts. The silence at length dissolved itself into Mozart's Don Juan, which Stellan proposed; and Bruno, who conducted it, added thereto somewhat of his own powerful inspiration. He truly captivated me this evening, and I fancy all the rest were as much charmed as I. We scarcely left ourselves time to eat, but continued our music, almost uninterruptedly, till nearly eleven. Godlike art! Glorious Mozart!

We were all become such good friends through this heavenly music, that, when Bruno left us, we accompanied him part way home. The air was mild, and the starry heaven was displayed in streaming glory in the deep midnight twilight of August. Involuntarily we looked up in quiet admiration; and Stellan, who for the last several days has seemed to feel all with deeper sentiment, said, “Under such a heaven as this, man must for the first time have divined of his own immortality!”

“Or rather, perhaps,” objected Bruno, “comprehended his own mortality; his independence of all outward powers. Since what say you to this multitude of stars, these eternal wanderers, on eternally the same paths, who pursue their heavenly career as silently as so many Trappists? Strangers to our feelings, our sufferings, and our joys, they circle in eternal rest, and seem to answer only to our questions, ‘Poor Dust, measure thyself with Immortality, and be mute!’ Immortal life! no, this magnificent thought was never created to us out of those unfeeling heights. The starry heaven rather distresses than elevates us! But the world of sound! Cannot we involve ourselves in this, and divine, at least for a moment, the greatness of life, and conceive of its harmony and its eternity? Oh (and Bruno's voice here assumed its deep melodious tone), Oh, if there be one great thought in this universe, in this life which we lead, it must be expressed in sound! Listen to the fugue! Listen how sphere sings to sphere! how one thought answers another! how all things are manifold, yet one thought has perfected this manifold whole in strength and beauty! The fugue is that ‘Let it be!’ of the Creator. Thus innumerable worlds repeat that first word! Listen to a symphony of Beethoven, if you would have an interpretation of life! Listen to the tones, how they live, suffer, love; how they involve one another, and thus fashion out all the melodies of being! Listen, at last, how the dissonances dissolve themselves into harmonies; how storm, unrest, affliction, joy, hate, and love, hasten forward, like the rivers of the earth, to cast themselves into the ocean, where all is dissolved in an accord of harmony and peace!”

I was agitated and carried away, although not satisfied by Bruno's words.

We went slowly down the long alley, Stellan talking with me; and I fancy that all at once I must have become possessed of two pairs of eyes and two pairs of ears, for, while I replied to him, I was observant also of what went on between Bruno and Serena, who walked on together a few paces before us. Bruno gathered a flower, which he presented to Serena, saying, in a low voice, in which was something inexpressibly mild and tender, “Flowers and good wishes may truly be given at the same time; will you accept them from me! May you always be as peaceful as now! May your bitterest cares resemble this night, full of heavenly lights! May you be as happy as you are good and pure! But,” and here his voice sunk deeper, “when you are sustained by the hands of good angels, then pray for those who have no rest—who are not so pure as you—pray for them, and—pray for me!” These last words I imagined rather than heard. Bruno bent himself at that moment over Serena's hand, and Stellan began, also, as I suspect, to have two pairs of eyes and two pairs of ears.

Serena's face was turned towards Bruno, but I could not perceive whether she answered him.

Bruno's horse was then led up; he took a hasty leave of us, and vanished out of our sight.

Bruno! one can neither get on well with him, nor can one preserve rest with him. Yet it is precisely those contradictions in him—this quick change between snow and thaw, storm and rest, night and sudden day—this fullness of life and warmth, which lends him at the same moment a restless and powerful interest. He repels and attracts, particularly the latter, because he is so perfectly natural.

But I am very uneasy, because Serena is so much inclined towards him. What can the white lily do with the stormy wave? Can Bruno make a wife happy? deserves he such a wife? Think, it he himself should be the criminal whose part he takes! What is he? what will he do? Thus I question myself—thus I question my husband, who, however, always thinks the best, and loves his brother truly; still he cannot perfectly console me. I have anxious forebodings, and the heart, which is heavy from these, says to you, for the present—farewell!

## CHAPTER IX.

*Rosenvik, August 14th.*

Eleven days have passed since I last wrote to you, my Maria. I forgot that I ought to write for the sake of the romance which I have undertaken; but the necessity to live in some measure with you led me again to the pen and to the narrative.

Stellan has left us. He must have been more and more convinced that Serena had that fault which he considered the most unpardonable in a lady; a strong desire for yawning, too, always came over him whenever Bruno came to Rosenvik; and as he received letters from Stockholm, which required him to go there, on account of important money matters, he journeyed home, accompanied by my most sincere good wishes; yet I was sorry that the reform of his notions was stopped exactly in the beginning.

But Serena and Bruno have occupied me so much that I have had less thought for others than for them. Bruno has made our house his. My husband sees it with joy; and I, though I am so uneasy, cannot be indifferent to this remarkable man. Serena lives, as it were, under an unsuspected enchantment, and—what think you? I have never ventured to interrupt it with one word. She appears so happy, so joyous, so inwardly secure, that I fear to say one word that might disturb, or perhaps wake, a half-stumbling feeling into consciousness. Beyond this, she unfolds into more beautiful life; her voice has developed the most delicious tones; but Bruno is quite a different teacher from me; never has her countenance, her whole being, been more attractive than now. And Bruno! He is quiet, but one can see that he is altogether absorbed by her. He follows her wherever she goes; he sits by her; sometimes he fixes upon her one of those glances which are never without their effect in the eye of a man—but then this glance from him! Still he does not please me; at times he makes me tremble.

It is said that, when the snake will make the lark his prey, he raises himself and fixes his glance upon her; the lark sees the eye of the snake, and a wonderful and horrible magic seizes upon her. Fluttering on her pinions, she flies circling round and round; yet never was her song

so ravishing, nor fluttered her wings in stronger enjoyment of life, than then—and so she sings, and so she circles around the snake ever nearer and nearer, till she sinks into his jaws—and is silent forever!

Oh, Serena! Serena!

In fact, it will not do to let it proceed thus; she must know what we know of this dangerous man. I must speak with Lars Anders.

*Later.*

See here our conversation.

"But, my dear husband, it will not do; I assure you something serious will come of it."

"Well, and what then? What can one desire better? I wish that it was so serious as to come to marriage. I believe, truly, that these two would accord well for each other?"

"But is he worthy of such a wife? How do we know but he may have done something much worse than what we know he did in his youth? There is something in Bruno that prejudices me against him. I do not trust him; I believe, at times, that he is capable of the very worst—only think, if he be a murderer!"

"My dear Franziska," said my husband, almost angry, "why do you let your imagination run away with you so? Why, without any occasion, can you think thus of any fellow-creature? You are unreasonable now, Franziska!"

"Pardon me, angel!" said I, "but you—are not you too mild? No occasion? We know very well that he has stolen."

"And did you never steal—as a child?" asked he.

I paused—bethought me—blushed, and was silent; for, out of my innocent childish years, rose, spectre-like, a host of biscuits, confections, pieces of riband, and such like, as witnesses against me. "Yes, Bear," said I, "I have stolen—I confess it—but at fifteen I stole not."

"Remember," remonstrated he, "the circumstances under which Bruno grew up. Most children fail a little; but a good education, a discreet management, stifles that dangerous, yet natural impulse to appropriate that to one's self for which one has desire. Bruno was unskillfully trained, and must be judged accordingly. At all events, the last lines he wrote to me testify that he acknowledged his fault, and would abandon it; and undoubtedly, the fearful lesson he had at the last scene with his mother would deter him forever from this course."

"At all events, we have seen," said I, with a sigh, "that he can shoot down that which refuses to obey him. He, who can act so barbarously towards a horse, can do so also towards men."

"There is a striking difference, Fanny," returned my husband. "I will on no account excuse Bruno's error—yes, he is wild, and at times ferocious and violent; but he himself, in his youth, although he was not steady, was not bad. On the contrary, his heart is warm, and I am convinced that he will become good. It is precisely an angel like Serena which can obtain influence over him, and make him good and reasonable, at the same time she makes him happy."

"My good Bear," said I, "you talk beautifully, but yet I am not satisfied. Should we not, at least, acquaint Serena with the person to whom she so blindly resigns herself? Should she not know all that we know of his youth and his after adventures?"

"Why? and to what purpose?" inquired he. "If she loves him, this will not withdraw her from him; but, as his wife, it might be painful for her

to know that Bruno had deserved the contempt of his nearest connexions. At least, none but Bruno himself should put her in possession of this knowledge. Eye to eye, heart to heart, can say much, and reconcile much."

"Ah! if one only knew something more of Bruno's later life!" sighed I.

"I have heard his relation," returned he: "I have, indeed, seen his papers; all is clear and straightforward. I have seen letters from many distinguished men to him; they speak perfectly to his advantage; beyond this, even if Bruno should have erred, do we not see clearly in him the desire after good? Christ would not reject him—and thou, Fanny, couldst not do it!"

"Ah, no, no, dearest! But Serena—"

"Think on Bruno's warm heart," interrupted he, "on his great talents, on his mind, and then—on his great wealth! Why should not Serena be happy with him?"

"Ah, Bear," returned I, "that which makes a wife happy—what beautifies home—is not the wealth of a husband—not his great talents—not the fire of his soul—all these may destroy the peace of home. No, the happiness of the wife is that the husband have integrity; that he be good, rational, reasonable, and regular—like you, Bear!"

We did not contend any longer.

## CHAPTER X.

### FRAGMENT OF A LETTER FROM BRUNO M—— TO ANTONIO DE R——.

... I approached her without purpose. I would merely contemplate the beauty of her countenance, the glory of innocence which rested upon it like a clear heaven. I would merely listen to her voice, her words; observe all her living grace. What the freshness of the waves, what the tune of a song, what the endearments of my mother, had been to me—that was to me her presence. I felt happy as I heard her voice; at her glance, every painful feeling, every unholty thought, withdrew; I was better.

Neither she nor I, but the power which planted volcanic fire in the depths of my being, is the cause that this feeling suddenly grew into a devouring flame. But I love her not, if I ever loved before. No, Serena stood on my nightly way—she is my first pure love. And precisely on that account, exactly because she is totally dissimilar to all other women whom I have hitherto sought and won, is it that Serena is so bewitching. Her gentle and maidenly worth, which stamps her being and actions with so beautiful a propriety, binds me to her with the force of magic. Exactly because she is so destitute of everything like coquetry, am I ready to kneel before her, and to worship her. My eyes rest with an indescribable rapture on this mouth, which no heartless kiss has desecrated, no word of scorn or of falsehood has polluted. Purity—a word which I have too late learned to understand—purity is the heaven which beams upon her brow, the spirit which emanates from her; and, for the sake of her purity, I worship her. I, who—Yes, I can do it, and that is my salvation. What is beautiful, what is godlike, which, at the same time, is not pure? Light, virtue, heaven! eternal essence of purity! Dark was my life, but in her I love you! Serena stands there, and with her all the angels of life; they whom I have dishonoured and despised—quiet virtues, peace, domestic life

—social ties which I have renounced and abused—how transportingly do they beckon me back, through her!

Tell me not that it is too late. I have rioted with the wild forms of life's enchantment. Like Faust, I danced with the witches of the Blocksberg; and the person of one, whom I embraced, was ashes; and out of the mouth of another, whom I kissed, sprang a disgusting reptile; a third changed herself, in my arms, into a serpent; and so I stood on the deep declivity of my way, and looked round, and all behind me was terrible and dark. The same restless fire, the same thirst, still raged within me; but I sought other springs. I was strong and full of life. In the battle, in contest with the raging elements, I felt within me a higher power, a mightier existence—but all was so empty, so empty! I conceived not that the fullness of life could be found in any human form. A human bosom—great, full of love as the heavens, true, gentle, and pure—oh! there is a world in which to live! perfect, beautiful, and eternal. There is the fire of passion purified, but not quenched; the unquiet is made quiet; the strength is exalted and confirmed. If a spouse with a soul so great and lovely wandered by my side; if her heavenly spirit passed, every hour of the day, like a vernal breeze, over my soul; if she infused her pure and harmonious life into all that surrounds my daily path; if I could lean on it, as—O my God! I cannot say, as on a mother's breast, since that has spurned me from it; but could I press a wife to my bosom in a fast and everlasting embrace, and say, from the depths of my heart, "Thou art an angel, and thou art mine!" oh, believest thou not that earlier sins could be forgiven, that bitter memories could be expunged, that the wavering soul could become established in a higher love? Believest thou not that on the blasted ground a new paradise might yet bloom?

I look on Serena, and I must believe it possible. I have said to myself, "She must become mine, and I shall find peace on the earth!" But she—the good, the pure, the amiable—will she be able to love me? will she be willing to unite her fate with mine? And they, in whose power lies her disposal, they who, above all things, estimate purity of character, social and domestic virtues, will these bestow her, the most beautiful and most precious of their possessions, on a man whose reputation from very childhood has been stained—whose life has been covered with darkness?

I hear these utter these questions, and this is my answer.

There is something in me—call it pride, presumption, what thou wilt—but I know there is something in me which no one so readily withstands; a power, a will, which breaks iron; a fire which can devour everything before it, in order to burn in the air for which it yearns. I have proved it often, and no one can resist it but my mother; for my blood, also, runs in her veins—and yet, mother! we have not fought out the contest between us.

I have seen my mother! She knew me not again, and I scarcely knew her. She was a beautiful woman. She is much changed, and, it would seem, not simply through age. I sought opportunity to see her—I ~~must~~ see her; but, as I stood there as a stranger before her—as I heard again the well-known voice—I could not support it. She is not yet prepared for it, nor I either. I was desperately and painfully agitated in her presence; and, therefore, I flee it—till some fu-

are time. I love and fear, I languish and fly. Thus I stood, in agonizing strife with myself, when Serena entered. I placed myself by her side, and from this moment I became calmer. A hope, a ray of light, shone forth. If even my mother—my mother would not forgive . . . . Cain had perpetrated a heavier crime than I; on him rested the curse of his mother; and yet—into the desert into which he wandered, followed him his wife! An angel of reconciliation went with him.

Serena! Serena! if I did not love thee so devotedly, I could pity thee; for I feel that it is not in vain that I have fixed my gaze upon thee. But I will love thee as never woman has yet been loved. I will surround thee with all the charms of life; every day shalt thou make people happy, and thy noble heart shall live on blessings. Hagar must submit herself to her fate. It is long since she ceased to make any claims on my affections, and that must she continue to do, even did we remain together. She must and will make herself happy with another. She knows me—she will not dare . . . . Curse on her! Should she breathe a poison breath on thee, who . . . . But I am wild if I think on this woman, and I will not. Well, I will be affectionate—I will be as Serena wills. There are yet stores of the good and the tender in me; the spring is not irremediably defiled; it requires nothing so much as to be purified; but an angel must descend into the water.

But can an angel, indeed, approach him whom the curse of a mother . . . ? My mother! if she should not pardon! Ah, thought of destruction! vulture which gnaws at my heart—away! away!

All will be speedily spoken out and decided, for my soul yearns after certainty. It were, perhaps, wiser to postpone it, to await a fitting time; but I cannot, and I will not. I take my fortune always by storm—may it be so now!

FRANZISKA WERNER TO MARIA L.—

Rosenvik, August 17th.

Yesterday was a wonderful, rich, merry, and yet unpleasant day. We spent it at Ramm. We were some days before invited thither, with many of our neighbours. *Ma chère mère* was also invited, but excused herself, on the plea that for many years she has accepted no invitations, and now could make no exceptions. Serena had spent the preceding day with her grand-parents, and was to accompany them to Ramm, whither they were pressingly invited by Bruno, who, by the new school, and through many other circumstances, had now placed himself in a close connexion with the worthy old Dahl.

At our arrival, we found all without unchanged; the trees grew, as before, wild and thick around the blackened walls. Bruno met us on the steps, and received us with a serious friendliness. There was something peculiarly prepossessing in his countenance. Bear was excited and pale, as he shook his brother's hand; none of us said anything, and Bruno conducted me in silence into the house, where the splendour of the furniture struck me with amazement. But my dear Serena soon engrossed all my attention. I thought I had never seen her so beautiful. That bright blue muslin dress, that net-lace handkerchief which she had thrown over her snowy shoulders, all became her so well; and her innocent countenance beamed with health and gaiety. I and Rosenvik, thought I, with pleasure, have both contributed to these roses. The

patriarchs, too, said many kind words to me on the same score.

The guests assembled. Lagman Håk and Miss Hellevi Haugebel came together in the *disobligante*. Exactly as we were about to seat ourselves at table, the noise of an arrival was heard in the court; and, to my amazement, I beheld an Elander pony, and driven by a young maiden, who, with her little equipage, made a large circle round the court, cracked loudly the whip, and drew up before the door.

"Ha! ha! ha! that is Mally, my little Mally!" laughed out the Major, who stood at the window with me. "Yes, yes, she cuts a dash in the world. She has taste in horses. People should let children follow their own propensities, Madame Werner; that fills them full of health and activity. It does no good, compulsion. They will become sober soon enough. I know that from myself."

Mally now made her entrance; her hair all flying wild; her gait at once waggish and awkward. Madame Von P. cast a look on her, and then on her own daughters, which seemed to say, "God be praised! my daughters have received education and accomplishment." My good Brita Kaisa, though a lover of the natural, blushed at the entrance of her daughter, and looked disconcerted.

"What a figure you are!" said she, as she busied herself to bring her clothes and hair into some degree of order.

"Eh! eh! mother, how you hurt me!" cried Mally, wincing and grinning.

Bruno conducted Madame Dahl to table, the rest followed in couples. The dinner was superb. Bruno will destroy the simple habit of the country with such examples of luxury. I shall tell him this. But he was a most agreeable host. His attention to the Dahls had something reverential and nearly filial in it, which became him well; and Serena appeared to observe it with joy. From the dining-room, Bruno conducted us down into the garden, where two ample tents were pitched. There, too, the accommodation of the patriarchs appeared to have been most solicitously provided for. In one of the tents were two commodious easy-chairs for them, and the ground was covered with the costliest matting. Before this tent a fountain threw into the air its fresh and splashing stream. Orange-trees, at once full of fruit and flower, stood at a certain distance round, and every breath of air bore to us their balsamic fragrance. I was charmed with the whole of this arrangement, which the unusual heat of the day made still more agreeable. My imagination transported me into an ideal world; I shaped to myself a romantic life in such scenery; and shepherdesses like Serena, and patriarchs, and tents, and orange-groves, and—but in this moment burst in Madame Von P., exclaiming, "Ah! how charming is all this, my dear Madame Werner! Graf L. and we had just such tents at Gustafsberg. One day they were with us, and the other day we were with them, *tout familièrement*. It was uncommonly gay. The L.s and we had very little intercourse with the other society there; we were sufficient of ourselves. Oh! I should like to know how our common friend, the dear Baroness H., is; a delightful person! She and I find so much amusement together. Of course we have seen much of the great world, and have a multitude of common acquaintance."

"It is very hot here," said I. It was agreeably

cool in the tent, but Madame Von P.'s discourse made it feel to me quite sultry. I arose; my persecutor did the same. Immediately outside of the tent we met Bruno. Madame Von P. rushed up to him. "Ah, mon cher Monsieur Romilly, *c'est charmant, c'est charmant!* Your park is heavenly. What tints on these trees! What groups! What perspective! See there, my best Madame Werner—there, through the arch of the bridge, what effect! Nay, you must stoop yet a little more, yet a little—under this bough, here; is it not heavenly? (I was near breaking my neck.) What *ensemble!* what effect!" Bruno made a solemn bow to Madame Von P., and retired into the tent. I thought, "Oh! that this affection of some people should be able even to destroy the enjoyment of nature for others!" Madame Von P.'s tints and effect had spoiled to me the whole prospect. At this moment I heard a loud cry; and, as I hurried towards the part whence it came, there saw I the Adamites, who had rent fruit and flowers from the orange-trees, and now set themselves in battle array, to prevent the passing there of some young gentlemen.

"There we have the state of nature," thought I, with a sigh. Brita Kaisa came forth, dealt out blows and cuffs among her brood; and, for this time, peace was restored, and we could enjoy our coffee, and the accompanying delicacies, in peace.

After a while two open carriages drove up, and Bruno proposed an excursion in the park. The carriages were for the elder portion; the younger must go on foot. Bruno offered Serena his arm. The two Dahls, Bear, and I, entered one carriage. The Major's lady, who was in the other, with Madame Von P., wished to have her children with them; but the Adamites vociferously objected, and were, therefore, intrusted, during the walk, to the care of their sister Mally.

We proceeded. The weather was beautiful, and I should have enjoyed the ride extremely, could I only have ceased to think of Bruno and Serena. "Will he say anything to her?" thought I; "and what will he say?" The patriarchs took their *siesta* in the comfortably-rocking carriage; Bear sat silent and sunk in thought; and so we drove, for perhaps an hour and a half.

As we returned, we saw the walkers also returning in different groups. As Serena, accompanied by Bruno, entered the drawing-room, I became immediately uneasy, for I saw that something had occurred. She was pale and excited. Bruno's countenance, on the contrary, was full of beaming life. After he had greeted us, and had inquired of the patriarchs whether they had enjoyed their drive, whether they had found the carriage sufficiently easy, &c., he sat down to the organ, and let loose the tones of that mighty instrument. It was the same power, the same deep inspiration, which transported me on the former evening on the lake; and now, as then, seized on my innermost soul. The Misses Von P. walked arm-in-arm in the next room, gossiping and laughing incessantly with some gentlemen, and were evidently only occupied with themselves. Madame Von P. had fallen into a desperate talk with Jane Maria; and I could not comprehend how Jane Maria, who is, nevertheless, musical, could, during such music, sit and gossip thus. It was quite a matter of course that Miss Hausgiebel, who has no taste for the science of sound, should be engaged with Lagman Hök, looking at some beautiful paintings. But Bruno was not altogether destitute of devoted listeners. Among these were Bear, the patriarchs, and Serena, who

now sat between them. I myself sat so that I could observe Bruno's countenance. It was in this moment remarkable—full of courage, passion, and love. That which was delineated on his features he poured forth also in a *fantasia*, in which every feeling, power, passion, and enjoyment seemed to contend together, and the conflict rose to the very pitch of despair; then, making a wonderful and bold transition, and in tones which reminded you of the words "Let there be light!" he fell into a noble air from the "Creation" of Haydn, in which the words, as well as the music, expressed how the elements arrayed themselves under the eye of the Almighty. I glanced at Serena. Deep emotion, but, at the same time, a quiet glory, illumined her beautiful countenance. Ah! it is in such moments that we understand the fulness of life—that heaven opens upon our spirit; it ascends thither on the wings of sound, embraces all the angels of life, comprehends all the love of God, all the beauty of creation, and is ready to expire with happiness.

Bruno's voice is not, properly speaking, beautiful; but is powerful, manly, and expressive. It is the voice of a mighty spirit. "O Bruno!" thought I; "hast thou received such fine endowments only to abuse them? Art thou able to sing only of the pure majesty of existence, and canst not establish it in thy soul, in thy life?"

The music ceased. Bruno's listeners sat silent, with tears in their eyes; even Miss Adèle Von P. stood in the doorway astonished, and, as it were, fixed to the spot by enchantment. Then came the unlucky Madame Von P., and overwhelmed Bruno with remarks on art, and on ancient and modern composers. "Weber," said she, "is whimsical; Rossini poor in melody; Meyerbeer excels both—he is, so to say, '*le prince de la musique*.'" It was in another way that old Madame Dahl expressed her satisfaction. She pressed Bruno's hand, and said, warmly, "You have made the old young again. It is very, very long since I have enjoyed such a pleasure; and I thank you from my heart."

"You make me happy," said Bruno, kissed her hand with deep respect, and seated himself near her.

A great commotion was now heard without in the hall. It proceeded from the Adamites, who were just returning from the woods, dirty and torn, but full of fresh life and spirit. They had started some roes, killed a snake, and captured a squirrel, which they now brought in in triumph. Brita Kaisa endeavoured to moderate their vociferous joy, but it succeeded only to a certain extent with Mally. The two younger children sprang screaming about, and clambered with their dirty feet on the chairs and sofas—oh, that *Ma chère mère* could have seen it! while they sought to amuse themselves with now letting that unfortunate squirrel loose, and now catching it again. Their parents at length troubled themselves no farther about their wild conduct; but Serena and I gave each other a sign, and mixed ourselves in the affair. The result was, that I set the squirrel at liberty; while Serena, partly by serious endeavour, and partly by sportiveness, drew the children to her, and succeeded in keeping them still by cutting them in paper a variety of little figures and equipages; and thus art exhibited her ability to tame rude nature.

The lively Miss Hellevi, who is always desirous to keep people in motion, proposed social amusements; and we commenced a game of forfeits, and were quickly all alive. A great

number of forfeits had to be redeemed, and Miss Hellevi shone wonderfully in witty and merry propositions. It was indescribably amusing that Bear had to dance. I never laughed so immoderately. You should really have seen his comic gravity and his strange grimaces.

"What shall that person do to whom this belongs?"

"He shall tell a little story," said Miss Hellevi.

The forfeit was mine, and, without consideration, I began to relate what presented itself first to my mind. It was this little legend. "Two little boys went down, on a holyday evening, to the river, near their father's house. There they heard beautiful music, and saw the *Neck*, which sat upon the azure wave in the shade of the alders, and played on the harp, and sang with all its heart. When the boys had listened a good while to the music, they called out, 'Of what use is it, *Neck*, that thou canst play so beautifully? Thou canst never be happy, for all that.' As the *Neck* heard these words, it threw away the harp, and sank into the depths of the water."

Here I paused, for I had accidentally looked at Bruno, and a glance of his eye fell upon me, so piercing, dark, and full of trouble, that it struck me dumb; it was some seconds before I could collect myself sufficiently to proceed. "When the boys returned home, they related the occurrence to their father. He reproved them for having spoken too severely to the *Neck*, and told them that they were wrong, for even the *Neck* may one day be saved. The next evening the boys went again down to the river. They heard no sweet music, but they saw the *Neck*, which sat on the water in the shade of the alder and wept. And they called to it, and said, 'Don't weep, *Neck*, for our father says that thou also wilt be saved one day.' Then the *Neck* wept no more, but took his harp again, and played and sung most gloriously till deep in the night."

I glanced again at Bruno. He was pale. His wonderful eyes were fixed steadfastly upon me, as before, but now they were filled with tears.

"Madame Werner shall have her forfeit again, and with thanks and praise for her charming legend," said Miss Hellevi. Other forfeits followed, and were redeemed by various jokes and whims. One came, whose owner was judged to declaim something in prose or verse. It was a silk handkerchief, and Miss Hellevi, as soon as she saw it, exclaimed, "Belongs not this to our host?"

"Yes," cried Mally Stålmarm, with a loud voice, "but I took it, because I myself had nothing to give for a forfeit." Mally makes very free in the world, though I.

"But the law of the game cannot be violated," said Miss Hausgiebel; "the owner of the forfeit must redeem it. Mr. Romilly, you have heard the judgment."

"But," said he, excusing himself, "I was not in the game with you."

"But now you are," cried, zealously, Miss Hellevi; and, as Madame Dahl joined in begging that Bruno would fulfil the condition, he objected no farther. He arose, made no preparation, and yet in a moment was totally changed, as he stood there high and still, and sunk, as it were, in dark and profound self-questioning. His very first motion, his first word, went through me with a shudder. The scene was the truth itself. It was from himself, from his own inward cloud-wrapped spirit, that Bruno pronounced Hamlet's celebrated monologue,

"To be? or not to be? that is the question."

In truth, Bruno is no ordinary man, is endowed with no ordinary talents; and yet, as a man, how much higher stands my Bear! A deep silence continued in the room after Bruno had ceased to speak; and it appeared difficult to go back to the sports of life, after this glance into its dark depths.

In the mean time, it was growing late; and the aged Dahls, who would not stay supper, took leave of their host, thanking him, with much cordiality, for so pleasant a day. They took Serena, too, with them, and promised to deliver her duly at Rosenvik. Bruno accompanied them to their carriage. When they were gone all seemed to be wearisome; and, in order to get away from the everlastingly-continuing game of forfeits, I asked Adèle Von P., who sat next me, whether she would not take a turn with me in the park. She consented, with warmth. I took her arm, and we went out. The evening was beautiful; the twilight, the silence, all which surrounded us, appeared to invite us to that pleasant, and yet serious thought, which lights and the life of society so easily dissipate.

"How beautiful is it here!" said I.

"Yes," answered Adèle, "since here is the solemn reality."

I was surprised by the tone in which these words were spoken, and glanced at my companion. Adèle Von P. continued, with emotion: "Madame Werner, you have taken me, probably, only for a silly and superficial person, and I know now that I have been such. But to-day a wonderful feeling has been awakened in me. I feel myself humbled, and yet exalted. I would willingly begin again to live—to learn. I would fain be able to return to nature; to nature and to truth!"

"You would fain abandon artificiality for genuine nature? is not that it?" said I. "You would fain comprehend and receive nature, life in its deeper sense?"

"Yes, I believe so. I have sometimes suspected that my accomplishment was but a vain pageantry; but now, as I comprehend it better—now so much time is lost, God knows whether I shall ever be able to come to clear daylight!"

"Don't despair of it," replied I, zealously. "Hold fast only the impression, and maintain the desire which to-day has been awakened." At this moment was heard in the park an uneasy voice, calling, "Adèle! Adèle!" Adèle answered; and Madame Von P. came running to us, while, with evident alarm, she exclaimed, "Adèle! my little angel! you out here without a shawl, and with your cough! and the dew, and the night air! My dear child, how could you do so? Come in, I entreat you. But you must not go thus thinly clad. You must take my shawl, I need it less than you." And, notwithstanding the reluctance of the daughter, she wrapped her in her own shawl, and drew it carefully round her bosom. Mother and daughter, thereon, kissed each other affectionately, and hastened together into the house.

Had I always found Madame Von P. ridiculous? I forgot it totally at this moment. I saw only the tender, amiable mother; and I thought, "That is water to Bear's mill." If Madame Von P. only knew how really poetical and interesting she then was, she would be ashamed of endeavouring to appear so by other means.

As I had thus remained behind in the park, and as I was slowly returning towards the house, I encountered the young Robert Stålmarm, who was

walking to and fro, and talking to himself. He offered to see me in, and said, after a while, with a dissatisfied countenance, "It is very stupid to possess no talent, to understand nothing, to be able to do nothing which belongs to—"

"To what one calls higher accomplishments?" said I, inquiringly. (I found myself, this evening, selected to put people into the way.)

"Ah, yes!" replied young Robert. "I hear so much said of nature, and nature; but still, methinks it could not be very irrational to adorn her with some art, with some accomplishment."

"Yes, one must make a distinction between nature in her poverty and her rudeness, and nature in her exalted refinement."

Robert glanced at me with one of those living, intelligent looks, which reveal a brightly-conceived idea; but immediately afterward added, "Yes, was I not already so old; but now it is probably the best thing to chase all such thoughts out of the mind."

"What thoughts?" demanded I, warmly. "Of a talent, or a higher accomplishment? Good friend Robert, a talent for the exercise of any fine art is, comparatively, of little consequence; but the capacity to love and value that which is beautiful, the capacity to enjoy the society of accomplished people, to create for yourself a life full of noble interest—that is no trivial affair; and you are still young enough to qualify yourself for that. Renounce not, on account of any necessary exertion, the richest well-springs of the happiness of life."

We were now arrived on the steps, and I heard Robert, as if speaking to himself, say, "No, that will I not! I will attempt it in good earnest! It shall not be otherwise!"

These two little scenes delighted me. Suddenly and marvellously are startled into life the noblest seeds which slumber in the human bosom. Bruno's powerful spirit has at once, as it were with the force of magic, called forth two beings into a higher consciousness of their nature; and thus is, for the souls of men, the revelation of every noble gift, a proclamation to arise!

But to return to Ramm, and the supper. I was glad when it was over; and Bruno, to a certainty, was not less so. He was no more like the same person that he had been during the day than November is like May. The eyebrows had again contracted; and he had evidently found it difficult to play out to the end the part of the cheerful, agreeable host. How charming was it, as the cabriolet once more rolled away towards Rosen-vik, and as I was able to pour into Bear's ear all the relations which I have here written!

We arrived at home in the bright moonlight. I found Serena in the front room. She stood at the open window, her face turned towards Ramm. I went softly up to her and threw my arms around her. She leaned her head against mine. The evening breeze grew cold, yet soft, and bore melodious tones with it. They came from Ramm. I felt a tear fall on my bosom. Serena's lips touched my cheek, while she whispered, "My dear, kind Fanny, I must leave thee. I have been too long from home; let me, in the morning, return to my aged parents."

"Serena, my angel!" exclaimed I, in return, "what is amiss? What has happened? Why this?"

"Ask not," said Serena, while she laid her small fever hand on mine. "Ask not now. In a while, I will tell thee all; now I cannot. Let me go early in the morning with the doctor."

"And what will thy grand-parents say? I if—"

"I will tell them how it is. I will satisfy them. Don't be uneasy, dear Fanny; they will be satisfied; they—"

"Yes, they! I don't doubt that at all," interrupted I, in a state of great excitement. "They, who will learn all; but I, who lose thee, and know not why—I? Thou hast no confidence in me, Serena! Thou dost not love me!"

Serena threw her arm around my neck, and said, "Oh, Fanny! thou givest me pain. Thou knowest that I never had a friend that I loved so much as thee. That which I withhold from thee, that can I yet reveal to no one; but a day will come, when for thee, whom I sincerely love, I shall have no longer a secret."

"That is enough, my dear Serena! I was, indeed, too bad. Forgive me! But seeest thou, dear Serena—thou art become as dear to me as a sister; thy welfare is as near to my heart as if it were my own; and—and—" I began to cry like a child; Serena did the same. Bear found us thus, and began to scold that we stood with the window open. When we had closed it, he took both our hands, and inquired, with a kind and sympathizing look, what so much troubled us.

"Oh, she will leave us, Bear! Serena will go home early to-morrow!" Bear looked so astonished at us, that I was frightened, and said, "Well, well, it is no national calamity, that you should be so struck with it." But Bear's countenance speedily recovered its customary good-humoured serenity, and he said, "Well, if she goes away, she will probably come back again."

In my anxiety I had nearly forgotten this possibility, and, half comforted, I exclaimed, "Oh, yes, Serena! Thou wilt soon, soon come back again! Is it not so? Thou wilt not long stay away!"

But I will not waste my paper with speech and answer. Spite of my grounds of consolation, it went near my heart to separate from Serena, for I saw clearly that this year she could not again make a long abode with us. This morning she departed at seven o'clock; sitting at Bear's side with a large bouquet in her hand, while he set out, cursing a little, to himself, at a great basket of currants which he was obliged to set between his feet.

How empty seems the house, now she is gone! I endeavour in vain to forget it, and busy myself with writing, but that does not succeed. It is impossible to describe the charm, the spring, which such a being diffuses around her. She is always so friendly, so clear-spirited, so kind! I was better while I was with her. I learned through her to become aware of many blessings which are in life, and about me here. But now we shall daily write to one another, that is something; and Bear will be the postman. To-day, even, I rejoice in the belief that I shall receive by him a note; but her secret—that I shall not yet learn. It troubles and disquiets me.

#### TO THE READER, FROM A STRANGER LADY.

Dear and curious reader!—Availing myself of an apology already made, and commiserating the pain which thou, my reader, probably participatest with Madame Werner, I will now—for, singularly enough, one and another knows more, as it happens, than the good doctor's lady herself—I will now, just between ourselves, let thee into a secret.

In the park at Ramm dwells Madame Werner, as she has already related. We, the reader and I, follow in silence the footsteps of the walkers.

During this ramble, we observe how the Misses Von P., notwithstanding their ornamental gentility, condescend to flirt with the brothers Stilmart, in a manner which evinces neither refinement nor delicacy of feeling. By this we see plainly that accomplishment and rudeness can very well go hand in hand. But we do not linger long near this picture, which has neither charm nor keeping. We cast a glance after Bruno, who conducts Serena, with an air of respect and solicitude which, to thy penetrating eye, sagacious reader, betrays what he is, and what he feels. Then follow the Adamites, with laughter and boisterousness.

"Lean more freely on my arm," says Bruno, with a soft and melodious voice. "Let me support you; let me believe, be it only for a moment, that I am of some consequence to you."

They went on in silence. The wood whispered around them, and bowed over them its umbrageous crown. There ruled now in Bruno's soul—and he has often said that it is this very feeling which makes him so happy by Serena's side—a peace which he has rarely enjoyed. Something of her dear and gentle being seemed to pass over into his own; he felt as though his better genius were near him; and the beneficent impulse of life, that genial feeling, that pure thought, that indistinct, and yet mighty hope of a beautiful future, those glad vernal anticipations, to which no heart which ever beat in a human form is wholly a stranger, all came like angels, and saluted his spirit. Then rose a voice in him—it was that of repentance—and cried, "Weep for the past, for the lost!" But another, sweet and strong as eternal mercy, cried, still louder, "Despair not, since she is nigh thee!" And then he looked into her face—it was so friendly and dear—and he saw her only.

At once the Adamites raised a ringing cry of joy, and sprang into the wood. Sister Mally called them back, continuing herself to run after them. A roe bounded timidly on before them. All vanished; Bruno was left alone with Serena. They stood still, as without aim. They stood by a fine old oak, round whose stem was raised a bank of turf, and about which flowers were planted. It seemed a spot that was tended with peculiar care.

"Will you not rest here a moment?" asked Bruno. "We can here await our little friends, who will probably come back hither."

Serena consented, and seated herself. Bruno stood before her, and followed observantly the looks with which she surveyed the place, and which betrayed awakening recollections.

"I fancy that I recognise this spot and this tree," said she, at length. "Yes, certainly; here it was, many years ago, that a great danger threatened me—I was then but a little child; a snake had wound itself about my neck. It would, most likely, have killed me, had it not been for the spirit and presence of mind of a little boy, who rescued me at the peril of his own life."

"Do you remember this circumstance?" asked Bruno, with emotion. "He remembers it himself."

"He! what? who? how do you know?" demanded Serena, rapidly, and in astonishment.

"He is my friend. He has often told me of the child that he carried in his arms through the woods of Ramm."

"Oh, lives he yet? Where is he? What know you of him?" asked Serena, in the highest excitement.

"He lives. Perhaps it were better if he did not. His life has given no one pleasure. But his unquiet heart cannot rest till it has found another and a better heart to which to unite itself. He experienced early that misfortune—that crime, indeed—he was rejected by his mother. He then went wildly about in the world for a long time, and battled with life, with men, with himself. He sought he knew not what; he had early lost himself. He who reposes on the bosom of a mother or a wife—who holds the hand of a dear sister—he knows not, he understands not, the emptiness and the darkness which *he* feels who has no one in the great wide world—no one who loves him, and holds him fast in love, and calls, tenderly, 'Come back!' no one who preaches the repentant to his heart, and says, 'I forgive!' Is it to be wondered at that he who is thus cast off, wrecked in heart and hope, given as a prey to the winds—that he should wander wide, and into labyrinths of error? Serena, you condemn him?"

"Ah, I would weep over him!"

"Do you weep over him, Serena? He blesses those tears, and he is not unworthy of them. Bruno erred, but he sank not. An invisible hand supported him. Was it the angel which secretly whispered to him of a holier and a better world? I will believe it. Certain it is that he never forgot her. In his richest remembrances, in his best feelings, in the depths of his soul, she stood in the glory of her innocence. Oh, Serena! if he now stood before you, and said, 'This bias of childhood is now become love—true, eternal love; those memories are reality! They are dear to me, Serena, as the reconciliation with my mother—as the hope of God's mercy; dearer, a thousand times dearer, than life!' Serena, it is Bruno, the friend of your childhood, who here pays you the homage of his soul!" and, in boundless love, Bruno sank before her on his knee. "It is Bruno who craves from you his peace, his happiness, his life! Serena, will you cast me from you?"

"Oh, my God! Bruno!" cried Serena, in indescribable agitation, and reached him her hand. He clasped it passionately between his own, and asked, with a look which seemed powerful enough to draw forth secrets which lie in the depth of the soul, "Is it pity? is it love, which extends to me this hand?"

"It is—not pity. Oh, arise!"

Voices were heard; footsteps approached. Bruno pressed Serena's hand to his heart as he arose, and said, "Preserve my secret! The hour is not yet come." He could say no more. Miss Hellevi Haugsiebel, at the head of a lively troop of walkers, joined them, and did not leave them again. In the evening, as Bruno conducted Serena to the carriage, he held her a moment back, and whispered, audible only to her, "One word! one word! Not pity; it was, then, a more beautiful feeling? Serena! one word—one look!"

But Serena spoke no word, gave no look, in answer. She drew her hand from his; and, timid as the bird flying to its nest, hastened to her aged grand-parents. Bruno looked darkly after the fast-speeding carriage; and I, my reader, now take a friendly leave of thee.

## CHAPTER XI.

FRANZISKA WERNER TO MARIA L.—

*Rosenwik, August 28th.*

THE cloud which hung over us has sunk lower. There will be a storm, to a certainty.

God guide it to blessing, and not to destruction. Serena was gone, and with her much joy, much pleasantness. No one felt it deeper than Bruno. He came, as usual, in the evening, but was no longer like himself. He came, saluted us gloomily, was silent, went to and fro in a restless mood, of seated himself near the spot where Serena was accustomed to sit, and leaned his head on his hand. Thus he sat a long time without a word; and only the vein on his forehead, which swelled visibly, testified the contest in his mind.

Bear frequently fixed on him the still, observant eye of the physician, which seemed to watch the progress of the inward struggle, and await the crisis. He was friendly—yes, even with a sisterly kindness—towards Bruno; and I saw that he himself suffered, because his brother was unhappy. Bruno appeared sometimes as though he would say something; it seemed to me as if he would ask, or would confess, something of that which lay heavy on his heart; but no such word came to solve the mystery, and all the conversation which we began ended with brief answers, or with his total silence. I must testify, however, that no bad humour—the demon with which little souls often tyrannise over those about them—discovered itself in the mood and manner of Bruno. One saw that he was in deep trouble, which rendered him deaf and dumb to all that was going on around him. We resolved, at last, to leave him to himself; and passed our evening as we usually do when we are alone—Bear with his joinery, and I reading aloud to him. Bruno might listen, if he were so disposed.

Last evening he came again, and was milder than usual. He took Bear's and my hands, pressed them, and said, "I am no agreeable guest for you, my friends; but have forbearance with me." He turned quietly away from us, and seated himself at the piano, where he played a stirring and stormy piece. Tea came in; I prepared it, and handed to Bear a large cup—he has always a particular teacup for himself, with ugly little blue cupids, which please him vastly. As I reached him this, and he, in his good-humour, kissed my hand, I know not how it happened—but he seemed so agreeable, so kind, so excellent—but I laid aside the teacup and basket of confections, and, seizing his great hand, pressed it to my heart with lively affection. Bear put one arm around me, but—oh, scandalous!—stretched out the other towards the cake-basket. I was still so good to him that I only scolded him jocosely for his divided love. Bear answered me in the same humour, when we were startled by a deep and painful sigh, more resembling, indeed, a suppressed groan. We looked at Bruno, and saw him pale, and with an expression not to be described, regarding us. "Oh, my God! my God!" exclaimed he, slowly, while he laid his hand on his forehead, as in unspeakable agony; and now ran—no, started—tears from his eyes, with a violence which at once astonished and shocked me. Bear stood up, and, with a unanimous impulse, we both approached Bruno. The iron bands were now rent from his heart; he stretched out his arms towards us, and cried, with a voice which the most powerful emotion speedily choked again, "My mother! reconcile me with my mother!"

Bear and I went to him; we opened our arms to him; we embraced him. He was nearly beside himself. He pressed us with wild vehemence to his breast; and, in broken sentences, which seemed flung, as it were, from his tempest-

soul, he cried, "Manage for me; I cannot do it! I am cursed! Speak; prepare the way for me! See if I can go to her. Manage that, when I come, she shall not spurn me away. Say that I have suffered much—much. Let me repose on her bosom. Till then can I find no rest. My mother! my mother!"

Our tears flowed. We spoke to him tender, pacifying, comforting words. We promised to act for him; we assured him that all should turn out well. But the storm which, at length, had burst forth, could not quickly lay itself. He was in the most violent agitation of mind; and, after he had for some moments walked vehemently to and fro in the room, he said to us, "I must now leave you. Forgive this scene. Think of me, and for me. Let me know what you undertake; and let what must come, come quickly. This waiting is hell!" In the same moment he was on horseback, and vanished with the rapidity of lightning.

Bear and I stood *vis-à-vis*, and looked at each other as if the day of judgment had broken upon us. Bear forgot to drink his tea. I had never before seen him so disturbed. This filled me with wonder, for I had imagined that the affair, though it would be difficult to bring about, must necessarily end happily, and the prodigal must be once more received into his mother's house. "It is not credible," I said, "that a mother will not receive, with open arms, her repentant and returning son."

"Oh, thou dost not yet fully know *Ma chère mère*," said Bear, half lost in himself. "In certain regions of her mind she is, as it were, petrified; and then her mental ailment! I hope that she will acknowledge and receive again her son, when she sees him, and learns his present mood of mind. I hope it—but how to arrive at that? How to prepare her for it, when the mere uttering of his name drives her from all propriety? I will not answer for it, that her disorder of mind does not return. People like her and her son run, through the violence of their passions, on the very precipice of the gulf of madness. A touch may precipitate them."

"God preserve us!" I exclaimed.

"But, at all events, the attempt at reconciliation," said Bear, "must be made. Better that mother and son die in phrensy than in hate. But we must go cautiously to work. *Ma chère mère* must, in the first place, be sounded; her pulse must be felt; she is not a patient to be treated lightly."

We planned and pondered how the matter was to be assayed. We took up and threw away scheme after scheme; and, at length, we resolved on the following.

It has now been for some time the custom, when we are all assembled at Carlsfors in an evening, to read aloud romances, or other light and amusing stories. I have generally been the reader, and *Ma chère mère*, who seldom asks after any other books but the Bible and the cookery-book, yet seemed sometimes to listen with pleasure. Bear and I now resolved, the next evening that we should spend at Carlsfors, to propose a reading, and to be prepared with a story which should be adapted to awake maternal feeling, and thus to allow us to observe the disposition of her mind towards her son. If this appeared auspicious, then another step might be taken. What this was to be we could not agree upon. I proposed that Bruno himself should then write to his mother; but this Bear rejected, as a measure

too startling and dangerous. He appeared rather to prefer some mode or office of mediator between mother and son. "It is a peculiarity of hers," he said, "that what she reads on paper never operates very effectually on her feelings. She must read it in the eye, she must hear the voice, if the words are to reach her heart. Thou, my Fanny—"

"Thanks, my dear Bear, profoundest thanks for your good intentions. But, if possible, let this commission be spared me. I feel that I have not the courage to place myself between these two violent spirits. I might very readily be crushed to pieces. Knowest thou not the fable of the earthen pot?"

"Well, well, we will see. It is time enough to think of the second step when the first has been taken."

"And for this I will immediately prepare myself; while you are in the city, I will select a fitting subject, or fabricate one."

"Good! And so we have the weapons ready for the occasion. But recollect, my little Fanny, the drift must not be too apparent. If *Ma chère mère* suspects a hidden object, she will set herself immediately against it."

"I will do my best, Bear. At all events, you shall peruse and criticise my story before we venture to read it to *Ma chère mère*."

During the night—one obtains the clearest ideas in the dark—it became manifest to me what text I must avail myself of; and, as soon as Bear was gone away in the morning, I took out of my bookcase, which Bear has famously supplied, "Fryxell's Stories from the Swedish History," and began to read over and consider the narrative of Erik Stenbock and Malin Sture. The more I thought it over, the more satisfied I was with it; and scarcely had I gone through it a second time, when there came an invitation from *Ma chère mère* to spend the evening at Carlsons, if we had nothing better to do. I returned thanks, and said we would come. Since this moment I have been nearly in a fever, and it was in the endeavour to relieve my restlessness that I have written this. Already this morning, before he left home, Bear wrote a few lines to Bruno to acquaint him with our plan. The answer, which the messenger brought back, I had opened during Bear's absence. It contained only the words, "Do what you think best. BRAUNE."

#### Afternoon.

Bear has read the story, and is satisfied with it. We are setting out. Ah! Maria! this evening I am depressed and restless. I go to sound the depths of a heart; and on this moment how much depends! This thought lies painfully on mind and body. Adieu! adieu!

#### 23d.

We were at Carlsons. It was evening. The lights stood on the green table in the drawing-room, and we sat around. The important and trying hour was come. I was in a strange state of mind, and all the others were unusually silent and dull. Bear had taken up a penknife, and, in want of something to do, began to cut into the table. *Ma chère mère* struck him lightly on the hand, and then gave him a bundle of pens to make. She then sat herself down to make a fish-net, which is her customary evening employment; for her eyes are not strong enough to bear any finer work. "And now, little wife," she said to me, "read something to us; but let it be only something that is cheerful. One has enough in

the world to grieve over, without having to cry over what one finds in books."

"I cannot promise," I replied, "that what I read shall be lively, but I think it very interesting; and, what is more, it is in all its parts historically true."

"That is always a recommendation," said she, "and one must, therefore, adapt one's palate to the provision-basket."

I began:

#### "ERIK STENBOCK AND MALIN STURE.

["From 'Malin's Own Family-book.'"]

"In the parish of Mörkö, in the province of Södermanland, in a deep running creek of the Ostsee, lies a little triangular island. On this stood a rock ninety feet high, from which could be, far and wide, overlooked the fields, the crags, and the navigable waters which lay around. This island, in the early times, had been a resort of the Viking; and deep caves were yet shown in the mountains, which were believed to have been the dwellings of these people, or used by them as prisons. Some believe that it was here, in the time of Ingiald Illröda, the Fylkis-king of Södermanland, that Granmar received the Seeking, Hjervard Ylfing, and Granmar's daughter, the beautiful Hildegrund, drank to Hjervard the health of Rolf Krake. The place is called Sijmonso (Sidmons island), which some explain to mean Seaman's Island. In the latter times, it has received, from its form, the name of Hörningsholm; and has been, by embankments, gradually converted into a peninsula. It was successively in the possession of the families of Folkunger, Ornefot, of Ulfvö, and the younger Sture; was strongly fortified, and often besieged, taken, and laid waste; the last time was in the reign of Christian the Tyrant.

"Svante Sture, son of Sten Sture the younger, who was married to Martha Lejonhufvud, afterward caused a castle to be built on the old site, which was a noble specimen of architecture, as it was strong through its situation and fortifications. The castle rose, on many fathoms deep of foundation-walls, four stories high, and was defended at the corners with strong towers. A conception of the wealth of Sture, and of the nobility of the time, may be formed, when we read that, at the wedding of Sigrid Sture with Thore Persson Bjelke, in the year 1562, fifty measures of wine, four tons of mead, a ton and a half of must, eight barrels of cherry brandy, twenty hogsheds of beer, forty-five oxen, two hundred sheep, twenty-one swine, seventeen calves, four hundred and fifty-three cans of honey, &c., were consumed. Through the confiscation of the Church property, in particular, a great number of estates fell to the nobles, and especially to Sture, the sole heir of so many mighty families. Through this vast wealth, through the unspotted glory of Sture's name, the marriage alliance with Gustavus Vasa, and the distinguished qualities of many of the children, the house of Hörningsholm stood long, in the kingdom, second only to royalty; and was the home of honour, pride, and joy. The joy vanished after the horrible Sture murder, in the year 1567; but Madame Martha maintained its pride, since the family had maintained its honour. Two surviving sons and daughters promised also to restore the joy. During their minority, Madame Martha ruled the house of Hörningsholm, and all its dependant estates, with a vigour and ability which obtained her the surname of King Martha. At the same

time, she distinguished herself by her magnanimity. Erik the Fourteenth had murdered her husband and two of her sons. When, by the change of the dynasty, Erik's wife and children were dispersed through the country, without home and protection, Madame Martha took to her the daughter, Sigrid Vasa, then four years old, and brought her up with motherly tenderness and care."

"This history delights me," said *Ma chère mère*, as I paused a moment in the reading; "it is good!" *Ma chère mère* raised herself erect, and looked as proud as if she herself had been King Martha. I am persuaded that she felt herself related to her. I proceeded.

"Erik Stenbock, the son of old Gustavus Olsson, of Torpa, and of Brita Lejonhufvud, went often, as a near relative, to Hörningsholm, and became passionately attached to Miss Malin, the second of the string of daughters. She returned his passion; but Madame Martha, on account of the near relationship, would not hear it even spoken of. They were, in fact, sisters' children. Stenbock sought to win his object by the ordinary means. He heaped presents on mother, sisters, and servants; but all was in vain. Many were moved, but not the old countess. She had taken the opinion, by letter, of Laurentius, the Archbishop of Upsalæ, who stood firm by the declaration which he had made on the third marriage of Gustavus Vasa, and protested against the union. Upon this, it became totally useless to speak farther of it to the countess. So passed many years. The lovers saw their youth pass over; Erik had counted his thirty-fourth, and Malin her thirty-third year; at the same time, their mutual attachment continued as warm as ever. Every means to move the mother had been tried in vain, and they resolved, at length, to fly. Stenbock confided his purpose to the Duke Karl, of Södermanland, then in his twentieth year, and received from him, in support of his plan, a guard of two hundred cavalry.

"In the month of March, 1573, he made a journey, with his sister Cecilia, the wife of Gustavus Roos, to Hörningsholm—concealed the cavalry not far from the castle, and instructed them what they had to do. The same evening, Miss Malin consented to fly with him the next day. She passed a night of great anxiety. In the morning, as she was alone in the chamber, she fell on her knees in a window, and prayed, shedding torrents of tears. At this moment the eldest sister, Madame Sigrid, entered the room. 'God bless you!' said she, 'you are engaged in a good business.' 'Would to God that it were good!' replied Miss Malin. 'It is certainly good,' said Madame Sigrid, 'to pray to God with tears.' 'Ah!' exclaimed Malin, 'if all my friends and relations should cast me off, you will certainly not turn your true heart away from me?' 'Why do you speak in that manner?' said Madame Sigrid; 'none of the race of Sture have ever done anything on account of which one need turn one's heart away from them.'

"At this moment the old countess called Madame Sigrid to her, but Miss Malin went into another room. Erik entered it immediately, greeted those present, and said to Malin, 'Dear sister, will you look at that horse which I have made you a present of? He stands below in the court.' She consented, and he took her arm to conduct her down. As they went through the lower story, there sat Nilf, and Anna Sture's nurse, Lucy. Miss Malin begged them to follow

her, which they did. Below, under the arch of the gateway, stood the horse, harnessed to a sledge, in which the lady, with her followers, seated herself. Stenbock placed himself behind, and drove away, while many of the servants looked on in the idea that it was merely a hunting excursion. But, as the nurse observed that Master Erik took the way towards the sea, and drove so rapidly, she suspected mischief, and began to cry out, 'What are you about, my dear lady? Reflect how angry your mother will be that you travel so unattended.' But Master Erik drew forth a blunderbuss and set it to the breast of the nurse, with the words, 'Silence! or you have spoken your last!' On the shore below, the cavalry came suddenly forward, surrounded the sledge, and placed themselves on each side, and then away went they, as fast as the horses could gallop, to Svärdsbro. They were tailors and sewers, with the richest stuffs of all kinds, who took the lady's measure, and began to make her clothes, while the cavalry kept guard round the house, so that no one could come in or go out.

"But exactly as Master Erik had gone off towards the sea, Miss Margaret Sture had gone by chance to the window, saw, and comprehended the object. She began immediately to cry out, 'Master Erik is certainly carrying off my sister Malin!' At these words, the old countess and Madame Sigrid sprang, first to the window, and then down into the court. But upon the steps the mother fainted and fell down. When she was somewhat restored, she commanded Madame Sigrid to hasten at once after the fugitives, and see if she could not bring them back. In the mean time sat Madame Martha on the steps, in trouble and lamentation, and could not perfectly recover herself. There came, hurrying, Master Erik's sister, the Countess Cecilia Roos, and deplored that Master Erik should have acted so contrary to Madame Martha's will, asserting that she had known nothing whatever of his intention; but, at the same time, never could have believed that Madame Martha would have taken it so ill. Madame Martha turned, fiercely, her head, and answered, 'God punish you and your brother, who has robbed me of my child! Hasten at least after her, and remain with her, that no shame befall her.' Madame Cecilia held her peace and departed.

"When Madame Sigrid, whom the mother had sent after the fugitives, arrived at Svärdsbro, it was only alone, and that with difficulty, that she was admitted into the house. There she began to relate to the sister the sorrow and lamentation of the mother, and to exhort her to return, in which case the mother had promised to forgive her. Miss Malin made no answer. Then began again Sigrid, and still more vehemently, to exhort and entreat her, or that she would be the death of the mother. Malin said, 'If you can assure me that the mother will at last consent to our union, then I will gladly go back.' 'That I cannot do,' said Madame Sigrid. 'Then,' replied Malin, 'the first error is just as good as the last,' and began bitterly to weep. When Madame Sigrid found she could not persuade her sister, she returned to Hörningsholm, where the mother was lying in bed, in trouble and lamentations. Both were increased as Sigrid entered alone. Misfortune had before, but now disgrace had fallen on the house. She could derive neither comfort nor help, nor even the hope of revenge. She was a lone widow, with many daughters; the sons were yet scarcely more than children. On the com-

tary, the carrier-off of her daughter was himself a mighty man, the brother of the Queen-widow Catharine, supported by the duke, and in favour with the king. Nevertheless, Madame Martha determined not to give way.

"In the mean time journeyed Miss Malin, with the Countess Cecilia Roos and Master Erik, to his brother-in-law, Pehr Bräbe, at Sundholm, in the province of Westgothland. There Erik left her, and hastened himself to Stockholm. But Madame Martha's letter of complaint had arrived there before him, and he was immediately deprived of his fiefs and offices, and placed in custody. There now arose an active mediation and sharp wranglings between the families Sture and Stenbock, which at length came to this conclusion, that Erik was again set at liberty. Thereupon he did all that was possible to win over to him the relations of Miss Malin, and he succeeded with all of them except the mother. He wrote to the Lutheran Academy at Rostock, and received thence the decision of the theologians, which he forwarded to her, that marriages between sisters' children might be allowed; but she paid not the slightest regard to it.

"Erik and Malin now despaired of ever being able to soften her; it was now a year and a quarter since their elopement; they passed over the Hallandish borders, were there married by a Danish priest, and returned the same day to Torpa, where the wedding was celebrated. At the same time, it was arranged that King John, the queen-widow, the Duke Karl, the princess, the council of the kingdom, and all the relations of Stenbock, should write to Madame Martha, and entreat for Erik and his wife. But the grief and the warmth of the mother were now only the more aggravated by the news of this marriage, which had taken place without her knowledge; and, spite of all the solicitations on their behalf, she would listen to nothing more respecting either her daughter or her son-in-law."

Here I paused a moment in order to sound the bottom of *Ma chère mère's* heart. "Is it really possible," said I, "that such stubbornness can exist? How can any one be so unbending and irreconcilable?"

"It is unreasonable!" said Jean Jacques.

"It is irrational!" said Jane Maria.

"It is unnatural!" growled Bear, with a horrible grimace.

"It is right!" cried *Ma chère mère*, with a voice of thunder. "It is no more than right! I would have done the same myself!"

"Oh not that you would not, indeed!" said I, while I looked at her imploringly.

"The hangman fetch me, then, but I would have done it!" said she, yet more violently, and smote her fist on the table so that the lights tottered. "Yes, that would I; and if even thou, Franziska, hadst been the offender, and I thy real mother! Yes, I would thus punish thee. Thou shouldst never again come into my sight, not even if the king himself fell down at my feet and implored it. 'Easy mother, bad habits; strict mother, good habits.'"

My heart swelled within me. I felt the extravagance of *Ma chère mère's* notions, but the words, "Wert thou the offender and I thy real mother," produced the most singular effect on me. They converted me at once into the unhappy Malin, and put me into her situation. I suffered with, I deplored her; deeply I felt all the horror of a mother's wrath, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I could read what follows.

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"The mother's resentment lay, in the mean time, heavy on the heart of the daughter. Since her flight from Hörningsholm, Malin had never yet worn anything but mourning. She had received from her husband a multitude of jewels, but she had never needed them. She wrote continually the most sorrowful letters to her next of kin, praying them to use their influence in her behalf. The incessant prayers of her sons-in-law, and at length the whole of the daughters, throwing themselves at her feet, softened Madame Martha, and she gave permission for the two outcast ones to return.

"It was now a year and a half since their marriage, and nearly three since their flight. They were not, however, allowed to proceed at once to the castle, but must inhabit for some weeks the little Bath-house. At length, through the entreaties of the brothers and sisters, and on account of the approach of winter, and the ill health of Malin, they were permitted to enter the castle. Malin was conducted into the great hall, where Madame Martha was seated in the chair of state, and all the children stood around. As Malin appeared at the door, the mother exclaimed, 'Ah! thou unhappy child!' Then fell Malin on her knees, and so crept forward to her mother, imploring forgiveness with tears, and laying her head against her knee."

I paused; for my voice trembled, and tears were nigh. My heart was in that of Malin. At this moment *Ma chère mère* pushed the table from her, arose, and with a pallid countenance, and without casting a glance at any of us, marched with great strides out of the room, and banged the door behind her.

We sat startled and confounded. We knew not what to think. Was *Ma chère mère* angry? or was she moved? Did she suspect our object? or— Bear and I looked inquiringly at one another. I was angry with myself, and with the emotion which had occasioned me to interrupt the reading at so eventful a moment. *Ma chère mère*, through this, had had time for reflection, and now she could not hear the best part of the history—that beautiful ending of it. Oh, if she could but have heard it! It must have made her feel how beautiful it is to be reconciled, and King Martha's example would probably have operated with her. I longed, inexpressibly, for her return. But one quarter of an hour went by after another, and *Ma chère mère* came not back. Very mournful was I as supper was announced; at the same time it was announced that *Ma chère mère* would not come to table. She had headache, and was already gone to bed, wishing us a good supper and a good-night. I was restless and out of humour, and Bear was the same. We knew not what to think of the position of things. Immediately after supper, we took leave of Jean Jacques and Jane Maria. On our way home we became rather less dissatisfied with our evening. Our attempt could not be said to have totally failed. The reading had produced a powerful effect; and the excitement which *Ma chère mère* had shown might, with greater probability, receive a good than a prejudicial interpretation. We resolved that Bear should the next day, under colour of business with Jean Jacques, drive to Carlstors, and discover how it stood with *Ma chère mère*. We talked of the principles of severity which she maintained. I did battle against them. I asserted, "Not irreconcilable severity, but rather are they wisdom and love which bring

into a family virtue, purity of manners, and peace."

"That is the beautiful doctrine of our time, Fanny," answered Bear; "but *Ma chère mère* belongs to a period in which the better portion endeavoured to oppose overdriven severity as an embankment against the growing demoralization of the multitude. She was educated in the strictest principles. Nature and circumstances have co-operated, in addition, to confirm and harden her in them. The ground itself is good; it is simply the one-sided conception and application—heavens! we are already at home!"

To-day Bear went, as agreed, to Carlsfors. *Ma chère mère* was not to be seen; still kept her chamber; and announced, through Elsa, that she could see no one. What will come of it? Bruno will certainly come hither this evening; would that we had more agreeable intelligence for him!

August 28th.

I have not written to you for several days. I am so restless. There is no change in *Ma chère mère* since I wrote. Jean Jacques, who, with the acquiescence of Bruno, is made acquainted with all relating to the matter, sends us daily intelligence. *Ma chère mère* will see no one, continues shut up in her chamber, and all within is silent as the grave. Elsa alone passes in and out like a shadow, and answers all inquiries with a shake of the head. Bruno has visited us every day, in the most miserable state of mind. He comes as the evening closes in, asks the same questions, receives the same answers, and goes away with the eyebrows drawn closely together, and his gloomy gaze riveted on the earth. Sometimes by night we hear, on the wind, from Ramn, the sorrowful but beautiful sounds which once delighted me so much on the Svanö. They rise and sink like mysterious sighs. It seems then to me as if there hovered over the water a spirit banished from bliss, and which would communicate to me its torments. I would on no account that, Serena should hear these sounds. They pierce deep into the heart; and, to avoid weeping, I am obliged to bury my head in the pillow.

Serena! Oh, she has probably already heard more than is for her quiet! But what I know not. It is singular that she should not let me know; and she is by no means of a reserved character. She came, last evening, with her grand-parents. The good old people came, they said, to thank me for her. I thanked them for her. Gold-gelb was with them, but the little dissipated thing was not so true as usual to its mistress, but flew restlessly in and out of the window; at length he took his way across the lake to Svanö, and we lost sight of him. We waited in expectation of his return, but in vain. It grew late; and Serena, anxious about her little favourite, betook herself to Svanö, in order to entice him back. But she stayed long, far too long, out. We became uneasy on her account—I most of all; for I knew not what presentiment it was which said to me, "Bruno has part in this delay." I could endure no longer to remain in this uncertainty; but, whispering a word in Bear's ear, left him to entertain our venerable guests, ran to the shore, took a little boat, and proceeded in quest of Serena. I arrived on Svanö precisely at the right moment to receive Serena, half dead, in my arms, and to see Bruno standing there more like a pillar of salt than a living man. I led Serena to the house. On the way she recovered herself, and the death-like stillness resolved

itself into a flood of tears. She wept so excessively and so passionately that I was beside myself. "Has this man insulted thee, Serena? I will detest, I will not know any more of him!"

"Oh, no, no!" answered Serena; "but—he is so unhappy!"

I could learn nothing more from her, deeply-excited as she was. Gold-gelb flew twittering between us. I had been quite in trouble about the little creature. I rowed slowly, on purpose that Serena might weep at her leisure. It was growing dark as we arrived. The old people, contented to have their darling again, made no inquiries about the cause of her stay. She became more composed, and the twilight concealed her fearful eyes. To-day I have received a note from her by Bear, in which she tells me that she is quite calm again, and begs me "not to be uneasy on her account, and at present to ask nothing; in a while I shall know all." For the rest, she writes so kindly, so cordially, it is impossible to be angry with her. But it is singular that we should both have secrets which we keep from one another, and both of them secrets which concern Bruno.

Later.

Bruno was here just now; dark as ever. He went away with a wild look, saying, "I shall not come again. If any change takes place, let me know it." He left us without an adieu.

It is now six days since the evening on which I read the history of Erik Stenbock and Malin Sture. *Ma chère mère* remains the same. Ah! what will be the end of these things? God help us!

A STRANGER LADY TO THE READER, BUT ESPECIALLY TO THE YOUNG LADY READER.

Young maiden, who hast merely gone botanizing into the land of Romance, and there picked up thy knowledge of men and of the world; who, on thy entrance into society, anticipatest, with a fearful pleasure, that the men will busy themselves about thee, either as the butterfly about the rose, or the spider about the fly—a word to thee. Be at rest; the world is not so fearful. The men have too much to do with themselves. Thou wilt have to experience that they will inquire no more after thee than after the moon, and sometimes even less. Thou armest thyself, thou of seventeen years, to resist the storm of life; ah! thou wilt probably come to have more to do with its inaction. But let not thy courage fail: there are life and love in the world in richest abundance, but not often in the form in which they for the most part are exhibited in romances. The romancer distils life; he makes a day out of ten years, and out of a hundred grains of corn draws one drop of spirit; it is his trade. The reality proceeds in another manner. Rarely come the great events, the powerful scenes of passion. They belong, in every-day life, not to the rule, but to the exceptions. On that account, thou good creature! sit not and wait, or thou wilt suffer tedium. Seek not the affluence of life without thee; create it in thy own bosom. Love! love the heaven, nature, wisdom, all that is good around thee, and thy life will become rich; the sails of its air-ship will fill with the fresh wind, and so gradually soar up to the native regions of light and love.

But why am I saying all this? In truth, because, in order to help Madame Werner with her every-day story—she wished to make a romance of it, but it was not her lot—I must now sketch

one of those exception scenes, which occur often in books than in life itself.

It was evening, and one of those evenings in which a loving peace breathes throughout Nature, and man is involuntarily led to a feeling and sentiment of that day in which all yet was good. Glowing and pure, the vault of heaven expanded itself over the earth; and the earth stood like a Gothic-crowned and happy bride beneath the bride-canopy, smiling, still, and in full beauty. The sun shone upon golden corn and ruddy fruits. Thick-foliaged and hushed, the trees mirrored themselves in the clear lake. Here rose the twitter of a bird, and there the song of a peaceful voice. All seemed full of enjoyment.

It was then that Serena's light bark, like a leaf-branch with its blossom, floated softly over the quiet waters. Then was it, too, that an eye, looking from the gray Ramm with a telescope, directed itself towards the innocent Rosenvik. Bruno sees the little bark push from the shore; guesses whom it bears; and an inexpressible yearning, a mighty desire, fills his soul. That tempestuous heart, which long had beaten in wild disquiet, that scorched-up feeling, which through days and nights of agony had preyed on itself, passed after refreshment and repose. There is a sinuous more burning than that of the African desert; there is a fountain more quickening and thirsted after than those in the oasis of these deserts. Bruno is the pilgrim, consumed with the fire of torturing feeling; Svano is the oasis, in whose bosom bubbles the fresh water of life. For she is there—she, with the pure heart, with the clear, heavenly glance; and in the presence of her, of the gentle woman, in Serena's presence, Bruno yearns after rest, after life—longs—and—sails forth.

"Hast thou entered into the treasure-chambers of the snow? or hast thou seen how the light parath itself? Hast thou entered into the caverns of the sea? Hast thou wandered through the abysses of the deep?"

Well might the unfathomable Creator of nature and the human heart thus ask, and well might the earthly inquirer, like Job, lay his hand on his mouth, and be still. Into the depths of the human heart, more than into any other, it is the Eternal eye alone which can penetrate, and behold how the light springs up, and how night and storm come.

Bruno was like the climate under the Line. A stream of fire went through his soul, and under its influence lay all his feelings. Hence, now, this dead quiet, and then, again, this raging tempest, with its devastating power; hence, also, this luxury of feeling, life, and love, which sometimes bursts forth so mightily, and, like the rapid vegetation of a lava-scorched soil, and like love itself, buries in its breast all traces of violence and offence. And thus it happened, that, in the beauty of the evening, sailing over the quiet waters to the little island, where goodness and peace had now made their home, Bruno gathered a tempest into his bosom, and felt burning sensations pass through his soul like jagged lightnings. A secret wrath against somewhat, an insatiable desire after something, a fever, a torment, flowed fiercely in his bosom. There are words which can annihilate, flames which can make blessed—he stands on the margin of the little island, like the spirit of a volcano.

Serena stood beneath an oak. Above that light and beautiful sera, h-head, the lofty boughs

stretched themselves lovingly. There lay a cloud of sadness on her innocent brow; and, sadly smiling, looked she at Gold-gelb, which, at the inviting tones of her voice, now descended from branch to branch, and finally alighted on her hand. But, suddenly, he flew in alarm away, and Bruno's dark, tall form stood before her. She blushed, trembled, but continued still, and looked up to him with her clear Madonna gaze. Bruno looked on her, and his soul became calmer; that inexpressible pleasure diffused itself over his mind which he never experienced but in her presence. But this feeling fell now like a rose upon glowing coals; for a moment mitigated, in the next, that fire only drew fresh nutriment from it.

"Will you also fly me? Will you, too, cast me from you?" asked he, with his dark, flaming eyes fixed on her. And, as she still gazed on him with an inquiring and troubled look, he said, "Serena! speak to me one friendly word. My soul needs it."

"Friend of my childhood!" said Serena with her angel's voice, and extended to him her hand.

"Oh, Serena!" said he, while he raised her hand to his lips, "hear me, I must speak with you! Seat yourself beside me. You will not? Will you, then, not bestow a moment on the friend of your childhood?"

There was in his look so much of beseeching, so much of anguish, that Serena could not resist it; she seated herself on a moss-covered stone. He placed himself before her on his knees; there was something childlike, something tender and mild, in his whole bearing. He gazed on her, and the fire in his eyes melted into a feeling of inexpressible tenderness; tears glittered there. He spoke not, but on his fine lips lay fiery and sweet thoughts. They opened, and thus he besought her.

"Say *thou* to me, Serena! Oh, say *thou*, as then when we were children! children, happy children; bridegroom and bride!"

Tears bedewed Serena's depressed eyelids, but she hesitated.

"Say *thou*!" implored Bruno, more vehemently, more fiercely. "Serena! good, lovely Serena! call me *thou*!"

Serena hesitated still. Deeply did she feel the consequences of this word and of this moment.

"You will not!" exclaimed Bruno, as he arose. "Serena! then am I totally indifferent to you!"

"Oh, no, no!" replied Serena, deeply moved.

"Not?" began Bruno again, fiercely, and seized her hand. "Oh, Serena! torture me no longer. Leave me not in this rending doubt. Oh, speak! Will, can Serena love me?"

Serena looked at him with tearful eyes, and said, "Yes." Her whole soul lay in this answer.

"Oh, then, must you become mine, heavenly being," exclaimed Bruno, embracing her knees with passionate joy. "Serena, thou wilt, thou must become mine! Tremble not. Spurn me not from thee, noble and adored angel! Obey thy heart, listen to my love, and happiness shall be my lot upon earth. Wherefore tremblest thou? As I was a child, and carried thee about in my arms through the woods of Ramm, and sprang with thee over many a gulf, then thou didst not tremble. Oh! as in the days of my childhood, will I bear thee my whole life through in my arms, and hold thee securely to my bosom. Let every doubt, every uncertainty, vanish in this moment; we will bind fate with our affection. Serena, give me now thy truth! swear to become

mine; swear, that henceforth nothing shall separate us."

"Bruno! Bruno!" said Serena, terrified with his vehemence, "have you forgotten—your mother—my parents?"

"Forgotten? No! I have not forgotten them, nor those customs and usages which lay the life of the heart in bondage. I have not forgotten them; but they bind me not. I acknowledge a higher power than theirs; I know a higher world than that in which they rule and fetter. But I understand thy anxiety. Like the flower on the island here hast thou grown up, till thou hast ceased to feel and believe that there is a world beyond it. But the world is great, Serena; and, for two hearts which beat in unison, there are a hundred open paradises. There are other climes than this in which thou wast born; other religions, other manners; but the sun and love rule everywhere. I have seen this beautiful world. I have seen there the life free from fetters—millions of beings live in this atmosphere of freedom, and obey only the dictates of the heart—"

"And were they happy, Bruno? Were they contented, these beings who had renounced all the commands of Heaven? Were you yourself happy in this world which you extol so highly?"

"Happy! No, that I was not; because I had found no Serena. But now—oh, hear me, Serena! and reflect that my life depends upon thy answer. If everything should oppose itself to our union, wilt thou not yet become mine? Or say, what better can life offer than boundless love? Life, Serena, is poor, is miserable, when love exalts it not. That Almighty Being who implanted in us the necessity of happiness, he has not commanded us to renounce it. He who kindled the leading star of love in the heart, cannot desire that we should condemn its guidance. Serena, I love thee! I will lay my soul in thy hand, and say, 'Do with it what thou wilt, but be mine for ever!' Oh! let me conduct thee out of this narrow corner of the world, where thy life will wither and fade away; let me introduce thee to a life of freedom and joy. Give me thy hand, as thou hast given me thy heart; become, in another country, under a fairer heaven, my wife. Thy path shall be strewn with roses; riches shall be at thy command; thou shalt open thy hand, and make men happy; and I will thank thee for all, for everything, with a love which shall have no counterpart on earth. I will create thee a paradise out of whatever is beautiful in nature, and what is good and joyful in life. Serena; what canst thou there find wanting?"

"Peace," answered Serena, as she arose, and her bosom laboured with desperate emotion; "peace with myself! peace with Heaven!"

"So," said Bruno, slowly, as he also arose, and fixed his flashing eyes with an indescribable expression of scornful reproach on Serena, "so, Serena, thou also art but one of the ordinary tribe of women! Their love is but a house-lamp, a faint and timid flame, which can only burn in a well-closed room. Thou wilt not make me happy—thou wilt not follow the dictates of thy heart, since thou tremblest for thy eternal salvation! Thou wilt not make the slightest offering for him who is ready to sacrifice everything for thee. And this is called virtue! Oh, weak, miserable selfishness! But listen!" and he approached her with a daring wildness: "I will teach thee what love, what true love is! And yet, perhaps, thou dost not understand me, pious maiden! Knowest thou what sacrifice he who

truly loves can make, without a thought? Yes, even his eternal happiness! Oh, that thou wast doomed to the deepest and most fiery gulf of hell! I would, with boundless joy, plunge myself in, that I might be damned with thee, and there, with thee in the bottomless abyss, I would despise the thunders and the felicity of heaven! But thou comprehendest me not; thou knowest not what love is!"

Serena leaned her forehead on her hand; a terrible convulsion raged in her spirit. Night and lightnings alternated there. Ah! Serena knew what true love was, and Bruno's words found an echo in her soul. For a moment its transparency became clouded, and the mighty consequences of this sacrifice were no longer clear in it. In a feeling of inexpressible anguish, she raised her eyes and her clasped hands towards heaven, and spoke as if unconsciously. "They would be miserable; they would get up in the morning and find me not; they would go to bed with tears for their child!"

Bruno saw what was passing in her heart. Demoniac powers took possession of his soul, and they exulted as they saw her waver; and in his eyes were flames, and in his voice a tone, boldly insinuating—before such, angels have fallen!

"Oh, Serena! let no childish weakness misguide thee to belie thy own heart. Be strong, be true to thy love, and confide in me. Be mine, and I will recompense every pain, and I will change every sigh which disturbs thee into happiness. Away with pusillanimous fear! Conquer, my Serena, the ordinary weakness of thy sex. Give me that assurance, that oath which will elevate me above all the changes of fortune, all the menaces of fate; which will confer a home on the banished, blessings on the cursed, and peace on my heart. Oh! my Serena! why hesitate? why waver? Art thou not already mine? Were not our souls united in childhood? Are they not now warmed with one flame? Serena, we are already one! one before him who poured his love into our hearts. Or dost thou believe that they could be separated? Never, Serena! beloved as my own life, thou art mine! mine!"

He had seized her hand; with a passionate and irresistible force he drew her closer to his bosom. There are hidden, marvellous inspirations, through which the tempted, but pure spirit receives strength to triumph over even that which is dearest to it. It was such which sprung up in Serena's soul, and filled it at once with desperation and Divine light. To resist Bruno's power she must tear herself loose from him; and to his words, "Thou art mine, mine!" she answered, shuddering, "No, I love thee not!"

"Thou mayest think so," exclaimed Bruno, with a demoniac smile, "but thou deceivest thyself." He embraced her, pressed his hand on her heart, and proceeded, with a triumphant expression, "Thou lovest me as I love thee! By the beating of this heart, I swear that, if thou refusest me, this love will blanch thy cheek, and misery will become thine. In vain dost thou resist me; in vain dost thou deceive thyself. As certain as thy heart beats beneath my hand, has a higher Power united our fates. Resist it not. It is in vain, Serena; thou art mine!"

Serena stood motionless; her dark eyelashes sunk upon her pale cheeks; fainter and fainter beat her heart beneath Bruno's burning hand; yet, like the whispering of a spirit, clear, soft,

awfully and marvellously penetrating, issued from her lips the words, "No, I love thee not!"

An icy chill went through Bruno's veins. A voice like this, words thus pronounced, he had never yet experienced; and Serena leaned, like a marble image, on his breast, so cold, so still, so—dead. He released her; he gazed on her with a wild dismay. "I love thee not!" repeated Serena, and stepped backward, her cheeks assuming every moment a more deathly paleness, her heart beating ever fainter.

"Serena!" shouted Bruno, with a voice which might have awakened the dead from their everlasting sleep. Serena sighed deeply. "No, I love thee not!" repeated she yet again, with a firmer and clearer tone. Her knees failed her; she would have fallen to the ground if Franziska had not arrived at that moment and received her in her arms.

## BRUNO TO SERENA.

"Yet once more these words! Speak them once again, and no sigh of love or pain, on my part, shall ever disturb your quiet more. But, Serena! if you deceived me, if you deceived yourself in that moment, if your heart abjures the words which your lips spoke, then hear me yet this once. My impetuosity wounded you. Pardon me this, Serena; it is now passed. I am quiet; and, at the same time, this restless, this thirsting heart yearns for the belief that it beats not alone; and, if unworthy of it, will I still believe that I am beloved. I stand on the crisis of my life. Love alone can save me. I have a mother; I have trespassed against her, and she has cursed me. I hope not for reconciliation with her, although I seek it. If this be denied me, shall I then despair, Serena? Will no dear heart bind me fast to life? Will no angel follow me into the wilderness? Oh, Serena! dost thou love me, and hast thou not courage to share my fate? See, I will not adorn the prospect of our future; I will not invite thee to share happiness and joy; I call thee to a participation of sorrow and tears. Perhaps our future may be dark; perhaps thy heart may never find peace on my bosom; perhaps even thy cheeks blanch beneath my kisses; but yet, yet I ask thee, Serena, hast thou not courage, not love enough, with me and for me to suffer? Serena! there are sufferings, sufferings to the death, which are not bitter; which possess their own great, their marvellous enjoyment. Great is the power of love, even to make happy the night of pain. Yet how? When the rejected one breathes peacefully at thy side; when his eye, through thee, raises itself towards a heaven where dwell mercy and love, and when this eye then rests on thee with infinite thanks and blessings—Serena, couldst thou then be unhappy? And if even thy cheek grew pale, if thou leanedst thy head against a bosom which was filled with thee alone; and if in death thy gaze met a look of unspeakable love, which, living only in thee, with thee will be extinguished, and on reawaking seek only thee? Oh, Serena! together to love, to suffer, to enjoy; together to die, to be one here and beyond the grave—this was my dream as I saw thee. Was it a dream? Oh, Serena! was it a dream, which I felt as the reality of my existence, as the solution of its yet uncomprehended enigma? Serena! answer me with the truth which lived so beautifully on thy childish lips—I ask once more, was it a dream? Say, not and be mine. Or repeat your last words."

## SERENA TO BRUNO.

"No, Bruno! I will not repeat those words! They were not the truth. It was the fear of my own weakness which called them forth. If it can do you good, Bruno, if it can be a solace to your heart, then receive my assurance—I love you! To share life and sorrow with you would be happiness for me. But, Bruno, hear this, my last word. I write to you by the bed of my grandparents' rest. They slumber softly; my voice has soothed them to repose. The light of the lamp falls on their reverence-inspiring heads, and illumines their gray hairs. Bruno, here is my post, and I will not move from it, let my heart suffer what it will. To make glad and peaceful the life of the two aged parents who have cherished my childhood, and my whole life till now, that is my office, and my dearest duty. The lamp which enlightens the evening of their days Providence has placed in my hands, and I will protect it faithfully to my last sigh. Oh, Bruno! if you will win me, you must first win these. Only when they can with joy lay my hand in yours, can I joyfully and confidently consent to it. The way to me is through them."

"And if this must be for you a parting salutation, then fare you well, Bruno! God bless you! Wherever your path may lead, think that a true and sympathizing heart follows you with blessings and prayers."

"Bruno! friend of my childhood! I would say something which should give you peace, I fear that you deem me cold and indifferent. That pains me. But I know that there is another and a better world; there will you better read my heart, there will you pardon your SERENA."

## CHAPTER XII.

## FRANZISKA WERNER TO MARIA L.—.

*Rosenwik, August 31st.*

For two days after I last wrote to you we waited in great uneasiness; but, as not the slightest change in the state of *Ma chère mère* was made known to us, Bear proceeded to Carlshof, and spoke sternly to Elsa, so as to make her talk. Then spoke she out plainly, that *Ma chère mère* was very much the same as she was fifteen years ago. She does not sleep of nights, speaks not, eats and drinks next to nothing. She has the room kept dark, sits constantly with her face pressed on her hand, and sighs, sometimes, as if her heart would break. For the rest, she has forbidden Elsa to speak a word to any one concerning her.

"This must not continue!" exclaimed Bear, when he had related these particulars. "It may become a relapse into the old complaint. We must, by some means, break the spell; and this must be done—through thee, Fanay."

"Through me!" I exclaimed, starting back. I am persuaded that I was pale as death.

"Yes, through thee! Thou knowest well, thou seest, that no one stands so well with *Ma chère mère* as thou. No one possesses so much influence over her heart. Use it now. Thou must break through her door, and into her bosom. Yes; thou must do it, and thou must also go as boldly and as circumspectly about it as a thief in the night."

"But the picklock, Bear, the picklock? How am I to pass through her door, and into her more bold heart?"

"Through her doors? Elsa will leave them open for thee. I have spoken with her about it. And how into her heart? Let thy own become warm, and thy tongue will find words which will penetrate through bone and marrow."

"Ah, Bear!"

"And thou must not permit thyself to be frightened away by any hasty expressions, by any angry look. Have courage; be steadfast, strong, and tender. Think on Bruno! Think on the reconciliation of mother and son! Yes, just so must thou look, just so must thou feel, and thou wilt achieve a good work, Fanny; or, at least, wilt force this gloomy pain to effusion, which, if it continues as it is, will conduct her to madness."

Sweet is the voice of flattery, and especially when one hears it from one's better half. I suffered myself to be persuaded to dare the attempt; but courageous was I by no means. To force myself into *Ma chère mère's* chamber, contrary to her most positive command, and to appear before her—hu!

We determined, farther, that Bruno, during my interview, should wait in Jean Jacques's room, so that, if it took an auspicious turn, he might immediately throw himself at his mother's feet. Bear wrote to Bruno on this proposition, who answered merely with these words, "I agree with you, and will be there." The next day was fixed for the fearful interview. No sleep came that night into my eyes, and I was once on the very point of waking Bear, and telling him that I really had not the courage to meddle in the affair. But I heard again the wonderful, sorrowful tones from the unhappy anchorite at Ramm. They sounded imploringly. I recollected Bruno's tears and his prayer, "Reconcile me with my mother!" and I determined firmly to submit myself to Bear's requiring; but I was still in a thousand troubles how I should carry the matter through. "I should say what my heart dictated," said Bear; but my head would also play its part, and act the tutor of the heart, and reject its somewhat uncertain plan, and prescribe speeches with which the heart had nothing to do. So disputed head and heart till the moment that we must set out. My situation was by no means to be envied, but I said nothing to Bear; I would not disquiet him with my own disquiet.

We set out. It was Sunday. The bells rung with such a friendly solemnity through the quiet air. Country people in holyday garb, with prayer-books in their hands, met us on the way. They looked so peaceful, so contented, as they went to the temple of the Lord. I envied them; and the nearer we approached Carlshof, the farther I wished myself from it. As Bear took my hand to help me from the carriage, I trembled in every limb. The cunning Bear said nothing, asked nothing, but only pressed my hand.

Bruno was already with Jean Jacques. I was terrified at his paleness, and at the change in his appearance; but I said nothing. He also was silent. Jane Maria was, as I fancy, somewhat offended, on account of the greater trust which had been put in me, and said something of having "too much self-confidence." Oh, my God! that now I certainly had not. I had rather have been in Mesopotamia keeping sheep than thus to step before *Ma chère mère* as a mediator. After we had talked a while about nothing, and with long pauses between, Bear fixed on me his still, solemn gaze. There was 'legible in it

"Now!" I arose. I regarded myself as a sacrifice. Tremblingly, I made some steps towards the door. Suddenly I found myself in Bruno's arms, who, with his deep, powerfully-penetrating tone, said, "A blessing on thy proceeding! Blessed be the words of peace on thy lips! My life depends upon them!" And the singular man pressed me passionately to his bosom, and his tears fell on my brow. I stood there surprised and moved, as Bruno drew me to him, kissed me, and said, softly and fervently, "God bless thee!"

He did so. From this moment, all fear, all reluctance, left me. I was totally changed. My heart became strong; and with firm and light steps I advanced to the room where *Ma chère mère* sat in her darkness. I threw out no farther plan as to what I should say or do; I left it all to the inspiration of the moment.

Before the door of the cabinet stood Elsa, motionless, silent, and like a mummy. She gave me a sign that she understood my purpose, and wished me success. She had left the door open, and I glided softly into the cabinet. It was empty, dark. The blinds were let down. Softly, I opened the door of the sleeping-room; and, as I entered that great, dark chamber, I was shocked to see *Ma chère mère* lying on the floor. At my entrance, she raised her head, and looked at me with a gaze so wild and disordered that I shuddered. Yet I drew some steps nearer, and said, with a tender uneasiness, "Is *Ma chère mère* unwell?" She raised herself completely on her feet, and the cap seemed to lift itself on her head. She rushed towards me, her nose contracted and pale, her breath whistling, and her whole bearing so menacing that she must have terrified one less brave than I was.

"How canst thou dare to force thyself into my chamber? How canst thou dare to disturb me?" demanded she, wild and stern, as she drew near me.

"I did not find *Ma chère mère* without, and, therefore, I came hither," said I, as composedly as possible, and without giving back a step. She gazed at me a moment, while she seemed to collect herself; after which, she said, quietly, and, as it were, to herself, "I had probably forgotten to bolt the door—stupid!" She went away from me; opened the drawer of a bureau, and appeared as though she would lay something in it which she held in her hand, but she let it fall on the floor, and it rolled towards me. I stooped and took it up. *Ma chère mère* approached me with the expression of a hyena, and wished, I fancy, to snatch it out of my hand; but I regarded attentively the little medallion on which the lovely head of a child was painted, and said, with a degree of ease which I now can scarcely comprehend, "What a beautiful child!"

*Ma chère mère* stood still. She appeared highly excited, yet in a softer mood. She took the medallion gently out of my hand, but held it so that I might observe it with her, and said, "Yes, yes, indeed, a lovely child. Ah! the crown of all children! Dost thou know the name of the boy, Franziska? dost thou know his name? Dost thou know whose child he was? Dost thou know it? dost thou know it?"

She looked, with a keen, inquiring glance, into my face. I was obliged to cast down my eyes before her penetrating gaze, as I answered, "No!" according to the literal truth, though I guessed who it was.

"His name was Bruno," began *Ma chère mère*.

"He was my only son! Mine, mine"—and here she pressed my shoulders together between her hands till I thought she would have crushed them. "He was my only son," continued she, as she withdrew her hands from me and raised them towards heaven: "to-day is the day on which I gave him birth." She was silent; and then proceeing again, as if speaking to herself, and with an expression which rent my soul, "This day three-and-thirty years I gave him birth. With deadliest pangs I gave him life! Oh, that I had died at that moment! for he! oh!—but he was my pride, my proud joy, my boast, my all! He was to me more than God. Oh! the Lord has smitten down my pride—no, not he, but the devil. The devil smote my strength, and took my child. Oh! children give to our hearts life and death." Here she crossed her arms over her breast, and sank her head low, as if crushed to the earth with sorrow. As she raised herself again, she turned to me with a sharp, penetrating look, and said, "Thou knowest what has happened, Franziska. Thou knowest all about him. Deny it not. Thy husband knows it; I see it in the bottom of thy soul!"

I did not deny it; my look spoke for me. I drew near to *Mrs. Chère mère*; my heart was warmed towards her; she laid her hand on my shoulder, and said, "God protect thee, Franziska, from ever suffering what I have suffered; from feeling what I have felt, and what I now feel. God preserve thee from it! Child! child! it is not good, when the heart of a mother is converted into hate against that to which she once gave life, when her bosom must repel that which once drew its nutriment thence!—I tell thee it is not good. What wishes the happy mother for her children? That they may live long on the earth; that they may settle near and dwell around her; that they may receive her last breath, and close her eyelids when her last hour is come. Yes, that wishes she. But what do I wish for my only son? Yes, that!"—and her countenance assumed a terrible expression—"that he may lie deep in the earth, or at the bottom of the sea; that these ears may never hear his voice! Oh, that he were dead, dead, dead!"

I shuddered at these wild and desperate words, and, in the highest state of excitement of mind, the wretched mother proceeded.

"If the son goes from the father's house into the wide world, what does the mother give him to carry with him on his long journey? She gives him blessings; she gives him the best the house contains; and she follows him to the door with tears, and kisses, and names full of love. Yes, this does she; but to my only son gave I my curse. That was all, besides his life, which he carried with him from me into the wide, wide world. I cursed my only child! Seest thou," she continued, with ever-growing wildness, "I had laid upon his head all my love, my honour, my pride—and he heaped shame upon mine. Shame heaped be on the head of his mother. See!"—and she rent the cap from her head, and cast it fiercely on the floor, while the gray, yes, nearly snow-white hair, fell down in waves on her shoulders—"see! grief has strewn its ashes on my hair. Before it was black—but in one night fell snow—it is now become white. The son has bleached the hair of his mother. He caused that the people pointed with the finger at her, and said, 'See! she was the mother of a thief! Ought she not to curse him?'"

"Ah! he was yet so young," I stammered

forth—"he"—I could scarcely speak. *Mrs. Chère mère* heard me not, but went on, addressing rather herself than me. "Yes, my hair became gray; but what did not become gray? my colour, my soul, the whole world! When the curse was pronounced, and the cursed one was gone forth, and no one knew whither—then came a wondrous time. It became dark in me, and I sat in the dark; and days, months, years, went round, and I knew only that all was dark—dark as the crime and the curse! I thought that the spark of life would perish in the darkness; but it was stronger than the darkness, and than care—and I issued from the darkness, and beheld light again. I learned at least to bear. I sought to forget him; I thought—he is dead!"

My tears flowed; my whole soul was broken with emotion; and I exclaimed, "Oh, the unhappy one! He wandered about an outcast, and found, perhaps, neither bread nor a home. He died, perhaps, on foreign ground, and thought of his mother, and yearned to press her hand to his lips, and to receive pardon. And she—oh, the poor—"

*Mrs. Chère mère* was deadly pale, and trembled violently; she seemed with difficulty to breathe. "Franziska!" she said, at length, with a strong voice, "Franziska! cease these unnecessary lamentations! Bread he needed not want. He could work. He was a man, and already, in his growing years, strong as a lion. Home! that he did not seek. His mind drew him towards the wide world, and that has probably yielded him sufficient. But the curse"—here she approached me, while tears trembled in her large eyes, and laid her hand upon my head—"the curse has rent my heart from him. When it was pronounced, I thirsted to call it back again; and I should have done it, Franziska, then, if he had borne patiently the punishment and the penance which his crime demanded. For that purpose I sought him in the night; but he was gone. He fled from forgiveness, and would not deserve it; but I have laid it down on his grave. There it lingers with the sun, and with the flowers, and gives him peace. Yet, sometimes, when the recollection and the anguish seize me, so that my bosom will tear asunder, and it writhes in my bones, and I know not what I do; then, at times, I utter the curse; but, after that, I bless. Or what dost thou imagine that I did, as I lay like a worm before our Lord, the picture of my son pressed to my heart? Thinkest thou that I cursed him? Peace! peace be with the dust!"

"And yet if he should live?" said I, with a feeling I cannot describe; "if he yet live; and, through many sufferings, have atoned for the sin of his youth; if he longs, more than for all the honours of the world, to receive the pardon of his mother, to clasp her once more to his breast?"

"Is it so, Franziska? hast thou heard that he lives?" and her voice trembled; "knowest thou what he seeks and intends? Tell him to come no more to the country which would be ashamed of him; that he bear not the name which he has dishonoured; that he shall not dare to come into the presence of his mother, whom he has covered with disgrace. But tell him that I have revoked the curse. I will transmit him the half of my property to a foreign land. He may write to me, and require what he will; but—on my threshold he shall not set his foot!"

I bent my knee, and embraced hers. "Mother! mother!" I exclaimed, nearly beside myself, "is that Christian? is that right?"

"Stand up!" said she, fiercely. "Not a word more. No one can judge me in this matter. What I have said, I have said; and I forbid thee to speak farther upon it. Speak not of him, if thou wilt not—Thinkest thou that here the question is of apples and pears? I tell thee, it is of reason and madness! Rouse not the evil spirit in me. Away with these remembrances, with these thoughts—away! away!"

I stood up; my heart was tossed with contending emotions; but *Ma chère mère's* wild look and her gestures showed me that now was not the time to give vent to them. Nevertheless, I would not give up all hope. I looked imploringly, with clasped hands, but she turned away from me. "Go," said she, sternly; "our discourse is at an end. I would be alone. Go—I will it!"

I went! My soul full of bitter anguish. *Ma chère mère* bolted the door behind me. As I entered the cabinet, I saw there a man standing with his forehead against the wall. It was Bruno. Terrified, I went to him, laid my hand gently on his arm, and said, in a low voice, "For God's sake, Bruno, what are you doing here, so near—" He turned slowly his face towards me. It was deadly pale; cold perspiration stood on his brow; his look was confused; he gazed at me with a gloomy indifference. But suddenly he collected himself, and, laying his hand on his forehead, rushed out of the room. I followed him and thanked God as I saw Bear meet him, seize his arm, and compel him to be on his guard, that the servants might suspect nothing. With apparent calmness, they left the house together.

I went, in the mean time, to Jean Jacques. I could not let the husband and wife know all that had occurred. I told them, simply, that I had produced no result; that I had not dared to give *Ma chère mère* cause to imagine how near to her her son was, since the very thought of him seemed nearly sufficient to unsettle her reason. Jean Jacques stuck his hands in his coat-pockets, and went up and down the room, saying, "That is devilish, that is devilish. How can any one be so unreasonable?" And then Bruno—I implored him to remain quiet; but as soon as he heard his mother's voice, which, for a moment, was audible here, he was possessed. He tore himself away from Lars Anders, who would have held him, and dashed forth. It was well that he did not go in to *Ma chère mère*. There would have been a pretty 'larum!

Jane Maria, also, could not comprehend how it was that people could not be governed by their reason, but added, that she had anticipated how the affair would end; that she had never looked for any good effect from it.

Neither of them spoke according to my feeling. I longed for Bear; I expected comfort and support from him. At length he came; he was heated, excited, and looked woe-begone. I threw myself on his neck, and wept—I could not do otherwise. He embraced me, and said merely, "We will not let our courage sink, nor give up all as lost; no tree is felled by a single stroke."

"Ah! what shall we do?" asked I, with a deep sigh.

"We will now go home," answered he, "and then we will talk farther about it. The cabriolet is below. Adieu, Jean Jacques; adieu, sister-in-law. Come, Fanny!"

In the cabriolet, I related to Bear all that had passed between *Ma chère mère* and myself. He said merely, "Hum!—hum!" Then we sat silent, but I knew that he thought with me, and

more wisely than I. It did me good to sit silently by his side, as we drove through the whispering wood. The weather was in harmony with my mood of mind. It was become dark; and the boughs of the pines swayed in the wind with a sort of sad disquiet.

"In the mean time," said Bear, consolingly, when we had reached home, "in the mean time, we have won one point. This dangerous state of apathy is broken, and will, probably, for this time, not return. This is a victory which may prepare the way for another. We won't despair. I will see Bruno to-morrow."

"In the mean time," to take up Bear's phrase, I am distressed in heart and soul, and know not what farther to say.

#### FRAGMENT OF A LETTER FROM BRUNO TO ANTONIO.

September 3d.

What is called long life? To drag through unimportant days, without interest and pleasure, and to sink together, by degrees, like a building that is inwardly decayed. No, rather to desire to behold a future, at least a morrow; that is life. A morrow! For me that will probably no more arise. The stream of life has turned itself away from me. Why should I linger in the desert, and thirst? Mother! mother! from thee I am repulsed! It is thou who hast dried up my heart and my world. But this night I will free myself; I will drink revenge. My mother! Is it love, is it hate to her by which I am impelled? I know not. But this night I will stand before her, and burst the ice-rind of her heart; or my brain shall burst, and she shall be covered with my blood. I will awaken in her bosom—remorse! I will call into her eye a tear which shall never dry up again! She will not forgive. So be it; she shall weep. Why should I live? For whom? For what? I have drunken the wild pleasure of life—it disgusts me. To the better and the purer the way is barred; barred by my own mother. Bitter, curse-inspiring feeling! The mother's heart is closed against me; close, therefore, for me, heaven also—the bosom of God. Yes, it must be so, for all the bitterness of the world has gathered itself into my heart. I will avenge myself on my mother! And yet, in this dark moment, a mild, a refreshing sensation slides into my soul. Serena! her beloved image awakes it. She rejects me, but I cannot be angry with her. She renounced my love for the sake of her duty, she left me alone; yet my soul feels but tenderness towards her. That feeling does me good. I will never cause her woe. But as I saw her, so fair, so strong, I saw her still farther withdrawn from me. As the star grows pale in a higher light, so paled she for me, as she approached nearer to the angel. She cannot hold me back, the distance between us is too wide. And should, indeed, my death distress her, she will wrap herself in her white garb of innocence, in her saintly attire of virtue, and remain fixed and still; God is with her. Pure angel, peace be with thee! I may not press thee to my bosom, but, like thy heaven, which is thy heritage, and from which I am exiled, thou wilt, perhaps, look down upon me, and refresh my heart, since no one possesses this power like thee. Farewell! Our paths now separate forever; mine descends into the depths of darkness, thine ascends into the high light. Farewell!

Farewell, too, my dreams! ye dear dreams of a more beautiful life, of reconciliation and love.

Fare ye well, ye tender and loving feelings in my soul, which I have loved and cherished as the better part of myself! And ye tones, which I have awoke on so many nights, in order to answer the inquiries of my soul, to still its torments, sleep, sleep! I will never listen to you again. When I called you forth, I had still hope; now I have none.

No, Antonio, I have no hope. Despair lies in the depth of the question which I will yet once more put to my fate. Farewell, Antonio! Thanks for thy friendship; thanks for this, that, with all my faults, thou hast loved me. Pardon me that which I have done; be at peace with me, as I am with thee.

But thou, my mother! yet no peace with thee. Yet, in this night, I will press a kiss upon thy lips, either of life or of death. In vain dost thou withdraw thyself—thou shalt not escape. Higher Powers are with me—to-night!

### CHAPTER XIII.

FRANZISKA WERNER TO MARIA L.

September 4th and 5th.

Oh, Maria! my dear Maria! what events, what scenes! what changes! How can one night have changed thus everything? But I must relate you all from the beginning. I have looked death in the face, death wild and horrible! Ah! it is still, indeed, near! But I must bring order into my soul and my conceptions.

For two days after my last interview with *Ma chère mère* we heard nothing of her. On the third, Bear drove over to Carlsfors, to learn how matters stood. He found that *Ma chère mère* had been in a high state of excitement, and most restless mood of mind. During the night she had been heard going to and fro in her chamber, almost incessantly; during the day she had wept bitterly. She was now somewhat more composed; she received Bear kindly, asked how his wife was, came into the drawing-room to tea, and appeared by degrees to resume her wonted manner.

The relation of her sufferings moved me. I almost longed to see her again, and to hear a friendly word from her; and I felt an actual delight, as, early next morning—it was the 3d of September—I received a little kind note from her, in which she said that in the forenoon she intended to drive to the city to purchase various "*Krimtrams*," and made me the proposal to bear her company. If I agreed, she would call upon me, and, in the evening, deliver me safe at home again.

I wanted to buy myself some funnels and a sieve, and accepted the offer with all my heart, after I had said a few words with Bear, and had promised him a good dinner at home, though I should not have the pleasure of seeing him eat it. Bear did not look at all despairing about it, embraced me, and proceeded in the cabriolet to the city, where we hoped to meet.

It was not without some uneasiness and perplexity that I now thought of seeing *Ma chère mère* again. How could it stand between us, after the last violent scene? What should I say? How should I look? From this uncertainty I was relieved by *Ma chère mère's* arrival. She did not leave the carriage, but, as I got in, she reached me her hand, with a serious, but open countenance, drew me to her, bent back my bonnet-bow, and kissed me on the forehead and mouth with great tenderness. This did me good, and

from that moment I felt all restraint was gone. Yet I was in a sad mood. *Ma chère mère* was still; the day gloomy, the air heavy. No one can say that our drive was cheerful. At the spot where the road to Ramm branches off, *Ma chère mère* turned her head in the other direction. My heart was stirred within me by this sign of an irreconcilable feeling; but, as she soon after put to me some important question, I was so struck with her ghastly paleness that I could not be angry with her, but I was so grieved that I was on the very point of weeping. So reached we the city.

"In the widow of Pastor Rhen," said *Ma chère mère*, as soon as we had got through the city gate, "thou wilt make acquaintance with a very imp of housekeeping." We descended at Madame Rhen's, where *Ma chère mère* has always, when she is in the city, a kind of inn. One cannot see the widow of Pastor Rhen without immediately feeling that she is friendliness, hospitality, and talkativeness combined; and one cannot see her daughter Renetta without thinking that the apple falls not far from the tree. One cannot see her arrangements for *Ma chère mère* without perceiving that *Ma chère mère* is, in her eyes, a great puissance, which she equally fears and loves. For her sake, I also was treated with zealous cordiality; and the good Renetta had nearly strangled me, as she took off my cloak with so much vigour, the ribands having, by my awkwardness, been drawn into a knot.

Madame Rhen had been a kind of housekeeper with *Ma chère mère*, who had betrothed and married her to the pastor, who suffered himself, in this matter, to be led by her as by his fate. Whether he had to repent it I know not. Madame Rhen was now a well-to-do widow, who placed her joy and honour in being able to entertain *Ma chère mère* when she came there, by whom she was always bluntly and plainly called "Rhen."

The kindness of Rhen and Renetta, the neat, clean room, with two little, lovely pictures, representing children playing with animals, impressed me with a very agreeable feeling. The beautiful Smaland cheese and a glass of Malaga, which were immediately set on a snow-white cloth, tasted most excellent. After our refreshment, *Ma chère mère* and I set out on our round of business. It had cleared up; the air was charming; and within me all had become more and more cheerful. There awoke in my soul I know not what glad hope; and, as the sun broke through the clouds, it seemed to me as if there could be no irremediable misfortune, and no irreconcilable hearts—I felt as if all must turn out well. Well, my dear Maria, I am like a string-instrument, perhaps a little too easily moved. But like me as I am. I like Byron, because he calls the heart "a pendulum betwixt a smile and a tear."

In the city was much throng and stir. It was market-day, and the great market-place was full of people, wagons, and carts. It delighted me thoroughly to behold the joyous swarm; it delighted me to meet Bear in the city; I promised myself a moment's time to call on Serena. All presented itself to me as lively and pleasant. The smell of the fresh hay diffused itself fragrantly from the peasant's wagons. Here the peasant lifted his smoked ham to the nose of a stopping connoisseur; there a good woman vaunted her fresh butter; here heaps of carrots lay sorted from heaps of red beet, whose fellows still lay in

green hampers; there people sold pears for a *heller* apiece. There was a hum of blithe voices, of gossip and laughter; and among men, horses, and wagons, hurried about a brisk flock of sparrows, twittering here and there throughout the market, gathered the scattered manna, flew up with a whisk when a heavy fellow trod near this light troop, and then, as unweariedly, dropped themselves down again. Women, well armed with wits and tongue, sat in rows before the houses and in the market-place, with their meal-tubs, their great loaves, their baskets of pears and pastry, and rated keenly the street lads, who, as they went by, sought to indemnify themselves for their want of money with pert sayings. A spirit of joke came over me. Before me stood a ragged little boy with a good countenance, who regarded the riches of the market with a philosophical whistling. Behind him, upon a step, stood his empty basket, over which a net was thrown. I filled this dexterously with sugar-pears, and the old woman of whom I bought them lifted the net cautiously up herself, and nodded to me that she understood the whim. The youngster will long wonder to himself how these pears came there. Farther on stood a horse tied up to a window shutter, and stretched his lean head out towards some chaff, but could not reach it. I took a famous lock out of the cart and gave it to the horse, while I looked round, half in fear, at the proprietor. *Ma chère mère* laughed, and gave him another lock. The horse ate.

"Good mother, why do you tempt me with your fine plums? I must have a half measure. Here, pour them into my handkerchief. But the money! Oh, I have no small change."

The good mother must go into a shop to get change; but who shall sell the pears and plums, meanwhile? I will. The old woman goes; I set myself on her stool, sell fruit, and take money. I have no customer so difficult as *Ma chère mère*, who will have an immensity for her money, and mercilessly beats me down, and runs down the quality of my goods. I answer as well and as roughly as I can. Finally, the good woman comes back with the change, and is so satisfied with my management of her property, that I must take a quarter of a measure of plums for my services.

You will wonder at *Ma chère mère's* patience with all this. But this sort of thing delights her; and one of her qualities, which makes her so agreeable to me, is the hearty and pleasant way in which she enters into any innocent joke.

But the time fled. The clock of the church struck twelve. We must hasten, if we mean to get our business done before dinner. I glanced towards every gateway and street-corner to discover Bear, but in vain. We entered some shops, looked at various things, but bought nothing. *Ma chère mère* scolded the masters of the shops for their bad articles; they tried to raise their voices in their defence, but she raised her voice above theirs, and put them down. The clock struck one. *Ma chère mère* said, "We must not let Rhen's soup get cold." We set out back again, I quite out of humour not to have found Bear; but, in passing through the next street, what beheld I at the corner? a sight to me a thousand times more delightful than an enchanted castle and bountiful fairies—a broad, gray back, beyond all power of mistake, that of Bear. I sprang softly on him, held him fast, and said, "You shall not get away, you Bear! I take you captive. You come with me."

"And dine with us at Rhen's, and do not go away again till afternoon," added *Ma chère mère*.

Bear was not difficult to be persuaded, took the arm of his little wife, and walked with her to Madame Rhen's, giving her a moral sermon on her presumption in acting the policeman. But, though he joked, I could see that he was not glad.

Rhen and Renetta ran busily about to bring up the dinner as we entered. As they spied Bear, they sprang in raptures upon him, and their joy mounted to the very roof, at having the company of the good and cordial-hearted man. We sat down to table. The dinner was excellent, my appetite was equally so; the hostesses were pressing and communicative; I had passed a merry morning, and would fain still be cheerful, but there sat Bear with so solemn a face that it troubled me. I saw that he had Bruno in his head and heart. He now also entered mine, and all my lightness of spirit vanished; yes, I reproved myself, that I could have been so gay. Bear looked at *Ma chère mère* frequently, with a grave and piercing notice, and I observed that she sought to avoid his gaze. This power of his over her gave me pleasure. But at once she stared at him with her great dark eyes so keenly, that he was obliged to sink his little gray ones, and I could not help internally smiling at this skirmish of glances.

Immediately after coffee, Bear left us, in order yet to visit some patients, and would thence drive home. I accompanied him into the hall, since one could not enjoy any quiet in the presence of Rhen and Renetta. "Bear, thou art restless and sad," said I, anxiously, and took his hand. "I have seen Bruno to-day," he replied, "and am very much afraid that the whole business will have an unfortunate termination." "Good God!" I exclaimed. "Yes, may He help us," said Bear, "for here none else can. Bruno seems to contemplate a desperate experiment. What he has got in his head I could not drag from him. And I would not farther restrain him from battling out his own concern. What cannot be bent must sometimes be broken. But go in now, Fanny, go in. More in the evening. In the evening I shall see thee again."

Bear's words had troubled my whole soul, and the feelings of my mind were visible in my countenance, for *Ma chère mère* asked me, eagerly, if I were unwell; and my hostess exclaimed that I was so pale, so very pale. I complained of dizziness; and, in fact, everything went round with me.

Madame Rhen knocked at the window, then opened it, and cried, "Good madame! good madame!" Two gentlemen looked back, and a youth came to the window. "Madame!" said she, still louder; "madame! Ah! ah! yes, it was Madame Follin—bear you, good madame; here is a two-dollar banco; take it, be so good, and run to Bergström's and ask him for a little of his best *eau de Cologne* for Madame Rhen. There will be one dollar four-and-twenty out of it. Thank you kindly, good madame."

My hostess overwhelmed me now with kindness, *liqueur*, and perfumed water; begged me to sit by the window, and to divert my mind by looking into the street. I thanked her for her goodness, but said that the free air would soonest relieve me. *Ma chère mère* arose directly, and we went out.

We spent more than two hours with going about, and in the shops. *Ma chère mère* made me a present, far too splendid for me, but the

heartfelt expression in her countenance and manner made it dear to me. I purchased some trifles for Bear which he needed, but which he always forgot to procure for himself. We had promised to take tea with Madame Rhen; *Ma chère mère* would not allow me to give it up; and I saw, with regret, that we should not have time to see Serena. On our return to Madame Rhen's, we crossed the great market-place, which had been so lively in the forenoon. It was now deserted; and while strewn with the litter of past business, and with the birds, *Ma chère mère* was quite indignant that the besoms were not at work, and declared that she would speak to the mayor about it.

A single hay-wagon stood in a corner of the market-place, about which a multitude of people were assembled. *Ma chère mère* stood still, and asked some one, who came from the wagon, "What there was there?" "A great wolf, which had been shot," was the answer. "We must see that," said *Ma chère mère*, advanced, and made a way through the people, who, as soon as they recognised her, made room for her. I followed her, like a little boat in the wake of a frigate. When we reached the wagon, we saw there an unusually large and fine wolf. There was a strong pressure around us, but *Ma chère mère* protected me by putting her powerful arm about me, and turning herself, at the same time, to the people, said, "Don't crowd so!" which was immediately repeated by numerous voices, and we obtained ample room. The peasant to whom the wagon belonged related, in reply to *Ma chère mère*, how he had gone out early in the morning with his gun, and saw two young wolves on the border of the wood, which had laid themselves on some litter under a fir-tree. He drew near, and took aim at them. At the same moment their mother sprang out of the wood with a fierce howl, and placed herself before them. He fired, she fell, and the young ones ran off into the wood. The man hastened to the wolf; she struggled with death; and a second shot put an end to her, and he joyfully dragged his booty home. I saw that the tongue of the creature hung far out on one side, and, as I alluded to that, the countryman showed me that the tongue was nearly bitten off. She had probably done it in the agony of death, he added. For the first time I felt pity for a wolf; and I could not refrain from stroking the head of the fine animal, and saying softly, "Good mother!" "Let us go, Franziska," said *Ma chère mère*, abruptly, and we made our way back as we had made it thither. *Ma chère mère* looked gloomy; and, as we went over the market-place, I could not omit saying—for my heart was moved—"What a fine feeling must live in animals, which man considers to stand so far beneath him! A wolf dies for her young!"

"The young of the wolf," said *Ma chère mère*, in a bitter tone, "had occasioned their mother no grief; she had died in her pride of them. Better to die with a bitten tongue than live with a torn heart." We were both silent. Presently we came to a little green, on which fine poplars reared their quivering pyramids. The sun, in its setting, burnished them with deep gold, and a number of little birds filled them with the music of their songs. Seats were here placed, that the passers-by might enjoy their shade. On one of those benches sat two persons, who attracted our attention; one of them was an aged woman, evidently poor, but of a good-natured countenance, and dressed with extraordinary neatness. Near

her sat a man, equally neatly clad, with a long, pale face, hanging lips, and the aspect of one of weak intellect. *Ma chère mère*, who possesses a tolerable portion of curiosity, approached them. As we drew near, we saw that the man was blind. "Is that your brother, good woman?" asked *Ma chère mère*. "My son," answered the woman, with a sigh. "Son! how old is he?" "Twenty-five years." He looked fifty. "He is blind, and, as I fancy, also deaf," continued *Ma chère mère*. "Blind, and deaf, and dumb," answered the mother. "How long has he been in this condition?" "Since his birth." "Has he any sort of ideas?" "That is difficult to perceive; one must guide, feed, tend, and watch him, like a child; but sometimes he weeps, and sometimes he laughs." "What makes him laugh?" "When he comes out into the air he is cheerful and laughs, and when I caress him long. Thank God, he knows me!" Hereupon she began kindly to stroke the cheeks of her son, and to pat him on the shoulder. He smiled, on that, with increasing liveliness and gladness, and his countenance assumed almost an expression of reason. "Is he sometimes ill-humoured?" "Yes, often; and then he is quite raging. But still he has a good heart. He sleeps very little by night, and then is accustomed to grope his way round to the beds of his sister's children, and to feel whether they are covered. If they have thrown off their bedclothes, he spreads them carefully over them. He is especially careful of the sister's little daughter; and when he perceives her cry, he is beside himself."

"You must, therefore, be obliged to keep him in your eye more than all your other children!" "Yes, of necessity. They have understanding, but he has only me. I can very rarely leave him."

At this moment the deaf and dumb made some horrible sounds; they were a kind of howl, but the howl of a wild beast is nothing to such as these. Tears started from the blind eyes, and copiously wet his face, which, besides this, showed no expression of pain. The poor wretch wiped them away with his hands.

"And this has continued for twenty-five years, and may continue yet longer!" asked *Ma chère mère*, with a tone of voice which made evident how deeply it had seized on her mind. "Are you not tired, good woman?"

"No; with the help of God shall I never be tired with my child, but patiently await the time when it shall please the Lord to release us. May I only not die before him!"

"What is your name, good woman?"

"Margaret Beck, widow of Beck the joiner."

"Good-morning, Madame Beck. God bless you! We shall meet again."

*Ma chère mère* went on, while she said, half aloud, to herself, "Twenty-five years!"

I said nothing, but hoped within myself that this circumstance might not be without its effect upon her own heart. We walked on for some time silently and slowly, and *Ma chère mère* looked hastily up, appeared to rouse herself out of her reverie, and, half reproachfully, half briskly, said, "Thou movest like a tortoise, Franziska, and thus we go dreaming away our time. We must now hasten to Rhen's and drink our tea quickly, that we may not have to reach home in the dark."

But to get away quickly from Madame Rhen and her tea was impossible. There was no end of handling and pressing on you of biscuits,

cracknels, tea-cakes, and ginger-bread; and the good old lady now began even to talk of supper, and said she had purposely ordered a good fat turkey, and hoped that Madame Mansfeld would consent to stay, and not give her the disappointment of seeing her little preparation was fruitless. I expected to see it at once declined by *Ma chère mère*, but, to my great astonishment, she answered neither yes nor no; and, as Madame Rhen began to speak, in her zeal, of a clear evening and moonlight, and, I verily believe, of sunshine and the Northern Lights, *Ma chère mère* said, at length, with great coolness, "Well, well, we will see." Madame Rhen took this as an acquiescence, gave Renetta a hint, and followed her herself into the kitchen. I seized this opportunity to tell *Ma chère mère* of my fear of our driving home in the dark; but, when I turned towards her, I saw her sitting with her elbows on the table, and her face covered with her hands, in one of those fits of melancholy of which I had so often heard, but till now had never been an eyewitness of. I neither would nor dared to disturb her, and we both sat profoundly silent till Madame Rhen entered with lights, accompanied by Renetta, who brought in the roast, and preserved cherries. *Ma chère mère*, on this, changed her position, but continued gloomy and silent. I myself was by no means talkative, but the lively hostess did not concern herself on that account. She and her daughter talked away incessantly, told stories, interrupted each other, and mutually drowned each other's voices in their eagerness. All the gossip, all the little intrigues of the city were touched on, and drawn out into long histories. I could not help being amused by some of these, and I was more than once obliged to laugh, as well at the zeal of the relaters as at the relations themselves, which, on this, went on more vigorously than ever. I know not whether *Ma chère mère* heard anything of all this, or not; her thoughts seemed to me to be internally directed, and I wondered to see her address herself so effectually to the turkey, and finally, with some heavy phrases, commend Rhen's supper.

I was thoroughly wearied of all the eating and the talk. I longed to be at home, and with Bear, and said, "God be thanked!" as we were once more seated in the carriage. In the mean time it was become very dark; and, instead of the lights and shines which Madame Rhen had promised us, the heaven had put on a gray mantle of cloud, which did not permit even the faintest glimpse of a star to pass through. But on the western horizon it lightened strong and frequently, although without thunder. It was what is called sheet lightning. *Ma chère mère* took the reins from the boy, who sat behind, where we soon heard him snore.

The evening was warm and still; and this drive, by the radiance of the lightning, would not have been disagreeable to me, but I was in an anxious mood, and, besides this, somewhat fearful; for the darkness was sometimes so deep that we could not distinguish the way, and *Ma chère mère* had not her accustomed vigilance. She appeared to be in an excited state of mind, and often lifted her handkerchief to her face. This her uneasiness did me good, but at the same time filled me with disquiet as it regarded our progress. We went, however, securely on, if not at the quickest pace; and, notwithstanding my fear, notwithstanding all uneasy and anxious thoughts, by the slow driving and easy rocking of the carriage I became, at last, very sleepy. I nodded, and

dreamed I know not how long, but was suddenly awakened by a violent shock from the carriage striking against some stump or stone. I looked round—we were in a dark and thick wood. My spirits sunk. It seemed to me that we had driven already long enough to have reached home.

"It is to be hoped that we are really on the right way," said I, doubtingly. "It appears to me that we must have driven quite long enough. I hope we haven't gone wrong."

At these words *Ma chère mère* seemed to wake out of a dream; and said, sharply, and as somewhat offended, "Make yourself easy, dear child, when I drive. Ought not I and my horses to know the way that we have traversed so often? We have gone it together these fifteen years, and have never missed our way yet."

She let the horses feel the whip, and they went quicker. I was still anxious, and fancied, by the light of the somewhat clearer sky, that all around us looked strange and wild. "I cannot conceive where we can be," said I, at length, unable any longer to conceal my uneasiness. "I cannot recognise anything around us. A wood so lofty and thick as this there certainly is not on the way to Carlsfors."

"Don't be a fool, Franziska," said *Ma chère mère*, quite out of temper, "and don't see ghosts where there are none. By night the wood appears twice as high and as thick as by day. I cannot exactly see where we are, but I observe that my animals scent home and their stable. They never run thus but when we are near Carlsfors; and hark, how they snort! See, are we not in the great avenue? Yes, certainly, we are just there. I fancy I see the house itself glimmer out yonder."

We were now certainly in an avenue. *Ma chère mère* put on the horses, and they flew every moment more rapidly forward. Now came one great and tremendous blaze of lightning, which lasted some seconds; and by its light reared itself, like a gigantic spectre, out of the blackness of the night, a huge and gloomy house, not Carlsfors, but—Ramm! Ramm, with its Jark façade, and its great wings, lay before us in the glare of the lightning. It stretched, as it seemed, its threatening arms towards us; and every instant we were drawn nearer and nearer towards it.

I looked with terror at *Ma chère mère*. She sat as if changed to stone. Her gaze was fixed and staring; the reins dropped from her hands. All was night again, but only for a few seconds. Again came a flash so great and vivid, that trees, bushes, and buildings, appeared all in flame. In this moment stood a tall, dark figure suddenly before us. The horses, terrified, and no longer restrained by a guiding hand, flew right and left, and over lawn and shrubbery, dashed downward towards the lake, which shone out by the lightning-gleam clear among the trees.

With convulsive hands *Ma chère mère* endeavoured to recover the reins, which had fallen. I screamed, "Help! help!" with all the force of my desperation. Then sprang some one before the horses and seized the reins. I saw the horses rear; saw some one struggling with them—by the glare of the now incessant lightning I recognised Bruno. I saw him thrown down by the horses; it seemed to me that they went over his body; more I saw not, for I lost my consciousness.

When I came to myself again, I found myself in *Ma chère mère's* arms. I saw her pale countenance.

seance over me; its expression of anguish and tenderness I shall never forget. "God be praised! she recovers!" said *Ma chère mère*, and impressed a motherly kiss on my forehead. A lofty rotunda arched itself above us, lighted by a lamp from above. A tall and very dark woman, whom I had never before seen, stood near me, and handed me a strong cordial. My senses were confused, and I could not recall into my memory what had just now occurred; but, in this darkness of thought and of vision, I sought for Bruno. In the gloomiest corner of the chamber stood—was it the bloody spectre which my terrified imagination had evoked? or was it an actual human shape? My eyes fixed themselves inquiringly upon it; it came forward—it was Bruno! But, gracious heavens! what a spectacle! Blood streamed down from his brow, and down upon his naked breast; his clothes were torn to rags; his cheeks were deadly pale; wild disquiet burned in his eyes; in the strongly-contracted eyebrows lightning seemed to conceal themselves, and desperate determination pressed the lips together. He approached us. At a hint from him that strange woman withdrew, and we three were left alone. I tore myself from *Ma chère mère's* arms, and sat upon the sofa. My whole consciousness was come back; my whole soul was vehemently on the stretch, and, with the most indescribable anxiety, I observed both mother and son, who now stood face to face. Their looks seemed to pierce through each other. *Ma chère mère* seemed to be smitten with the wildest amazement, and stepped a little backward. Bruno stepped a step forward, and said, slowly, and as with a benumbed tongue, "You are rescued. God be praised! And for me now only remains to die, or to win forgiveness! My mother! my mother!" exclaimed he at once, as if an angel had loosened tongue and feeling, while, with a heart-rending expression, he sank down and embraced her knees. "My mother, wilt thou not pardon? Wilt thou not bless thy son? Take the curse from my brow. Mother! I have suffered much. I have wandered about without peace; I am destitute of peace yet; peace can never be mine while I am thrust from thy bosom. I have suffered; I have suffered much; I have repented; I can and will atone. But then you must pardon, you must bless me, mother. Mother, take away the curse! Lay a blessing on my head! Mother, will you not stanch the blood which flows on your account? See, mother!" and Bruno raised his clotted locks, through which deep and streaming wounds were visible. "See, mother, if thou wilt not lay thy hand here in blessing, I swear, by God! that this blood-stream shall never cease till my life has welled out with it, and has sunk me to the grave, on which alone thou wilt lay thy forgiveness. There, there, first shall I find peace. Oh, mother! was an error in young and wild years, then, so unpardonable? Cannot a later life of virtue and of love make atonement? Mother! cast me not off! Let the voice of thy son penetrate to thy heart! Bestow on me forgiveness, full forgiveness!"

Overcome by my feelings, I threw myself on my knees to Bruno, and cried, "Pardon! pardon!"

What during this time, passed in *Ma chère mère's* heart, I know not. It seemed to be a contest of life and death. She moved not; with a fixed and immovable gaze, she looked down at the weeping one, and convulsive twitches passed across her pale lips. But, as his voice ceased, she

lifted her hand and pressed it strongly against her heart. "My son! oh!" said she, with a hollow voice. She sighed deeply; her countenance became yellow, her eyes closed, she reeled, and would have fallen to the ground, if Bruno had not sprung up and caught her in his arms.

He stood a moment still, his mother pressed to his bosom, and gazed on her countenance, over which death had shed his awful peace. "Is it thus," said he, in a quiet distraction, "is it thus, then, we are reconciled, mother? Thus thou restest on the bosom of thy son, and he on thine? Thou art pale, my mother, but peaceful, and lookest kind—kind as God's propitiation. It was not thus that I saw thee the last time; but the hour of wrath is over—is it not so, my mother? The grave has opened itself, and we go down there reconciled, and heart to heart; one in my last hour, as we were one at my first sigh!" And he kissed her pale lips and cheeks with passionate tenderness.

"Bruno! Bruno!" I exclaimed, imploringly, and, weeping, seized his arm. "Bruno, you kill your mother and yourself, when you go on in this manner. Come, we will lay her on a bed. We must endeavour to recall her to consciousness; we must bind your wounds."

Bruno made no answer, but took his mother in his arms and carried her into another room, where he laid her softly down upon a bed. "Hagar!" he called; and that tall, dark woman immediately stepped in. She threw herself at his feet; weeping, kissed his hand; and addressed him passionately and imploringly, in a language which I did not understand. He thrust her sternly from him; and I understood that he commanded her to exert herself for *Ma chère mère*. She obeyed, with sobs and tears. I saw that Bruno staggered, and supported himself against the wall. I went to him.

"Bruno," said I, "for your mother's sake, think of yourself. You must allow your wounds to be bound up."

He seized a light sofa, and drew it forward, so that it stood just opposite to the bed on which his mother lay, and threw himself upon it. His head lay opposite to hers, and he fixed his eyes upon her. Hagar and I came between them. In broken Swedish, and in great agitation of mind, Hagar said to me, "Bind, bind up his wounds, or he dies!"

I folded a cloth, dipped it in cold water, and said to Bruno, "For your mother's sake, let me bind your wounds as well as I can, or you will bleed to death." I was proceeding, but he held my hand back, and said, with a tone whose severity strongly reminded me of his mother, "It cannot be done. She has not yet forgiven me—not yet blessed me. My blood shall not, till then, be stanch'd! I have sworn to it."

To persuade Bruno was not to be expected; I therefore directed all my attention to *Ma chère mère*. But for a long time all my endeavours to restore her to consciousness were in vain. It was a moment of unspeakable agony. I feared that actually mother and son would follow one another to the grave.

"If we could but get her bled," said I.

"That can be done," replied Hagar, and ran out.

Nearly in the same instant *Ma chère mère* opened her eyes, and fixed them sharply on me. "Where is he?" demanded she, eagerly; "I have not dreamed!"

"He is here," I answered; "he is near; he is

bleeding to death, while he awaits the blessing of his mother."

"Where is he?" demanded she again.

I stood near her pillow; I stood between mother and son; and, instead of answering her question, I drew myself back, and their eyes met each other. A beam of heavenly light, of ineffable love, kindled in them; and in it melted their souls into one. She raised herself with energy, and stretched out her hand with the warmest expression of maternal feeling, while she said, "My son, come hither; I will bless thee!"

He stood up. The tall, gigantic man staggered like a child, and sunk on his knees by the bed of his mother. She laid her hands on his bloody head, and said, with a strong voice, and a deep solemnity, "I take away the curse which I once laid on the head of my son. I bestow on him my full forgiveness. May the man atone for the error of the youth. Let the past be as if it had never been. I acknowledge that I owe my life to my son; and I pray God Almighty to bless thee, my son, Bruno Mansfeld, as I bless thee now. Amen!" With that, she opened her arms; he clasped his round her; bosom was pressed to bosom, lip to lip; they held one another in a long and close embrace. Every breath seemed to be full of reconciliation, of love, and happiness. Fifteen years of bitter pangs were, in this moment, recompensed and forgotten. I stood near them, and wept for joy and thankfulness.

Hagar's return interrupted this moment of pure transport. Bruno again kissed, with deep love, the hand of his mother, then arose, and cried out, joyfully, "Now bind my wounds! Stop the blood! I have my mother's blessing!"

He seated himself, and let us do just what we pleased, and was good and quiet as a friendly child. Hagar attended on him with great skill, and succeeded in stopping, in some measure, the flow of blood. In the mean time, I procured writing materials, and hastened to send a note to Bear, to inform him of what had taken place. The whole house was in motion, and it was easy to find a messenger, who betook himself immediately across the lake to Rosenvik. I then returned again to the reconciled ones. Bruno's wounds were bound up. He was very pale, but still, and his countenance had an expression of peace and happiness which I saw for the first time in it. *Ma chère mère*, on the contrary, appeared powerfully excited, although she endeavoured to be quiet. Her whole frame trembled, as with excessive cold, but her eyes were mild and tender; she scarcely ever removed them from her son.

"Hear, now, what I have to beg of you," said I to them both. "If you would live for each other, you must consent to separate for a short time, and must each endeavour to get some rest. Bruno, cannot you allow yourself to be conducted to the next chamber? Won't *Ma chère mère* oblige her Franziska?"

But *Ma chère mère* answered, "Who knows how long mother and son have yet to live? It may soon be all over; separate us not."

"Separate us not," replied Bruno, with a faint voice.

"But, at least, you must take something composing. Why would you not live for one another?"

Hagar put a vial containing an opiate into my hand. *Ma chère mère*, however, refused to take any; Bruno put it to his mouth and drank.

He must have been accustomed to this means of stupefaction.

"I will willingly remain alone with my son," said *Ma chère mère*. "When he sleeps, I will watch over him. I have done it formerly, and in this very room. Thod, Franziska, needest rest. Go, my child, and endeavour to sleep. But hear: first let it be seen that my bays are well cared for. A greater service than they have rendered me to-night they have never rendered me these fifteen years. Do that, Franziska. Good-night, my child."

I went out and saw that *Ma chère mère*'s commands were executed. The bays were eating their oats in their stalls; the little lackey sat in the kitchen with a great piece of bread and butter in his hand. From him I heard a long and not very lucid relation of how the carriage had been on the very point of upsetting into the lake; how the strange gentleman had been so much hurt by the horses, but yet had mastered them; how *Ma chère mère* had carried me into the house, &c. After I had heard all this, I took a cup of coffee, and ordered that a cup should be taken to *Ma chère mère*, who loves coffee.

Refreshed by this warm and inspiring beverage, I went—not to bed. No, I was far too much excited, too restless; and felt an indescribable desire to breathe the free air, and to see God's heaven. I saw it. I thought I had never beheld it more beautiful; oh! it expanded itself now over reconciled and happy hearts. It was cloudy, but the clouds were growing momentarily thinner, and through them glanced the friendly blue, and the air was indescribably pure and mild. I seated myself on the great stone steps, and thought on the reconciled ones. Sanguine flames flew up from the horizon, and flushed the gray clouds; these mirrored themselves ruddily in the lake, and the windows of the dark house became illuminated, one after another, as with an incarnadine light, by the glow of the morning-red. A soft wind went sighing through the lofty oaks, and bending their lofty heads. All besides was still. Thus sat I long, and felt deep enjoyment; thought much, and lived over much, in these moments. Never had existence appeared to me so beautiful and full of interest; never had I more intensely loved, more confidently believed in the operation of a Divine Power in life; never had I enjoyed more exalted being than in this hour. I shall never forget it! I thought of Bear with tenderness and pride. I felt myself happy to live for him. I thought on the future; and marvellous feelings, presentiments full of joy and sorrow, arose in my soul; later may I, perhaps, speak farther of them.

I perceived the approach of some one behind me. I turned, and on the steps beheld Hagar, who, with an expression of great anxiety, her hands crossed on her bosom, drew near me, and, in her broken Swedish, asked, "What think you? Will he live? Say, oh say that he will live!"

"I believe—I hope it," I answered. "My husband is a physician; he will soon be here, and will devote all his care to him."

Hagar left me, wound her naked arms round one of the granite columns of the portico, and pressed her brow against it. When she had stood thus for a moment, she raised her head and looked towards the east, where the morning-red now burned in all its glory. I had not before regarded Hagar attentively. I did it now, and was astonished at her beauty. She was no longer young, and the features were too marked,

but they were of the purest form; though the voluptuous and full lips reminded one too much of the characteristic, and, to my taste, unpleasant peculiarity of the Hebrew form of countenance. The dark hue of the face was now illumined by the roseate fire of the morning sun; the black and uncovered hair fell neglected on the shoulders. I forgot, for a moment, everything else in the observation of this figure, which seemed grown into union with the granite pillar. The expression of the countenance was full of passion and grief.

After some moments, Hagar left her position and approached me. "Believe you," asked she, stretching her arm towards the east, "believe you that He who causes that light to ascend also hears the prayers of men?"

"Yes, I believe it," I replied, with quiet confidence.

"And answers them?"

"When they proceed from a pure heart, and He, in his wisdom, finds it good."

Hagar was silent for a moment, bowed her head, and said, "If you have a clean heart, pray for him who bleeds within. Pray that he may live."

"You take a warm interest in him," said I, not without curiosity. "You are, perhaps, nearly connected with him; or—"

She cast a penetrating look at me, and then said, with an expression full of pride and pain, "Hagar was a handmaid. At one time she was loved by her master, and for his sake she forsook all, and went forth with him into strange, cold lands; then cast he her off for another woman; but her heart was true to him, and, in the wilderness into which she was cast forth, she prayed for him to the Lord of heaven."

"Hagar," said I, taking up her words, "was not alone in the wilderness. When she turned in her affliction to God, he commanded a well of fresh water to spring up for her."

Hagar shook her head in a mournful skepticism, laid a finger on her mouth, while with the other hand she pointed to the house, and left me in haste.

I was in the act to follow her, for I found the air now to become colder, but I continued standing; for—for—what thinkest thou I perceived now in the avenue, whipping and trotting this way on a panting steed, fluttering through the wood like a great fly-flap? No other than my good, longed-for Bear! I scarcely dared believe my own eyes, since it was impossible that the messenger could already have arrived; and, besides, why came he so miserably mounted, and not perfectly at his ease, in a boat over the lake? I was ready to dispute the evidence of my own eyes, but he came continually nearer; it was impossible longer to doubt. He dismounted, and I flew towards him, as he towards me.

"Art thou really my own dear Bear, and no fly-flap?" I exclaimed, as I embraced him with transport.

"Art thou really my own wife, and no half-crazed moonshine princess, who sits there—"

"Ah! Bear, we have no time to joke. Say, how camest thou here? Dost thou know what has happened? Hast thou received my note? But why camest thou on horseback? How warm thou art! Ah! come in, Bear, and I will tell thee all, and hear all thou hast to say."

"My sweet child! thou hast sometimes such a horrible *flux de bouche*; now, God be praised that thou art alive, and hast the gift of speech;"

and, with tears in his honest eyes, the good man held me long pressed to his heart.

As we went in, I related shortly how things here stood, and learned from Bear how he had come hither. He was become uneasy at my long stay, and, fearing that some accident had occurred, he prepared to set out for the city; and, having had the luck to break the cabriolet, he mounted the horse, and rode off, like another Don Quixote, in quest of his Dulcinea. On the way he met a servant from Ramm, who had also business in the city, and learned from him that *Ma chère mère* had got hither, and also a certain other lady, and that both were alive.

"More," said Bear, "I did not hear. I gave the gray the whip, and here I am." We embraced again, in our joy at this double reunion, and Bear went in to the patients.

I followed him not, but went and made myself at home in the kitchen, and saw a hearty breakfast prepared for him. The good people showed me thorough good-will in fulfilling my commands, and, in half an hour, I had a table set out in the hall, with hot coffee, bread and butter, and a dish of delicious beefsteaks. My very mouth watered on Bear's behalf. While I was still busy arranging the table, the good man entered, with a pale, serious, but contented countenance.

"Now, how do you find matters?" asked I, in breathless eagerness; "but no, say nothing; sit down and eat; only one word—look affairs well or ill?"

"With Bruno, well, I hope. The loss of blood is great; the wounds are deep, but, so far as I can at present see, not dangerous. With *Ma chère mère* it is not well; at least not yet; but it may be. I fancy thou canst go in, Fanny; and, in the mean time, I will send a messenger to the city for sundry requisites."

"And the coffee—and the beefsteak!" I exclaimed, in consternation.

"I cannot think about them at present," replied Bear, and hastened out of the room, with a look at the beefsteak as if the devil himself had taken flesh and blood in order to tempt him. I covered, with a sigh, the warm beefsteak with a plate, and went in to *Ma chère mère*. Scarcely had I passed the door, when I saw, with amazement, how Bear had landed it there. What I had attempted in vain to effect by solicitations he had ordered and settled at once. Bruno had been conveyed into the room adjoining that in which *Ma chère mère* lay, Hagar was beside him, and the door stood open between the rooms. As I entered, *Ma chère mère* extended her hand, drew me towards her, and embraced me with a tenderness which deeply moved me. "Franziska," said she, "the Lord has changed my heart. Before, all was so dark, so strange; now, all feels so clear and comfortable. Wonderful are the ways of the Lord! Who can comprehend them? Who can climb into the council-chamber of God? Thus have I a son again, Franziska! I am not childless; Bruno will make amends for what he has done amiss. He will yet do honour to his mother and his native land. The Bible is right—a man may fall seven times, and yet rise again. Franziska, and he was so long near me, and I did not know it! My senses were blinded, and my heart shut up, but the Lord has opened its sluices. Thy husband, Franziska, has exercised his tyranny here, and I have allowed him to do it, because he asserted that, otherwise, he could not answer for the life of Bruno; but I

will see my son again to-day, and no one need think of preventing me. I will see him! Who knows how long I may see him in this world?"

"Long, very long, I hope, if *Ma chère mère* will do everything that Bear prescribes."

"See there, now, how the good wife boasts of her husband, and counts him for omnipotent. But the Lord does as he wills, Franziska."

"Do you feel ill, mother?" I asked, tenderly, and with anxiety.

"No—not ill, but I feel strangely. I have no strength in my legs. I cannot stand. There is a conflict, a disturbance within me, which seems to me as if it preceded death. The Lord's will be done! I have been permitted to bless my son, and he will close my eyes. I can die in peace."

"Mother, you will not die; no, no!" exclaimed I, eagerly: "follow only, in all things, Bear's prescriptions."

*Ma chère mère*, smiling, made a sort of disdainful motion with her hand, and lay still, her eyes turned towards the door of Bruno's room. Rejoiced as I was over her disposition of mind, I was equally uneasy as to her state of health. She appeared to me feverish, and there was something fixed and dry in her look. The powerful bursts of tears, which are wont to accompany great agitation of feeling in her, had been, in this case, absent. The storm had wholly diverted itself inward. "Go and see whether he sleeps," said she, pointing towards Bruno's room.

I went; he lay actually in a quiet slumber. He was very pale, but he seemed to me more handsome than ever. The brows so often drawn together were now parted, and swept in mild lines over the great arch of the eyes. A tear glittered on his colourless cheek. Opposite to him, her arm supported against the bedpost, and her head on her hand, stood Hagar, her gaze fixed immovably on his face. Her rich black locks fell down over her arm, and left only to view the profile of her countenance. Again was I compelled to admire her regular and Oriental beauty. She saw me not, and I softly returned to *Ma chère mère*, and said, "He sleeps." "Heaven bless his sleep!" she replied.

Soon afterward I heard somewhat move in the hall, and, immediately thinking of Bear, I begged *Ma chère mère* to excuse me a minute. It was Bear. He had made an attack on the beefsteak, but yet was not so much occupied with it as not to become aware of my entrance, and to extend to me heartily his hand. I placed myself near him; saw him despatch his breakfast, and rejoiced myself in his excellent appetite. When the first vigour of this was abated, I began more fully to relate the occurrences of the night. To say the truth, it seemed to me as if, during this night, on many occasions, I had shown myself half a heroine, and I wished Bear properly to feel this, and I was at some trouble to extract a little commendation from him. But, to my mortification, he was invincibly dumb, and only at times made abominable grimaces, which, I fancy, were meant for bulwarks against the outbreaks of tears; but when I came to the reconciliation, then they burst forth. Two great tears fell, and diluted his beefsteak gravy. In the mean time I paused a while, to give the good man opportunity to fall into ecstasies over his wife. But I heard not a word. When, however, I arrived at my administering of the opiate, he broke out suddenly, "Nay, this was the most crazy of all! Opium to a man that is dying of exhaustion!"

I was like one fallen from the clouds. I sat with open mouth, but could not speak.

"No, that was not the craziest," muttered Bear; "the most crackbrained of all was for a married woman, of thirty years of age, from whom one would have expected more sense, to seat herself, at midnight, on a stone step, in the open air, like a mad woman."

"Oh, thou most abominable of all Bears!" I at length exclaimed, again regaining my voice; "every word that thou speakest is false. In the first place, I am no thirty years' old woman; and in the second—"

"In the second, third, and last," cried Bear, embracing me, "thou art my own wife; and I promise thee that, if it happens again that thou art so thoughtless, I will be very angry with thee."

Did you ever hear the like, Maria? For my part, I was so surprised by such an overturning of all my hopes of praise, that I felt quite out of the conceit, and became as still as a good sheep. This naturally pleased my lord and Bear very well, and now he tyrannised farther, and compelled me to go to rest, during which time he would attend to the patients, and make the necessary arrangements for them. What was to be done? I must obey, and I acknowledge that I reaped the benefit of it. In a little lovely cabinet, which lay on the other side of the saloon, I enjoyed some hours of sweet refreshing sleep. When I awoke, I saw Hagar's head thrust in at the door. Her countenance beamed with a joy that seemed to border on wildness. "He will live! he will live!" she exclaimed to me. She stooped over me, and kissed passionately, many times, my hand, raised herself again, went to and fro in the room, smote her hands together, and laughed almost convulsively; while she exclaimed, "He will live! he will live!"

She made a strange impression on me. The wild and passionate in her nature, associated with the ideas which I entertained of her connexion with Bruno, excited my aversion, while her love and beauty irresistibly attracted me.

When I entered the saloon it was full of people. There was Elsa, with a whole load of things for her mistress; there was Tuitin; there was Jean Jacques and Jane Maria. Bear stood like a pacha—if a pacha ever stands—in the middle of the saloon, answering inquiries, issuing commands, sending hither and thither. To my great amazement and joy, I heard that *Ma chère mère* had been bled. She had willingly consented to this proposal of Bear. Singularly enough, she has faith in surgery, but the most insuperable distrust to medicine, and will on no condition take it. After the bleeding she had had more rest, but, as yet, no sleep.

I had now to relate to Jean Jacques and Jane Maria all that had occurred, and the manner with which they received it gave me sincere pleasure. They were both touched, and cordially glad at the reconciliation, although this will essentially change their prospects. Elsa interrupted our conversation, to call me into *Ma chère mère*. I found Bear with her.

"He wishes that I should sleep," said *Ma chère mère*, not without sadness; "he wishes that I should close my eyes in rest, and I have not yet by the light of day beheld my only son; he who has just ventured his own life to save mine. But I tell you that, till I have seen him, I can have no rest, neither in soul nor body; and, had I but strength in my legs I would, so fetch me the hangman! ask nobody's leave."

"Bear!" said I, aside to him, "hinder her not. Let her have her will. The will of man is, indeed, his kingdom of heaven."

"Dear child, dear child, with thy kingdoms of heaven," said Bear, with a fierce grimace, and rubbed his head, "such kingdoms of heaven may lead to hell, or, at least, to death, if they are permitted at improper times."

"But thou thyself seest that here will certainly be no kingdom of heaven, if *Ma chère mère* have not her will. And that, too, is perfectly natural. I should be, in her place, exactly the same. Let her see her son; Bruno, indeed, can come to her."

"Nay, the devil! he must not to-day stir from the spot. If they must of necessity see one another, and agitate one another, then it will be better that she be moved to him. It is inconceivable that people care not—"

"Don't stand there talking," said *Ma chère mère*, passionately, "but come hither; and, if you have any reason and feeling, help me to my son. I promise that the interview shall be short, and that we will not speak."

Bear resisted no longer. He raised her on one side, Elsa and I on the other, and thus carried her, and set her in a great easy-chair by Bruno's bedside. It was a silent, but affecting scene. We saw in both how complete the reconciliation was. When *Ma chère mère* had sat thus probably ten minutes, she laid her hand, as it were in blessing, on Bruno's forehead and breast. He would have spoken, but she laid, in prohibition, her hands on his lips. A tear bedewed his cheek. Oh, how I longed to see such a one in the eyes of the mother! but they continued dry, although they were full of love. She gave us a sign that she would be removed; and it was high time, for she was violently affected, and deadly pale.

When she was again in her bed, she lay for a moment still, and, with folded hands, seemed to pray. She then beckoned me to her, and said, with a proud joy, "How large he is grown! a handsome man, Franziska! I can now see that he is very like my husband—a real Hercules! Nay, nay, he is descended from nothing weakly or ugly, on either the father or mother's side. But all this is foolish," added she, with a sigh, which was meant to be humble; "therein consists not the worth of man."

*Ma chère mère* allowed Jean Jacques and Jane Maria now to come in, and was very friendly towards them. When Jane Maria understood that I was to continue at Ramen so long as *Ma chère mère* remained there, she became quite short towards me, and took a cold leave. That gives me pain. But, so far as I am concerned, I must prepare myself to continue here so long as *Ma chère mère* is ill. She and Bear wish it, nor I the less so. I could not possibly leave her, so long as her state is at all doubtful. "If she could only sleep," says Bear, "all danger would be over." But sleep comes not in her eyes, and an internal restlessness wears her. I have written this during the two days which I have spent here, and during those two days she has not slept a moment, and persists in her refusal to take anything. Even Bruno's entreaties in this case have no influence over her. Medicated, she says, has always been poison to her. I have my desk in her chamber; she hears with pleasure the slight scratching of my pen; she says it quiets her. Bruno is better, but is not allowed to move, nor scarcely to speak. Bear is really a very

strict doctor, that I see. I almost think I shall not have him for mine. I told him this; but he only made a contemptuous grimace, and said, "That we shall soon see." I know not how I can write in so gay a mood; *Ma chère mère's* condition distresses me much—but I have so many things to divert my attention; and, besides this, *Ma chère mère* herself is in so fresh and happy a humour, that I cannot be otherwise than glad on account of it. God only grant that this circumstance have no sorrowful end! May I be able in my next letter to say that all here is, indeed, as joyful as it now is well.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Ramen, September 6th.

I AM completely inundated with inquiries, notes, and visits. The rumour of what has taken place flies about, and has changed the whole neighbourhood into a committee of inquiry. All stream hitherward. Everybody asks, wonders, hopes, and congratulates. *Ma chère mère* appears to be the highest notability of the country. Even the mayor and counsellors of the city have sent to inquire how she is. She has, by degrees, come to be regarded as half a magistrate herself, since she so emphatically exerts herself against all disorders in the city, and gives occasionally, to the mayor and council, good dinners.

The state of *Ma chère mère*, alas! continues exactly the same. It is now three days since she has slept, and Bear is very much troubled about it; which, however, I rather see than hear. At this moment I receive a note from Serena, which I here transcribe.

"Good Franziska, give me a word, and, if possible, a consolatory one. There ran such marvellous reports! People say that Madame Mansfield has been in great danger; that Mr. — (you know who I mean) rescued her from it; that she has acknowledged him as her son; that they are reconciled, but both have been nigh to death. It is said that he is yet in danger. So much, and with such confusion, is related. I sought you yesterday at Rosenwik, but you were not there; you were at Ramen, Sissa said. Your flowers looked out of spirits. I endeavoured to refresh them with water, which succeeded; but I also, Fanny, am out of spirits, and all which, since yesterday, I have read to grandpapa is Latin for me. My good, dear Fanny, send a cheering word to thy

SERENA."

Yes, Serena! not merely one word, but many shalt thou have. I reproach myself for not having prevented thy wish. Good heart! who would not give thee comfort? I leave you a moment, Maria, in order to write to Serena.

SH.

Still the same, and the same! No sleep—no rest. An inveterate watchfulness—an incessant, internal restlessness, which, for those who are about *Ma chère mère*, is something indescribably painful. She herself is now fully persuaded that she shall die, and has to-day made her will. I was present, and must, indeed, admire her immovable sense of right, as well as the conscientious truth with which she embraces everything which in any manner is placed beneath her protection. Remarkable is also the thorough knowledge which she has of all the smallest affairs, and the exactness and perspicuity with which she regulates whatever concerns them. It is an

iron regularity, which descends even to littleness; but, in taking leave of earthly concerns, this is worthy of respect. *Ma chère mère* showed herself, on this occasion, as she had done her whole life through, strict, upright, and systematic; benevolent without boasting, firm in friendship, and grateful.

At the same time, I cannot bring myself to believe that she will die. Bear appears rather to fear for her understanding. He speculates on giving her a sleeping-potion; but how she is to be persuaded to drink it is another matter. She herself will not hear it said that she shall live. She has, as she says, taken her resolution, and has fully resigned herself to death, and thinks only how best to prepare herself for it.

9th.

A singular scene! What strange ideas can there not enter into people's heads! This morning *Ma chère mère* ordered a joiner to be sent for—nobody could conceive wherefore. When he arrived, she sent for him into her chamber, and commanded him to measure her for—her coffin.

She gave the most particular directions as to the ornaments of the coffin, and made me write down what should stand as the inscription on the breastplate. The door of Bruno's room, during this proceeding, was carefully shut.

"And now, Master Svensson," said she, as this was all accomplished, "what is to be the price of the coffin?"

Embarrassed and astounded with these proceedings, the joiner bethought himself a while, and then said, "Fifty dollars banco, your honour."

"Are you mad, Master Svensson?" demanded keenly *Ma chère mère*. "Fifty dollars banco! five-and-twenty rix-dollars more than you charged for the coffin of my late husband? Bethink yourself what you are saying. I can show you the bill for the general's coffin, Master Svensson."

"Oak, your honour, is become so dear since then."

"And who, the hangman! told you to make it of oak? For what I care, you may use birch, or alder, or fir, or what wood you will. The wretched body is but dust, I think, whether it lie in a coffin of oak or of deal. 'Let death but strike, we're all alike.' It is true, I am of an old and noble family, and so was also my husband, the late General Mansfeld; but what then, Master Svensson?"

'When Adam delved and Eve span,  
Where was then the gentleman?'

And where is he when the body lies in the grave? Take deal, or rather birch, for my coffin, good Master Svensson, and let it be fifty rix-dollars."

"Sixty rix-dollars, your honour."

"Fifty rix-dollars, Master Svensson; I won't give more; and you may regulate yourself accordingly. Fifty rix-dollars, money of the realm, I say. Not a shilling more; but I invite you to the funeral feast, which my people will hold. Remember, Franziska, that Master Svensson is to be there, or—I will remember it myself, when I give the orders for my funeral. Good-by, my good Master Svensson. The agreement stands. Thanks for your trouble, Master Svensson. Good-by."

So much as I have seen of *Ma chère mère's* singularities, I must yet confess that this scene amused me not a little. I saw, however, clearly, that no fondness for peculiarity, but an inveterate pro-

pensity to manage and rule everything, led her to bespeak her own coffin, and settle its character and price. *Ma chère mère* seemed to find the whole business perfectly natural; and said to me, as soon as the joiner was gone, "These work-people are always greedy animals; one must make the closest bargains with them; but their fox shall not bite my goose." On this she proceeded to give the orders for her funeral. She dictated, and I wrote, how the whole should be arranged; how many pounds of confections should be purchased, and so on. She ordered a messenger to be sent to the pastor of her parish, to request him to come the next day to Ramm. "I will," she said, "die as becomes a Christian." All these things being settled, she expressed much satisfaction, and asked me to give her somewhat to drink. "The old beverage," said she, "I am grown quite tired of. I would fain have something different, but I know not what."

A lucky thought occurred to me, and I hastened to say, "I have a receipt for a kind of lemonade; properly a kind of toast and water; in a word, a very refreshing and excellent drink. Let me make *Ma chère mère* some of that."

"Do it, Franziska. Thou art not without resources. Something always occurs to thee, and that is a fortunate nature. Better to be without comfort than without resources."

I hastened immediately to Bear, and imparted to him my proposition. He was quite delighted with my inventiveness, and began immediately to brew his composing-draught and my toast and water, since both of them were one and the same thing.

Bruno, in the mean time, is in a restless and gloomy mood, and is not free from the delirium of fever. He loves his mother really extremely, and cannot reconcile himself to the idea of her dying. Bear endeavoured to pacify him with kind words and hopes. Hagar is much about him, but this seems to irritate him. He treats her harshly, but she bears all with slavish servility. How deep must a woman have sunk before she can suffer herself to be so treated, and, like a hound, creep fawning to the foot which kicks it away! How unlike to this spirit of a slave is the free, but unassuming mind, with which an honoured and beloved wife devotes herself to the object of her pure devotion! Poor Hagar!

*Ma chère mère* cannot bear Hagar, and she shrinks from her sharp and penetrating eye. "She is certainly his *Dulcinea*," said *Ma chère mère*, yesterday, to me. "I shall speak to Bruno upon it. I cannot away with anything of the sort."

The composing-draught is now ready, and I will fetch it. God help me! It seems to me as if I was playing a deceitful part towards *Ma chère mère*, and that is very uncomfortable to me.

Later.

It is done! It succeeded, but it was within a hair of all being lost. As I received the cup with the draught out of Bear's hand, I said, "Bear, thou art, however, quite sure that this will not sleep her to death?"

"Dost thou think I am a quack, Fanny?"

"God forbid! thou art *Æsculapius* himself; but—but—oh! Bear, it goes hard with me to deceive her."

"Hast thou rather that she loose her reason, or that she has a stroke? My little Fanny, it won't do to hesitate. Do it quickly, and then it is done the easiest. With the help of God, this draught will save her."

I went to *Ma chère mère* and gave her the cup, while I said, as confidently as possible, "Here, *Ma chère mère*, is my cordial."

"Ah! that is famous!" said she, raised herself, tasted the draught, started, and made a wry face. "What is this for a cursed gallimathias, that thou hast stirred together, Franziska?" she exclaimed; "it tastes actually poisonous." She fixed, at the same time, one of her keenest looks on me. Had I had a poison-cup in my innocent hand, I could not have trembled more or looked more criminal.

"Thou unlucky Bear," thought I, nearly ready to cry, "now I must empty the cup myself to testify my innocence, even if I should sleep till the day of judgment for it."

"God have mercy on thee," continued *Ma chère mère* with the same look, "if thou art in conspiracy with thy husband to deceive me!"

"And if it was so," said I, as I threw my free arm around her neck and kissed her, and wet her cheek with tears, "if it was indeed so, would not you, mother, be so good to your children as to take the draught for their sakes, and believe them that, though it tastes somewhat unpleasant, it will only do you good?"

*Ma chère mère* looked at me for a moment seriously, but friendly, and then said, "Thou art an artful woman, Franziska, and a good child, and knowest how to manage the old one; and for this quality she loves thee, and will now do as thou wishest, come of it what will. *Söz, my child!*" And with one draught she emptied the cup.

I embraced her, thanked her, and wept in my joy. She patted me kindly on the cheek, and seemed to experience pleasure in seeing herself beloved. I ran in triumph to Bear, and showed him the empty cup.

"Ay, ay," said he; I "thought it would pass, and the draught not taste so bad neither; by my troth, it was not easy to prepare it."

"Thou conceited Bear!" I interrupted him; "cease to boast of thy abominable draught." And I now related to him what had passed; and I must do him the justice to say, that he changed the praises of his drink into glorifications of myself. I cherish a quiet hope that the draught already operates. *Ma chère mère* does not, indeed, sleep, but she is still. It is nine o'clock. I shall to-night watch by her.

#### Eleven o'clock.

Now she sleeps. God be praised, she sleeps sound and well! It is a pleasure to see her sleeping. Bear has driven every one in the house to bed. No one dare stir; it is as still as the grave. Hu! how came that word into my pen? I erase it. I watch in *Ma chère mère's* chamber with Elsa, whose indefatigable zeal I can but admire. Bear sits within with Bruno, in order to keep him as quiet as possible, while they await the result of the sleep. He has the best hopes. That we may maintain the greatest possible silence, Bear and I have agreed to telegraph the slightest change in *Ma chère mère* by small strips of paper, which I write upon and stick in the keyhole; and, in the mean time, to keep myself awake, I employ myself in drawing Elsa's profile, which, in the etherlike background of the lamp-light, stands dark, sharp as if cut in stone, and immovably turned towards and gazing on the sleeper.

#### Two o'clock.

*Ma chère mère* still sleeps; sleeps deep, and perspires profusely. I have telegraphed this to Bear. "Good sign," he has telegraphed back. God be praised! now I hope all is well.

Elsa's portrait is like. The original sits yet on the same spot, and looks immovably in the same direction.

#### Four o'clock.

Elsa has just come to me and whispered in my ear, with a scarce perceptible voice, "Do you think her life will be saved? Do you think she will wake?"

"Yes; I believe it with certainty."

"If she dies I will die too."

"Why so, dear Elsa?"

"What should I do here on the earth without her? And then—she must have some one in heaven to wait on her, and be at hand day and night."

"She will then be with God's angels, Elsa."

"Yes, dear madame; but they cannot fall so exactly into her humours as I can. They have not lived with her forty years, as I have."

Elsa returned to her post, and took her former position. I saw again the dark profile on the clear background. Elsa's faithful, mountain-fast devotion touched me deeply, and reminded me of Goethe's words: "It is not our merit only, but their truth, which often secures to us the hearts of others."

#### Six o'clock.

*Ma chère mère* still sleeps; sleeps sound, and by the instreaming daylight her countenance looks awfully pale. Think only, if she should sleep her last sleep! Bear and I have had a brisk correspondence on this long sleep through the keyhole. Will you have a specimen of it? for with the whole of it I will not burden the post.

STAIR 1. "She sleeps, sleeps, sleeps. I begin to fear that she will wake no more!"

2. "She will wake."

3. "Oracles have heretofore deceived themselves."

4. "But not now."

5. "Wise man, Bear, and prophet, tell, know'st thou all things, and so well—Who is that, in deepest night,

Who calls thee Glory, Crown, and Light?"

6. "No one else, as I opine,

But this little wife of mine."

7. "Wise man, Bear, and prophet, tell, know'st thou all things, and so well—Who is that, in deepest night,

At thy conceit, who laughs outright?"

But enough of this child's play.

#### Nine o'clock.

Away with coffin, confessions, and funeral! *Ma chère mère* has awoke, is quiet, quite comfortable, and feels quite well, though extremely faint. Bear guarantees her life. We have embraced right and left in our joy. And Bruno! I must weep, as I saw him clasping Bear's knees. I will love Bruno, for he can love. *Ma chère mère* herself seems somewhat astonished, but quiet and satisfied. I gave her, just now, her tea. As she took the cup out of my hand, she looked at me with a kind and roguish countenance, and gave me a little blow on the cheek. She is again gone to sleep, and I will now also allow myself a little rest.

#### Eleven o'clock.

All goes on well, extremely well; we shall all be quickly quite right, except that I shall contract a home-sickness for my little Rosenvik. *Ma chère mère* recovers her strength rapidly, and can already stand again; but she will not go hence till Bruno is well enough to accompany her to Carlsfors, and earlier I am not to be allowed to return home. "Patience!" says Bear. A detestable word. It is exactly when I hear it that I become impatient. In the mean time, I send off this letter, embrace thee, and thank God for that which is.

## CHAPTER XV.

Ramm, Sept. 16th.

HAS it never happened to you, Maria, that you have regarded a certain person exactly as Robinson Crusoe regarded his island, as a sterile ground; and suddenly, a chance, a little voyage of discovery, has made you, like the said Robinson, aware of a lovely region, rich in the most excellent and delicious productions? Voyages of discovery, in the world which we call "Man," turn out, very likely, as in other regions, often ill enough; and the explorer, not seldom, remains sticking, like Captain Ross, in the ice; but we have them most frequently conducted into a pleasant country. So to-day. Will you follow me in a voyage of such discovery? My island is called Lagman Hök.

Behold him planted on a stool, like a fir-tree on its rock, in *Ma chère mère's* room at Ramm. See there, also, sunk in a deep stuffed chair, like a bird on its nest, the lively Miss Hellevi Hausgiebel. See, stately, and only like herself, *Ma chère mère*, leaning back in one corner of her sofa; see Bruno, like a beautiful night, darkening and adorning the other sofa corner. See, farther, two every-day figures sitting faithfully together, like a pair of turtle-doves, or a bear and his bearress. See comfort in the room, and satisfaction on the faces of the people, and hear what, in the twilight of the evening, rolls lightly from the heart, over the tongue, and now reaches thy ear.

*Miss Hausgiebel.* Uncle Hök! you look, this evening, so thoroughly finished and perfect, that I feel myself quite oppressed by it. It would really do me good if you would but, in this twilight, make confession of some little weakness. For instance, I am persuaded that you have, in some little thing, a slight touch of covetousness. Every man has such a one, I am convinced, if he will but hunt it out.

*Ma chère mère.* "Sweep first before your own door before you sweep before your neighbour's," says the proverb. Begin with yourself, Cousin Hausgiebel, and confess your sins.

*Miss Hausgiebel.* I, poor, sinful mortal, confess, from the bottom of my heart, that I have a hankering after pins and waste paper, which approaches to a real avarice.

*Lagman Hök (gravely).* And I know nothing on earth which are so dear to me as bottles, be they full or empty; and it is with the greatest difficulty that I prevent myself boxing the ears of a servant when he breaks one.

*Miss Hausgiebel.* Ha! glorious! glorious! my dear, excellent uncle. Hear, you good people there, do neither better nor worse than us. Your avarice, good doctor?

*Bear (laconic).* Paper.

*Miss Hausgiebel.* Good! therefore the fewer prescriptions. But we cannot live without them. Madame Werner, yours?

*Franziska.* Needles and thread.

*Miss Hausgiebel.* You, Madame Mansfeld, won't you throw your contribution into our little collection?

*Ma chère mère.* Why not? But I am afraid it would be quite too much, if I threw all my covetousness into the scale. So content yourselves with what I do not otherwise willingly give away—with ends of riband and old linen. But remember, my friends, "He who does not waste a penny, gets two;" "He who wins more than he wastes, soon has a dining-room;" "He who gathers, has."

There was a short pause. The turn came to Bruno to confess his innocent failings; but, whether he had none such, and that sounds abominable, or whether he had paid no attention to our gossip, he showed no disposition to shrieve himself, and none of us felt a desire to require it of him. He sat with downcast eyes, sunk into himself, and supported his bound-up head on his hand. Lagman Hök broke the embarrassing silence, and replied to *Ma chère mère's* words: "Madame Mansfeld is quite right: we must, every one in his own way, be a gatherer."

*Miss Hausgiebel.* Take care, uncle, that you do not make out that our sins are virtues. You know it is written, that we must lay up our treasures there where no thief breaks in and steals.

*Lagman Hök.* Much there, but a little also here. One agrees very well with the other, if one looks well at the thing.

*Ma chère mère.* I am just of that opinion.

*Franziska.* What is the whole human race but a great procession of seekers and gatherers? But, alas! how many there are who find nothing, or preserve nothing!

*Lagman Hök.* And that, especially, because they have not sought and found themselves. At the bottom, every man seeks, chiefly, harmony with himself. But you must understand what I mean.

*Franziska.* Give us an example, Lagman Hök—a living one, if possible, when we may come to a clear concept in without much beating about.

*Miss Hausgiebel.* You, for instance, worthy uncle, have, to a certainty, found yourself; for never did I see a person so quiet, so secure, and, I may also say, so wise and good. Tell us how you sought and now you found yourself.

*Franziska.* Oh yes! tell us that, good Lagman.

*Lagman Hök.* Do you know what you ask of me, ladies? Nothing less than the grand event of the history of my life.

*Miss Hausgiebel and Franziska.* Oh yes, yes! relate us the history of your life.

*Lagman Hök.* It is impossible to refuse the request of two such amiable ladies, therefore I will begin at once with the most difficult confession; for you are probably not aware that he who now addresses you is—an unsuccessful author! It is well that it is now so dark. Well, after the first hard step is made, the rest will be easier.

"My father was a meritorious writer, and educated me to tread in the same path. My endowments seemed to foster his wishes. I early wrote poems, dramatic pieces for name-days and birth-days; and received sweetmeats and praise, and already saw, afar off, the laurel crown. I was brought up surrounded by the works of poets. I read them through and through till I knew them by rote, and took their thoughts for my own. My parents were ambitious, and my domineering desire of distinction was by them yet more stimulated. Some of my poetical attempts met with approbation from the public, and praise in the newspapers; and through this intoxicated, as well as by the encouragement of my parents and the encomiums of my young friends, among whom was most prominent one young and sanguine man, named Lerche, I resolved, like Byron, with one spring to plant myself on the summit of the Parnassus of the present age. I wrote a tragedy in five acts, and—wait a moment; I must linger a little over this hour of apparent

happiness. Really great poets possess, as I believe, a certain reflective repose, even in the moment of composition. They are given up to their subject, and embody themselves with it in a sacred earnestness. When they contemplate that which they have produced, they are rather disposed to feel dissatisfied than satisfied with their creations. This proceeds from their deep comprehension of the greatness of life. It is exactly because they feel it thus that they are great. Little spirits—writers who are enraptured with themselves and their works—should tremble and call to mind the words of Boileau:

*'Le sot à chaque vers soi-même s'admire.'*

"I feared nothing as I wrote my tragedy. I was transported, and held my enthusiasm for that of the public. I marched with great strides to and fro in my chamber, declaiming my verses. At effective passages, that is, such as appeared effective to me, I stood still and listened to the acclamations of the public. They elated me. I leaped for joy, and came down again, but not to my senses. The partiality of my parents and friends favoured my intoxication. 'Thou wilt rise high,' said Lerche. I believed it; and between myself and immortal honour saw only a representation.

"It took place. My hopes were wound up to the highest pitch; my tragedy—fell. There was not a single clap of approbation. Silence; some hissing; even laughter. Some days after came the critics, in the public papers, who left not a solitary hair on the head of my Christiern the Second, and sought to rob me of every hope; ay, of ever being able to win the veriest little shrivelled leaf of laurel. I knew well that they had done the same to many a one before, who, nevertheless, had become a great and renowned writer; and I resolved not to suffer myself, by such means, to be frightened from my aim. But in vain did I endeavour to console myself with these thoughts of the stupidity of the critics, and the experience of great writers; my annihilating critic was the whole public; and, what was still worse—myself. That is the last tribunal from which there is no appeal. Yet, in the first moments after the fall of my Christiern, I was far removed from this. Humbled, but more exasperated than humbled—I determined to do battle with the critics, yes, even with the people itself; with the first in a bitter reply, with the second by yet another tragedy. But then stepped forward my never-to-be-sufficiently-honoured friend, the lady of General Mansfeld, here present, and, with her powerful and sound understanding, which already distinguished her in her younger years, held me back.

"My friend," said she, "better fly than fight ill. It is unnecessary to carry wood into the forest; why cast batter into the fire which burns you? Let the people cry; and see well to it that they are not in the right. I do not profess to be a judge of your piece, and of such things, but I tell you that it does not much please me. It appears to me unnatural. But suppose I am wrong, and the people are wrong; good—then will your piece, probably, one day receive justice. That, I believe, has happened before now both with books and men. But if you find, after sufficient proof, that the people are right, then give up your piece; it will do no good to fight for it; and, if you have written a bad piece—well, you may yet write a better. And if you cannot do that, then you are not fit for an author,

and—what then? Are you on that account a bad man? Do not many other ways stand open to become an able and happy member of society? Dear Høk, only take care that you open your eyes at the right time. It is so well to make the first injury the last, and to receive the bitter teaching with thankfulness."

"I took the words of my valued friend to heart, went home, and reflected in deep silence on my unsuccessful tragedy. There fell a veil from my eyes. I had not been prudent enough to avoid becoming intoxicated, but I was not so mad as not to become sober again. I saw clearly that my tragedy only resembled those of Schiller in the same degree that apes resemble men; and I threw it into the fire. For the rest, it was not easy for me to take my resolution in this matter. I had prepared myself for the field of literature, yet I discovered more and more my want of the creative power of the poetic faculty. I had no inclination to another employment; I knew not what to undertake—what I should become. I had lost the rudder, and my bark was the sport of the waves. To this was added the disappointment and distress of my parents; the long faces of my friends; and their 'Poor Høk!' Even Lerche sighed, 'Poor Høk!' This was not to be endured. Then came again my excellent young friend, and procured me, from my parents, permission to travel in foreign countries; to drive, as she said, the affair out of my heart.

"I travelled—often on foot, for my means were small—through a great part of Europe; travelled two years; saw life in manifold forms; thought, and compared. My misfortune in the world of fancy had strengthened my understanding, and the suffering which I had experienced inspired me with an urgent desire to comprehend that which, everywhere and in all circumstances of life, with a certain degree of cultivation, gives to existence peace and independence. Among many observations which I made, I will only allude to one, trivial as it may appear, because it became of the highest importance to me in life. The world is rich in the excellent and the beautiful. Truly to comprehend, to value, and to admire the beautiful, is a great medium of ennoblement, of peace, of happiness. Should the proud passion to create, which reigns in so many young and active souls, change itself into a desire for discernment, into a capacity to admire the beautiful and the excellent, then would their restlessness be converted into repose, the world would contain a less amount of presumptuous and dissatisfied men, and feeble productions of art; and the really great talents would find more admirers, and would rise higher. Artists and connoisseurs are necessary to each other, and mutually elevate each other. The best and happiest men I found among those who united with a useful, regulated activity in the middle ranks of life a sublime feeling for the beautiful, and a capacity to enjoy the noblest creations of art.

"After my two years of travel and observation, I returned, sound in soul and body, and began a new career of life. Yet I renounced not literature; on the contrary, the more my situation in life became determined, with a more intimate love did I attach myself to this life-giving fountain. But I had learned to know myself. I strove no longer for the artist's renown, for the crown of laurel and of thorns; but I sought to perfect in me the enlightened lover and judge of art. I desired that, even if I myself could not produce the beautiful, no one should exceed

me in the skill thoroughly to estimate and to enjoy it. And I can say that in this I have not been altogether disappointed. Since I have renounced a vain endeavour, and learned to know my one talent, I have become peaceful and happy. I am now old, and every year removes me farther from the world; but not from the eternal beauty which thus inexhaustibly renews itself in ever-varying forms. I hang with firm love thereon; it endows my heart with new youth; it prevents my thoughts growing gray with my hair; and inspires me with a hope that hereafter, in the true native land of beauty, I shall become one of its not unworthy worshippers."

So spoke the old man, and from his mild blue eyes glanced a lively satisfaction. We thanked him heartily, and I exclaimed, somewhat thoughtlessly, "Oh! I wish that all men, as well those who have found as those who have not found, before they depart from this theatre of action, would make their confessions. I am certain that no book would be pleasanter, or more beneficial, than a collection of such autobiographies. They would become good guides for the inquiries in life. But, Miss Hausgiebel! will you not at once throw in your contribution? I will undertake to sketch it out. You certainly are one of those who have sought and have already found."

"I cannot say wholly no to that," answered Miss Hausgiebel; "although much yet remains to be done before I have obtained full satisfaction with myself. Yet I have already found far more in the world than I dreamed of in my youth; and if you, worthy friend, will hear a tedious history, I will willingly relate it to you."

"I have passed through no great misfortunes; have to complain of no great disappointments. I have gone quietly enough through my world; I have suffered *enough*, merciless *enough*, and therefore can truly say that I have borne the heaviest burden in the world. My father was a man of honour, upright and true. All the Hausgiebels in a direct descending line have been of this character: loving the right, even to inflexibility; straightforward in bodily bearing and in principles; swerving neither to the right hand nor to the left; and I know not how it has happened that I have become so unworthy a descendant from my honour-meriting ancestors. My father, as I observed, had an admirable moral character, and, therefore, is he now happy in heaven; but he had extremely strict and old-fashioned notions regarding the education of women. He believed, for instance, that it was good for young maidens to suffer *tedium*, or, as it was called, to be bridled. He was a sworn foe of all those things which he called vanity, in the catalogue of which stood many an innocent pleasure. He abhorred, also, pedantic learnedness in women; but in this rubric was a multitude of useful and happiness-conferring varieties of knowledge laid under the ban. Above all things, he prized household virtues, but those, again, were confined to a narrow circle. We must weave, spin, sew, attend to the kitchen and domestic affairs; study *Kaisa Warg*,\* and any other book he saw with great displeasure in the house; and, by such means, prepare ourselves to become able wives and mistresses of families. He himself maintained a strict oversight over me and my five sisters. My sisters wove, I spun; each one, in turn, had to attend to the kitchen for a week. Well, the day went over; agreeable it was not. I, especially,

found it often insupportably long, particularly as I advanced in years. My spinning appeared to me wholly useless, as I knew that we possessed property.

"Years flew by. With the exception of some old relations, strangers were never seen in our house. The sisters wove, and I spun—I confess it, with ever-wearier hand. The emptiness of my soul and of my life oppressed me; I had often vapours and tears, I knew not why. The good aunt Anna Sina, who supplied the place of mother to us, was a genuine Hausgiebel, and obeyed in all things the will of her brother; but, for the rest, was very kind to us. She had constantly on her tongue, 'Advice to my Daughter,'\* and often preached to us in the words,

"Our household—that is our republic;  
Our politics, the toilet," &c.

"We lived on a remote estate in the country. Life in the country may be one of the richest on earth, but it may also be one of the poorest. If the great book of Nature be opened to the eye of him who resides there, and illumined with the light of heaven, from his little knoll he can see and enjoy all the glory of the world; but if he sees in Nature only the potato-field which gives him food, then is this golden vein closed for him, and he himself stands, like the potato-plant, fast rooted in the earth. Our family was much in this condition. I must, however, except myself. The order of Nature early attracted my admiration, its particular objects awoke my desire of possession. I was early, though secretly, a collector of plants, stones, and shells. We must often accompany my father on the long rounds which he took in order to see how his corn prospered. It must have been very edifying to have seen how we went along in a row, like a flock of snipes, sometimes in the heat of the sun, sometimes in the wet. I, in the mean time, was very often left behind, lost in the observation of some plant, or of some small insect. On account of this, as well as of my reveries, I was afterward often rallied, in a manner which, though it was very gentle, yet wounded my sensitive feeling of honour deeply. My father often amused himself with throwing off little family pictures, such as our house was to present in the future. For instance, he would say, 'Anna Maria winds, Lotte weaves, Lizzy goes and gives out sugar and spice for dinner, Josepha spins, Grete feeds the fowls;' and at the end of the family picture always came, 'and Hellevi sits and gazes at the sun,' or some such unprofitable proceeding, which conclusion always took such an effect on me that I burst into tears. To be the only useless member of the family! no, that was far too insupportable, far too humbling. When now came my week of housekeeping, I jingled my keys actively, to let my father hear how zealously I discharged the duties of my office. Ah! it was all to no purpose! In the next family-sketch it was still the same; 'and Hellevi sits and gazes at the sun.' In my family it was the fixed and perpetual adage, 'Hellevi will never make a good housekeeper—and then what is she fit for!' In this belief died my father and my aunt; in this belief yet live my sisters.

"I have stated how we spent the days, I must now say a word on the evenings. At seven o'clock my father assembled us every evening in his room. We sat there, employed on our sewing and embroidery, and that round a great cir-

\* *Kaisa Warg*, authoress of a cookery-book much used in Sweden.

\* "Advice to my Daughter," a poem of the celebrated Swedish poetess, Anna Longren.

cular table with two candles, about which there generally fell out some contention. My father sat at some distance from us, at a little table, with an eye-shade before him, and read aloud to us. This should have been a great pleasure to us; but, in the first place, the French history, on which we were I know not how long engaged, was of a very old edition; and in the next, my father's mode of reading was extremely slow and monotonous. When now, in autumn and winter evenings, the rain and snow beat against the windows, and the storm without howled its mournful song to the heavy, long-drawn-out words within, no one need wonder that the spirit of sleep became mighty in us, that we nodded to one another, as in rivalry, over our embroidery. When one of us resigned ourselves to the overpowering influence of Morpheus, then winked and blinked aunt Anna Stina waggishly across to the rest, as much as to say, 'There! the sister's gone!'

"At nine o'clock all were aroused, as well the waking as the sleeping, by my father pushing back his chair; and we drew, one after another—the precedence of age being in the Hausgiebel family ever held sacred—into the eating-room to supper. This was moderate, and did not last more than ten minutes. Hence we returned again to my father's room, where we must continue till the clock struck ten. During this time we were not to work, but exclusively to devote ourselves to conversation. Every one of us had her appointed place in the room. Mine was by the stove, where the warmth made me some recompense for the frost which reigned in the discourse; for all circumstances which might have least a living interest to it were strongly interdicted; and when I, at times, dared to step on the forbidden ground, I was speedily warned off it again, with the remark, that women had nothing to do with such subjects. Our conversation might touch upon nothing but the little occurrences of the day, especially those within the house; of acquaintance, genealogies, and matters of business. This made, according to my taste, a meager entertainment, and gladly would I have stayed away; but we were neither allowed to do that, nor to be silent during the conversation-hour, but every one must say something. When any one of us had not opened her mouth for some time, she was called upon, in a friendly voice, to say something. In order to vary a little our entertainment, my father sometimes took out an old casket, in which lay a number of curiosities, which had, probably for the twentieth time, been laid out, one after another, turned about, and contemplated. It was a misfortune that my father never would cease to regard us as little children; but the little clasps and rings, the profiles of grandfather and grandmother, the little box with the feathers of the canary-bird in it, which delighted the maiden of nine years old, the magic lantern, which had excited her whole curiosity, could not possibly interest the woman of five-and-twenty, now compelled to stand by, and regard the contents of the casket with a weary and indifferent gaze.

"I observed, that in the conversation-hour after supper, we must always say something, though we were not allowed to say what we would. Hence often arose the most ridiculous little miseries. One example may give a conception of these. My sisters and myself had one day seen how a little herd of vagabond suckling pigs had come swarming into the courtyard, and

how they were chased round by the three yard-dogs. This precious event of real life was hoarded up in our faithful memories the whole day through, in order to season the evening's conversation. By chance, we came this evening into my father's room, not in a connected line, but with sundry breaks and pauses. Anna Maria, who took her place first, told the story of the little pigs and the dogs; the same did Lotte, who came after her; the same Josepha, who came after her; the same, also, Grete, who came after her. As I, at length, came and took my place by the stove, and began to relate the story of the swine, my father interrupted me, somewhat tartly, and said, 'Yes! this story I now hear for the sixth time.'

"I confess that this made a strong impression on me, and more than ever showed me the narrowness of our potato-plantation sort of existence. When my father, two years afterward, died, and my good aunt found it quite natural that we should continue to live in the same way, without prospect of change, then gazed Hellevi actually up at the sun, and said, 'No, thou beautiful, all-quickenning sun, the world which thou illuminest cannot be so narrow; the life which thou awakest cannot be so poor. The wells of life and of virtue gush not up merely in the kitchen and the cellar; no! out to thee, out into the free air, into the beauty of the divine world!' I knew already what I would; I knew my talent and my place; and everlasting thanks be to the worthy man, to the good and wise guardian, who extended his hand, and, spite of the opposition which my independent proceeding had raised in the Hausgiebel family, enabled me to achieve my object. I was seven-and-twenty years of age, gave myself out as thirty, took the Bird's Nest on lease, and so arranged my affairs that in a few years I could purchase it. How I have settled myself there, you, my friends, know. For these ten years have I there, every day, lifted my eyes to the sun, even when it has been veiled in clouds, and praised it, and the magnificent world; and for this receive my thanks, my guardian, and excellent uncle!"

A tear peared itself in the living eye of Miss Hellevi as she extended her hand to Lagman Håk, who affectionately pressed and kissed it.

"And *summa et finis* of all this," said *Ma chère mère*, "is, that there is nothing so bad out of which good may not arise, if we do but receive it in the right way."

*Franziska*. "Yes; but why do so few hit the right way? All would willingly do it.

*Lagman Håk*. Over the causes of this one might read a long litany. Above all, men may ascribe this failure to themselves, to their own want of courage, to their want of bravery, in the sense in which the ancients used the word. We suspect not what power and elasticity the Creator has implanted in human nature. We have not the courage boldly to resign, not the courage to break resolutely forth. We will not capitulate, we will not sally, till the garrison perishes of hunger, or the enemy Death comes and takes the whole by storm."

"Devilishly well said," muttered Bear.

Here Bruno raised himself, silent, and lost in thought. All stood up, and the strangers prepared for their departure. Miss Hellevi stood at a window. I went to her, and expressed my admiration of Lagman Håk: "That is really a most admirable and interesting man!"

"What would you say, then," replied the live-

My Miss Hansagiebel, "if you knew him as I know him? if you knew his active labours for the good of men; how he works in silence to serve talented, but poor artists, and brings their productions to the light? He is certainly one of the noblest and best of men."

"He can make a will for one of my ten daughters," thought I. It was long since I had thought of my ten daughters, but, after the conversation of this evening, I thought much of them.

God be praised! I have a prospect of getting home. They talk of to-morrow and the next day. I yearn with my whole heart after my little Rosenvik. This mansion is large and noble, but I am not comfortable here. It is too gloomy, and a horrible number of jackdaws clamour everlastingly on the old tower. I am in a melancholy mood, and I fancy I get continually more and more like an old family-portrait which hangs in my room. Bruno and *Ma chère mère* are much together. They say little, but appear to be happy when they see one another and sit in the same room. Bruno seems to have listened to *Ma chère mère's* scraples regarding Hagar; and, since Bruno is better, Hagar is little to be seen. Bruno wins my heart wholly, by his great tenderness towards his mother.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Rosenvik, September 20th, 18—.

I CAME hither last evening. I cannot tell you how happy I am to be here again; how delighted I am with my rooms, my cotton furniture; with what pleasure, this morning, I greeted the hole in the window-curtain, and saw the day stream in through it. I drink in the air of my home in long, deep breaths; for the atmosphere of a beloved home has a peculiar, a refreshing and affecting charm. I have darted hither and thither the whole day, like a flame of fire, on the ground-floor and into the cellar, into the barn and garden; I have scolded and praised. With Sissa, and all that she has had under her hands, I am extremely contented; but the housemaid is disorderly, and she must hear of it. Audambla has got a calf, a bold little fellow, which, as is proper, I have named *Bör*.

I have greeted my flowers, and stood in wonder to see them so fresh, and so carefully tended. It touched me deeply to find that Serena had been here, regularly, twice in the week, to look after them. Dear, amiable Serena! I loved my flowers; I kissed them, they were so beautiful. I have cut cauliflowers for supper. In the day it had rained a little, and all in the garden stood fresh and full of fragrance, although the frost had touched here and there a leaf with yellow. It is now evening, and I sit down to my writing-table. I have seen the swans furrow the surface of the quiet lake, as they drew towards their nest on Svano. I have gazed on the gray walls of Ramm, within which I have lately passed through so much. I am happy and thankful. I await the return of my Bear from the city, where he has been the whole day, and have prepared for him my little feast. A duck from the Helga shall display itself large as life on our little table, and in its train shall the cauliflowers and the freshest salad find themselves. Pancakes, with raspberry jam, will follow them with an agreeable grace. As the evening is cold, I have caused the sitting-room to be warmed, and Bear's well-lined dress-

ing-gown and slippers to be displayed before the fire in due state. I will spoil him; and, while I am yet waiting for the good man, I will describe to you some of the scenes of yesterday.

Lagman Hok came to Ramm in order to accompany *Ma chère mère* to Carlslöfs. We took our breakfast *en famille*, during which the carriages drove up. The weather was beautiful, and we were all in high spirits. Hagar assisted with the packing, but concealed herself behind the people as *Ma chère mère*, with a lofty and proud bearing, appeared upon the steps. Bruno conducted his mother to her carriage. She had not entered it, before the horses shied at the sight of a wagon, which, covered with a black cloth, drove slowly into the court. Bruno shouted vehemently for it to stop. The wagon halted, and the driver came forward to *Ma chère mère*. It was Master Svensson, and the wagon had brought the coffin which *Ma chère mère* had ordered, and which, singularly enough, every one, till this moment, had forgotten to countermand.

This extraordinary rencounter threw us into the utmost confusion. *Ma chère mère* was the first to recover presence of mind, and, with a loud voice, she said to the joiner, "Good master, I have this time, as you see, reckoned without the host. I thought to die, but it pleased the Lord to let me live; praised be his will! But delayed is not defrayed. The coffin will serve me another time. At all events, I abide by the agreement for the price; and as to the feast, why, Master Svensson, I invite you to a feast of congratulation at Carlslöfs, on Sunday. And now you can carry the coffin carefully thither; I am on the way there myself."

Master Svensson was in great perplexity. His horse was tired, and, besides that, he had still business in another direction. "Well, well," said *Ma chère mère*, "let the coffin, for the present, remain here where it is. I will send for it one of these days."

Bruno called Hagar, said something to her; and at his beck came some people, who lifted the coffin from the wagon, and, under the wagoner's guidance, bore it into the house. "Mark my words," said Hagar, as she went past me, "disaster will soon come into this house. This coffin will not be borne empty out of it."

I would willingly have addressed some kind expression to Hagar at parting, for she was unhappy, and had shown herself friendly towards me, but this scene and Hagar's words confounded me; and, by the time I had again collected my thoughts, she was gone, and *Ma chère mère* called to me impatiently to come.

Lagman Hok drove on first in his *déshabillé*, in order to clear the way. Then came *Ma chère mère*, with Bruno, in her great family-carriage, into which she had taken Elsa; and Bear and I closed the train, in the cabriolet. We arrived happily. It was beautiful to see Jean Jacques and Jase Maria standing in full dress in the gate, which they had adorned with festival garlands, for the reception of the expected ones. It was beautiful to see how the servants, and the multitude of tenants and dependants, crowded round *Ma chère mère*, as she descended from the carriage. Deep emotion and joy appeared, in herself, to soften down her customary pride of bearing, as, supported on the arm of her son, and accompanied by a multitude of people, uttering blessings and prayers for her happiness, she slowly ascended the steps before the house. When she arrived at the top, she stood, turned

round, and made a sign as if she desired silence. After she had hemmed several times, as if she would clear her voice, she made the following harangue:

"My dear friends, servants, and people! It is with great joy that I see you here once more assembled round me, since I wish to announce to you that it has pleased the Almighty to restore to me my son, Bruno Mansfeld, who has been long absent, but is now returned, and whom you see standing at my right hand. He it is who lately saved my life at the peril of his own; yes, at the peril of his own; as it pleased God to terrify my horses with his lightning, by which my life was in danger, but, through this my son, was saved; though, in effecting this, he was so much injured by the horses that he still wears a bandage on his head, as you see, my friends.

"My friends, servants, and people! I announce to you that I have already recognised and owned this man to be my only son, Bruno Mansfeld; and I desire and demand from you, my friends and servants, that you conduct yourselves accordingly, and treat him, in all respects, as my rightful son and heir; and that you testify to him all reverence and obedience which you have hitherto testified to me; and I equally hope and believe that my son will prove himself worthy thereof, and will show himself to be an upright and good lord to you. And now, I pray you, my dear friends, that you join with me in imploring the blessing of the Lord on his head."

A hearty "Long live Bruno Mansfeld!" burst forth at the conclusion of this speech, and the multitude rushed up the steps, and pressed round *Ma chère mère* and Bruno, to shake hands with them. But *Ma chère mère* wisely cut short this much too exhausting scene. "Thanks! thanks! my dear friends! but you must now excuse it, that my son cannot longer linger among you, since he is yet so weak from his wounds that he requires rest. But on Sunday we will have a longer chat with one another. I invite you all together to come to Carlsons on Sunday, as my guests, and to rejoice with me. Beer and wine shall flow; and every one who sympathizes in my joy, and will drink a *skål* to my son, will be heartily welcome. Adieu! adieu! my children!" And with this, *Ma chère mère* took Bruno's arm, and entered the house.

Bruno was, in reality, faint, and strongly affected, and *Ma chère mère* was inexpressibly amiable in her tenderness and care for him. She seemed to have received her youth again, as she herself put Bruno's chamber in order, and made his bed herself. She was therewith as happy as a joyful young mother.

Bruno spent several hours alone in his own room. When he returned to us again, he was very pale; but, under the influence of his mother's gladness, he became every moment more cheerful and handsome; and this worked wonderfully on us all. *Ma chère mère* had entreated Bear and myself most warmly to spend the evening with them; but I could not be truly happy till we rolled on our way, beneath the beams of the moon, towards our beloved Rosenvik. When I, at length, found myself in my own room at home, I leaped for very joy, and embraced and kissed my little Sissa, who returned my embrace with heart and soul. Bear stood and laughed. This morning, the good man betook himself to Carlsons before he proceeded to the city, and sent me thence these lines:

"Few words are better than none, and I am  
N

desirous that my Fanny should rejoice with me that all stands well here. Bruno is far better to-day. *Ma chère mère* has not been so full of the freshness and enjoyment of life for many years. I am to rejoice—rejoice over the reconciled, over the sunshine, over my wife; and am, in time and eternity, thine,  
BEAR.

"P.S. Don't go out to-day, dear Fanny. *Ma chère mère* said that she should fetch thee; but don't let her fetch thee. I would willingly spend another quiet evening with thee at Rosenvik."

Go out! no, no, my own Bear; not if the king himself come for me. Hist! I hear a carriage. It is my king—my Bear!

99d.

Do you remember, dear Maria, a little song which begins thus?

"Trust not in life, love;  
Trust not in gladness."

That would I sing to-day, if I had the slightest desire to sing at all; but I have not. I threw down my pen last evening with such joy, and flew to meet my Bear; but, the moment I saw him, I stood still and dumb. He was pale, and looked excited, though he reached me, as cordially as ever, his hand. I exclaimed, "What ails thee, Bear? Art thou ill? Has anything sorrowful happened? Ah, tell me what it is!"

"I will tell thee presently."

That presently came soon; for Bear saw my uneasiness, and, as soon as we were in the room alone, he seated himself on the sofa, drew me to him, put his arm round me, and said, quietly and tenderly, "It is, in a word, only a worldly affair, my Fanny; a misfortune which, I am persuaded, thou wilt be able to bear as well as myself, if not, indeed, better. See here. Read it thyself." And he laid in my hand a letter. It was from Peter, written in evident haste and agitation of mind. It contained the intelligence that the house of L—— and Co., in which Bear, on the advice of Peter, had placed his property, was become bankrupt, and to such a degree as gave no hope that the creditors would receive the smallest particle of a dividend. Peter's little savings were gone too. What Bear, with the labours of twenty years, had gathered together, was now, in one moment, lost forever.

"My brother, my dearest brother!" so Peter concluded his letter, "what I have lost is little, and I well deserve to lose it because I was not more circumspect; but thou—thou art unfortunate through me, and that fills me with despair. This is the bitterest feeling which in my life I ever experienced. If I were not chained here by the W—— lawsuit, I should fly to thee, to throw myself into thy arms, and implore thy pardon." Several lines which followed were most indistinctly written. A spot on the paper, evidently caused by a tear, made the last word illegible. On this spot Bear riveted his eyes. "My poor Peter!" said he; and now rolled forth great tears over his pale cheeks. He leaned his head against my bosom, and wept for a moment bitterly. I said nothing, but kissed his forehead, and let him feel that I understood him, and felt with him. He became more composed, and we soon began quite calmly to talk over this untoward occurrence, and our own situation.

"I am now," said Bear, "on the same point on which I found myself twenty years ago. The prospect of a care-free old age is gone. I would not care for myself, were I but alone."

"Bear!" I exclaimed, "wouldst thou be without me?"

"Not for the whole world," answered he: "but I wished that thou shouldst partake my prosperity."

"Joy and trouble, Bear! Vowed we not in the marriage hour to partake together joy and trouble? Ah! comprehend it then, man, that it is my pleasure to share thy trouble when it comes, and that there is no real trouble for me so long as thou lovest me as I love."

I must sketch no more of this conversation. Thou, Maria, wilt easily represent to thyself its continuance. Ah! it is, indeed, so natural, so easy, and so sweet for a wife to let love and comfort stream forth on such occasions. Shame on them who could make a merit of it! enjoyment is its name. Such moments have their own great reward. People never love each other so intensely as then. Bear seemed, indeed, to feel it; he understood my devotion—understood that, at his side, neither courage nor joy could fail me. He was more affectionate to me than usual, he seemed grateful for my tenderness; but his brow did not clear itself; it was furrowed with a brooding anxiety; and, with his hands behind him, he paced the apartments to and fro. "Poor Peter!" sighed he, at last, "I can understand what he suffers, and he cannot come. I wish I was able—"

"To go to him," I suddenly added, guessing what it was which so oppressed him. "But how canst thou be absent from thy patients?"

"I have not many just now, and none which are seriously ill. Dr. D. would attend them in my absence. Then I could very well leave; but, in this moment, not—my wife."

"Oh, set off, then, my Bear! the wife is not unreasonable. Set off, give Peter peace, and satisfy thy own heart. The wife will think of thee; will see after house and affairs. Don't trouble thyself on that account; she will not be uneasy or impatient; she will maintain the honour of her husband."

Bear stretched out his arms to embrace me; now first his brow cleared itself. Oh, the good man! The suffering of his brother had oppressed him more than his own loss. So soon as the journey was determined on, he became quiet; and till deep in the night we sat and talked over our affairs, and how we would settle our plans for the future. That the joy of my little feast dissolved itself in smoke, you may well imagine. For the first time since we were married, was Bear unable to eat, and I could not even bear the idea of it. The duck remained untouched, but was secretly devoted by me to Bear's travelling provision-basket. Before we went to sleep, our minds were again as full of peace and content as if no misfortune had fallen on our house; and we closed this day, as we had done so many others, with thanks to the All-good for our happiness.

Yesterday Bear set out; first to the city, where he must spend the greater part of the day. In the evening he would proceed farther, and will remain away probably a fortnight. That is long. Thus left, I sit here and feel that my resolution by no means maintains the height to which it mounted in the first moments of misfortune. But deep it shall not sink; that I have resolved with myself. The change in our circumstances which goes most to my heart is, that we must leave our little Rosenvik, and set ourselves down fixed and forever in the city. Our means will not allow us any longer to have a country residence for the mere enjoyment's sake. In the depth of my own

mind, I propose again to teach music. Oh, fy upon the tear which here has fallen upon the paper! there shall not be a second. I know, indeed, that all will succeed, and succeed well, when one has courage in the soul, and peace in the heart and house. How miserable it would be of me to be in anxiety about the future, possessing, as I do, one of the best chances of life, my good and estimable husband!

Bear desired that our misfortune, for the present, should remain unknown in the neighbourhood. I will take care, therefore, to give nobody a suspicion of it. I will keep the promise I have given him, will be calm, and seek diversion in work. I have much to do in the garden. I will plant my rosebushes; and, if it be not allowed me to smell these roses, well, then, they will at least rejoice the noses of others.

### 23d, evening.

I am quite refreshed by my garden labours. Serena has spent the whole day with me, and afforded me great assistance. We have made a strawberry bed, planted gooseberries and roses. I hope they will prosper; and how refreshing is such employment! But what has done me more good than the rest is, that Serena has opened to me all her heart—that good, loving, and pure heart. All is as I had suspected. Serena loves Bruno—Bruno, Serena. For the present, however, the connexion seems to be broken off; but that it will continue so, that I do not believe. And yet, shall I desire a union between them? Ah, I know not! To-day Serena is pale; one sees that she has suffered much. She is now getting ready our tea, and stands by the table, graceful as an angel, but sunk in thought, and with a sorrowful expression about the mouth. I have related to her the whole of that which I lately witnessed and passed through at Ramm; and, as I proceeded, I saw her become pale, redden, weep, suffer keenly, and then rise, as it were, into a radiant trance of rapture. She calls "Tea is ready," "I come, dear creature." Good-evening, dear Maria. I reckon to-night on a good sound sleep. To-morrow I shall spend with *Ma chère mère*. Every day I go on writing a letter to Bear. It will be a mighty packet of important nothings.

### Later.

I have had a fright, and I am yet full of the terror of it! As Serena set out homeward, I accompanied her through the yard. The air had, for the lateness of the season, an unwonted mildness; and nature, in her autumnal, half sorrowful beauty, lay peacefully around us, flushed with the clear evening-rose. Serena, sensibly alive to the enjoyment of the hour, said, while we walked a few paces towards the garden, "Dost thou not believe, Fanny, that sometimes there lives in the air what one may pronounce goodness, and which immediately operates beneficially on the heart, from which we become ourselves good?"

"Serena," I said, "thou exprestest my own very feeling; but I must, at the same time, ask thee, whether thou hast not discovered, in raw autumn weather, a proneness to become also harsh in mind?"

"Oh yes!" replied Serena; "but we must then seek for the vernal atmosphere of a higher region."

"But this is not always so easy; and, perhaps, for those who do not love, is impossible."

"Yes," said she, "happy are they who have something to love on earth or in heaven. But who," added she, while her look became more earnest, and, as it were, inspired, "who needs be

wholly destitute of this? Is not the world full of objects worthy of our love? Does it not rest with ourselves alone to open our souls to these? And now, Fanny," and she looked round on the beautiful landscape, "are we not, even now, surrounded by living and love-worthy natures? Ah! it seems often to me that voices proceed from trees and flowers, from stars and animals, which speak to me of the great and good Creator, and of the life which they have received from him. Everywhere a spirit meets me which is like my own; which I can understand, and love; and where, in what circumstance of life, breathe not such voices from the things and beings which surround us? There is only demanded of us an open ear."

"And a pure heart," rejoined I, embracing her. "Yes, then would the whole of human life become one continued course of conversation with God, and we should have neither bitterness nor ennui. But—"

"But I lose all recollection," said Serena, "while I talk with you. The carriage has long waited: I must go; adieu, dearest Fanny, adieu!"

Serena departed; and scarcely was she out of sight, when my gaze was suddenly struck with a pair of eyes whose expression was unlike that of Serena's. They glanced, like two coals of fire, out of the hedge of elder in which their owner appeared to be purposely concealed. I started, thought of Lucifer, and stared at the two burning gulfs. They were now fixed on me, and Hagar darted forth from the hedge. With a countenance which gave to the wild feeling a terrible expression, she stood before me, and, in a vehement tone, demanded, "Is it she, is it she, that he loves? Tell me, is it she?" I was about to answer her calmly, when, in the same moment, some one approached. Hagar stamped furiously with her foot, wrung passionately her hands, while she muttered between her teeth, "Wo! wo! to her and to me!" and was gone.

Horror-stricken and confounded, I entered the house, saying to myself, "There is a difference between love and love; there is a difference between whom, and how, and what—"

This scene has startled and quite unhinged me. Would to God that Bear was but at home!

## CHAPTER XVII

Rosenwik, September 28th.

THERE is something strange about *Ma chère mère* since the day that she returned to Carlsfors. She is no longer like herself; she is singularly still, and, as it were, sunk in a dream. Her steps and her voice resound no longer through the spacious halls of Carlsfors. One hears no house-thunder, no words of reproof, any longer; but, at the same time, no proverbs, no fresh domestic joke and sport, either. From that day she seems no longer to take interest in what is going forward. Inspector and book-keeper come to consult her on the concerns of the estate, and she refers them to Jean Jacques. The maids come to speak of their affairs, and she refers them to Tuttin. Tuttin comes to deliver her accounts, and to receive orders, and stays long, and lays many matters before her, but receives no answer. *Ma chère mère* appears, at last, to forget that she is in the room, and Tuttin, after she has coughed and wondered, has asked and waited, withdraws with a troubled mind, and still secretly charmed at the prospect of becoming the sole ruling and

ordering power in the house, but presently stumbles on Jane Maria, who takes her by degrees under her sway. Even towards Bruno is *Ma chère mère* changed; and when he is within, she sits silent and looks at him fixedly. Yesterday, as she sat thus, with her eyes directed towards him, I saw two large tears roll down her cheeks. They were the first which I have seen her shed since she has found her son again. What can be working in her mind? What can this brooding and unworded silence portend? May no attack of hypochondria, or worse, impend! Bruno, even, fears somewhat evil. He took me aside yesterday, and asked, in distress, what was the matter with his mother. I could give him no explanation, and Bear is absent; what shall we do without him? I have written and informed him of the state of things here, so that, if it be possible, he may hasten his return.

October 3d.

I received yesterday a letter from Bear. In his letters he is still more laconic than in his conversation, but there is always a certain raciness about his words. I could draw from his letter, though it did not stand literally expressed there, that his arrival had given new life to Peter, and that his journey in various respects had been advantageous. Of Ebba he says, "She looks like a little bird, that, when the darkness comes, hides its head under its wing. It is well that Peter is now the wing." On the whole, Bear's letter was infinitely kind and satisfactory. He hoped by the sixth of October to be here. May he soon come; his presence is highly necessary. I become continually more uneasy about *Ma chère mère*. Some great change is, to a certainty, in progress in her; and now that I seriously fear for her, I feel more and more how very dear she is to me. For some days she has been yet stiller, yet more sunk in revery, and seems to possess a certain inward quiet; but in all her movements, in all that she undertakes, prevails an uncertainty, a confusion, a want of tact and aptitude, so unlike her former firm and able manner. She is, moreover, so unwontedly mild and kind, that the servants of the household are astonished and affected by it. They look at one another, and seem to say, "What ails her?" So ask I also.

October 7th.

Ah! Maria, now I know all, and you shall learn all, too. Bear came home the evening before last. I received him as if he had been the only human creature in the world, that is to say, besides myself. What he told me of his journey, of our affairs, of Ebba and Peter, I will relate to you another time; I can now only talk of what occurred yesterday.

It was Sunday, and we went to dine at Carlsfors. Bear's eyes were fixed scrutinizingly on *Ma chère mère*, and his grimaces portended nothing good; that is, they all vanished, which is a sign that his thoughts are serious and sorrowful. At table, *Ma chère mère* had Bear at her right hand and Bruno at her left. She was still and brooding, but also extremely pale. Her bearing was not so proud, her toilet not so orderly as usual. It grieved me to see her. As the soup was removed, she poured out wine for Bruno; it ran in streams on the table-cloth, but she did not observe it. Bruno wished to take the bottle out of her hand, saying, softly, "Dear mother, you pour the wine on the table."

"Do I?" said she, with a melancholy tone; "then I perceive that it is all over with me, my

son. Pour out wine for thyself; thy mother will do it no more!" She set the bottle on the table, pushed her chair from her, and arose. We all arose, too, with one common impulse. "Remain sitting," said *Ma chère mère*, with a strong and imperative voice; "remain sitting; no one may follow me."

She saluted us with her hand, and passed with slow and majestic steps through the wondering servants, but ran against the door, at which both Bear and Bruno sprang forward. She turned quickly, and cried, "Whoever follows me is not my friend. Remain quietly there," she added, in a softer tone: "I will presently have you called."

We knew too well *Ma chère mère's* temperament to attempt to disregard her thus solemnly pronounced will; but you cannot imagine the state of excitement and suspense in which we found ourselves. For more than an hour we continued in this painful expectation. I suffered deeply with Bruno's suffering. With darkly-wrinkled brows he went agitatedly to and fro in the room, and from time to time wiped the perspiration from his forehead. At length came Elsa. The quiet servant was no more like herself. With perplexed look and faltering voice, she requested us to come to Madame Mansfeld. Bruno sprang forward first; we followed him; and, with internal trembling, I expected something horrible. But no; no fearful spectacle met us in *Ma chère mère's* chamber. She sat in the background in her easy-chair, upright and still, but with no general's mien; and only on the pale countenance, on the red and swollen eyelids, appeared the traces of a powerful, but self-conquered agitation of mind.

"Are you all here?" inquired *Ma chère mère*, with a firm voice. We replied in the affirmative, at the same time gathering round her. "My children," began now *Ma chère mère*, with a strange mixture of strength and humility, "I wished to be alone for a moment, in order to prepare myself, as becomes a Christian, to appear before you, and to reveal to you my misfortune. Chagrin has now had its full dominion; it is time that reason should have its. My dear children, the hand of the Lord lies heavy on me; he has smitten my eyes with darkness."

A smothered expression of grief was heard, and its echo spread itself round. I seized Bear's hand, and saw in his countenance that he had already suspected the real matter.

"My dear children," began *Ma chère mère*, again, "you must not distress yourselves about me. I myself grieve no longer. At first, I acknowledge, that it went hard with me; and, for a long time, I would not believe that it could be so with me as it now is. No! I would not concede to it; I resisted the idea of it; I murmured in myself; I was like the old woman against the stream. But it became darker and darker; the calamity became more certain; to-day it became perfectly clear; and now, I have humbled myself. Ah! my children, let us, in the first place, reflect that it is in vain to strive with our Lord God; when we throw little stones at him, he throws back again great ones at us. In the second, that we are shortsighted mortals, and know but little what is best for us and others; and on that account, my children, it is good for us to bow ourselves beneath the hand of our Lord God, and to be obedient to Him, for he knows well what he does."

I could stand quietly no longer. I threw myself, with tears in my eyes, on the neck of *Ma*

*chère mère*, exclaiming, "Bear will help *Ma chère mère*; he will restore her sight again to her!"

"I hope, really, to be able to do it," said Bear, drawing near, and, as he seized her hand, looked keenly at her. "It is the cataract. It can be cured. In two or three years it will probably be matured, and then an operation can be performed."

"Lars Anders" said *Ma chère mère*, while she pressed his hand, "I believe you, and in this faith I live happily. I will wait patiently till the day comes when I may again behold the Lord's sun; and should it never come for me on earth, I will yet sit, in my darkness, in resignation. I have formerly sat in a deeper darkness; I am now, in comparison, happy. My eyes have been permitted to see the fulness of a great joy; and if I, indeed, cannot see, I can yet hear my son, and, you all," added she, as if fearing to do us an injustice.

Bruno stood leaning over his mother; his head was bowed down to hers: she felt his breath on her forehead. "Is that thee, my son?" asked she, tenderly, and lifted somewhat her darkened eyes.

"Yes, my mother," answered he, in a voice melodious and full of emotion.

"Give me, then, thy arm, my son, and conduct me into the saloon," said *Ma chère mère*. "And you all, my children, follow me. Bruno will play us one of his beautiful pieces, and we will all be as we were before. Co-operate with me in this, my children, and do not let my misfortune trouble you; don't imagine that it is necessary to compassionate me. No one shall have more trouble than formerly to wait on and be helpful to me. I shall soon be able to help myself; and should I need, sometimes, the hand or the eye of another, I will ask for it, and am quite certain that I shall have it. For the rest, we will trouble ourselves as little as possible about this occurrence. 'It is old-wife's comfort,' said our great Gustavus Adolphus, 'to grieve and complain;' and I say it becomes every sensible person to maintain God in his thoughts, and patiently to bear the cross laid upon him."

With this she arose, gave her arm to Bruno; but he put his arm round her, while he pressed, with inexpressible tenderness, her hand to his lips, and so conducted her out of the room. A faint red, on this, flushed *Ma chère mère's* pale cheeks; and with a smile, which one might style that of happiness, she leaned her head against his shoulder. So they went on, and we followed.

Bruno played, as his mother had desired, and played divinely. I have never yet heard any one draw such tones out of an instrument. "He plays, not like an angel, but an archangel," said *Ma chère mère*. But as he descended to gloomier notes, "Dear son!" said she, "play something more lively; that is quite wobegone." Like the celebrated Queen Elizabeth, *Ma chère mère* loves properly only gladsome and stormy music.

After the music, arose a general conversation. We drew in a ring round *Ma chère mère*, and every one did his best to amuse and entertain her, and never have I witnessed so spirited and animated a party; even *Ma chère mère* was more lively and elated than I had ever seen her. Bruno shone in interesting and finely-related stories. *Ma chère mère* sometimes screamed quite loud—now from terror, now from astonishment and delight; and I must confess that I did the same. Wonderful, incomprehensible, interesting Bruno! Afternoon and evening flew by in such dis-

course; everybody was amazed when supper was announced; and *Ma chère mère* said, as she arose, "My dear children, you are this evening so excessively merry and interesting, that I could sit up all night and listen to you; but 'he that eats out of the iron pot will have nothing in the dish,' and we must no more riot in pleasures than in other things. I have not been very well to-day, and shall do the wisest to get to bed. I thank you all, my children, for a happy evening, and wish you a blessing on your supper, and a good-night."

Bruno conducted his mother to a chamber, and stayed some time with her. When he returned, he was still sorrowful, but mild. After supper he talked long with Bear respecting the cataract, and inquired, very exactly, concerning the nature and development of it, and the operation upon it; all which the doctor described *com amore*. Bear regards it as probable that it has originated in her violent agitation of mind, on the discovery of her son; but of that Bruno must suspect nothing. It is singular that this mother and this son seem conducted by fortune to occasion mischief to each other; but now, since the blindness has shown itself, the conflict will probably cease, and the angel of reconciliation, which has descended into their souls, spread its wings over their future life. But how will it be in this future with *Ma chère mère*? Will her strength of mind be able to maintain itself? Will her physical strength not sink? What will she do—in what employ herself? She, who has been so commanding, so restless, will she not become oppressed by inactivity? Will she not become spleenetic, quarrelsome, peevish, a plague to herself and others? "Tell me, Bear, what thou thinkest about it?" "Hum! we shall see!"

54A.

We are endeavouring to bring our affairs into order; but it is more difficult than we at first imagined. Heavy debts will oppress us; Bear's benevolence towards poor relations on his mother's side now falls with a heavy burden upon him. Many retrenchments must be made in our housekeeping; and yet I can see well that we shall enter the winter with a complete destitution of money. But Bear is strong and kind, and, as soon as we get into the city, I will give music-lessons. We shall remove thither very soon. Bear has taken a little house of three rooms and a kitchen. It grieves me now to leave *Ma chère mère*. Since our last being together, she has not been well. I have the toothache, and my heart is heavy. There come times in which all is so tedious. But we must not forget that we have had enjoyment—that we have been happy. I will not do it; and I will not make my life bitter by too much impatience. Heaviness I hate as cordially as even Miss Hellevi Hausgiebel does; but I now feel that there are difficulties, burdens, of which one cannot get rid; and we must, therefore, take some trouble to bear them lightly.

14A.

Long life to *Ma chère mère*! No one ever can show himself more reasonable under misfortune than she does. No one can with more dignity bow beneath the hand of the Lord. She has transferred the whole of the out-door management to Jean Jacques, of the domestic to Jane Maria, and only reserved the right to be consulted on certain occasions. At the carrying out of this arrangement, she made a great and formal oration to the servants and dependants. Tuttin has given warning to leave the next winter. She

and Jane Maria are not the best friends. *Ma chère mère* has farther written to B—schen Institution, in Stockholm, for a person who shall instruct her how to employ herself with different things, in her blindness; as, for instance, in writing, card-playing, &c. In the mean time, she works diligently at her great net, and plays with great zeal on her violin. In temper she is quiet, kind, and very cheerful. I must also say, that, so far, Jane Maria conducts herself admirably towards her; and in the evenings, with self-denial which is meritorious, plays all the *sonâtes* from Steibelt and Pleyel, "*avec accompagnement de violon*," which *Ma chère mère* can play by rote on her violin. *Ma chère mère* also shows herself more cordial towards Jane Maria, which appears to be felt with a good effect by her. Bruno is every day at Carlshors. *Ma chère mère* already knows the sound of his horse's feet; her face flushes when she hears it, and she says, "Now he comes!" When he is with her there prevails something more womanly and amiable than usual in her disposition. Bruno has bought Ramm, and settled down there.

15A.

We made to-day various payments, which took all our money. I believed that we had not a single *keller* left, but I discovered that we still possessed a twelve-shilling piece, and I rejoiced so much over it, that I was obliged actually to laugh at myself; then I wept; and after that laughed again, and embraced my Bear. The day after to-morrow we remove into the city. I think, with delight, that I shall then see Serena and the excellent old Dahls. Besides this, we will make no acquaintance at all, but will live quietly, and to ourselves. The winter will soon pass over; but in the spring! ah! in the spring, when all is lovely in the country, when the air, and flowers, butterflies, and the song of birds—no, I will not make myself sad; I really will not. I will have flowers in my room, and I myself will be butterfly, both for myself and for my Bear.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

W—, October 20th.

We have been in the city three days. We left Rosenvik on Monday morning, not without tears on my part, I confess it; but I took care not to let Bear see them. Ah! I shall never again call the dearest of little places mine! The morning was gray and raw; snow flew in the air; the road was rough with the night frost. The poor horse drew Bear and his Bearess heavily along. We breakfasted at Bird's Nest, whither Miss Hellevi Hausgiebel had pressing invited us. Her excellent coffee, with the accompanying dainties, her lovely museum, and a cheerful gossip, revived me; and I arrived in the city in good spirits.

Our three rooms are neat and comfortable, but do not lie on the sunny side, which I regret. Farewell, my flowers! Well, we can live without them. I have, during three days, rummaged about greatly. Yesterday I put up curtains myself in our chamber. Serena was here, and helped me. How interesting the conversation over this was, you can imagine. "My angel, give me that piece of muslin." "Have you the scissors?" "Where are the needles?" "Here!" "The hammer?" "There!" "This nail is blunted." "Here is another;" and so on. And there was some joke, some laughter. With Serena work becomes pleasure; she does all easily

and well. Towards noon we had all in order; and, when Bear came home, I led him, with some pride, into my room, which he had never before seen so adorned. "Ah! the d—!" he exclaimed, gaping and grimacing with all his might.

Serena dined with us. She was merry, and joked with Bear. The dinner was good; it was a pleasant little meal. When Serena, after dinner, had left us, Bear fell into a sort of ecstasy over her, and exclaimed, "She is an actual angel!"

"Yes, Bear; and, on that account, she would be not in the least suitable as a wife for thee."

"Not in the least; even as little as I am fit for a husband for her. For me there is only one that is suitable, and that is—my wife."

"Ah! she suits you admirably."

All is now in order in my little house. Had I only a little sun! But, thank God! I have the best sunshine of the house; I have peace!

November 1st.

Our misfortune is now everywhere known. Do you know how we first became aware of this? By Bruno coming one morning to Bear, and putting half of his property at his command. It troubled him that Bear would receive nothing except the loan of a certain sum, and that to liquidate a debt which now pressed upon him. The worthy old Dahl also came to Bear, and offered him his services. All our acquaintances have shown us much kindness and sympathy; many of the families which employ Bear as a physician have immediately sent in their annual payment. By all this our present cares are swept away, and I am charmed with the goodness of men. But no kindness, no visit, has yet affected me so much as that of *Ma chère mère*. She came yesterday afternoon, so friendly and cordial. She caused me to conduct her through the rooms, into the kitchen and store-chamber; made me describe all my arrangements, and lamented only that she could not see my curtains, "which, report said, were so especially tasteful." To the loss we had suffered she made no allusion; but, after tea, she said, suddenly, in a scolding tone, "Listen, Lars Anders: what stupid nonsense is this of which people talk? They say you are intending to leave Rosenvik? That I forbid; and if, for some years, you cannot afford to pay the rent, you shall have it for no rent at all. Ay, fetch me the hangman! that shall you. I shall hear no word against it; it is now said and determined."

Bear, with his horrible independence, resolved to say much against it; but I was so transported with *Ma chère mère's* words, that in an instant I kissed her cheek and hands. This weakened Bear's resistance; so that he merely muttered, "Too much! we cannot accept what we cannot make a return for." But *Ma chère mère* interrupted him warmly, and said, while she held me on her knee, "Good Lars Anders, don't stand there and mutter like a beetle in a tub. Too little, and too much, spoils all. To be independent, and a churl to boot, that's all very well; but to be unwilling to accept a service from a friend is pride, and does no good. You have had a loss; that was no fault of yours. Well, then, you need not be ashamed of it. Take the spoon in the right hand, Lars Anders, and adapt yourself to circumstances. Every one must do that, sooner or later; to-day, I; to-morrow, you; but what is offered from the heart must not be rejected. Besides this, if I

offer you a service, my friend, I offer myself one at the same time; for I like to have you for neighbours; there are none that I like so well. It stands as I have said. Hold Rosenvik for five years, rent free; afterward, you may pay me as you have done before. Better times will soon come for you, my children, for you are diligent and careful; and, after storm and rain, God causes his sun to shine. Don't be headstrong, Lars Anders. Be a kind man. Look at your wife; she is far more sensible than you. Come now, and kiss my hand, and let us be friends." And she extended her hand to Bear, who, half grumbling, and half thankful, and tender, kissed it, and shook it. The affair was settled; was no farther spoken of; and *Ma chère mère* drove away, kind and glad, as she came.

I was so perfectly happy to have my Rosenvik again, and there to enjoy the spring, with its flowers and birds, that Bear could no longer hold out with his stubborn love of independence, but became happy with me. So, then, there shall I again smell my roses, gather my gooseberries, eat my cauliflowers, and cultivate my garden. All that is divine!

November 14th.

For these ten days I have given music-lessons. Serena, to whom I confided my position, has procured me four pupils. They come in the forenoon, while Bear is absent; he knows nothing of it, and will, in time, wonder how it is that the housekeeping goes on so well, and yet how little the money in the box diminishes. It is a pleasure to do this for a man who is so kind, and requires so little; in opposite circumstances it would be a pain. The music-lessons go forward; what, indeed, does not, when one determines it shall? but agreeable they certainly are not. Three of my scholars are very slow in their conceptions, and have been badly taught hitherto. I do all that is possible to inspire them. We thrash through the "*Bakaille de Prague*" with labour and pain. The fourth pupil is a clever girl, and gives me pleasure.

With the old Dahls I come continually into a more confidential relation; in Serena I have the best and most amiable of friends; Bear is so kind. Ah! I have much good, for which I ought to be thankful, and yet I am heavy at heart; there hangs a cloud on me, which will not disperse. I am not very well, either; it is so dark here in the city; for several weeks there has been a perpetual fog, converted only now and then into rain; and then, I have certain thoughts, which—

I should like to know what *Ma chère mère* would say to this voice of lamentation; probably, "They who wish to sing always find a song." *Ma chère mère* plays on her violin, and is cheerful in her misfortune. Would that I were but only half as rational as she!

## CHAPTER XIX.

W—, November 17th.

We have now been a month in the city. This fog, this gloomy season, oppresses the spirits; and then the everlasting dirty weather; one cannot get a mouthful of fresh air; everybody has, moreover, colds and affections of the chest; Bear is so busy that I cannot get a sight of him, except at dinner and late in the evening. The old Dahl has got a fit of the gout, and Serena cannot leave him. I do not feel well enough to

go out often, and, therefore, I can see very little of her. I endeavour to employ myself busily at home, but that does not succeed; I have just been trying to enliven myself with the beautiful "Song of the Sun," but I had no voice. Then I thought I would write a little poem, but could find no rhyme to "heart," except "smart," and that put me into a weeping mood; then I set myself to sew away, right or wrong, but the work turned out neither right nor wrong. At last, I placed myself at the window, in order, amid the grinding noise of wagons, and the pattering of the eavesdrops, to relate to you my bad humours. My little pupils also oppress me. We get by no possibility forward with the "*Bataille de Prague*;" we must try something else. Say, do you know anything more wearying than the eternal dropping of the eaves?

194.

I wished yesterday to see Serena; I needed her friendly countenance, for I was out of humour with many things, and especially with myself. My pupils had, in the forenoon, so tired me, that I wept as soon as I was alone. At dinner the soup was smoked; Bear was obliged to leave me the moment dinner was over; everything appeared insupportable; and, in order to drive away the bad humour, I set off, under the umbrella, and through the mud, to the Dahls's. I found them alone. The little family was assembled in the sick-chamber of the old gentleman. He sat in a great armed-chair, his foot wrapped in flannel. Serena's look and friendliness would have enlivened me, had not her paleness frightened me, and made me suspect that all was not right here. Mr. and Madame Dahl were also unusually still and serious; yet I saw clearly that the relation between the old people and their darling was as entire and cordial as ever.

After tea, Madame Dahl went into her own room, and asked me to accompany her, as Serena would read aloud to her grandpapa, who was not disposed this evening for much talk. When we were alone together, neither would any conversation move on properly between us; the good old lady was sunk in thought, and sighed deeply. I inquired tenderly into the cause, and soon learned it; Bruno, a few days ago, had sought the hand of Serena from her grand-parents.

"His proposal made me sorry," continued Madame Dahl, "as he at once brought forward the matter in so warm and manly a manner; for I have always been much concerned for Bruno; and yet we could not, from many causes, think of Bruno as the husband of Serena, at least not yet, while we know so little of him. There were strange reports about him in his youth, and respecting the occasion of his flight from his mother's house. One has for many years heard nothing of him; and even now he is ambiguously spoken of, especially as regards a certain woman that he has in his house. My husband is strict in his demands of honour and of pure reputation in a man; and, if any one has a right to require these, it is certainly he. He has, as well as myself, a great esteem for Bruno, and rejoices sincerely over the good that he intends and will effect here; but he does not wish to call him son. Serena is the apple of his eye, his pride, his joy; therefore, it is not at all to be wondered at that he will not give her to a man whose life and character are covered with darkness. He, therefore,

received Bruno's proposal coldly; and, without absolutely rejecting it, begged him, at present, to think nothing farther of it; spoke of the future, of nearer acquaintance, and so on; and, in order to bring the not very pleasant conversation to a friendly termination, added, sportively, 'And for the rest, when we read in the Bible that Jacob served seven years, and again seven, for Rachel, we cannot think it unreasonable to wait a few years, to deserve a damsel who certainly is better and handsomer than the young shepherdess in the land of Mesopotamia.' But this joke about Jacob and Rachel did not seem at all to please Bruno. He took his hat, with a dark glance, bowed, and left us without a word.

"When he was gone, we felt it our bounden duty to make all that had passed known to Serena, and to hear what she would say." We did so, and her deep agitation of mind strengthened what I had suspected, and what she herself cordially confessed, in reply to our questions; Serena loves Bruno. Already, as a child, she conceived a fondness for him, and this is now become love. But as my husband laid before Serena the reasons which had induced him to give Bruno an answer so little encouraging, she confessed, even in the midst of her tears, that he had done quite right. And as he added, with emotion, that his gray hairs would go down with sorrow to the grave if she united herself to a man who was unworthy of her, and that even now he could have no peace if Serena were so bound by her affections that she could not feel herself happy unless in marriage with him, she threw her arms round his neck, and begged him to make himself easy; assuring us that she loved us more than she did Bruno, and never would dispose of her hand without our full consent; that she would always remain with us; and said such affectionate things to us; how contented she was with her condition, how happy our tenderness made her, and so on, that our hearts became much lighter.

"Since then, we have said no more of the affair; but God knows how it is, we are all somewhat out of tune. I look at Serena, and see that her heart is heavy, though she shows herself always so kindly towards us. My husband put a restraint on himself in the interview of that day, and the gout has through that become worse. Of Bruno, too, who before was here so frequently, nobody has heard a word; perhaps he has taken the refusal so ill that he will set off again to the West Indies."

"Then let him go," said I; "then he is not worthy of Serena. In truth, I must say, with Mr. Dahl, that she is a maiden who deserves to be served for and waited for; but methinks that seven years, and again seven years, may be a little too much in these days, when men do not live half as long as the patriarchs."

Madame Dahl laughed, and said, "You have always a lively word, my little Franziska. Ah! well, I myself have thought so too, and said so; but my husband, in everything so wise and excellent, is somewhat obstinate in matters of marriage; and, beyond this, it by no means pleases him when any one asks the hand of Serena. Ah, Franziska! I have often thought and suspected that in our tenderness of Serena we probably mingle no little selfishness, and that we, perhaps, are as much afraid of losing, by her marriage, her careful attentions and society, as that she should not be happy in her wedded life. I have had some trouble," added she, with a sigh, "to

make this right clear to myself. Ah! life is a conflict to the grave. The old have probably as great, and even still more powerful temptations to withstand than the young. The blood is so sluggish, the feelings become so numb; the cold which creeps into the body will insinuate itself into the soul. We feel that we need much help, and begin to make demands on others; we have many little conflicts, and, through them, we too easily forget to sympathize in the sufferings and enjoyments of others. In fact, these are happy temptations, and, had we not the Gospel, I feel persuaded that we must sink; and probably we suffer ourselves to become more fettered than we are aware of."

During our conversation, the clock had struck nine. Madame Dahl and I ate a light supper; Serena remained with her grandfather. After supper, we went to him, also, in order to attend the evening prayers, which, for fifty years, have been held every evening in the house. As I approached the door, I heard Serena reading aloud. "My God!" thought I, "she surely cannot have been reading aloud the whole time since we left them." We entered; the reading ceased; the servants assembled in the room, and the old Dahl read, with dignity and devotion, the short, but beautiful Evening Prayer. As this ended, the inmates and servants of the house gave each other their hand, with a friendly "good-night." The whole was a peaceful scene, which did the heart good.

When we were again alone, I observed that Serena looked weary. She coughed sometimes, and the cough did not at all please me; but, as I looked at her with an inquisitive uneasiness, she smiled at me so kindly and cheerfully, as if she would remove from me this impression. When I was taking leave, and wished the old Dahl a good night's sleep, he said, "Sleep has not been for some time my friend; but I am happy enough to have a little Scheherazade by my couch, who shortens a part of the night for me through her pleasant histories; and that has she done for probably more than a 'thousand and one nights.' But perhaps thou art tired to-night, my good maiden," added he, as he looked at Serena. "Oh! I can very well read a little longer," she replied, zealously.

I was about to put in my opposition, by a remark on the weariness of Serena's look; but, at my first "But," Serena laid her hand instantly on mine, so pressingly, so forbiddingly, that I closed my mouth again. When she accompanied me out, "Serena," said I, in a tone of reproof, "why didst thou not tell thy grandfather the truth? Thou art weary; I see it. Dost thou think that he can be satisfied that, to entertain him, thou shouldst read thyself to death? This is wrong; it is unreasonable."

"Hush! hush! thou very reasonable creature!" said Serena, smiling, and caressing me, while a tear gleamed in her eye. "Let me to-day follow my understanding; another time I will follow thine. Grandfather is not well, and to-day he is extremely out of spirits; and, if he imagined that I was not well, he would be very uneasy. I am not at all unwell; I am only a little tired; I shall be all right again presently, like a winter new moon."

"Then thou must very soon call on me, for my spirits have been for some time regularly declining."

"Ah! I suspected so. What is it, Fanny? My dear Fanny, what is it that oppresses thee

so? Sit down; let me take off your bon. Let me know now—"

"No, no, Serena, not now! But come soon to me, Serena."

"As soon as ever it is possible to me."

Dahl's servant accompanied me home with a lantern. It rained, and heavy as the rain drops fell my thoughts. "Shall Serena"—so they ran—"wither in her youth, because she has endeared herself to the old people, and has made herself so indispensable to them? I wish that she was carried off—otherwise she will be utterly bewitched with this reading. Bruno would be just the man for such an exploit—but Bruno—this unquiet and not pure spirit—could he make her happy? Would not this be to fall out of the ashes into the fire? My poor, dear Serena! Like the water-lily, thou seemst destined, now to float on still, and now on stormy waves, and only to live as the ornament or the prey of them."

22d.

Yet the water-lily has its own root, although this lies hidden in the deep; and although its blossoms allow themselves to be rocked by the waves, yet it has its own firm eye-mark—heaven! And now from the blossom of the water to the blossom of the valley—to Serena. To-day, in the cold, dark morning, she surprised me, and I confess it—surprised me in tears. I was ashamed of myself; and to her affectionate caresses and questions could only say, "Don't trouble yourself about it, Serena! I am to-day rather weak. Thou shouldst have come another day; to-day I am stupidly childish."

"No, to-day is the right day," replied Serena, with zealous cordiality. "It is exactly to-day that it pleases me to be here. I have had no rest since I saw thee last. Thou spakest so sorrowfully, so unlike thee. And now I am here, and shall not go away till thou hast told me what it is that lies so heavy on thy mind."

"Guard thyself from reprisals, Serena!"

"Ah! thou art ready to do battle, I hear. Well, that makes me easier. See, thou laughest! God be praised! now all will go well! But tell me, dear Fanny, tell me—"

We got into the great easy-chair together; we gossiped, we wept, we laughed together, and Serena's tenderness and sensible words lightened my heart materially. But, as I began to be more composed in myself, I began also to make assault upon her, and said, "Now comes the turn to thee, Serena! Now must thou, also, confess. No, no, thou canst not creep out; thou shalt not leave me till thou hast explained the riddle. Thou comest to-day to me; speakest with me, of me, as if there was nothing else in the world besides to talk of. Thou hast something in thy look which seems to say that eternal peace dwells in thy soul. Tell me, can it be so? I know that Bruno has asked thy hand. I know, too, that, if it has not been actually refused him, it has been shown to him at that distant and doubtful perspective which makes it very unlikely that he will obtain it. I know, too, that this has wounded him deeply: can all this be indifferent to thee?"

"No, not indifferent!" It seemed to be painful to Serena to speak on this subject.

"Dearest Serena!" I exclaimed, "pardon me; I see that I tease thee, but this time thou must let me see into thy heart. I know that Bruno loves thee extremely; thou thyself hast confessed what thou feelest for him; canst thou renounce him without pain?"

"No, not without pain—but yet without much suffering."

"Dost thou not deceive thyself? Thou sayest now, 'I do not suffer,' and art yet so pale. Thou wilt die one day, while thou art saying, 'I do not die!'"

Serena smiled sorrowfully, while she blushed, and said, "No, Fanny! of this trouble I shall not die. I have proved myself, and I know that I can bear it. In a while I shall be no longer pale; I shall become again quite composed and strong. My parents have explained to me the reasons which have influenced them not to comply with Bruno's wishes; and I see that they are right, and that they cannot possibly think otherwise. On that account I have compelled my own inclinations to silence; yes, I have laid aside all thoughts of a union with Bruno. I will live only for my parents. So long as they love me, and, through my intentions, are rendered happy, I cannot feel unhappy myself."

"Is, then, thy sense of duty so strong, is thy tenderness for them so sufficing for thy own heart; is it able to drown every wish, every bitter yearning, which, if thou lovest, thou must still feel?"

"Yes, if not, indeed, always, yet it is so on the whole. Seest thou, Fanny, in the daytime there may come some impatience, some yearning, some 'Ah!' as thou callest it, and disquiet in the heart; but, when the day is over, and I can retire to rest, and say to myself that those who tenderly cherished my childhood have during the day enjoyed comfort and pleasure through me, and think that they now rest in peace and bless their child; then, Fanny, it becomes all so quiet, so well about my heart, that I silence any 'Ah!' and am contented, and grateful for my lot."

"If thy parents yet live ten or twenty years? Every year they will require, more indispensably, thy care, and this life—Serena, thou wilt wither away before thy time; thou wilt become old in thy best years."

"And if the cheeks wrinkle, and the eyes grow dim, what then, dear Fanny, if we have but won the satisfaction of the heart? I have reflected on the future, of which thou speakest, and fear it not. If parents are not kind, and worthy of respect, it may be hard, very hard, to live entirely for them; and this may, with truth, be styled a sacrifice. But how different is it, in this case, for me; and how many charms has my life which nobody is aware of! Do I express a wish my parents do not hasten to satisfy? How many great pleasures do not their kindness and generosity confer on me? In fact, to live for such kind and venerable parents is a beautiful and noble lot."

"Thou speakest right well and eloquent, Serena!" said I, somewhat piqued; "and no one can admire thy parents more than I do; but I cannot away with it that they can never endure thy suitors; they always oppose themselves to thy marrying; and I would ask whether a good portion of selfishness does not lie in that. They will not give thee to any other, because they will keep thee for themselves, that thou mayest nurse them, read to them, and sing to them, till—"

"Franziska," interrupted Serena, with an expression of terror, "say not so. Are they not such thoughts which awaken bitterness in the heart, and cripple all our power to do good? My dear Fanny, these ideas must, with all our might, be banished, as evil tempters. For the rest, if parents will have some return for all that

they have sacrificed; if they will not be forsaken in their old age, and will retain near them the child they have cherished and brought up, is that anything to wonder at? is it anything but reasonable? Ah! I would appeal to all whose situation resembles mine, and say, 'Let us remember this, and love the fulfilment of our filial duty.'"

"And when these duties cease; when thy parents are gone, and gone, too, the best portion of thy existence, will not life appear empty to thee? Thou hast, for their sakes, separated thyself from thy young companions and their interests: thou hast gone out of the joyful and stirring track of life, in order to accompany the dying, and to smoothen his course; and now standest thou, suddenly, in solitude. Will not thy soul, also, have become a nun, which sees in the world a desert, and returns, mute, into its chill cloister?"

"I do not believe it," said Serena, as she looked up. A tear glittered in her eye: her bosom rose, as though it would fling from it a weight; and she continued, "Life is rich and beautiful; God's goodness is inexhaustible; why, then, should our hearts cease to receive it? Why should they wither away, so long as there flow rich wells of enjoyment? If they do, it must be their own fault. They contract themselves; they close themselves; they will not expand, in order to rejoice in the joy of others, to admire the beauty of the world. Ah! that is poverty of soul. My dear Fanny, I desire it not. I will keep my soul open; spring, and friendship, and song, live perpetually on the earth. Heavy and woful times may come, but they must go again; and, even while they last, shall we no longer look on the sunshine which falls on our lives, as on that which is turned away from it? And exactly on this account, best Fanny, let us say no more of what oppresses me. Let me now enjoy the sun, which greets us after so many gloomy days. See, how beautifully it lies on the green table-cover!" And she laid her fair hand in the sunshine, as if caressing it. "Let us now be happy on thy account, and since I see that thou lovest me as I do thee." And, with silent tears on her glowing countenance, Serena embraced me, and leaned her head against my shoulder.

"But Bruno, Serena? But Bruno?" I was like the devil; I would let her have no rest. "While thou consolest thyself and enjoyest life, he, who does not possess thy fortitude, will be solitary and miserable."

Scarcely had I pronounced these words, when I repented them. The happy glow which illumined Serena's brow was suddenly extinguished; a cloud, a trouble, passed over it; but she collected herself, and said, with a quiet sincerity, "No, Fanny, no! Bruno will not be unhappy. No, he also will acquire peace."

"And how? And whence is this certainty?" demanded I, in astonishment.

"Ah! I know how it will come to pass. I have a presentiment, a faith which cannot deceive me. Seest thou, there will pass over a time; it will not be joyful, but it will pass over, and then Bruno will come again. Then it will be as in my childhood, and in my first youth; we shall be as brother and sister; and this bond will make us both happy. Bruno will choose himself another wife, but I shall always remain his friend, his sister. Thou shalt see that it will be so. My parents, Bruno, and three—to love, and to live for you—oh, Fanny, how good is God!"

The bears on Spitzbergen did not fall with such fury on the huts of the sailors as my Bear

now on the hall-door. It was noon, and Serena was obliged to hasten away home. I was absent during dinner, and had to endure Bear's raillery on that account; in order to reconcile him, I ordered a super-excellent cup of coffee, and, while he drank it, I sat down to play an air to the poem which I had composed during dinner, and which I now send you.

#### THE WATER-LILY.

From the clear water springeth  
A white and lovely flower,  
Beholds the sun, and bringeth  
Its homage to his power.

At once its eye it turneth  
Aloft in truth and love;  
An offering pure it burneth  
To its high God above.

Over the deeps it hovers,  
Like angel's prayers so sweet;  
No restless wish discovers,  
Love is its bliss complete.

When howl the tempests chill,  
And heavy drench the rains,  
Still calmly waves the lily  
Upon the billowy plains.

Nor from the station flieh  
Where God its head did raise;  
Heaven patiently it eyeth,  
And hopes for better days.

Away the storms are wringing;  
The purple evening round  
Sheds pearls; and, softly ringing,  
The harp of ocean sound.

In the sea's silver dwelling,  
The Neck his song doth raise  
Unto the lily, telling  
Of love which ne'er decays:

"Come, and behold all wonder  
Which fills the deep, deep sea;  
In meads of rose far under,  
I'll sing alone to thee.

"Come down to the woodlands dreamy,  
To the house with its pearly dome;  
Come with the sun-rays beamy,  
Love calls thee to thy home."

But the snow-pure lily, throwing  
Its glance to heaven high,  
In the world of light yet glowing,  
Gives the singer this reply:

"He who for my love pineth  
Must haste aloft to me;  
Alone where God's sun shineth,  
Can I belong to thee.

"Come, poet-prince of ocean,  
Here all is warm and bright;  
View Heaven with deep devotion,  
And sing of love and light."

The dream is flown! The Neck  
Sinks down to deepest gloom;  
Him joy no more shall waken,  
But hopeless love consume.

The same! and ever the same! makes life wearisome, especially when this monotony consists of everlasting foggy and dirty weather. Nothing prospers in this atmosphere except illness. I see Bear scarcely an hour per day; and yet his friendly look is as necessary for me as the sun. He is now, in the highest degree, uneasy on account of one of his patients, the esteemed father of a family, and will watch to-night by him. How different can life appear at different times! At times so sportive, or clear and— There fell a poor woman in the street, and spoiled her mantle. There the wind turns a gentleman's umbrella inside out. There was a damsel covered with mud by a chaise hurrying past. All three look quite wretched. The little sparrows twitter; I wish I was a sparrow!

284.

Bear is full of trouble. The father of the family is dead. He was a man in his best years,

and has left behind him a widow with seven children, of whom the greater number are small. Their only means of support was the earnings of the father. They are but recently come hither, and have neither relations nor acquaintance who can help them. The poor little things! it cuts me to the heart when I think of them.

"Hast thou nothing black that might serve for mourning for those little ones?"

"God help us, Bear! to me everything looks black; even this red cloth here. Thou sayest Serena was there. How did she look?"

"Friendly and kind as an angel of comfort."

"Good Serena!"

Bruno—one hears nothing of him. Perhaps his wretched pride is so thoroughly wounded that he gives up all thoughts of Serena. If he do, he will fall in my esteem. And Serena? Is she really as strong as she would represent? Will not this love, this pain, gnaw at her life, like a concealed worm? Everything seems to me sorrowful. I see Serena grow pale; Bruno grow gloomy; I think on the fatherless children who need food and comfort. *Ma chère mère* sits in darkness; Bear is distressed; and I—

Ah! so many things in this life give us only a glimpse of themselves, but come no farther; so many a day dawns, but never becomes clear; so many things are begun, but never ended; so that, contemplating this, one should be ready to let one's hands fall in utter discouragement, if it were not for the consoling thought, "This is but the beginning!"

#### CHAPTER XX.

W—, December 4th.

You tell me, Maria, that I appear no longer like myself. You find something so desponding and sad in my letters; you inquire what is the cause. I cannot resist your soft and affectionate words, and will tell you all, though you should find me very strange and childish.

It is true that I have for some time taken a very discouraging view of life. I have not found myself well in either mind or body, and felt no pleasure in existence. Ah, Maria! I feel that I am a mother, and this feeling oppresses me. It has awakened a world of strange and anxious thoughts. I have looked forth as with a newly-acquired sense into the world, and I have discovered there a thousand dangers and sufferings on which I had never before reflected, and which all seems to threaten my child. Every step in life seems to be encompassed with snares and misfortunes. To learn to go, to read, to think, to accommodate itself to the circumstances of life—how hard, how wearisome! And then, all the troubles, from the first pains of teething to the last pains of death! all dangers of body and soul; falls down steps, into love, and sin, &c.; how fearfully, how sorrowfully, have these shapes of night started up in my soul! and I could not say to them, "Avant, deceitful phantoms!" because I looked around in life and saw that they are actually the daily guests in the dwellings of men. And as I became sensible of this, and the heaven looked down upon me so gloomy and cloudy, then, Maria, I trembled that my child should see the light, and yearned to hide it from the world and from suffering.

In part, I have been happy enough to overcome these sickly and painful feelings; but the worst of all, and that which oppresses me unceasingly, is, that I fear my child will not be welcome to

my husband. I fancy that I can perceive it by many signs. He never speaks of children; never expresses a wish for them; and once, when the conversation was of some one who had a great family, he threw a quick glance on me, as if to say, "Thou really wilt not have such a one?"

Ah, Maria, and immediately this becomes probable! Bear knows nothing of it, yet I think he must suspect; but it is exactly this, that he does not know of it, which takes from me all courage to discover it to him. Ah! I must also confess that my unsettled state of mind has made me, during this time, less friendly towards him. I have, in some degree, avoided him; I have withdrawn myself when he has tenderly put his arm round me. I have seen that it grieved him, and yet I could not alter my behaviour. Yet I have myself had, however, the most to endure. Bear is no longer young; he loves undisturbed quiet at home; and it is not to be wondered at that he should dislike the crying and noise of children, and all the trouble which they occasion. And then—after the loss of his property, it must be oppressive to him to have new expenses, new cares to support, which, instead of decreasing, continually increase. And if I should have two girls at once, and then, according to Stellan's prophecy, eight in addition, what will he think? How will he be satisfied with it? You cannot tell, Maria, how these thoughts weighed me down!

My poor little maiden! It is not enough that many a suffering, many a bitter experience, must be thy lot in the world, but probably thy father will not once welcome thee into life with a smile; perhaps he will press thee with a secret sigh to his bosom. And, if thou shouldst lose thy mother early, perhaps even at thy birth—for how many women die in giving life to their children, and I am not strong—who, then, my little maiden, will sit fondly by thy cradle? Who will soothe thy disquiet into peace? Who will, later, comfort thee in difficulties? Who will love thee, and teach thee to conduct thyself? Where wilt thou find ever-open arms? My tears flow, and I must conclude.

54a.

But now I dry up my tears, and proceed. Last evening I sat alone, and worked at a little child's cap. My heart was heavy, and my unshed tears choked me. Bear was not come home. The wind blew strongly without, and sounded disagreeably to me. It also occasioned that I did not hear Bear's arrival before he opened, as usual, abruptly, the door of the room where I sat. I hastily threw my work under a shawl, blushed, and had scarcely time to bid him good-evening. Bear looked unwontedly cheerful, and exclaimed, loudly, "Good-evening, my little wife; how is it with thee?"

"Very well," answered I; and, in order to ward off farther questions, asked, myself, "What hast thou in thy hand there?"

"Only an ugly pasteboard box. An old woman bothered me to buy it. We will see if thou canst make it of any use to hold thy combs, hair-pins, and so on." He set the great pretended box on the table, loosened the cloth in which it was wrapped, with a horrible grimace, and before my eyes lay a picture in a costly gold frame. Two figures, as it were, stood living before me in it. The most beautiful Mother-of-God hovered over the clouds with the Child-God on her arm. It was a copy of Raphael's Madonna Sistina, in black chalk, by the clever Miss Röhl. I saw the heavenly peace in Maria's count-

nance; I saw the divine, all-illuminating glance of the child, and I became so comfortable, so heavenly comfortable in my mind, I could not speak, and, without being aware of it, ran sweet, happy tears on the glass of the picture. I had forgotten all around me; I knew not whether I was on earth or in heaven, when I found myself encircled by Bear's arms, and heard him say, with a tender, but affectionately upbraiding voice, "Fanny, why should I not know that I am a father?"

In this moment I became violently affected. I hid my head on his shoulder, and could scarcely stammer forth, "Oh, Bear! I was afraid that you would not be pleased!"

My Maria! how did I feel, as I saw Bear drop on his knees before me, as he kissed my hands, my dress, while, with great tears in his eyes, and with a faltering voice, he exclaimed, "I not pleased? I not happy? I am delighted! My Fanny, my wife, my child!" In such emotion I had never seen him, and my heart dissolved itself in inexpressible love and joy.

This hour was beautiful, was divine! But one such in this earthly life, and one may be contented; one has understood what heaven is.

After our first extreme agitation had subsided, Bear seated himself by me, and lectured me, half in a tender and sportive, and half in a serious tone, on my strange secrecy. My heart was open; I let him read it; I let him see all which of late had been working there. At first he smiled, then he became more serious, and at last he said, somewhat out of humour, "But that is very silly, Fanny! Where has been thy reliance on the Most High? Does this miserable fear become those who believe in him and his goodness?"

"Ah!" I said, sighing, "I believe firmly on him; and yet children fall down stairs, or out of the window, and become cripples or idiots for life."

"Well, and what then?" said Bear, and looked me in the face with a glance which at once was firm and clear; I did not imagine he could have made his eyes so large. I cast my eyes down, and answered, softly, "And children may also become unfortunate."

"Well, and what then?" exclaimed Bear, and looked at me as before.

"And what then! and what then!" I cried, impatiently, and was very near getting angry; but Bear's look again struck me, and penetrated into my inmost soul. I understood him now; understood his manly strength, his love and piety. "Bear," said I, with contrition, "I will trust, with thee. Come what will, I will not murmur nor despair; but hold fast my faith in the everlasting goodness."

Bear clasped me to his heart.

I was somewhat anxious to avoid going farther into the fears which I had entertained, but he had laid himself out to question me, and he would not desist till he had drawn all forth. When I alluded to my doubt regarding himself, he became angry, and said, "How couldst thou think so ill of me, Fanny! How couldst thou imagine me to be so pitiful, so unnatural a wretch? This only can excuse thee, that thou wert unwell."

"But, Bear—now that we are become poor, it will, indeed, be a matter of great anxiety to bring up and educate children, especially if we have many—if we actually have ten girls!" I laughed as I said this, but it was with tearful eyes.

"That will be done, even. We shall find means, never fear. Children, that are received in love, bring a blessing with them. The more children, the more *paternosters*."

"But the education, the education!" sighed I; "what burdens this brings with it, when we consider the demands of the present day!"

"I ask the d—l after the demands of the present time, in many respects," muttered Bear; and added, with a serious and cordial kindness, "We will love our children, Fanny! We will bring them up in a clear and steady fear of God. We will teach them order and diligence. What relates to talent and a finer accomplishment, they shall receive that, too, if we have the means; if we have them not, then do not let us trouble ourselves about them. The chief thing is, that they become good and useful men; they will then find their way both here and hereafter. Thou, my Fanny, wilt early teach them what is in the hymn which thou art so fond of singing:

"He who can read his *paternoster* right  
Fears neither witch nor devil."

Bear's words, and mild and manly expression, took hold on and elevated my heart. "No!" I exclaimed, "I will no longer be anxious and fearful. I cannot be so with thee, my Bear. And thou, little exiled prophet!"—I took up the little cap—"come forth to the light, and speak openly of the mystery!"

How delighted was Bear with the little cap! He had never yet seen anything so neat and pretty. Bear held it on his great fist, and smiled at it, as if he already saw it adorn the head of his child. The whole evening was a succession of the most joyful scenes and feelings. He made me drink one or two cups of tea, and sought to divert my attention with bread and butter. He himself took scarcely anything. He looked at me, and at the little cap, with tears in his eyes. We were happy.

9th.

Where is my sadness, Maria? Where my discoveries of evil? Where are my anxious forebodings? It is as if all these had taken their flight at once, never again to return. That lovely picture hangs in my bedroom. I contemplate it many times a day. I perform before it my morning and evening worship, and it speaks to me; it says to me all that is consolatory, beautiful, and divine. I am now writing before it; and it seems to me as if the Madonna and the Jesus-child looked down upon me with a look of blessing. Oh, my child! thy mother will no longer be in anxiety on thy behalf. Thou wilt have a tender protector. His glance rests on thee, as the sun's rays fall on the yet unfolded bud. As he is immortal, so art thou immortal. As he went to God, so shalt thou, by him conducted, go to the eternal Father. Whatever may be dispensed to thee on earth, we will not despair—we will not, my child, lose our confidence. We will believe that He, who has called thy spirit to existence, will, sooner or later, unfold it, and conduct it to himself.

## CHAPTER XXI.

W—, December 16th.

BEFORE I was aware of it, I became, one day, quite in love with Bruno. Yes, a man may shoot horses, and even dogs, when he is so kind towards his fellow-men. Do you remember what I told you of the family so much to be pitied—of

the widow with the many children? Well, then, they are comfortable; they have found help. Bruno has lent the widow a capital, with which she is enabled to begin a profitable business; and, besides this, has wholly undertaken the bringing up of the two elder boys. How happy are the rich, who can render such effectual help! Bruno has done all in the greatest stillness, and commanded the widow to say nothing of it; but, in her joy, she communicated it to Serena, and she was here this forenoon and related the whole to me. A beautiful joy animated her mild countenance while she spoke of it; but, delighted as I was, I could not avoid remarking that the action was not, indeed, so great, but was rather something natural to a rich man. "That is true," said Serena, "and my grandfather has often done such things as these, when he was in more prosperous circumstances. But I could not see Madame E.'s joy without blessing him who was the cause of it."

At this moment some one came. Our conversation was interrupted, and Serena went. The old Dahl is better. Thank God! all is now better. The weather is better, the sick are better. Bear is in good spirits, and my pupils are improving, too. In the house, we are making sausages for Christmas. I am helping to make them, and singing songs with Sissa and Bengia. *Ma chère mère* learns to write and play, and is happy in Bruno; who, on his part, behaves most admirably to her; but, as Jean Jacques says, looks gloomy and self-consumed.

Why does he wear himself away? Why does he avoid those who can and would pour balm into his heart?

19th.

I went, yesterday forenoon, to the Dahls's. Serena was in the anteroom, busy with two young ladies, who were instructing her in the lovely art of making artificial flowers. Her cheeks had a livelier colour than they have for some time past had; and this rejoiced me. She embraced me, and softly said to me, "Thou wilt go in to my grandmamma a while, while I stay here? Try to enliven her, Fanny; speak of something cheerful to her, she is to-day so cast down."

I found Madame Dahl in her bedroom. She sat there alone, in her great armed-chair, and sighed deeply. She received me with motherly kindness, spoke with me concerning myself, and gave me good and prudent counsel; and then fell again into a sad silence, which she broke with these words, "Tell me honestly, Franziska, dost thou not think that Serena has much gone off of late? Does she not seem to thee to grow thinner and paler every day?"

I answered that I thought to-day she looked healthier than when I saw her last.

"But, at any rate, dost thou not find her much changed since the summer? Has she not, especially within the last month, looked very much worse?"

I could not deny that this was the case; but added, that Serena would soon be better, and that she thought so herself. "Ah! my dear child," said Madame Dahl, "that gives me no comfort. Serena is exactly like her late mother, my dear, blessed Benjamin. It was exactly thus that she began to look some months before her death; exactly such pale cheeks, such an unearthly look as this. It was just so she smiled, and said to us, 'I am very well. I shall soon be better.' And she never complained, and would never allow that any one should be unea-

sy on her account. So she was till her last moment. Ah, ah! Serena will soon follow her mother, unless she has some help."

Madame Dahl wiped away her tears, and I did the same, and then said, "Serena is not bodily ill: it is only her mind, her heart, that has suffered; and shall she not have strength enough to overcome this suffering, and to regain her perfect equanimity?"

"Yes, strength to suffer without complaining; to be perfectly resigned; but not strength enough not to die. Ah! dear child! there is something in this love, which has continued since childhood, which has taken deep root in her heart. Already as a child she hung on the wild boy with her whole soul. When he came, she laughed and stretched out her little arms towards him; when he went, she was troubled and still; and I have observed that she now feels towards him exactly as she did then. I begin to fear that this love has grown with her growth; and that I have, indeed, said to my husband; but he would hear nothing of it. It grieves me to have displeased him, but I had no rest after what I saw yesterday."

"What was that, my dear Madame Dahl?"

"We had just drunk tea. Serena was with us. The dear child probably saw that my eyes were fixed on her, for she became suddenly more talkative and more merry than usual. She related to us many things, over which we were obliged heartily to laugh, and I had nearly forgotten my uneasiness, and was disposed to believe that we were right happy. When we had, probably, thus laughed and talked for an hour, Serena went out, and directly afterward it was as if some one had said to me, 'Go and see after her.' I went softly into her chamber, and there found her, her forehead leaned against the window. I grasped her head with my hands, and obliged her to turn her dear face towards me. Ah, Franziska! it was bathed in tears. She would have hidden them from me at first; and when she could not, she attributed them to a book which she had been reading, and which had excited her. I made as if I believed her; but I perceived now what hour the clock had struck, and I went away with a heart heavier than it ever can be in death. In the evening, I would not say anything to my husband to disturb his night's rest; and, besides this, Serena came in, and began with her red eyes to read aloud, as if nothing whatever had happened. But this morning I have communicated to him my fears, but he still believes that I have frightened myself with my fancies. Ah! his eyes are dull, and cannot see what mine see."

"But if Bruno shows himself worthy of Serena, will her good parents still delay to make her and him happy?"

"Yes—if! That is an important *if*, my dear child. It seems to me very strange of him, that, since the day on which he solicited Serena's hand, he has not once been here. And there was so much justice in what my husband had said to him—Bruno must see that. If he really loves Serena with his whole heart, this postponement of the matter ought not to keep him away from our house. It was a good action of his towards the E—— family. Almost every one that we meet speaks of him with distinction; but, as matters now stand, we may and can do nothing to call him back again. All must now depend on himself and on his behaviour."

At this moment came in old Mr. Dahl. He

saluted me friendly, although not so cheerfully as usual; went to his wife, and tapped her on the shoulder. It seemed to me as though he had somewhat good to say, and that he would fain be alone; I said, therefore, that I would seek Serena, and went. In the mean time, I would not disturb the flower-council, and I took another way to Serena's room, where I thought to wait for her. Her room is pretty and cheerful. One sees that her affectionate parents wished that she should have it very agreeable; and I know not what atmosphere of peace, order, and pure taste filled the neat abode, and made me there experience a peculiar pleasure. Several paintings adorned the walls, some of them Serena's own work. These distinguished themselves by the simplicity of the subjects, and by the care and truth with which they were finished. After I had contemplated these, a green curtain attracted my curiosity. I drew it aside, and, on well-arranged book-shelves, glowed the names of the classical writers of Sweden and Denmark—of Denmark, poor in people, but rich in talent; small in extent, but great in its intellectual aspiration. They were all old acquaintances of mine; and, charmed at finding them there, I touched the dear volumes with a feeling of affection, and said, "Thanks, thanks for all the strength, all the good, and the heavenly enjoyment that you have afforded to me and to many!"

On the table lay a book open. It was "Hernell's Sketches." A pencil lay in the open book. I saw that a part of the page was underlined, and I read:

"Life must become light, if it will not change itself into a lethargic sadness, into an actual death. In this gloomy disposition of mind, a man cannot prepare himself for immortality, because he understands it not, and strives not to make himself worthy of it. We call to mind moments of departed pleasure more vividly than the past hours of sorrow. This is a hint that that life was dear to us. Death must not be regarded as a liberation from prison; it is only a step out of the valley to the top of the mountain, where we enjoy a more extended prospect, and where we breathe lightly—out of the valley, into which, indeed, the light and warmth of the sun penetrate, and where also the love of God embraces us. Learn properly to understand and to love life, if thou wilt rightly understand and love eternity. A true Christian must already be happy here on earth—that is the problem of life, which every one of us must with all our power endeavour to solve; that difficult problem, whose solution so few have achieved, and which has caused the multitude so much conflict. Yet the more and the greater are the difficulties, the more honourable it is to carry off the victory. MAN MAY BE DISAPPOINTED IN HIS GREATEST HOPES IN LIFE, WITHOUT, ON THAT ACCOUNT, BECOMING UNHAPPY. I have long suspected, and am daily more and more, by the course of the world, and through my own inward experience, convinced, that there is no other actual misfortune, except this only—NOT TO HAVE GOD FOR OUR FRIEND."

I also underlined the beautiful and strengthening words. I would wish to have them framed in gold. On a little loose strip of paper lay in the book, beside this passage, some words in Serena's own hand. I read them; they were these: "Yes, all may be borne; all may be sanctified; all in life and in the heart may be converted to good, through prayer and labour."

"A great truth, Serena," thought I, "which I

must farther discuss with thee." But Serena came not; I became impatient, and went to seek her. I found her not in the anteroom, but in the sleeping-room. I heard voices, the door stood ajar, and I became witness of this scene. Serena knelt on a footstool at the feet of her grandmother, and had thrown one arm round her neck; her other hand was given to the old Dahl, who regarded her with an unspeakable expression of tenderness and care in his venerable countenance, while she, with a quiet exultation in look and tone, said to them, "Be not uneasy, be not troubled on my account, my kind, kind parents! Believe me, I am quiet, I am contented; I am your happy and grateful child. I have suffered a short struggle, it is true, and it could not be prevented; but I am already better, and I shall soon be perfectly strong again. Only don't be uneasy!"

I stole quietly away; I would not listen, neither would I disturb these loving ones. I went back to Serena's room, continued there my observations, took up that page again whereon Serena had written, and held it yet in my hand as she entered. Serena blushed, called me curious, but embraced me with silent affection. "Don't be angry with me, Serena," I said; "thou must, on the contrary, be right good and humble, since I stand here with the purpose to make thee some reproaches."

"Make me reproaches!" exclaimed Serena, smiling; "now let me hear them."

"Don't look so lively and secure, Serena! I am very seriously angry with thee;" and I now related what Madame Dahl had told me of the scene of last evening, as well as that of which I had that moment been an eyewitness; and added, zealously, "That is not honest of thee, Serena! That is needless, irrational self-torture. Why represent thyself to thy parents other than what thou really art? Wherefore infuse into them a false security, while sorrow consumes thee, and the deeper, the more thou shroudest it within thyself?"

"And what wouldst thou have me do, dear Fanny?" said Serena, while tears forced themselves into her eyes. "Shall I occasion my aged parents to suffer griefs which they have not the power to remove? Shall I imbitter their days with my weakness? And would this help me? Would it do me any good? Oh no, Fanny! That thou canst not wish! I am convinced that they act for me right and affectionately; I am convinced that on our side nothing now can or ought to be done. It has grieved me that Bruno could absent himself so long from us—it seems to me unfriendly, yes, hard of him; but I have accustomed myself to wait, and I will yet wait more patiently, for he will one day come again; that I feel and am persuaded. But, Fanny, let us not now talk of it; let us not now think of me; we will rather think of anything else. There is now much to be done in preparation for the Golden Marriage. That will be a great, a charming day, Fanny. Think only of the happy and virtuous united life of half a century! Then Christmas is also at hand! Thou and thy good man must eat your Christmas welcome with us. Madame E.'s children are also coming. I have begged my parents to allow me to prepare a little Christmas pleasure for them. Thou wilt come? Let us go out immediately, and purchase our Christmas gifts. The weather is beautiful, and I will be your cashier."

We went. It was a pleasure to see the people

in the market, and the joy and eagerness of the children, who, by the side of their parents, hopped about on the new-fallen snow. Serena was delighted with the scene. We exchanged our remarks; we made our purchases. I bought an *Atrape* for Bear. Two pleasant hours fled; and Serena seemed, in her interest and activity for others, to have forgotten that she herself was not happy.

#### CHRISTMAS DAY.

The pleasant Christmas-eve at the Dahls—the rejoicing of the children over their Christmas tree, full of lights, and presents, and sweetmeats—Serena's motherly behaviour towards them—my pleasure in it—the Christmas-eve night—all this I pass over in haste, in order to proceed thither, where Serena, I, and Bear, agreed to go together, and whither thou, dear Maria, must now accompany me; namely, to

#### THE EARLY MASS OF CHRISTMAS DAY.

We were in church. Its great and beautiful arched roof shone with a thousand tapers. Altar, columns, choir, all glittered—all was so full of light, and splendour, and gladness. The organ was yet silent. There prevailed a solemn stillness in the church, which, by the light rustling of the moving multitude, seemed rather to be heightened than disturbed. We seated ourselves in the choir. A long row of tapers opposite to us threw a powerful light upon us. "Thou lookest quite glorified," said Bear to me, as I seated myself. Serena had to me the same appearance. My soul was full of a joyful devotion.

Not far from us, with his back leaned against a pillar, and overshadowed by it, stood a tall, dark figure, evidently sunk in thought. It was Bruno. He saw us not; his head was bowed down; for him the outer world was not there; but, at the first tone of the mighty organ, he started and looked up. His eyes and those of Serena met; he made no salutation; she made none; they appeared to be wholly lost in their mutual gaze; and I gazed on them. They seemed to me like spirits which, after long sufferings, meet, and are again united in a happy world. Their countenances were pale, but an ineffable expression of love illuminated them at once. It was a glance of deep and mutual recognition. Serena's eyelids sunk, wet with tears. Bruno was soon at her side, and, kneeling down on her foot-board, he said, with a soft, but not whispering voice, "Allow me to pray with you." Serena held the prayer-book so that he could see. As their voices were raised and united themselves in a deep, harmonious tone, there went through me a presentiment that these two were destined for each other, that their union is determined in heaven, since it is founded in this sympathy of souls, which is the condition and the guarantee of an immortal wedded felicity.

The moment that this thought arose in me, the question also presented itself to my mind whether Bear and I sympathized. I felt a desire to ask him what he thought of it; but, as I looked at him, as he stood beside me, and, without looking right or left, without being conscious of what was passing near him, was singing his song of praise with a powerful bass voice, and from the bottom of his heart, I was ashamed of my foolish thoughts, and joined in his hymn, feeling inwardly that I revered and loved him with my whole soul.

Between Bruno and Serena were now neither word nor look farther exchanged; but, as she

stooped her head in prayer, he bowed his also; when her finger pointed out the verse that should be sung, he followed it; it appeared to make him happy to pray with her. As we left the church he was at her side, and made way for her through the crowd. He drove us in the carriage; and, when this stopped at the gate of the Dahls', he assisted us to dismount. His face was lit up by the moon, and had a beautiful expression of soft and exalted feeling. "I shall see you soon again," said he to Serena, as he kissed her hand. He then shook hands with Bear and myself, and departed. I have never yet seen him so cheerful and friendly.

We drank our second coffee with the aged Dahls. Serena related to her grand-parents, with undissembled joy, our meeting with Bruno, and his promise very soon to visit them. It appeared to give the old people pleasure.

"What a morning!" said Serena to me, as we were an instant alone together. "Oh, Fanny! life has beautiful, wonderful hours. As I beheld him in the clear light—as he sang with me—ah! I fear only, that from this moment my worship was no longer pure—all my prayers were for him!"

May no one have greater sins to repent of! But now I must leave thee, Maria, for the carriage is come to fetch us to dine with *Ma chère mère*.

January 2d.

Bear and I have had a quarrel. You recollect my secret—the music-lessons. They arrived at a grand *déclat*. Bear came in, one day, in the middle of the "*Bataille de Prague*." He was confounded. After the battle came an alarm. May all matrimonial contentions so begin and so end! must there much oftener be *Tu Drum* sung in families.

5th.

Last evening we had a little select circle assembled and united in a great enjoyment. And who were these select? Who should they be besides myself—long life to modesty!—my other self, Bruno, Serena, and the patriarchs, in whose house we were. There was yet a seventh guest there, to complete the constellation, one who elevated all the rest into his own heaven, and this was—Poesy. Bruno read aloud Tegnér's "*Ard*," and this splendid and never-to-be-too-often-read poem, now produced by Bruno's soul-full voice, seemed more transporting than ever. Serena's needle dreamed in her hand, and her eye seemed to have become ear; and we all, old and young, were changed in heart. We became mild, warm, and affectionate. High and beautiful is the lot of the great poet. His lyre is the world, and the strings on which he plays are the souls of men. When he wills it, these tones are called forth, and melt together into a divine harmony.

Thus it was in our little circle. A sweet, inexpressible pleasure diffused itself among us; we made, as it were, only one happy, loving family. Bruno's otherwise now dark, now flaming glance, beamed with a softened radiance, and rested on Serena with an expression of deep but sorrowful love. Serena was so happy, so gay, so beautiful, that it seemed as if all the darkness in the world would become light before her. She seemed, in her blissful heart, to desire to embrace and bless every living creature. She saluted me, as we went, with tears of joy in her eyes, while she said, "Seest thou that he comes again? Seest thou that all will turn out as I said? We

shall become one family; united, peaceful, and happy."

"Yes!" thought I, "if the holy spirit of Poetry were but ever with us and in us; but—ah!"

## CHAPTER XXII.

W—, January 12th.

On all sides here we are arming for the Golden Marriage. I do not know if I have already told you that the great day falls on the 20th of this month. The whole city and country take an interest in it. It is as if all the people in the place here were related to the old Dahls. Their eight children, with all their families, are expected. I, too, am in action on account of the feast. I help Serena as well as I can, and practise with Bruno a choral song, which is to be sung at the festivity. Bruno has composed the music; he is really a master, and it is a pleasure to put one's self under his direction. The persons who are to compose the choir assemble at our house twice a week, and are trained by the strict master, before whom we all stand somewhat in awe. Serena has so much to do in preparation for the feast, and so much to do for all the uncles, aunts, and cousins, that I see very little of her. Once she came and mixed her voice in the chorus, but then vanished all devotion out of the practising; Bruno's body, indeed, sat at the instrument, but his soul is with her. He is often, in the evening, at the Dahls'. He endeavours to gain the good-will of the old people; talks with them, and reads to them. Serena takes her rest; persuades herself that she has acquired a brother, and is happy.

16th.

The young people come from east to west—Dahls there. Brave men, handsome children; how some families do flourish! A swarm of cousins encountered one another here at every step; brotherships and friendship are concluded; the whole city is in motion. A variety of balls and festivities are to follow in the train of the Golden Wedding; even *Ma chère mère* will give a great dinner-party. I shall probably not see much of this pleasure and gayety, since I must keep myself quiet; but I shall hold the joyful feast in my heart.

Bruno is again in a changeable and more gloomy humour, and the gladness is quenched in Serena's looks.

Miss Hellevi Hausgiebel is, on this occasion, invaluable as counsellor and helper for the Dahl family. She has undertaken the arrangement of a series of living pictures, with which the aged Dahls are to be surprised. She has taken Lagman Hök into her councils; and they drape, and explain, and discuss (dispute too, very likely, a little, occasionally), and arrange, etc. I am persuaded that we shall see something beautiful come out of it. There will be a great multitude of people assembled at the Dahls' on the eve of the great day; and this is as it should be. This marriage must be as publicly and ceremoniously celebrated, as a first marriage should be conducted quietly and modestly. Then, people go on board to sail over a sea where winds and waves are often stormy; but here, on the contrary, in the Golden Marriage, they have completed their voyage; they have reached the haven, and can calmly hoist the flag of victory.

*Ma chère mère* comes to the feast, and I shall have the pleasure of keeping her for the night with me. I will myself roast the coffee, that she

may enjoy in the highest perfection the beverage which she prefers to all others.

I have a variety of things to say to thee of the younger branches of the Dahl family, but must defer it till after the marriage, when I shall have more time; but, in passing, I must tell thee that I have selected a favourite from among them. She is named Mattea; is a tall, thoroughly plain, but thoroughly good creature, of twenty years of age, who has won my heart by her joyous, open-hearted disposition, her sincere love for Serena, and her splendid playing on the piano.

January 31st.

With whatever thou mayest be employed—be it with the last stitch of a stocking, or the last word of a compliment, or with the contemplation of a portrait, or with a romance of Bulwer, or a discourse on the immortality of the soul with B., or the preparation of a citron-cream, or the answer to a love-letter—leave all in an instant, and sit thee reverently down, and read that chapter which I am preparing to write, and which is entitled

#### THE GOLDEN MARRIAGE.

If you wish to learn the true value of marriage, if you wish to see what this union may be for two human hearts, and for life, then observe not the wedded ones in their honeymoon, nor by the cradle of their first child; not at a time when novelty and hope yet throw a morning glory over the young and new-born world of home; but survey them rather in the more remote years of manhood, when they have proved the world and each other, when they have conquered many an error, and many a temptation, in order to become only the more united to each other; when labours and cares are theirs; when, under the burden of the day, as well as in hours of repose, they support one another, and find that they are sufficient for each other. Or survey them still farther in life; see them arrived at that period when the world, with all its changes and agitations, rolls far away from them; when every object around them becomes ever dimmer to them; when their house is still, when they are solitary, but yet stand there hand in hand, and each reads in the other's eyes only love; when they, with the same memories and the same hopes, stand on the boundaries of another life, into which they are prepared to enter; of all the desires of this being retaining only the one, that they may die on the same day—yes, then behold them! And, on that account, turn now to the patriarchs, and to the Golden Marriage.

There is, indeed, something worth celebrating, thought I, as I awoke in the morning. The sun appeared to be of the same opinion, for it shone on the snow-covered roof of the aged pair. I availed myself of the morning hour, wrapped myself in my cloak, kissed Bear, and trudged forth to carry my congratulations to the old people, and to see if I could in anything be helpful to Serena. The aged pair sat in the anteroom, clad in festal garb, each in their own easy-chair. Two snuff-boxes, hymn-book, and a large nosegay of fresh flowers, lay on the table. The sun shone in through snow-white curtains. It was cheerful and peaceful in the room; and the patriarch appeared in the sunny light, as if surrounded by a glory. With emotion I pronounced my congratulation, and was embraced by them as by a father and mother.

"A lovely day, Madame Werner!" said the old gentleman, as he looked towards the window.

"Yes, beautiful indeed!" I answered: "so beautiful that the angels of God must rejoice in it. It is the feast of love and truth on the earth."

The two old people smiled, and reached each other a hand. There arose a great commotion in the hall. It was the troop of children and children's children, who all, in holiday garb, and with joyous looks, streamed in to bring their wishes of happiness to their venerable parents. It was charming to see these groups of lovely children cling round the old people, like young saplings round the aged stems. It was charming to see the little rosy mouths turned up to kiss, the little arms stretching to embrace them, and to hear the clamour of loving words and exulting voices.

I availed myself of the moment quietly to retire and to seek Serena. I found her in the kitchen, surrounded with people, and dealing out viands: for there was to-day a great distribution of food and money by the Dahls to the poor of the place. Serena accompanied the gifts with friendly looks and words, and won blessings for her parents. When the distribution was at an end, Serena accompanied me to her room; there I looked inquiringly into her friendly countenance, and said, joyously, "Thou lookest quite happy to-day, Serena!"

"And how could it be otherwise?" answered she; "all around me to-day are happy. My dear old parents seem to-day to have received their youth again; and yesterday, thou shouldst have heard, Fanny, as they sat before the evening fire, and went through their whole life, and spoke of what now stood before them—it was so beautiful, so solemn!"

Miss Hellevi Hausgiebel here interrupted us; we must follow her up to the second story. Here all was dust, noise, and confusion. One saloon was in the act of being hung with drapery and prepared for a ball; another was preparing for the proposed *tableaux*. Miss Hellevi, who already saw in spirit how the whole would be arranged, flew, lightly as a bird, among scaffolding, cordage, and a thousand things which stood about, while she said, "See, dear Madame Werner, this will be so, and this so. Won't that be good? Won't it have a good effect?"

"Madame Werner!" called Lagman Hök, down from a ladder, on whose top he stood aloft, with the face of Don Quixote, "won't this lighting-up have a fine effect against the yellow drapery?"

"Excellent! splendid!" I exclaimed, with secret anxiety; "but, Lagman Hök, that chandelier will certainly fall! Good Miss Hausgiebel! this scaffolding will certainly all come down together!"

The light and lively Miss Bird's Nest laughed at my obvious terror; and I hastened, my ears deafened with the hammering, out of the uncomfortable purgatory which is to conduct to an æsthetic paradise; but I did not the less praise those who there busied themselves, although I had myself rather pluck roses without having to feel their thorns. After I had accompanied Serena to other quarters, and consulted with her how various things were to be arranged, I took my leave, with the promise to be there early in the evening. But, before I set out, I became witness to a ceremonial scene. A deputation from the corporation of the city appeared, in its name, and presented to the venerable pair a large gilt silver cup, as a testimony of the esteem and gratitude of their fellow-citizens. I missed *Ms*

*chère mère*, in the place of the mayor; what a stately speech would she not have delivered!

I was glad at dinner to tell over all these things to Bear. His mouth watered to hold his Golden Wedding. To that we probably shall not arrive, but we may possibly attain our silver one. Ah! I wonder whether our ten daughters will then stand round us! It would be a lovely marriage-garland. See! there has fallen a tear at the thought of it!

At six o'clock in the evening, Bear and his little wife strolled, arm-in-arm, to the wedding-house. In the street in which it lay light burned against light; one window was lit up after another; cressets burned at the corners of the street; and presently the street was bright as day, and a great number of people wandered, with glad countenances, up and down in the still, mild, winter evening. The city was illuminated in honour of its patriarchs; the house of the Dahls' itself had a sombre look in comparison with the others, but the light was within.

Exactly as we were endeavouring to enter the gate, through a crowd of people who had collected there in order to see the arrivals, my eye fell on a figure which stood among the rest. It was wrapped in a great black mantle; but the two large burning eyes, which flashed forth from beneath this covering, made me start, and I thought, involuntarily, on Hagar. In the same instant, the figure drew itself back; and, uncertain whether I was right in my conjecture, but with a secret presentiment of misfortune, I entered the marriage-house.

At the door of the saloon Serena met me. She wore a white garland in her light-brown hair, and, at the sight of her, vanished every dark thought. Ah! how charming was she not, this evening, in the light, white dress, with her friendly blue eyes, her pure brow, and the heavenly smile on her lips! Had I but had the power to paint her at this moment! As every flower has its moment of perfect beauty, so has a human being moments in which his highest and loveliest life blooms forth—in which he appears what he actually is—what he is in the depth of God's intentions. These fleeting revelations—for there is nothing abiding on the earth—these are that which the genuine artist seeks to lay hold of; and, therefore, it is unjust to say of a successful portrait, especially that of an intellectual person, that it is flattered. But whither am I wandering? I was speaking of Serena. She was so friendly, so amiable to everybody, and yet, I know it, she was not in herself happy! Friends and relatives arrived; the rooms became filled. *Ma chère mère* entered with great stir. She was conducted by Bruno; and, although blind, was as high and stately as ever. Heartily she greeted the venerable pair, while she said, with a loud voice, "Old friends and old ways I do not quit willingly, and therefore I am here. I am come to wish you happiness, my friends, on this your day of honour. 'Every one is the artificer of his own fortune,' says the proverb; and, consequently, if any one would question whether you, my two honoured friends, are happy to-day, it would, I say, be just the same as if any one should question whether the king be a nobleman. It is as certain as the Amen in the Church. God bless you!" She shook them heartily by the hand.

Jane Maria was richly dressed, and amiable. Bruno was gloomy. His dark eyes followed constantly the light Serena, but received thence no illumination. He was silent and introverted.

P

By eight o'clock all the guests were assembled. They had drunk tea, eaten ice, and so on, and now fell at once a great silence. The two old people seated themselves in two easy-chairs, which stood near each other in the middle of the saloon, on a richly-embroidered mat. Their children and children's children gathered in a half circle round them. A clergyman of noble presence stepped forward, and pronounced an oration on the beauty and holiness of marriage. He concluded with a reference to the life of the venerable pair; which was a better sermon on the excellence of marriage, for life, and for the human heart, than his speech itself. What he said was true and touching. There was not a dry eye in the whole company. Bear and I leaned against each other. A solemn and affectionate mood had affected all, and there prevailed a deep silence through the numerous assembly, but it was not that of weariness.

In the mean time, all the preparations for the second division of the festival were complete, and the company ascended up the steps, covered with matting to the second story. Here the *tableaux* were presented, whose beauty and grace exceeded everything that I had anticipated. These, at some opportunity, I will describe. The last consisted of a well-arranged group of the whole body of the descendants of the Dahls. The chorus was sung during the representation of this *tableau*, and went off extremely well, especially when we heard it the second time. The whole representation gave general and great pleasure. As the chorus ceased for the second time, and the curtain fell for the last time, the doors of the dance-saloon flew open, a dazzling light streamed thence, and a lively music set all the feet and hearts of the young in motion. And now, Maria, take out your *eau de Cologne* bottle, and prepare yourself for a catastrophe, which was as startling as it was unæsthetic. Realities are sometimes sadly prosaic.

The old Dahl had advanced into the dance-saloon, on the arm of his granddaughter; the guests followed in lively conversation, when I suddenly became aware of a movement in the great chandelier, like that which had excited my fears in the forenoon. Serena, on whose arm her grandfather leaned, and was speaking to some of those who were near, stood at this moment exactly under it. I raised a cry of terror, "Take care! the sconce falls!" All eyes glanced in affright upward; but, with the speed of lightning, Bruno darted forward and lifted Serena out of danger, in the same instant that the splendid chandelier, with its sixty lights and thousand lustres, fell with a deafening thunder. Bruno himself received a heavy blow on the head. He turned pale and staggered. "Bruno! Bruno!" cried Serena, with the unmistakable and heart-rending tone of love, and caught him in her arms as he fell to the ground. He threw his arms around her, and pressed her to his bosom; a blissful smile, like a sunbeam, appeared on his countenance as he awoke and became unconscious.

It is not to be described what a sensation this created in the company. In one moment, a misfortune, a declaration of love, and a death—or what most perfectly resembled it! one might lose his senses with less than this: I confess that I know little of what now took place, till I, a moment afterward, found myself in a still and dimly-lighted chamber.

Bruno lay upon a sofa. He had been bled

but had not yet returned to consciousness. Bear stood by him, and looked quite beside himself. *Ma chère mère* supported his head on her lap; she was silent, but the tears streamed from her blind eyes, and rolled slowly over her colourless cheeks. Not far distant sat Madame Dahl, and Serena lay before her on her knees, and hid her face in her bosom; their arms were thrown round each other. The old gentleman stood near, his eyes riveted on his child; and I stood also by them, speaking consoling words to the nearly unconscious Serena.

"Where is she?" exclaimed Bruno, awaking out of his deathlike stupor, but not yet perfectly in possession of his senses. "Ah! where is she? I had her in my arms—she was mine—it was so beautiful. Thus let me die! Serena!" exclaimed he, still more passionately, "where art thou? My bride, wilt thou let the world separate us? The world—men—what are they to us? We stand now in the choir of the temple of God, and the angels sing over us the highest benediction. Whither art thou fled? Oh, thou hast taken my heart away with thee! Now is my bosom so empty! Serena, come back! Give me life again, Serena!"

"Oh, that is dreadful! dreadful!" whispered Serena, but embraced more closely the support whose support she was. Bruno had now raised himself. He now saw Serena and the rest; and with a vehemence which, whether it were the remains of the confusion of his senses, or proceeded from his own fiery nature, which would now burst through every obstacle to its goal, I know not; but he exclaimed, "Ah! I see, I see how it is. You would conceal her; you would separate her from me! But why would you do this? Wherefore would you separate two hearts which have been already united from their childhood? Do it not. Rather make this a day of blessing. Oh! give me to-day Serena as my bride."

"This is not the proper moment to speak of such matters," interrupted the old man, half angry, half in emotion; "another time."

"And why not now?" interposed Bruno, more vehemently, intensely, irresistibly. "Why not this evening make my life tolerable? Why not already, to-day, bind me to you by everlasting gratitude? Oh, to-day, to-day, give me Serena! I will not take your darling from you—let my house be yours; let me partake with her the care of your old age. Dear mother," he continued, while he seized Madame Dahl's hand, and bathed it with his tears, "good, venerable mother, fear nothing for your child; and as you have experienced that the affection, truth, and reverence of a husband make the felicity of a wife, give me to-day Serena!"

The two old people looked at each other and at Serena. She stood between them, white as the roses in her garland, with downcast eyes, evidently desiring to kneel and offer herself—but at which altar? That was the question.

A pause ensued; and now arose *Ma chère mère*, pale, solemn, but not proud, and thus spoke: "Every one acts best in his own affairs, and therefore I ought, perhaps, to abstain from interference in this; but, as the mother, I will now say one word for my son. I have till now done very little to make him happy, and it is very little that I can yet do, since"—*Ma chère mère* laid her hand on her eyes, while she obviously contended with her emotion. She soon began again, with firmer, though with a softer tone. "I

speak not to persuade you, my honoured friends and neighbours; I will only tell you this, that my son has, of late, made me rich amends for that in which he offended me in his youth. It is my belief, my persuasion, that he, moreover, will do honour to his country, that he deserves the best of wives, and that, in every respect, he will make her happy. My son has long made me the confidant of his affection, and has received my approbation and blessing thereon. So, my dear friends and neighbours, I will merely say that, if you see good to give your granddaughter to my son, it is my opinion that you will act wisely and well. And, for the happiness that you will thus bestow upon my son, shall I, his mother, to my latest days, be thankful to the Lord, and, next to the Lord, to you."

*Ma chère mère's* words are never without their effect; and in this moment, as she stood, blind and beseeching—for this expression lay in her unusually soft tone—in this moment her words made a deeper impression than ever. Another circumstance must also have operated on the old Dahls. Serena had, although involuntarily, given a public evidence of her love for Bruno. It was perfectly evident to them that the embrace which united them would, on the following day, be circulated through the city and the whole country abroad. Bruno had withdrawn himself a step or two; he seized the hand of his mother and conveyed it to his lips. The old Dahls took that of Serena, and said, "Wilt thou, wishest thou to be his, Serena? Wilt thou to-day—now—give him thy hand?"

"Yes!" whispered Serena's lips. "Oh, my parents—if you are willing—if you allow it—yes!"

"Now, then, in God's name," exclaimed the old man, "Bruno Mansfeld, receive the hand of your bride!"

"Serena mine!" cried Bruno, with a voice that went through heart and soul, and sprang to her. The old people yet held her back. "Take her, then, make her happy!" said they, with a voice which trembled with emotion. "She is our youngest, dearest child—the joy of our old age; she never acted contrary to our wishes." Tears fell on their withered cheeks, and their trembling hands held Serena yet fast. "Remove her not from us: let her close our eyes; be worthy of her—love her—make her happy!"

"Happy!" exclaimed Bruno, as he took her almost forcibly from her parents, and clasped her to his bosom; "happy! as sure as I hope, through her, for God's mercy." Bruno led Serena to his mother, and said, "Bless us, my dear mother." *Ma chère mère* had nearly forgot her wonted stately solemnity, and, with a voice broken with emotion, blessed her children. Hereupon Bruno clasped her in his arms, and for some seconds let his head rest on her bosom. It was beautiful to see them thus stand. Afterward, *Ma chère mère* and the old Dahls gave each other their hands, and some cordial words were on both sides spoken. "And now to the announcement," exclaimed the old man, who seemed to desire to dissipate his feelings. "To-day must all joys be common. Come, my wife! come, my dear children! Listen, there, good friends, relatives, listen! My friends," cried the old man, with a cheerful voice, "I have now to announce to you a betrothal; and to beg your good wishes for my granddaughter, Serena, and her bridegroom, Bruno Mansfeld!" It was as if another chandelier had fallen. Never, prob-

ably, were the inhabitants of the good city of W——, within the space of one hour, so overwhelmed with astonishment. This moment, a declaration of love and a death-blow; the next, resurrection and betrothal!

A loud murmur of amaze and congratulation went through the multitude. But I beheld that not all countenances were congratulatory. I saw long and dissatisfied faces; and I believe that Bruno perceived it too, for his dark eyes flashed, for a moment, like two lightning flashes, scrutinizingly through the assembly; the thunderbolt on his forehead stood sharp; the eyebrows drew threateningly together; and he changed colour. *Ma chère mère* stood forward, and intended, I fancy, to make a speech; but I felt the necessity of sparing this to Serena and Bruno, and on that account sprang out and exclaimed, bluntly, "Now, God be praised! now I see the prospect of another Golden Marriage; and I hope, in fifty years, to be able to wish you, Bruno and Serena, heartily as much happiness as now!"

My forwardness had a good effect. *Ma chère mère* let fall her idea, and so many congratulations came crowding in between that she never took it up again. In the mean time, I stole out. I had said, "God be praised!" but yet, false soul, I did not think so. I felt excited, frightened, and filled with gloomy forebodings. I sought Bear; he sought me; and we met. "What ails thee?" said he, and looked at me with terror. "Ah! Bear, I am uneasy, unwell, ill. Now, indeed, they are betrothed! Ah! don't make such horrible faces! It is not a laughing matter!"

"I don't laugh at that, but at—"

"At me; very likely! It were better that you gave a remedy for palpitation of the heart. Bear! they are betrothed! She, the good, the angelically pure; and he, the—Ah! it cannot be well! They will not be happy. What will be the end of it? Bruno is certainly not worthy of her! He is only half human; and will he ever become wholly so?"

Without giving me any reply, Bear led me into that cabinet in which Bruno had now received Serena's hand. He sat himself gravely down; tore a leaf out of his pocket-book; took his pencil, and I asked, "Wilt thou write a poem? Then it is certainly the death of me!"

"I am writing a prescription for thee," added he, with the same phlegm.

He wrote out and gave me these words to read, "Men, who do not believe the Word, are, by the society of women, saved without the Word."

"Bear!" said I, as I embraced him, "thou art the best and wisest doctor in the world!"

"It is never so far between mountains but that hearts meet each other," cried *Ma chère mère*, at the door. "Listen, my children! you have not yet wished me joy, and yet I fancy that it would repay the trouble. I have now gained another amiable daughter; I am a happy mother; sit down with me, and let us talk of the future couple."

We did so. *Ma chère mère* drove, with her plans, far into the future; and the pictures which she saw were distinct. It appeared to be with her as with many who are blind: as the vision of the body is darkened, that of the mind becomes so much the clearer and more cheerful. There we sat pleasantly together till supper. This was served on various little tables in three rooms. At the table where the patriarchs sat

were also Bruno and Serena, *Ma chère mère*, Lagman Høk, the clergyman, Bear, I, and some others. We were tolerably still during the greater part of the meal, and I began to fancy that this feast would pass over without *Ma chère mère* having made a speech in honour of it. But, after the turkey, Lagman Høk raised his glass, and begged permission to drink a *skål*. All were attentive; and, with a low voice, and a mild but confident gaze fixed on the patriarchs, he thus spoke: "Lyres and flowers were woven into the mat on which our honoured friends this evening heard the words of blessing pronounced over them. They are the symbols of harmony and felicity, and these are the Penates of the house. That they surround you, venerable friends! in this festive hour, we cannot regard as a mere accident. I seemed to understand their mute language, and as if I heard them say to you, 'We are here at home. You have, during your union, so welcomed and cherished us, that we can never more forsake you. Your age shall be like your youth!'"

The beautiful toast was hailed with universal joy, and drunk to the touched and smiling patriarchs. "Now! hear that Høk there!" said *Ma chère mère*; and, as if struck with an electrical shock, she jogged my arm, saying, "Fill my glass!" pushed back her chair with a great noise, coughed, and spoke as follows: "Love is more than bow and spear. Love pierces through the shield and mail. Love finds out, unerringly, the way. It brought the first human pair together; it will also bring together the last. For genuine love is not German, French, or Swedish; it is not, indeed, of the earth, it is heavenly; and offers us here the hand, in order to conduct us to the great marriage yonder above. The man and wife, who here are united in true love, and in true love walk together, will there sit beside each other. And well may I, to-day, say, with the mother of King Lemuel, 'Ah! thou son of my life, to whom a virtuous wife is given, she is far more noble than the most precious pearls; she will make sweet to thee all the days of thy life.' My eyes are become dark, but my heart becomes light in my son's future, and, on that account, rejoices with great joy, as I now drink *skål* to my son and his betrothed, and, at the same time, *skål* to his future parents, my valued friends and neighbours."

Bruno generally looks fidgety when his mother commences a speech; but now this feeling was expelled by another, and he regarded her with a look so full of love as I had never yet seen him.

"What will Bear say?" thought I, as *Ma chère mère* had drunk *skål*: "now it is his turn; and he is really no orator." To my great consternation, he said, "Now it is my wife's turn; I will drink the concluding *skål*." "Horrible Bear!" thought I, quite confounded; I collected myself, however, and said, "Love is unchangeable; a *skål* for the oldest and the youngest pair in the company." "Bravo, Franziska!" cried *Ma chère mère*. Now followed the *skåls* so thick and fast on each other, that I kept no account of them. I longed that the turn might come to Bear; but it never came, for now drew near the company from the other tables and rooms, one after the other, with filled Champagne glasses, and speeches were made, *skåls* drunk, and some truly beautiful occasional verses sung, which gave the old Dahls great pleasure; and, with all this, Bear and the concluding *skål* were forgotten. The whole com-

pany rose from the table with a general thunder of hurrahs! I did not omit to upbraid Bear with his shabby escape from the toast; but he protested that he really had prepared a very long and very poetical speech, which he wished especially to retain till the end, that he might put to the *skål*-drinking, as it were, its crown; and that he lamented sorely that the company, and pre-eminently himself, had suffered the loss of it. I begged him, at least, to favour me with the beginning of it; but he replied that he was no friend to beginnings without endings, and that the time would not now admit of the latter, and that I did not seem sufficiently to hold his oratory in honour to listen worthily to it, and so on.

Immediately after supper, the English dance commenced. It was most lively, and no one danced so actively and lightly as Miss Hellevi Hausgiebel. With the English dance, according to Serena's prudent arrangement, the festivities were at an end exactly at midnight; for she feared a later hour would too much fatigue her grand-parents. The long ceremony of expressing thanks and taking leave was exhausting enough, although it was enlivened by much cordiality. In the very moment when the hall swarmed with people like an anthill—ladies who were wrapping themselves in their cloaks, gentlemen who were hunting their *galoches*—*Ma chère mère* fell on one of her merry whims. Already muffled in her "*Januarius*," and her wolf-skin shoes, she asked for a violin, and played vigorously an animated *Polska*.\* Everybody was startled; but, in the next instant, came a sort of dance madness over them all. They danced in cloaks and great-coats; they sprang hither and thither, across and around; it was all laughter and merriment. They danced in the hall, they danced on the steps; they had much ado to leave off dancing in the very street.

During the general rush and chaos of joy, I stole forth to see where were Bruno and Serena, for they were not among the rest. I went from room to room; and, in one of the most remote, where the tumult of the dancing came but as a soft murmur, I beheld two figures, a dark and a light one. The dark one was Bruno; he knelt before the light one, Serena; and she stooped towards him, and said, softly, "Thou."

"Thou!" a beautiful word! I seemed for the first time to understand its full harmony, and I hastened to say it immediately to Bear; and so well had I hit the tone and expression of Serena, that he instantly understood me, and said also to me, "Thou!"

*Ma chère mère* had played the last couple out, and now called for me loudly. Exactly as I entered the lobby, which was full of people, my eye fell again on the same dark figure, with the same gloomily-flaming eyes, which had terrified me on entering the house, but again drew back; and as, in sudden zeal, I determined to follow it, to make certain that my suspicions were right, I was stopped by Bear, who is as careful of me as the Israelites were of the Ark, and does not wish me to fall into the hands of the Philistines. With an "Ah!" in my heart, I followed *Ma chère mère* into the carriage. Yet burned the lights and flamed the cressets along the streets. *Ma chère mère* could discern their glimmer, and was in high spirits, and talkative. Many a pithy proverb issued from her mouth in honour of this remarkable day. She concluded a long speech in praise of the old Dahls with these three: "It is

not so easy to leap into God's kingdom." "He that will gather roses must not be afraid of the thorns." "He that sows virtue reaps a good name."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

W—, February 8th.

YESTERDAY there was a great ball at the town house, which the city gave in honour of its patri-archs. "Thou must go to it," said I to Bear. "I must not go to it," he replied; "I mean to stay at home, and dance a *pas-de-deux* with my wife." I made, at first, some objections, but was obliged to yield; and, in the joy of our hearts, we actually danced a minuet, to which I sang, and Bear hummed the bass. I then sat down to work on my little prophesy—you already know what this name signifies; Bear opened his conversation-box, which always rejoices me greatly, and, out of his copious treasures of the experience of life and men, he brought forth many a precious sample. I have written down some of his relations, and will send them to thee another time. It is a great happiness, Maria, when, in a good husband, one also possesses a piece of good company. At the Dahls, the wedding is already talked of; Bruno drives on with his love and his ardent wilfulness—he must pardon the expression. It is already determined that it shall take place in May, and that my good friend Mattea shall take Serena's place with the old Dahls. Serena will divide herself between Ramm and her grand-parents. She is the most amiable bride, and, at the same time, the good friend, and the same excellent daughter, as before. She is still the same shy woman that she was before the betrothal, and will probably, as a wife, continue equally so; yet her behaviour to Bruno is so fascinating that it compels him almost to worship her. What else shall I say of Bruno? He is good, and not good; happy, and not happy; day and night, sunshine and storm-clouds, continually alternate in him. He appears to me to be like a man who feels that he does not deserve his happiness, and, therefore, is partly at strife with himself, and in part fears that his happiness will be plucked from him. May I be incorrect in my opinion.

To-day he came into Serena's room, as I was there; but she was absent. He said a few words to me, but soon appeared to forget that I was in the room. He looked at Serena's books, her paintings, her sewing apparatus, with a kind of painful tenderness; he looked around the room, and said softly, as to himself, "Innocence! purity! peace!" He took a little light-green silk handkerchief which Serena often wears, kissed it, and hid his face in it; he then rose hastily, and went out. I looked at the little shawl; it was wet with tears. "Peace!" said Bruno, and sighed so deeply, so painfully. Ah! peace he has not. He cannot be absent from Serena; but in her company he cannot find peace. He comes and goes continually, three times a day. He manifests a love for her whose vehemence he moderates only for her sake; he heaps presents upon her, which she accepts only for his; but his disquiet obviously grieves her. "What the d—! is this for a riving and driving! I don't see the use of it," muttered Bear, just now, on this subject. "It is far better to sit quietly and eat one's sweet groats, is it not?" said I, as I set a dish of steaming groats on our supper-table. "Yea, when one's own little sweetest of wives eats with one."

\* A popular Swedish dance, full of wild activity.

I was quite satisfied with the politeness, though it breathed somewhat of a great-warmth. But even this warmth must be cherished and esteemed; without it the myrtle-tree of wedlock does not flourish in the North here.

February 12th.

A horrible event has occurred at the Dahls'. A night is since then passed, yet my hand still trembles so that I cannot guide my pen with steadiness. Ah! my forebodings.

Last evening Bear and I were with our friends. Bear sat with the old people; Serena and Bruno were in the next room. I also was there. I sat at the piano, and played some sacred pieces which I had recently received. By degrees I played lower, and made longer pauses; for I caught words which riveted my whole attention. Bruno had been this evening in an unusually gloomy mood, and I heard Serena, who sat by him, ask him what was the cause of it, with those sweet, affectionate words, which woman's love dictates; and he answered,

"I had last night a wretched dream, the memory of which still oppresses me."

"A dream?"

"Yes, a dream. Shall I relate it to thee?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Well, then, Serena, I dreamed that thou wert my wife. Thou wert my own, the companion of my life, the half of myself, and I—was not happy. Years had flown over; thou wert mine; I loved thee, as now, and, if possible, still more. We had enjoyed quiet days; we had already often beheld the sun set and the stars rise over the Helga Sea; in the shade of night, I had enclosed thee in my arms, I had reposed on thy bosom, but I—was not happy. I dreamed that it was again evening. The stars arose one after the other, and mirrored their quiet beams in the quiet waves; the heaven was clear, and the wood lay still and brooding. Thou wert my wife; thou wert in my arms; but I had not peace. There was in my heart a dull pain, as of festering wounds—for the soul, Serena, can have such wounds—but of this thou knowest nothing; and, to still the agony, I pressed thee to my heart, but it was only the more torturing. I seem to feel it yet—lay thy hand here, Serena!"

Bruno was silent for a moment, and then proceeded. "There was a change. I found myself alone in the park at Ramm. I chased a stag, and my hounds pursued him with open, blood-thirsty mouths. I also was thirsty; I seemed to thirst for blood. Over hill and dale, through wood and meadow, drove furiously the chase. It was a wild hunt. From glen to glen, from thicket to thicket, I pursued the flying stag. Hours flew by; the stag sped on—I followed—the dogs howled in incessant eagerness; it seemed as if the chase never would come to an end. The bounds grew weary; I wearied not; my horse tired, but I spurred him forward; a demon chased me, and I chased the stag, and ever more burning grew my thirst.

"For a moment the chase ceased; I had lost sight of the stag; but, as I emerged from a thicket, I suddenly saw him stooping at a brook to drink. He was not far from me, but thirst and weariness overcame fear; he stood still and drank. I shot him down. The report of the gun gave new life to my dogs; they sprang forward, seized the legs of the stag, and entangled his antlers in the bushes. I flung myself from my horse, and flew to give my victim his death-stroke. Already I held my knife at his throat, when he

turned on me his beautiful, dying eyes, full of tears, and gazed on me with a sorrowful and reproachful look. I felt, as it were, a dagger thrust in my heart; and, dumb and gloomy, I looked into those eyes, which, every moment, became more human. At length—oh, horrible! I saw that those eyes were thy eyes, Serena—it was thou whom I had murdered. It was thou, it was thou, who thus gazed on me! Almighty God! if ever thy look—"

"Bruno! Bruno!" Serena tenderly, and much excited, exclaimed, "why talk in this manner? It was but a dream; and a truly hateful and irrational dream. Look at me, Bruno; no, turn not thine eyes away; look at me, and see that never, never can such a gaze from my eyes fall on thee. Ah! that thou didst but truly know, truly feel, how impossible it is! Hear, Bruno! I have also a dream to relate, and a dream of truer augury than thine. I dreamed, Bruno, that the world was frozen, frozen to ice. There was no more sun, no greenness on the earth, no blue in heaven; in their stead was black and empty space. Magnificent palaces, woods, and mountains, stood yet, but were converted into ice. Strange and fearful lights, whose origin men did not see, and which diffused no warmth, but, on the contrary, threw long and hideous shadows, wandered about among the ice-forms. All life was destroyed, two human creatures excepted, who yet breathed with warm and beating hearts in this marble world; and these two, Bruno, were thou and I. Solitarily we glided through long colonnades of ice: we touched not the earth, but yet were not in a condition to raise ourselves above it. Our future was to be—slowly to freeze, the last of all living creatures.

"Thy heart was bitter, my friend, and thy cheek was pale. As the lights came, and threw menacing shadows against thee, thy arm was stretched out as to do battle with them, and thy voice raised wild reverberations. But, in the midst of this congealed world, in the midst of this night of horrors and of death, I felt a warmth in my heart which no ice, and no time appeared able to extinguish. There was, as it were, a springing fountain of life in it, which diffused itself through my whole being, and endowed me with a higher strength than I had possessed in the sunny, vernal days of the earth. I loved thee more intensely than ever, Bruno! It was to me a genuine joy, with thee and for thee to suffer; and, as thy heart became quiet and warm on mine, and thy cheek less pale, then I felt an assurance that it was given to me to offer my life for thine, and with the warmth of my heart to defend thee against the cold and horror-shapes of darkness. I felt myself in this thought so happy, so perfectly happy, that I awoke. My dream was at an end, but clearly did I feel what I had experienced in my vision! and I have felt it often, and still feel, that I could bear a great pain for thee, because I could then make thee better understand how sincerely I love thee."

"Oh God!" said Bruno, with a soft voice, but with an expression of agonized pain, "oh God! how little do I deserve a love like this; how unworthy—Serena, thou sweetest angel! thou who shalt be my wife—"

"Never shall she be it!" cried a wild, piercing voice; and Hagar, more like a fury than a woman, darted into the room. A dagger flashed in her hand; in the next instant it seemed sheathed in Serena's heart. But, with the speed of lightning, Bruno had seized Hagar's arm; the blow

was turned aside, and the dagger only wounded Serena's shoulder. With the gesture of a madman, Bruno wrenched the murderous weapon from Hagar's hand, pushed her fiercely back, seized with one hand her hair, and the steel glittered above her breast. "Wretch!" he exclaimed, with a hollow voice and white lips, "curse of my life—die!"

"Bruno! oh, my God!" cried Serena, as she sprang forward and hung on his arm. Bruno moderated his fury, his wild look became more composed, his lips murmured, "A woman!" and the dagger fell from his hand. He looked at Serena, saw her blood flow, caught her in distraction in his arms, and bore her to a sofa.

"Thy will shall be done!" cried Hagar, wildly. "See here, Bruno, thy victim; it would only die at thy feet!" She ran to him, plunged the dagger into her own breast, and fell before him, drenched in her blood. "Bruno, for thee! for thee!" muttered her lips; then were silent, and her eyes closed.

It was the work of a moment. It was horrible, but still more horrible what followed. Bruno's despair was mute and gloomy. The old Dahl tore his gray hair, and cried, "My child! my child!" Bear only retained his self-possession; he alone restored order and reflection. "It is but a scratch; there is—fetch me the hangman! no more danger for her than for me," said he to the grandparents, as he addressed himself to bind up her wound. Serena, however, pushed back his hand, and, pointing to Hagar, who lay there motionless, cried, "Help her! help her! she needs it more than I." But Bear would not leave her till she was bandaged, and then he begged me to conduct her, with her grand-parents, to another room.

Hagar, who was supposed to be dead, soon, however, showed signs of life, was laid on a bed, and committed to the care of Bear. With the greatest presence of mind, Serena ordered everything which was necessary for her accommodation, and appeared to forget that she herself had suffered. She sought with the tenderest words to quiet the old people, and stopped their mouths with kisses, when they attempted to cast reproaches on Bruno. "We really know nothing yet," said she, interrupting them beseechingly: "we cannot, we must not yet judge. Let us wait; Bruno will explain all; all may yet be well." On this, she went to Bruno, who stood there sunk in a gloomy revery, and said, "Go back this evening to Ramm, Bruno, and come again to-morrow. Then we shall be all more composed. Go, my dear friend, now; but return in the morning, and then, if thou canst, satisfy my parents, and us all."

"Serena! and thou? and thou?" said he, and stared at her agonizedly. Serena turned away her face to hide the suffering, the expression of which she strove in vain to subdue. "I believe in thee," said she, softly: "good-night, Bruno;" and she covered her eyes with one hand, while she extended to him the other.

"Thou turnest away from me; thou wilt not look at me," said Bruno, with gloomy complaint. Then turned Serena her countenance towards him; she would have smiled at him, but her eyes stood full of tears. Perhaps Bruno saw in this gaze what he had seen in his dream, for he became like one wild; he uttered a curse upon himself; struck himself with his fist on the forehead, and rushed out.

Bear and I did not this night return home. He sat by Hagar, who had fallen into a violent

delirium of fever, and now uttered words of love and now of raving, but which were alike wild, and bore the impression of an unregulated and despairing soul. I stayed with Serena, whose chamber lies next to that of her grand-parents, and tried to persuade her to go to bed, and to endeavour to get some sleep. She consented to my request, and made as if she slept, but I often heard her silently weeping. I was frequently obliged to go to Hagar's chamber to bring her news of her state. Bear does not think her wound mortal. Ever and anon, too, the door of the old people's chamber was softly opened, and anxious questions concerning the beloved child were whispered, and received ever consolatory answers. Bear was with all, growled good-naturedly at all, comforted all, and gave them all some composing-drops. Three times in the night came Bruno, yet would not go in, but asked and received from Bear news of the condition of Serena and Hagar, upon which he went off again, as if driven by the Furies.

It was a long and painful night. Serena inquired often, "Is it not nearly morning? Does it not dawn?" Ah! she yearned for morning, because she believed that light and Bruno would come together. The morning came, but Bruno did not; but merely a note from him, containing these wild and disconnected lines: "I should return; I should explain; so thou entreatedst me. Oh! that a wish of thine should from me remain unfulfilled! Serena! I cannot explain; I cannot come! Her I will not see, and thee I cannot; thy look consumes me; I can now give no explanation. Honour commands, but honour also forbids. Hagar can, but will not. Farewell, adored, and to-be-compassionated-one, since thou lovest me. I cannot come; but I will surround thee invisibly, and not in wretchedness. Was it not the punishment of the outcast to behold Paradise, but to see it closed against them with flaming swords? Retribution, dreadful retribution! Pray for me, Serena, for hell is in my heart!"

After the perusal of these lines, Serena leaned her head upon her hand, and sat long thus, as it were lost to the world; but she must certainly have prayed to the eternal Comforter; she must certainly have lifted her heart to the Father of love, or otherwise her countenance, as she again raised her head, could not, amid so much anguish, have worn so high and gentle an expression of self-denial. Her first step was to her aged parents; the first words which her lips uttered after this blow uttered were in petition to these to have patience, not to be too hasty in judging, but to await the moment when this mystery should clear itself up, and Bruno should stand before them in a better light. She communicated to them his letter, was skilful enough to turn its expression to his advantage, gave a hint at the probable solution of the mystery, and achieved what she sought. The old people became more composed, and left to her to manage these affairs. How beautiful is such a confidence between parents and children!

I left Serena at breakfast, which, with her usual solicitude, she prepared for the old people, while she assured them that she felt no pain from her wound, and that she should speedily be quite well again. I went home to seek rest; I was fatigued, but yet more uneasy and excited than fatigued. In order to quiet myself, I have written to thee, my Maria, because to impart our troubles to a friend is for the heart the best of opi-

ates. I feel already its beneficial operation, and will now endeavour to sleep.

Bear and Serena have resolved that Hagar shall remain at the Dahls' till she either dies or gets better; she could not yet, without great danger, be moved. For the rest, the horrible affair will be kept as still as possible, and especially will they endeavour to prevent its reaching the ears of *Ma chère mère*. Ah! how will all this unfold itself? I will tell thee more when I know it.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

TO THE READER, FROM A STRANGER LADY.

BUT Madame Werner knows merely the surface of the following *dénouement*. Chance made me acquainted with its interior existence, and I now proceed to lift the veil from certain scenes which at this time took place in Hagar's sick-chamber. They may be compared to those outline profiles which one makes of the faces of our friends, on a winter's evening, by candle light. If the connoisseur of art and of human nature be of opinion that these sketches are far too hasty and too little finished to deserve a closer attention, but yet possess too many features of truth to be cast aside, I shall be quite satisfied; and begin quietly

### SCENE THE FIRST.

"Jealousy knocked at the door of my heart,  
And cried, 'Kill! kill!'"

In a hushed room, which looked into a garden, lay the sick and guilty Hagar, nursed as if she had been a beloved child of the house. A few days had passed, and Hagar lay now in delirium, now in consciousness. Doctor Werner sat at her bedside, regarding with astonishment the conflict of passions which had never disturbed his own peaceful soul. Besides him, and a maid which waited on her, Hagar saw no one; an invisible genius watched faithfully over her. The embrocations which refreshed her burning forehead, the draughts which stilled the pain of her wound, were handed to her by Serena.

One evening she lay in a restless slumber. Serena was alone with her, and stole quietly forward to contemplate her for a moment. "God be praised!" whispered her lips; "God be praised! thou sleepest, poor and to-be-pitied one! Thou hast destroyed my happiness; but oh, how much happier art thou!"

Hagar awoke. Serena drew herself hastily back, but she had been observed. "Who is there?" she cried, sharply. Serena was silent, in the hope that she should not be recognised; but Hagar continued: "Thou dost not answer, but I know thee. I have seen thee before creeping about my bed, pale maiden, in order to suck my blood. Do not imagine that thou canst deceive me. I know that I am in thy power, and I know what thou wilt do; thou wilt torment me, and take away my life with poison. In punishment of my crime, I shall perish by degrees through privation of fresh air. And on that account thou hast taken him away from me, that I may never more see him, never more hear his voice; for these were my pleasure and my life. He himself has delivered me into thy power. Yes, he and all hate me, and rejoice in my misery; but I will deceive him, and all of you; I will free myself."

While Hagar said this, she sought for the

bandage, in order to tear it from her wound; but Serena flew forward, seized her hands, and held them back with an almost supernatural power. Hagar stared wildly on that gentle countenance, which was bathed with the tears of grief and pity, and said, "Will you preserve my life, in order to suffer me! to perish the more slowly?"

"Oh no! not Hagar! Mistrust me not; I wish you to live."

"I do not believe it. Thou lovest him that I love, that belongs to me—I tremble, I faint—who belongs to me, for I had his promise before thou. My claims on him are older, holier—blood has sealed them. Ha! thou wished me well! Thou! Away! I know what jealousy is; this black, black plague, which leads to murder—to madness—which in solitary hours whispers, with a clear, ghastly voice, 'Kill! kill!' Ha! white maiden! now becomest thou also black, and hatest—bu! all around me is black, black, black—"

Hagar swooned. Serena called in her attendant, and hastened, beside herself with grief, to her own chamber. There she threw herself on her knees, and cried, "Oh, my God! he could thus deceive me!" All was dark around her now, but not long.

### SCENE THE SECOND.

"Love is patient and mild."

Hagar. So you really do not desire my death?  
Serena. No, Hagar. May you live and acquire peace.

Hagar. But, if I live, I shall disturb your peace. If I live, you will never be happy.

Serena (*with quiet despondency*). I have already abandoned this hope.

Hagar. His beloved you might have become; you would then be what I, and many others, have been; but his wife—never! never! Sarah drives Hagar out of the house. Will you be his beloved?

Serena (*quietly*). No, Hagar!

Hagar. You are too proud to become that?  
Serena was silent.

Hagar. You do not love him! you will sacrifice nothing for him!

Serena. Ah, yes! my life, my earthly happiness—how willingly!

Hagar. That is little. But do you know what I have sacrificed for him? Wealth, station, honour, fatherland, parents, happiness—all! all! In my father's house, I could command a thousand slaves. I forsook all, and became his slave; and on that account he must love me—on that account he must become mine. Who stood by his side, in the bloody fight, to the death? Who dared with him to scorn the law of damnation, if not I? White maiden! white and cold as the snow on the mountains of thy fatherland! dost thou think that thou canst tear him from me? No! to me will he come back; my fire streams also in his veins. Feeble one! fear his kiss; it consumes. Fly him! for he is mine here, and beyond the grave. Oh, my wound! God, what an agony! Help! help!

Serena hastened to her. With the soothing ointment, which Dr. Werner had prepared, she dressed the wound, and bound it up with a gentle and skilful hand.

"Thanks!" said Hagar, in a milder tone; "thanks! thou art kind."

"Oh, Hagar! love him, but do not hate me."

"No; I hate thee no longer. Who can hate thee?"

## SCENE THE THIRD.

"If any one compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain."

*Hagar (passionately).* If you wish me to live, see that he comes back. It were better to lie on the rack and enjoy the sight of his countenance, than be in paradise without him. They tell me that you have much power over him; use it, then, to make him come back, and, if possible, to forgive me. Jealousy made me wild; but his hate I do not deserve; at least, not—Hagar was silent, and sunk in thought. For some days she had been better; Serena's indefatigable care and gentleness operated like a healing balm on the unhappy one.

Later in the evening, Serena sat by Hagar, and wrote. Love and sorrow hovered on her lips, which lightly moved, as if she whispered the words into the pen; but oh her lovely brow lay a loftier tranquillity than usual—it was like the victorious repose of virtue and love. Hagar observed it; and, in her bold and bitter manner, she said, abruptly, "You are, certainly, much satisfied with yourself." Serena blushed, and Hagar proceeded: "You value yourself greatly, no doubt, on being so pure and virtuous. You certainly believe that you stand much higher than such a wretched creature as I am."

"No, in truth not," answered Serena, with a tear in her eye.

"You would, indeed, be wrong if you did," continued she; "for very dissimilar are our endowments, and still more so our temptations."

"That is true," answered Serena, humbly.

"What, indeed, has he to boast of, who has never been tempted? If you had been tried, you would, probably, have been no better than many others."

Serena was silent.

"Happy are they whose bosoms are never shaken with passions, whose blood runs softly, whose earliest companions are virtue and peace. If they continue unspotted—if they fall not—small is their merit."

"You are right," said Serena, still and humbly as before. She propped her head on her white hand.

"Fate determines, and the world judges; and both alike blindly," continued she, in her bitterness; "and, therefore, the path of one man is called victory and honour; that of another, fall and reprobation."

"But God, who sees in secret," said Serena, with a firmer voice, "God, who is more mighty than fate and the world, will one day make equal what here was unequal. Then, Hagar, will it often happen, that he who laboured only in the last hour will receive a reward equal to his who was called in the first hour?"

Hagar raised herself somewhat, and regarded Serena with amazement. "What God lives in thy soul?" demanded she; "and wherefore such gentle words to the hated and the outcast?"

"Not hated, not outcast!" said Serena, as she drew nearer to the sick-bed. "Oh no! Hagar! a milder judge assuredly awaits thee."

With an expression of higher wonder, Hagar fixed her broad and questioning gaze on that sweet countenance, which was now near her bed, and looked down on her with an angel's compassion. Serena continued: "Jealousy has led you to a dark deed, but your love is true and great. I have listened to you, Hagar, as your soul revealed its inmost feelings. I have listened, in the hours of twilight and of night, when you be-

lieved yourself alone, and I have learned how you love—no sordid soul, no ordinary woman, can love thus! Passions, circumstances, the darkness in your soul, have led you astray; but in clearer moments, and now, Hagar, descend into your heart, and ask yourself whether there be anything which you would not sacrifice for Bruno's happiness; whether there be a suffering which you would not willingly bear for his sake? Is not your love for him your strongest, yes, is it not now the only, deep feeling of your heart?"

"Yes," exclaimed Hagar: "I have loved him burningly, inexpressibly—love him yet, but—this love has conducted me to crime!"

"And if you had pierced my heart, Hagar, and I now lay dying near you, I would still say that the work of the moment will not condemn the heart which loves steadfastly."

Hagar gasped for breath. A refreshing feeling descended into her desperate heart, and quenched its bitter burning. With folded hands, she sank back on her couch. "Yes," whispered she, faintly, "thou art right! Ah, there is thus one who can understand me, who can believe my words. Hear me, then, Serena, thou who hast an angel's gentleness and an angel's serenity in thy soul! hear me! I wished not to kill thee! No, I would not do Bruno such an injury. As I sat in the dark wood alone, and jealousy called up thoughts of murder in my soul, I cast them from me in abhorrence. As I heard of Bruno's betrothal; as I saw that my fate was irrevocably sealed, I determined to kill myself; and, that I might acquire strength to do it, I would see him with thee, with thee, his betrothed bride. Ah! as I saw thee for the first time, it went like cold steel through my heart; then I felt that he would love thee differently from what he had loved others. I felt that he was lost forever to me; and yet I had his first love, his first promise. But to the matter. I came one evening, and saw you together; but as I saw thy head leaned on his shoulder, as I heard him call thee his wife, then a fury rent my heart and my brain. It was jealousy. My soul was wild, and my dagger thirsted for thy blood, before it should cool itself in my own. Yes, it was the work of a moment—a dark, dark moment! but now a beam of heaven pierces through the veil of night. But thou! thou whom I would have killed, and who yet givest me life, say, who art thou, wonderful maiden? Art thou a child of heaven, sent down to bring comfort to the earth, and who hast nothing in common with its passions and pains? Or belondest thou to those forms of witchcraft of which I have heard tell, who with silver voices and fascinating sounds allure men, and suddenly change themselves into shapes of hell, and drag down the unhappy ones into eternal darkness?"

Hagar's wild and heated fancy seemed, in this moment, to be ready to realize to her this horrible metamorphosis. With a disturbed look, she gazed on Serena, who calmly said, "I am only a weak woman, to whom, however, God has given the grace to triumph over the passions and agonies of the heart. Read, Hagar: these lines will speedily bring him thou lovest back to thee; and no longer mistrust me." Serena gave Hagar the letter which she had just written, and she read:

"Thou fleest me, Bruno; thou avoidest our house. Bruno, return. I ask it not only in my own name, and on my own behalf: I ask it on behalf of a person who can more readily dis-

pence with light and life than with thy presence. Come, Bruno, come to this most-to-be-compasionated one. By her couch I await thee. Let us together recall her to life, or together bestow consolation on her last hours. Let us be together, Bruno, my friend! In the darkness which at this moment surrounds me, I yet know one thing with clearness, and that is, that I love thee, and that nothing in the world can pluck this feeling out of my heart. We can determine nothing at this moment in regard to our future relations; well, then, let us leave these to time, and have peace with one another; and should an obstacle to our union as man and wife arise, that need not be an obstacle to our being friends. Hagar has spoken of claims which she has on thee; of earlier bonds, which bind thee to her. If she has spoken the truth, Bruno, yet is my prayer still the same—Come back, Bruno, to me and to her!

"Listen, Bruno! let us become children once more. Let us be as we were in the days, the beautiful days, when we hailed together the morning sun in the woods of Ramm, and when the shades of evening still found us together, full of peace and watchfulness for each other. Dost thou remember an evening when it became dark in the wood, and I asked thee, 'Art thou not afraid to lose thy way in the dark?' and thou answeredst me, 'With thee the way is clear to me;' and I said again, 'And with thee I am never afraid in the dark.' Oh, friend of my childhood! can it not be as it was then? Life is the wood, and that can be dark—oh! I have experienced it for some time—let us, then, go together in the dark path, Bruno; extend me thy hand, as friend, as brother; then will the way, perhaps, for us both, yet become clear. Listen to my entreaty—I make it with tears. Return, Bruno; dear, ever dear friend, return. Thine, SERENA."

With a trembling hand Hagar gave back the letter. "Thou lovest him better than I," she said. A bitter expression passed over her countenance, and she drew the clothes over her head.

Serena despatched the letter, and a few hours afterward Bruno was at her feet. They spoke not, but involuntarily embraced each other; and their hearts were involuntarily melted together in one unutterable feeling. From this moment Bruno has been frequently at Hagar's bedside; and the wild and bold woman is, in his presence, a meek and humble one, whom a mere look commands. Bruno's forgiveness and presence, Serena's kindness and tenderness, her true and gentle nursing, have operated beneficially on her condition. Dr. Werner has hopes of her life. Franziska comes sometimes in the evening to visit her friend. Between Bruno and these two accomplished and amiable women have arisen conversations of a high and noble interest, which Hagar has drunk in with eagerness. The old Dahls, also, have come and joined them; and in the chamber, in the very circle, where so much material existed for all that is most unhappy in life, have grown by degrees, through Serena's influence, peace, interest, yes, even pleasure, at least for the moment; and the circumstance itself, which threatened inevitably to rend asunder the bonds of confidence and love, has served only to entwine them the stronger. Beautiful power of goodness, which desires alone to reconcile; of wisdom, which, like God's own wisdom, opposes only to all division and scattering a higher harmony, a profounder order and love!

What effect these conversations and their dai-

ly association with Serena produced, we shall presently see.

## SCENE THE FOURTH.

"Drop by drop the still rain pierces  
Deep through the hard rock's hardest heart."

SCHILLER.

The storm raged without. One of those evenings was closing in, in which the legends of past ages, of the wild exploits of witches, seem almost to verify themselves; in which the poor wanderer in the North frequently loses his way. His wife, or an aged mother, misses him by the evening fire; but on the next day it is related that he was found dead on the snow in the wood.

Hagar's state had suffered a fresh change. Her strength, which for some time had gone on increasing, and therefore gave hopes of her recovery, suddenly abated, and was followed by a condition of increasing weakness. "It is not her wound only, but her mind," said Dr. Werner, "which preys on her life." It was now silent in the sick chamber; Serena alone moved about in it, with quiet solicitude for the body and soul of the invalid. These, also, were more composed since she had surrendered herself wholly to her faithful and gentle nurse.

The icy shower struck against the window of the sick chamber, and the tempest tossed the branches of the trees which stood without; but within burned a lamp, still and clear, and a feminine voice read these words: "Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants. And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him."

"Blessed, blessed words!" here cried a faint voice from the bed. "And if I should go home, like the prodigal son, should I, indeed, be thus received? Great, great is my guilt."

"But the mercy of God is yet greater," answered Serena. "The prodigal son had actually wasted his whole inheritance, but, when he returned repentant, he was received at last."

"Well, then!" said the invalid, with a burning heart, "I also will return. To my earthly father I cannot return; he would only receive me with curses; but I will arise and go to my Heavenly Father."

## SCENE THE FIFTH.

"Love takes no heed of boundary-line;  
It knows no measure, knows no grave."

It was night, and the moon shone radiantly. The earth lay deluged in its beams, so friendly and so still. The snow-covering was gone, and a wind of resurrection awoke the slumbering to the life of spring. We will follow the beams of heaven's lamp into Hagar's sick-room, and observe the forms which there were illuminated by them.

They fall strongly upon a profile which has been beautiful. The features now are sharp and harsh, such as passion and pain are wont to carve out with their keen chisel. The eye which was wont to roll wildly is now quieter. There is a sainted expression in the wasted countenance, and the hands are as if placed in prayer. Hagar sits upright in bed.

Near, and supporting her, stands a young maiden. Perhaps it is the light of the moon which occasions her to look so snow-white, as she stands there like a lily bathed in sunbeams.

Perhaps, also, it may be suffering which has chased the ruddy colour from her cheeks; yet it had not been able to steal thence the tranquil glance of her expression, nor to change the delicate, and almost childlike roundness of her figure. She is soft—soft as goodness itself, and as captivating. Her look is clear, mild—one might almost say holy. “Lean more freely on me,” said she, softly, to Hagar. “It is Serena!”

In the shadow, and darker than it, stood Bruno, his gloomily-frowning gaze riveted immovably on these two. His breast heaved slowly, but mighty feelings were battling within it. At a distance from the bed, in a tempered and gray twilight, sat two aged forms, still, pale, and resembling apparitions.

Six weeks had fled since the evening on which Hagar had laid a violent hand on her own life; and, like a dying flame, which now blazes up, now sinks again, she had long hovered between life and death; but the pangs of the last days had been great, and she felt her end drawing near. It was night, as she, awaking out of a protracted state of unconsciousness, desired an interview with Serena's grand-parents; but, when they came, it was long before she was able to speak. Supported on Serena's faithful bosom, and embraced by her arms, she by degrees gathered some strength, and, at her request, the aged pair drew near. In brief, but strong expressions, she thanked them for the kindness they had shown her, and begged their forgiveness for the distress she had occasioned them. “Now,” added she, “I will no more distress any one on the earth; I go to meet my last judgment. But, before I go, let me do sacrifice to the truth; let me, in some degree, make restitution for the evil I have done. Hear the confession of a dying woman, and put faith in my last words; I HAVE NOTHING TO CHARGE UPON BRUNO! I have been the shaper of my own fortune. In my father's house we loved one another, and were betrothed. It was I who broke the vow; my excesses and crimes awoke his abhorrence. I would draw him down; he fled from me; I pursued him; and it became my fate, that, although repulsed and despised by him, I was yet compelled to love him; that I could not breathe except in the fire which consumed me. My love was its own punishment; it has bowed down my soul, but has also made it better. Bruno tolerated me near him; endured the storm-wind which raged with never-ceasing commotion. This gave me strength to live—yes, to hope that I might yet regain the heart which I had lost. For this I followed him into this land, in whose earth I shall soon rest. Bruno attached himself to Serena, and insisted on my departure. He offered me rich gifts, and implored me to return to my native country. There was not merely desire, but command in his annihilating words; and I pretended to comply, and took my resolution to perish. My feelings were maddened. Cold was the winter evening on which I determined to put an end to my life. Bruno was with his bride—I was alone in the dark wood—cold was the winter evening, and on that account my blood was stiffened, my hand benumbed, and would not obey me. I determined to see him and her together; I ran, I saw them, jealousy made me furious—and the rest you know. Yet, once more, forgive—yet, once more, hear this word: I have nothing of which to accuse Bruno, but for much to implore his pardon. He deserves your grand-daughter; and in the unknown space into which my spirit

goes, I will bless him and her. If you can forgive me, then extend me your hands, that I may press them to my lips. If you pardon me, tell me that you will not prevent this union, which my crime threatened to dissolve; give to the repentant and the dying this last consolation!”

Hagar was silent. The two old people extended their hands, and spoke to her words of reconciliation; and on this, as Hagar appeared faint, they softly withdrew. Hagar lay for a moment in unconsciousness; but speedily revived, turned her expiring eyes towards Serena, and said, “And now let me thank thee, thou pure, thou clear fountain, which mirrors itself in the heaven of God. For my bitter words thou gavest me kind ones; for the suffering which I occasioned thee, thou hast ameliorated and sweetened my last hour. Thou hast offered refreshing liquids to my lips; thou hast poured the oil of compassion into my wounded heart; thou hast taught me the holy nature of love; hast effected that gentle feelings now rule in my soul; that yet at the gate of death I can hope! Serena, Bruno, give me your hands! that I, who would have separated them, may now unite them; that I may pronounce a blessing over them, before my lips are silenced—forever!”

Serena, silently weeping, extended her hand, but Bruno stood immovable. “He will not!” exclaimed Hagar, with pain; “he fears the blessing which my lips would pronounce; he abhors me, even to death!”

“It is not so, Hagar,” said Bruno, mildly, as he laid lightly his hand on her violently labouring breast: “have peace with me, even as I have with thee. Thou hast been dear to me, and in this moment thou art so still.”

“Have everlasting thanks for these words!” exclaimed Hagar, vehemently. “Oh! speak them once more! say that thou forgivest me!”

“Who am I, that I should forgive thee?” said Bruno, gloomily. “What right have I to appear better than thou? We have both erred; both stand before the Eternal eye alike in need of pardon and mercy.”

“No, not alike!” asserted Hagar. “Was it not I who conducted thy fiery, inconsiderate youth to deeds wherein thy heart had no participation? Was it not I who, like a serpent, wound myself about thy tree of life, and infused poison with its sap? Thou it was who awoke in me a human spark: that which bound me to thee was neither thy beauty nor thy bravery; it was the flame of a higher life, which again and again flashed forth from the tempestuous night of thy existence. In vain would men burn thy strength to ashes; like the Phoenix, thou arose from the pyre, shook the ashes from thy pinions, and soared towards the light. So didst thou fly before me, and I remained in the dust; but now—it is so dark! Now I die with pleasure, since I know that my death is good for thee; yet hear this one prayer. In the park at Ramm is a grotto; there I have often rested—it is cool and still; let me there be buried. And here—my coffin stands in thy house; it has imbibed the atmosphere of thy house, where thou breathest—lay me in that. Ah! thy hand does me good; let it there rest till that heart is still. Farewell, Bruno! I sink into the dark, still night—and with me the past! Mayest thou be happy with thy young bride! with me all is—at an end!”

Hagar was silent. Her hands dropped from those of Bruno, her bosom became still, and the great apparition of life—Death—spread over her

features the veil which no mortal can raise. She had ceased to breathe. The beams of the moon grew dim, and the dawn of Easter-morning spread its uncertain light through the chamber, and its ruddy glimmer hovered over the pale corpse. A solemn stillness prevailed long around her.

"Dead!" at length exclaimed Bruno, with a hollow voice, as he stooped over Hagar, and was visibly shaken with agonized feelings—"dead—because she loved me! Who ever became happy in loving me? To whom did I ever give joy? I have darkened the life of my mother—here lies the betrothed of my youth; and ye, unhappy victims, whose existence I have blighted, you also rise up to accuse me! It is just! Ye pale shapes, come and place yourselves between me and her who should be my wife—for I am not worthy of her. I will not deceive her—I will not steal into her heart with a lie; no, no one shall love me, no one follow me, except this spirit of evil which accompanies me through life. I believed that Serena would drive him forth. Ah! this angel-look oppresses me, and plunges me still deeper—my usurped heaven would become my curse! No, I will fly—fly—I will—" A convulsive agitation shook Bruno, and the fixed eye showed that he was no longer master of himself.

"Bruno! Bruno!" cried Serena, with tenderness and pain, as she approached him. "Away!" said he, sternly and wildly. "Away! my love brings misfortune with it. Come not with thy pinions too near the flame of the burning gulf. Fly! fly!"

"Bruno," said Serena, while, spite of his menacing gestures, she drew near, and threw her arm around his neck, "talk not so wildly. Be gentle—be still. Thou art unwell, Bruno; come, compose thyself. Sit down here by me; lean on me, my Bruno. I am still thy Serena—thy bride—who loves thee so tenderly; who will follow thee through joy and trouble."

The tension of Bruno's spirit gave way; his look became gentler; he breathed more softly. "Speak, angel-voice, speak!" said he.

"Thou hast watched too much; thou hast exhausted thyself," continued Serena, tenderly and caressingly: "now thou must take a little repose. I will watch thee while thou sleepest; and then we will go out together, and behold the sun—the delicious vernal sun, which gives joy and life to all creation. It will be a lovely day, my Bruno!"

Serena's child-like, sweet words, and the testimony of her love, laid the demon in Bruno's soul. He calmed himself, and appeared to awake out of a painful dream. With a look of inexpressible affection and inexpressible anguish, he gazed on Serena. "Oh!" said he, with tearful eyes, "never did the harp of David more soothingly charm the frantic spirit to rest. But, Serena, tell me, what have I said? what have I done? and tell me, also, what thou hast thought of it?"

"Thou wert ill, Bruno; but, thank God! thou art now better, and all is well."

"Not with me all is not well, Serena; for know, that the phrensy of which thou hast been a witness is no strange guest with me. In the activity of the day—in the silence of the night—it surprises me, till I can again rise into mastery over it. Seest thou, in the moment in which my mother laid the curse upon my head, my spirit received a wound, which, since then, has never healed. Wild deeds and memories have prevented it. Oh, long have I yearned to lay myself at thy feet with my terrible secret! but

my strength has failed me—strength, perhaps, forever—but now is the hour come! Turn thy pure gaze away, Serena!"

Bruno described, in rapid, but graphic words, his first aberrations. "My brother's manly kindness," said he, "snatched me from the dangerous and destructive path. For a moment I thought to begin a new and better life; perhaps should have done it, had not the consequences of my first digressions dragged me down. I was early become a secret gambler. I had seduced into the same course a young man of my acquaintance—I was the cause of his misfortunes; and, in order to rescue him, I had recourse anew to forbidden means. My theft was discovered—discovered by my mother! She would punish me severely—perhaps, too severely; but no, I deserved it. But I would not submit myself; I met force with force; I opposed my mother—and she cursed me!"

At these words Bruno's voice trembled; he paused an instant, and then proceeded.

"I fled the same night, my heart possessed with Furies, which have since then never quitted me. I went into foreign service, and earned wounds and honour. When the war was ended, I fell into connexions which fettered my heart, and confounded the remaining ideas of right and goodness which I had brought with me from the maternal home. Loaded with the curse of my mother, and bearing in my bosom a storm of unbridled passions, I sought to gratify these; I sought to forget that I had a home, a mother, a native land; to forget that I was cursed—ah! that was an icy feeling in my heart, which drove me continually deeper into the fire of perdition. The men with whom I was now surrounded, the desire of gain, the very danger with which the enterprise was attended, drove me to that which I shall ever repent—I became a dealer in men, a trader in human souls! I tore the children of Africa from their huts; I tore with violence husband from wife, mothers from their children, and carried them as slaves to the Portuguese colonies. Men—my brethren—I sold for gain! They, who then exerted a powerful influence over my mind, had represented to me these unhappy people as destitute of all moral worth—yes, as actually ranking below the beasts. A terrible circumstance opened my blinded eyes—let me now pass it over in silence, I could not relate it with equanimity. Enough—from that moment I abandoned my bloody trade. Again I changed my name and country.

"To forget and to enjoy were now, more than ever, the impelling objects of my life. At the faro-table I wooed Fortune, and she was auspicious. One evening I won a heavy sum from a very young man. Gold glistened around me, and blinded my eyes; but the ashy ghastliness of desperation, which overspread the countenance of my opponent, as he left the room, recalled me to reflection. Perhaps he had a mother, who— I hastened out after him. I would give him back all that he had lost. I ran up the pitch-dark street, and called the name of the unfortunate youth. A flash and a report were the answer to my call; fragments of the brain of the unhappy man flew to my very feet. He was the only son of a destitute widow!

"I abandoned the faro-table; I sought to repair, in some degree, the evils which I had perpetrated; I sought to ameliorate the burdens of those classes of men against whom I had transgressed. But what is the benevolence of the gam-

bler? It is like the alms of the robber—it is a blood-penny! No atonement can thence arise to the heart. I felt it. I sought love. Love, I imagined, would enable me to forget the past, and enjoy the present. I plunged into love, and sank into the arms of—no, holy love, not into thy arms—but in those of voluptuousness was my life consumed. I persuaded myself that I loved—I was deceived. I deceived others, and revelled in excess after excess. But as the waves fled the lip of Tantalus, so fled peace and enjoyment from me. During fifteen years, I had probably moments of wild pleasure, but not one hour to which I would say, 'Remain!' not a day to which I would address the petition, 'Come again!' An inexpressible emptiness, which nothing appeared capable of filling—a consuming thirst after something, I know not what—reigned in my soul. At times, in more tranquil hours—yes, even in those of the wildest enjoyment—came before my spirit an image whose fascinating, and yet agonizing effect on my heart, it is impossible for me to describe. All that my years of childhood had possessed of innocent and beautiful—all that I had at times dreamed of heaven and its peace—appeared to blend themselves into one shape; and that shape, Serena, wore thy features. Thence arose in my soul an ineffable longing and despair.

"Once more I tore myself from my effeminate and dissolute career. I sought to employ my life, which oppressed me, in a widely extended and systematic activity. I launched into speculations of commerce; they prospered, and I became rich. But, ah! my heart still remained poor; and, in the midst of my superfluity, my soul hungered. It was at this period that my affairs conducted me to England. I heard Canning address the representatives of a great people for the abolition of the slave-trade, for liberty, and the good of mankind. I saw on his brow the glory of an immortal beauty; and, for the first time, I comprehended the moral worth and the true nobility of man, and the baseness of my former life. Oh, Serena! then did I bewail the days and the vigour which I had wasted! But I was still young; yet could I begin—what? An outcast, a son with the maternal imprecation on his head, what good can he commence? what blessing can he receive from above? I was cursed! That was the brand which was stamped on my forehead; the stone which lay upon my life, and doomed it to eternal darkness. What angel could roll the stone away? Oh, long did my soul wrestle in benumbing despair! for my mother is the only being whom I ever feared. Often since my childhood had our spirits contended; but she had always triumphed, had always cast mine down. Bitterness grew in my heart; but long years passed away, and love came back into it, and grew and overspread all the bitterness. The thoughts of reconciliation with her were the only thoughts in my soul. This reconciliation was the condition of a new, of a better life; without it, the whole world was nothing to me. I had no hope; but, if I would live, I must dare. So powerfully had this feeling laid hold on my being, that I was physically enfeebled by it; at the very word 'Mother' I could weep like a child.

"I came back; I saw my paternal home again; I saw also thee, Serena! the paradise of my childhood, my revelation of heaven, the object of my desire, the reformation of my life and being—I saw all this in thee. Wonder not that my arms extended themselves longingly to secure thee;

wonder not, that, when I saw myself an outcast from the maternal bosom, I sought to win an angel for my distempered soul. There hovered at this moment a doom over me, on which depended more than mere life and death; the consequence must be reconciliation, or the eternal perdition of my soul. There lay a thunder-cloud on my heart and brain; I neither saw nor felt clearly. It was then that I tempted thee, Serena; thou withstoodest me, and I believed that I loved thee less; but I deceived myself; thou hadst sunk only deeper into my spirit, and wert become one with its good genius. But this I did not then feel; my mind was dark.

"A moment of wild desperation passed over, and I became reconciled to my mother. I rested my head on her bosom! I heard her bless me! Almighty God! rich in mercy, wouldst thou weigh out to me against this moment a hundred years of suffering, yet could I lift my hands to thee, as now, and thank thee for this moment! Words cannot express its value; it has saved me both in time and in eternity.

"What shall I say farther to thee, Serena? Although reconciled with my mother, and loving her more intensely than ever, I felt, after the first moments of heavenly blessedness, no rest in my heart. Thee, thee, must I win. Thou must become my wife, if I must enjoy peace on earth. I sought to win thee in the way which thou thyself hadst pointed out to me—I was rejected. It was not wounded pride, Serena, which induced me for a long time to absent myself from your house; no, but I descended into myself, and endeavoured to renounce thee. It was in vain! a nameless, irresistible Power drew me back to thee; there was a bond between us, which seemed to me to be twined by God himself. Thou wert mine! Oh, moment of transport! of godlike blessedness! Thou wert mine—and life was renovated, the past was forgotten, all was atoned for and purified. Oh, it was but for a moment! the Furies speedily raised themselves again in my heart, the chastening goddess of Memory; and thy acquiescence, thy pure glance, became to me piercing reproaches. I was not worthy of thee: every day made me more sensible of it; and doubly unworthy I felt myself, that I would draw thee down into a life of whose darkness thou wert ignorant; for in vain would I delude myself—never can I be at rest; never can the blessedness of a pure heart dwell in my bosom. What has been done cannot be undone; there are circumstances in my life which never can be forgotten; remembrances which will pursue me to the grave! Oh, Serena! thy innocent hand should not be laid in one stained with so many crimes; thou, the pure, the blessed, shouldst not stand in connexion with him on whom secretly lies the ban of expulsion from civil society; at least, thou oughtest not to surrender thy youth, thy beauty, thy womanly virtue, to a deceiver. This has of late become perfectly clear to me. It has become clear that, if I abused thy confidence, and made thee unhappy—and happy never can the partner of my days and nights be—then, indeed, must I become an eternal reprobate. These thoughts have long agitated me. Hagar's crimes and thy virtues, thy conquest over me and her, have brought them to maturity. I love thee now, Serena, as highly and sacredly as I before loved thee wildly and egotistically, and, therefore, I have unveiled my soul before thee, as before its eternal Creator. The altar has not yet united us; thou canst yet separate thyself from me, canst yet withdraw thyself.

"Thou art at this moment free; and, if thou rejectest me, yet shall no complaint, no reproach, pass my lips. If thou, also, turnest thyself away from me, I will yet love and honour thee, and will go on my solitary and dreary path as well as I may."

"Thou hast spoken of friendship, of brother and sister; pardon me, if I read away this illusion of an angelically pure heart. It cannot be so between us. God created our souls of far different natures; in mine burn flames of which thou knowest nothing; I must possess thee, or fly thee; but, if I fly thee, Serena, I shall yet carry thy image in my bosom, and it will make me a better man. I am not alone—I have a mother. I will live for her, should it even be without pleasure or enjoyment. Yet let me add but one word. I have hoped, Serena, thou, whom I alone have ever truly loved—to be able to begin, on thy bosom, on thy angel's heart, a new and better life. I believed that the better germs in my soul would unfold themselves under thy protection—and who can say what the heart augurs? and who measures the strength of love? Who sets bounds to the mercy of the Almighty? With thee appeared the way to atonement and a better life—without thee—but I have said enough. Now thou knowest all, Serena—pronounce the judgment over me. I stoop my head before thee, and will kiss thy beloved hand, let it dispense me what it will—life or death."

As the Seraph Eloa, says the poet of the Messiah,\* descended at the side of the Saviour into hell, and saw there the darkness and misery, its clear glance became quenched in gloom. A feeling, like that of Eloa, had, during Bruno's confession, oppressed Serena; and an indescribable weight lay upon her heart, and impeded its action; but it was rolled away, and vanished. As the fresh wind blows away the fog; as the clear stars come forth in the dark night; as the glow of morning ascends, and illumines and fills all creation with splendour—so rose in Serena's heart the eternal love, strong, abundant, sweet, and triumphant. In her soul all became lighter, freer, more assured than ever—there was no more fear, no more disquiet there; and, as Bruno ceased to speak, she stooped towards him, with silent tears of affection in her eyes, and said, "I go with thee, Bruno. Oh! my friend, my husband, it cannot be otherwise. Together let us wander on the earth, together one day kneel before the throne of the All-merciful!"

Speechless, Bruno clasped her to his bosom. Light broke in. A song arose, beautiful and peaceful, and embraced the united ones in its melodious waves. It was the Easter Hymn, sounding from the church for the celebration of the First-born of the Resurrection.

These scenes are at an end; and, with them, my task. With hearty good-will I surrender again the pen to the hand of Madame Werner; but just at this time, namely, after Hagar's death, occurs a material gap in her correspondence; the positive cause of which it is not in my power to state, and which I am not enabled to fill up. Thou must, therefore, worthy reader, content thyself with proceeding to the next chapter.

## CHAPTER XXV.

Rosewick, May 23d.

Hear again! I sit alone, and have despatched

\* Klopstock.

Bear to Ramon, there to look well about him, and, in the first place, to take his own pleasure, and then to confer on me that of hearing how affairs stand after the wedding. I do not find myself very well. I am heavy and dull; look towards Ramon, and long for Bear. Evening draws on; he must certainly soon appear. I have not been well since Serena's wedding-day; I was too much excited. Bruno's disquiet on this day, his nearly wild questions to Serena, "Wilt thou become mine in joy and sorrow, in time and in eternity?" what do they portend? "I will answer thee this evening," said Serena, in her sweet, sincere manner. That pacified him; and at evening, as they were affianced, and the blessing was pronounced over them, he became changed. A great thoughtfulness appeared to exalt and to calm his spirit. Ah! wherefore this disquietude, wherefore this pain in the bosom of happiness itself, if his conscience had peace?

But am I not wrong to feel such uneasiness and anxiety, when I have witnessed in Bruno so much and genuine love; and in Serena, a tenderness, a truth, and a strength, which can ennoble and embellish everything? In the marriage hour there was something in her which seemed to elevate her union above all the power of misfortune and mutability. There lay a heavenly serenity on her pure brow. She pronounced the words "To love thee in joy and trouble" with such a beautiful and lofty certainty, that I involuntarily pronounced them again to Bear, as I leaned on his shoulder, and stood there supported by his faithful arm. How the occurrences of this day still hover before my mind! They seized powerfully, too powerfully, upon me! How long Bear stays! The shadows of the trees are already large, and the birds begin their even-song. God grant that no misfortune has happened at Ramon! the old black house there looks like a place of ill luck. Why must Serena go there? Thank God! here comes Bear. I will go down towards the bridge to meet him.

244.

FRAGMENT OF A CONVERSATION OF YESTERDAY.

"Well, Bear, it was beautiful, what thou saidst of Serena: that she looked so amiable, and the patriarchs so satisfied. Tell me, now, how was *Ma chère mère*?"

"Superb, but not lively."

"Did she make no speech?"

"No: she was unusually still, but appeared satisfied, and internally thankful."

"And how behaved Bruno towards her?"

"Like the tenderest of sons."

"And towards Serena? What did he call her? Did he look much at her? How much did he look at her? Was he much about her? Did he talk much with her? Did he show much attention to her, much solicitude about her?"

"My dear child, it would be quite as well if thou hadst a *less faux de bouche*, then one might answer regularly. Now let us see, what was the question? Whether Bruno behaved to his wife as became a husband."

"Ah! thou art unbearable! Did he lie at her feet?"

"Not exactly. That would not have been quite appropriate in so great a company; but there seemed, on the whole, to exist a good understanding between them."

"A good understanding! Thou talkest quite pitifully. Perhaps thou wilt think that I ought to thank God that they don't quarrel!"

"That thou canst not do, for they do quarrel!"

"Good gracious. And about what?"

"Heaven knows what was the occasion; but he said, 'My sweet Serena, my wife, it shall be as thou wilt!' and she answered, 'No, Bruno, it shall be as thou hast said; it is best so.'"

"Well, thank God! How thou canst frighten one! And how did Bruno look as he said, 'My wife!'"

"How!—like a husband."

"Who adored his wife?"

"Why, yes; and who feels that he possesses, in her, life's greatest good."

"See! now thou speakest beautifully, my Bear! And then the dinner, Bear? Tell me now a little about the dinner. Describe me all the dishes, in succession. Thou dost not remember them? Oh! it is wretched of thee! Yes, certainly thou rememberest some. Let us see, the first course, for instance, which always relishes the best, what did that consist of?"

"I believe—of chickens."

"Chickens! impossible. Serena cannot have chickens for the first course; she must then have ham to the roast-meat." Bear laughed at my zeal, and, after some other unfortunate attempts to come at a notion of the dinner, I was compelled to give it up, and to tell Bear that he was an unworthy guest, and that I would tell Serena of it. In order to divert my attention and propitiate me, he conjured up, I know not how, a bottle of Bishop, and a basket of splendid preserved fruits, which he had brought from Ramm; compelled, as he said, against his will, by Serena.

I was quite enchanted with this little entertainment, fetched glasses, and we sat down to drink healths. We drank the health of the young couple, the health of *Ma chère mère*, our own, and that of the little unknown. We got quite into a zealous mood with our health-drinking. We then seated ourselves at the window; it was a lovely evening, and the heaven lay clear over Ramm. A gleam from the setting sun illuminated the dark wood; and I recollected that I had once before seen this, and had thought on Serena. I saw the shore, before so dusky, now brightly lit up. I looked at Bear, who did not turn his full-moon face away from me; a warmth glaned about my heart, tears came into my eyes, and I said, pointing towards Ramm, "It is more clear there, Bear; now there are happy hearts there."

"No happier than here," said Bear, as he drew me tenderly to him, and held me fast on his knee. The sunshine slowly died away; the shore was again shrouded in gloom; and, with a sigh, I added, "Ah! who knows how long they will continue happy there? God knows whether Bruno, this unquiet spirit, can be at peace!" A melodious tremour passed through the air, and appeared to answer to my sigh. I was startled, and we listened at the open window. The organ at Ramm was pealing, but not as formerly; tones like those of Handel's Messiah issued from it. I leaned my head against Bear's, and thus we sat in the warm May evening, and listened. And till late in the evening the organ sounded even more beautifully, more peacefully, as it seemed to me; and I called to mind the last words of the Legend of the Neck: "Then the Neck wept no more, but took his harp, and played and sung sweetly till deep in the night, for he now knew that he should be saved."

25<sup>th</sup>.—Jane Maria was here yesterday; she was gay and joyous. I learned various matters from her; and, among them, some which de-

lighted me. *Ma chère mère* grows ever more quiet and gentle, goes often to church, and her proverbs become ever more biblical. Her heart seems now, more than formerly, to desire to make men happy. She gives much to the poor; among the rest, old linen; and through that prepares, according to the lively expression of a young and amiable lady, "her heavenly purple." Jane Maria related a scene between Elsa and *Ma chère mère*, which gave me pleasure. *Ma chère mère* had to-day knocked down and broken a couple of china cups which stood on a table. She was put out of humour by it. She will sometimes, in little matters, act too much the person who can see; and in the heat of the moment lets fall, "The Hangman!" and similar expressions of anger on Elsa, for having put them in the wrong place. *Ma chère mère* was wrong; but Elsa, who formerly always protested with strong words against any injustice of the kind, now let it pass very quietly for her own fault. A moment afterward, as *Ma chère mère* sat binding her net, and let her needle fall under the sofa, Elsa—who is always at hand when she can be of service—went down on her knees to pick it up, and gave it to her again. *Ma chère mère*, on this, laid her arm gently round her faithful servant, and said, with emotion, "My dear Elsa, what should I do if I had not thee!" Elsa embraced the knees of her mistress, pressed her forehead against them, and a tear of tenderness and joy quietly rolled down her bony cheek.

Jean Jacques regulates and commands freely at Carlsfors; abolishes all abuses; and makes many useful arrangements. He is an active and highly-informed man; and talks less, since he has done more. He and Jane Maria extend their influence continually at Carlsfors, while *Ma chère mère* seems more and more to withdraw herself from the affairs of the world. Music gives her more pleasure than ever; and she has once said that she could wish to die amid the sound of Bruno's organ. The next week she is going to give the new-married pair a great dinner. Miss Hellevi Hausgiebel will also give, in honour of them, a select *soirée*.

It is said that Nature and Art propose to make a union in the persons of young Robert Stålmark and Adèle Von P. They have made the discovery of each other's excellences at Miss Hausgiebel's *soirées*, in the course of the winter; have fallen, consequently, in love, and are become thereby much more amiable.

Lagman Hok has, during the spring, suffered much from his liver complaint; has been obliged to confine himself long to his room, where he has been diligently visited by his neighbours and friends. *Ma chère mère* has been twice a week to see him; and I, too, have now and then passed an hour with the still and interesting old man. Yesterday, Jane Maria informed me he had been again, for the first time, to Carlsfors. *Ma chère mère* and he walked their *trall* together, she holding by a line which was stretched across the room.

We hear that Cousin Stellan will travel this summer into Italy, on account of his health; in truth, in order to dissipate his *cnnui*; but I fear that this will go along with him.

Peter and Ebba are expected in the autumn. It will be a pleasure to see them again, and I shall be anxious to observe how the sisters-in-law will now agree. Jane Maria expects visits from some Stockholm acquaintances, and promises herself a gay summer.

But, while all around me rejoice themselves—love, dance, and prepare entertainments—I go, perhaps with hasty strides, towards my last home; but I think no longer of it with uneasiness; I have arranged all my little affairs, and hold myself in readiness for what may come. I have written a letter for Bear, which, if I die, shall tell him how dear he is to me, and how happy he has made me during our short union. My poor, good Bear! He is now so uneasy, so anxious about me, that it internally troubles me. I see that he will never do for my doctor; I must now have courage for us both. I will follow the example of a young friend who found herself in a similar situation to mine, and, what was worse, in a solitary house in the country, and hemmed in by snow-drifts; but, that she might keep herself in spirits, she translated some of the finest scenes of Shakspeare. I have no Shakspeare at hand, but I will set on and write an epistle to those who are more the subject of my thoughts.

## TO MY DAUGHTERS.

Above all things, my dear daughters, bear in mind that you are human beings. Be good, be true; the rest will follow. As much as possible, be kind to every one, tender to every animal. Be without sentimentality and affectation. Affectation is a miserable art, my daughters; despise it, as truly as you would acquire moral worth. Do not regard yourselves as very important, let you have as many talents and endowments as you may; consider nature and life, and be humble. Should you be treated by nature like a hard stepmother, and be infirm, ordinary, or the like, do not be discouraged; you may draw near to the Most High. Require not much from other people, especially from one another. The art to sink in the esteem of yourselves and others is, to make great demands and give little.

If you are straitened in this world, look up to Heaven; but not as turkey-cocks, but as believing children. Should one of you fall, let her immediately determine to arise again; to the failing, as well as to the unfortunate, there is

always extended a helping hand. Lay hold on this.

Ah! my daughters! . . .

*Fourteen days later.*

What is become of my daughters? They have turned themselves into a son; and the young gentleman was uncourteous enough to interrupt the letter to his sisters. There he lies, in the new wicker-cradle, under the green taffety canopy, well grown, round, and fat; and the great Bear is on his knees beside his little Bear. I have a great mind to join him in his idolatry; but Bear, the father, considers it more fitting that the son wait on his mother. I am proud of my little boy, but so it is; I had so certainly calculated on a little maiden that I almost miss it. But, as *Ma chère mère* comforted me, "Deferring prevents no recurring."

"What shall I do with my letter, Bear? It is not adapted to the honourable gentleman there."

"I will take care of it for our girls; write another for the youngster."

Happy, my Maria, is the wife who can, like me, give to her son, from heart and soul, this exhortation: "Resemble thy father!"

"No, Bear, thou mayest not see what I have written. Thou mayest not take my paper away, tyrant! I promise to conclude very soon, but I must yet add a word or two."

These good people and neighbours, from all sides, they have sent me flowers, and jellies, and all sorts of good things. Serena has nursed me the whole time, like a sister. She is quiet, kind, sympathizing—in one word, like herself; and seems to entertain a love for Bruno which is too inward to express itself in words. My Maria, I invite you to stand godmother to my little Bear. He is to be called Lars Peter, and *Ma chère mère* will herself convey him to the font. She was here the day after his birth, and laid a beautiful present on his cradle. She spoke with me about my fears and troubles on this head, and said, "Well, it is in these things as in life, 'All is well that ends well.'"

"No, Bear! my paper—my pen—oh, thou abominable Bear!"

THE END.

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NEW-YORK: HARPER & BROTHERS, 82 CLIFF-STREET.

# THE HOME:

OR,

FAMILY CARES AND FAMILY JOYS.

BY FREDERIKA BREMER.

AUTHOR OF "THE NEIGHBOURS."

TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH,

BY MARY HOWITT.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, 83 CLIFF-ST.

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1844.

# P R E F A C E.

THE speedy appearance of this volume after "The Neighbours," is a sufficient proof of the success of that work. Indeed, the evidences of this success have been too unequivocal to have escaped any one; and perhaps it would be difficult to decide which has been most gratified by it, the author or the translator. The most kind and cordial, I may say, the most *neighbourly* manner in which "The Neighbours" have been received, both by the press and the English public, has not only gone with a grateful delight to my heart, as an evidence that whatever is sound and good, come whence it may, will be heartily welcomed by my own proud and noble country, but has flown on rapid wings to the North, and given a charming surprise to the excellent authoress. Before the copy which I had requested my publishers to forward to her had reached Stockholm, Miss Bremer had received various letters from her countrymen in London congratulating her and themselves on having seen "The Neighbours" receive such handsome "neighbour's fare" in the literary circles there.

No feeling is so dear to the heart of an author, who is conscious of writing for the improvement as well as the pleasure of his fellow-men, as to find the sphere of his usefulness suddenly, and as it were by miracle, immeasurably widened. To learn, therefore, at once that she was not only read and beloved in England, but that within a month after its appearance in London, "The Neighbours" was reprinted in the great United States newspaper, "The New World," and diffused all over that vast country, and read in the wildest regions of the back woods, while a good edition was rapidly passing through the American press, we may believe was no indifferent intelligence. Indeed, the high estimation in which the literature of England is held in the North, makes it a proud circumstance to any one to be introduced into it, and warmly welcomed there. Miss Bremer, in a letter to me, says with her usual modesty, on this subject, "England har en så rik, så utbildad roman litteratur, och mina skrifter äro så ojemna, så fulla af brister, att jag knappt förstår huru—the fastidious, refined society of England—kan smälta dessa nordiska ra-ämmen!" England possesses a romance literature so rich, so fully developed, and my writings are so unequal, and full of faults, that I can hardly understand how the fastidious, refined society of England, can digest these rude Northern materials.

But letters from all classes of English society, and from members of the very highest, shew me how enthusiastically these *ra-ämmen* have been welcomed; so that good husbands have, far and

wide, been complimented by their wives with the agreeable name of—Bears.

As "The Neighbours" might be regarded as a salutary picture of new-married life, "The Home," I think, will be found equally charming and useful as a picture of family life during the growth of the children. A sketch of home discipline, in which is seen how, without great worldly fortune, or extraordinary events, a deep interest may gather about a group of individuals, and how faults and failings, and diversity of dispositions, which without the great saving principles would lead to sorrow and disunion, are, by these saving principles, love and good sense, made to work themselves out, and leave behind them a scene of harmony, affection, and moral culture, most charming to contemplate.

I am not intending, any more than the amiable authoress herself, to present these as faultless stories.

We must remember that they are the product of a nation possessing tastes, in some respects, different to ours, yet still, in the main, extremely kindred in feeling as in language. Miss Bremer describes them to me as a people of a highly intellectual spirit, of strong impulses, but somewhat unsteady in following them out. "Vi Svenskar äro ett folk af starka impulser, men ostadigt utöfande. Men jag vill ej skylla ifrån mig uppå mitt folk! Detta folk har en rik och djupsinnig ande." It will be seen that they, like the Germans, and like our ancestors in the days of the Tudors and Stuarts, are very fond of acting scenes and surprises in family life; a striking instance of which in these volumes, is that where the Franks, on returning from Axelholm, are received by the Father and Jacobi at an inn, in the disguise of landlord and waiter.

It may be as well to state here, that the title of Excellence is the highest one next to the princes of the blood in Sweden. It is, indeed, a sort of order of merit; is confined to twelve persons, who may be otherwise noble or not, and is not hereditary. I must add also with pleasure, that to my valued friend, Madame von Schoultz, who has resided many years in Sweden, I am much indebted for endeavours to bring this translation as near as possible in spirit and meaning to the original.

M. H.

Heidelberg, March 12th, 1843.

P. S. Should errors of the press occur, my absence must plead the excuse: at the issue of the next translation, this inconvenience will no longer exist.

# LIFE IN SWEDEN.

## THE HOME;

OR,

## FAMILY CARES AND FAMILY JOYS.

### CHAPTER I.

#### MORNING DISPUTES AND EVENING CONTENTIONS.

"My dear child," said Judge Frank, in a tone of vexation, "it is not worth while reading aloud to you, if you keep yawning incessantly, and looking about, first to the right and then to the left;" and with these words he laid down a treatise of Jeremy Bentham, which he had been reading, and ran from his seat.

"Ah, forgive me, dear friend," returned his wife, "but really these good things are all so difficult to comprehend, and I was thinking about —. Come here, dear Brigitta!" said Mrs. Eliza Frank, beckoning an old servant to her, to whom she then spoke in an under tone.

Whilst this was going on, the Judge, a handsome strong-built man of probably forty, walked up and down the room, and then suddenly pausing, as if in consideration, before one of the walls, he exclaimed to his wife, who by this time had finished her conversation with the old servant, "See, love, now if we were to have a door open here—and it could very easily be done, for it is only a lath-and-plaster wall—we could then get so conveniently into our bedroom, without first going through the ante-room and the nursery—it would indeed be capital!"

"But then, where could the sofa stand?" answered Elise, with some anxiety.

"The sofa?" returned her husband, "O, the sofa could be wheeled a little aside; there is more than room enough for it."

"But, my best friend," replied she, "there would come a very dangerous draft from the door every one who sat in the corner."

"Ah! always difficulties and impediments!" said the husband. "But cannot you see, yourself, what a great advantage it would be if there were a door here?"

"No, candidly speaking," said she, "I think it is better as it is."

"Yes, that is always the way with ladies," returned he, "they will have nothing touched, nothing done, nothing changed, even to obtain improvement and convenience; everything is good and excellent as it is, till somebody makes the alteration for them, and then they can see at once how much better it is; and then they exclaim, 'Ah, see now, that is charming!' Ladies, without doubt, belong to the stand-still party!"

"And the gentlemen," added she, "belong

to the movement party; at least wherever building and molestation-making comes across them!"

The conversation, which had hitherto appeared perfectly good-humoured, seemed to assume a tone of bitterness from that word "molestation-making;" and in return the voice of the Judge was somewhat austere, as he replied to her taunt against the gentlemen. "Yes," said he, "they are not afraid of a little trouble whenever a great advantage is to be obtained. But — are we to have no breakfast to-day! It is twenty-two minutes after nine! It really is shocking, dear Elise, that you cannot teach your maids punctuality! There is nothing more intolerable than to lose one's time in waiting; nothing more useless; nothing more insupportable; nothing which more easily might be prevented, if people would only resolutely set about it! Life is really too short for one to be able to waste half of it in waiting! Five-and-twenty minutes after nine! and the children—are they not ready too! Dear Elise—"

"I'll go and see after them," said she; and went out quickly.

It was Sunday. The June sun shone into a large cheerful room, and upon a snow-white damask tablecloth, which in soft silken folds was spread over a long table, on which a handsome coffee-service was set out with considerable elegance. The disturbed countenance with which the Judge had approached the breakfast-table, cleared itself instantly as a person, whom young ladies would unquestionably have called "horribly ugly," but whom no reflective physiognomist could have observed without interest, entered the room. This person was tall, extremely thin, and somewhat inclined to the left side; the complexion was dark, and the somewhat noble features wore a melancholy expression, which only seldom gave place to a smile of unusual beauty. The forehead elevated itself, with its deep lines, above the large brown extraordinary eyes, and above this a wood of black-brown hair erected itself, under whose thick stiff curls people said a multitude of ill-humours and paradoxes exerted themselves; so also, indeed, might they in all those deep furrows with which his countenance was lined not one of which certainly was without its own signification. Still, there was not a sharp angle of that face; there was nothing, either in word or voice, of the Assessor, Jeremias Mun-

ter, however severe they might seem to be, which at the same time might not conceal an expression of the deepest goodness of heart, and which stamped itself upon his whole being, in the same way as the sap clothes with green foliage the stiff resisting branches of the knotted oak.

"Good day, brother!" exclaimed the Judge, cordially offering him his hand, "how are you?" "Bad!" answered the melancholy man; "how can it be otherwise? What weather we have! As cold as January! And what people we have in the world too: it is a sin and shame! I am so angry to-day that —. Have you read that malicious article against you in the — paper?"

"No, I don't take in that paper; but I have heard speak of the article," said Judge Frank. "It is directed against my writing on the condition of the poor in the province, is it not?"

"Yes; or more properly, no," replied the Assessor; "for what is so extraordinary is, that it contains nothing on that affair. It is against yourself that it is aimed—the lowest insinuations, the coarsest abuse!"

"So I have heard," said the Judge, "and on that very account I do not trouble myself to read it."

"But have you heard also who has written it?" asked the visitor.

"No," returned the other; "nor do I wish to know."

"But you should do so," argued the Assessor; "people ought to know who are their enemies. It is Mr. N. I should like to give the fellow three emetics, that he might know the taste of his own gall!"

"What!" exclaimed Judge Frank, at once interested in the Assessor's news—"N., who lives nearly opposite to us, and who has so lately received from the Cape his child, the poor little motherless girl?"

"The very same!" returned he; "but you must read this piece, if it be only to give a relish to your coffee. See here; I have brought it with me. I have learned that it would be sent to your wife to-day. Yes, indeed, what pretty fellows there are in the world! But where is your wife to-day? Ah! here she comes! Good morning, my Lady Elise. So charming in the early morning; but so pale! Ei, ei, ei; that is not as it should be! What is it that I say and preach continually? Exercise, fresh air—else nothing in the world avails anything! But who listens to one's preaching! No—adieu my friends! Ah! where is my snuff-box! Under the newspapers! The abominable newspapers; they must lay their hands on everything; one can't keep even one's snuff-box in peace for them! Adieu, Mrs. Elise! Adieu, Frank. Nay, see how he sits there and reads coarse abuse of himself, just as if it mattered nothing to him. Now he laughs into the bargain. I hope you'll enjoy your breakfasts, my friends."

"Will you not enjoy it with us?" asked the friendly voice of Mrs. Frank; "we can offer you to-day, quite fresh home-baked bread."

"No, I thank you," said the Assessor; "I am no friend to such home-made things, good for nothing, however much they may be bragged of. Home-baked, home-brewed, home-made; it all sounds very fine, but it's good for nothing."

"Try if to-day it really be good for nothing," urged she. "There, we have now Madame Folette on the table; you must, at least, have a cup of coffee from her."

"What do you mean?" asked the surprised Assessor; "what is it? What horrid Madame is it that is to give me a cup of coffee? I never could bear old women; and if they are coming now to the coffee-table—"

"The round coffee-pot there," said Mrs. Frank, good-humouredly, "is Madame Folette. Could you not bear that?"

"But why call it so!" asked he. "What foolery is it?"

"It is a fancy of the children," returned she. "An honest old woman of this name, whom I once treated to a cup of coffee, exclaimed, at the first sight of her favourite beverage, 'When I see a coffee-pot, it is all the same to me as if I saw an angel from heaven!' The children heard this, and insisted upon it that there was a great resemblance in figure between Madame Folette and this coffee-pot; and so ever since, it has borne her name. The children are very fond of her, because she gives them every morning their coffee."

"What business have children with coffee?" asked the Assessor. "Cannot they be thin enough without drinking coffee; and are they to be burnt up already? There's Petrea, is she not lanky enough? I never was very fond of her; and now, if she is to grow up into a coffee sister, why—"

"But, my best Munter," said Mrs. Frank, "you are not in a good humour to-day."

"Good humour!" replied he; "no, Mrs. Elise, I am not in a good humour: I don't know what there is in the world to people good-humoured. There now, y hair has torn a hole in my coat-lap! Is that pleasant? That's home-made, too! But now I'll go; that is, if your doors—they are home-made, too, are they not?—will let me get out of them."

"But will you not come back and dine with us?" asked she.

"No, I thank you," replied he, "I am in it elsewhere; and that in this house, too."

"To Mrs. Courtmarshal W—?" asked Mrs. Frank.

"No; indeed!" answered the Assessor: "I cannot bear that woman. She lectures me incessantly. Lectures me! I had a great wish to lecture her! And then, her detestable dog—Pyrrhus or Pirre; I had a great mind to kill him. And then, she is so thin. I cannot bear thin people; least of all, thin old women."

"No!" said Mrs. Frank. "Don't you know, then, what rumour says of you and poor old Miss Rask?"

"That common person!" exclaimed Jeremias. "Well, and what says malice of me and old Miss Rask?"

"That, not many days since," said Mrs. Frank, "you met this old lady on your stairs as she was going up to her own room; and that she was sighing on account of the long flight of stairs and her weak chest. Now malice says, that, with the utmost politeness, you offered her your arm, and conducted her up the stairs with the greatest possible care; nor left her, till she had reached her own door; and further, after all, that you sent her a pound of cough lozenges; and—"

"And do you believe," interrupted the Assessor, "that I did that for her own sake! No, I thank you! I did it that the poor old skeleton might not fall down dead upon my steps. From no other cause in this world did I go crawling up the stairs with her. Yes, yes, that was it! I dine to-day with Miss Bernades. She is a very sensible person; and her little Miss Laura is very pretty. See, here have we now all the herd of children! Your most devoted servant, Sister Louise! So, indeed, little Miss Eva! she is not afraid of the ugly old fellow; she—God bless her! there's some sugar-candy for her! And the little one! it looks just like a little angel. Do I make her cry! Then I must away; for I cannot endure children's crying. It may make a part of the charm of home: that I can believe;—perhaps it is home music. Home-baked, home-made, home-music—hu!"

The Assessor sprang though the door; the Judge laughed; and the little one became silent at the sight of a bracelet,\* through which the beautiful eye of her brother Henrik spied at her as through an eyeglass; while the other children came bounding to the breakfast-table.

"Nay, nay, nay, my little angels, keep yourselves a little quiet;" said the mother. "Wait a moment, dear Petrea; patience is a virtue. Eva dear, don't behave in that way; you don't see me do so."

Thus gently moralized the mother; while, with the help of her eldest daughter, the little prudent Louise, she cared for them all. The father went from one to another full of delight, patted their little heads, and pulled them gently by the hair.

"I ought, yesterday, to have cut all your hair," said he. "Eva has quite a wig; one can hardly see her face for it. Give your father a kiss, my little girl! I'll look after your wig early to-morrow morning."

"And mine too, and mine too, father!" exclaimed the others.

"Yes, yes," answered the father, "I'll shave every one of you."

All laughed but the little one; which, half frightened, hid its sunny-haired little head on the mother's bosom: the father raised it gently, and kissed, first it, and then the mother.

"Now put sugar in the father's cup," said she to the little one; "look! he holds it to you."

The little one smiled, put sugar in the cup, and Madame Folette began her joyful circuit.

But we will now leave Madame Folette, home-baked bread, the family breakfast, and the morning sun; and sit us down at the evening lamp, by the light of which Elise is writing

TO CECILIA.

I must give you portraits of all my flock of children; who now, having enjoyed their evening meal, are laid to rest upon their soft pillows. Ah! if I had only a really good portrait—I mean a painted one—of my Henrik, my first-born, my summer child, as I call him—because he was born on a Midsummer-day, in the summer hours both of my life and my fortune; but only the pencil of a Correggio could represent those beautiful, kind, blue eyes, those golden locks, that loving mouth, and that all so pure and

beautiful countenance! Goodness and joyfulness beam out from his whole being; even although his buoyant animal life, which seldom allows his arms or legs to be quiet, often expresses itself in not the most agreeable manner. My eleven-years-old boy is, alas! very—his father says—very unmanageable. Still, notwithstanding all his wildness, he is possessed of a deep and restless fund of sentiment, which makes me often tremble for his future happiness. God defend my darling, my summer child, my only son! Oh, how dear he is to me! Ernst warns me often of too partial an affection for this child; and oft that very account I will now pass on from No. 1 to

### No. 2.

Behold then the little Louise, our eldest daughter, just turned ten years old; and you will see a grave, fair girl, not handsome, but with a round, sensible face; from which I hope, by degrees, to remove a certain ill-tempered expression. She is uncommonly industrious, and kind towards her younger sisters, although very much disposed to lecture them; nor will she allow any opportunity to pass in which her importance as "eldest sister" is not observed; on which account the little onea give her already the title of "Your Majesty," and "Mrs. Judge." The little Louise appears to me one of those who will always be still and sure; and who, on this account, will go fortunately through the world.

### No. 3.

People say that my little nine-years-old Eva is very like her mother. I hope it may be a real resemblance. See, then, a little, soft, round-about figure, which, amid laughter and merriment, rolls hither and thither lightly and nimbly, with an ever-varying physiognomy, which is rather plain than handsome, although lit up by a pair of beautiful dark-blue eyes. Quickly moved to sorrow, quickly excited to joy; good-hearted, flattering, confection-loving, pleased with new and handsome clothes, and with dolls and play; greatly beloved, too, by brother and sisters, as well as by all the servants; the best friend and playfellow, too, of her brother. Such is the little Eva.

### No. 4.

Nos. 3 and 4 ought not properly to come together. Poor Leonore had a sickly childhood, and this rather, I believe, than nature, has given to her an unsteady and violent temper, and has unhappily sown the seeds of envy towards her more fortunate sisters. She is not deficient in deep feeling, but the understanding is sluggish, and it is extremely difficult for her to learn anything. All this promises no pleasure; rather the very opposite. The expression of her mouth, even in the uncomfortable time of teething, seemed to speak, "Let me be quiet!" It is hardly possible that she can be other than plain, but, with God's help, I hope to make her good and happy.

"My beloved, plain child!" say I sometimes to her as I clasp her tenderly in my arms, for I would willingly reconcile her early to her fate.

\* A kind of fine curled cake.

## No. 5.

But what ever will fate do with the nose of my Petrea? This nose is at present the most remarkable thing about her; and if it were not so large, she really would be a pretty child. We hope, however, that it will moderate itself in her growth.

Petrea is a little lively girl, with a turn for almost everything, whether good or bad, and with a dangerous desire to make herself remarkable, and to excite an interest. Her activity shows itself in destructiveness; yet she is good-hearted and most generous. In every kind of foolery she is a most willing ally with Henrik and Eva, whenever they will grant her so much favour; and if these three be heard whispering together, one may be quite sure that some roguery or other is on foot. There exists already, however, so much quiet in her, that I fear her whole life will be such; but I will early teach her to turn herself to that which can change unrest into rest.

## No. 6.

And now to the pet child of the house—for the youngest, the loveliest, the so-called "little one"—to her who with her white hands puts the sugar into the father's and mother's cup—the coffee without that would not taste good—to her whose little bed is not yet removed from the chamber of the parents, and who, every morning, creeping out of her own bed, lays her bright, curly little head on her father's shoulder, and sleeps again.

Could you only see the little two-years-old Gabriele, with her large, serious brown eyes; her refined, somewhat pale, but indescribably lovely countenance; her bewitching little gestures; you would be just as much taken with her as the rest, you would find it difficult, as we all do, not to show preference to her. She is a quiet little child, but very unlike her eldest sister. A predominating characteristic of Gabriele is love of the beautiful; she shows a decided aversion to what is ugly and inconvenient, and as decided a love for what is attractive. A most winning little gentility in appearance and manners, has occasioned the brother and sisters to call her "the little young lady," or "the little princess." Henrik is really in love with his little sister, kisses her small white hands with devotion, and in return she loves him with her whole heart. Towards the others she is very often somewhat ungracious, and our good friend the Assessor calls her frequently "the little gracious one," and frequently also "the little ungracious one," but then he has for her especially so many names; my wish is that in the end she may deserve the surname of "the amiable."

Peace be with my young ones! There is not one of them which is not possessed of the material of peculiar virtue and excellence, and yet not also at the same time of the seed of some dangerous vice, which may ruin the good growth of God in them. May the endeavours both of their father and me be blessed in training these plants of heaven aright! But ah! the education of children is no easy thing, and all the many works on that subject which I have studied appear to me, whether the fault be in me or in them I cannot tell, but small helps.

Ah! I often find no other means than to clasp the child tenderly in my arms, and to weep bitterly over it, or else to kiss it in the fulness of my joy; and it often has appeared to me that such moments are not without their influence.

Beyond this, I endeavour as much as possible not to scold. I know how perpetual scolding crushes the free spirit and the innocent joyousness of childhood; and I sincerely believe that if one will only sedulously cultivate what is good in the character, and make in all instances what is good visible and attractive, the bad will by degrees fall away of itself.

I sing a great deal to my children. They are brought up with songs; for I wished early to make harmony, as it were, the very aliment of their souls. Several of them, especially my first-born and Eva, are really little enthusiasts in music; and every evening, as soon as twilight comes on, the children throng about me, and then I sit down to the piano, and either accompany myself, or play to little songs which they themselves sing. It is my Henrik's reward, when he has been very good for the whole day, that I should sit by his bed, and sing to him till he sleeps. He says that he then has such beautiful dreams. We often sit and talk for an hour instead; and the knowledge I have thus obtained of his active and pure spirit has given me the greatest delight. Whenever he lays out plans for his future life, he ends thus: "And when I am grown up a man, and have my own house, then, mother, thou shalt come and live with me, and I will keep so many maids to wait on thee, and thou shalt have so many flowers, and everything that thou art fond of, and shalt live just like a queen; only of an evening, when I go to bed, thou shalt sit beside me and sing me asleep; wilt thou not, dear mother?" Often too, when in the midst of his plans for the future and my songs, he has dropped asleep, I remain sitting still by the bed with my heart full to overflowing with joy and pride in this angel. Ernst declares that I spoil him. Ah, perhaps I do, but nevertheless it is a fact that I earnestly endeavour not to do so. After all, I can say of every one of my children what a friend of mine said of hers, that they are tolerably good; that is to say, they are not good enough for heaven.

This evening I am alone. Ernst is at our neighbour Sternhök's. It is my birthday today; but I have told no one, because I wished rather to celebrate it in a quiet communion with my own thoughts.

How at this moment the long past years come in review before me! I see myself once more in the house of my parents; in that good, joyful, beloved home! I see myself once more by thy side, my beloved and only sister, in that large, magnificent house, surrounded by meadows and villages. How we looked down upon them from high windows, and yet rejoiced that the sun streamed into the most lowly huts just as pleasantly as into our large saloons—everything seemed to us so well arranged.

Life then, Cecilia, was joyful and free from care. How we sate and wept over "Des Vœux Téméraires," and over "Feodor and Maria,"—such were our cares then. Our life was made up of song, and dance, and merriment, with our so many cheerful neighbours; with the most

accompanied of whom we got up enthusiasms for music and literature. We considered ourselves to be virtuous, because we loved those who loved us, and because we gave of our superfluity to those who needed it. Friendship was our passion. We were ready to die for friendship, but towards love we had hearts of stone. How we jested over our lovers, and what a pleasure would it not have been to us to act the parts of austere romance-heroines! How unmerciful we were, and—how easily our lovers consoled themselves! Then Ernst Frank came on a visit to us. The rumour of a learned and a strong-minded man preceded him and fixed our regards upon him, because women, whether well-informed or not themselves, are attracted by such men. Do you not remember how much he occupied our minds! how his noble person, his calm, self-assured demeanour, his frank, decided, yet always polite behaviour, charmed us at first, and then awed us!

One could say of him, that morally as well as physically he stood firmly. His deep mourning dress, together with an expression of quiet manly grief, which at times shaded his countenance, combined to make him interesting to us; nevertheless, you thought that he looked too stern, and I very soon lost in his presence my accustomed gaiety. Whenever his dark grave eyes were fixed upon me, I was conscious that they possessed a half bewitching, half oppressive power over me; I felt myself happy because of it, yet at the same time filled with anxiety; my very action was constrained, my hands became cold and did every thing blunderingly, nor ever did I speak so stupidly as when I observed that he listened. Aunt Lisette gave me one day this maxim, "My dear, remember what I now tell thee: if a man thinks that thou art a fool, it does not injure thee the least in his opinion; but if he once thinks that thou considerest him a fool, then art thou lost for ever with him!" With the last it may be just as it will—I have heard a clever young man declare that it would operate on him just like salt on fire—however, this is certain, that the first part of Aunt Lisette's maxim is correct, since my stupidity in Ernst's presence did not injure me at all in his opinion, and when he was kind and gentle, how inexpressibly agreeable he was!

His influence over me became greater each succeeding day: if his eyes beamed on me in kindness, it was as if a spring breeze passed through my soul; and if his glance was graver than common, I became still, and out of spirits. It seemed to me at times—and it is so even to this very day—that if this clear and wonderfully penetrating glance were only once, and with its full power, riveted upon me, my very heart would cease to beat. Yet after all, I am not sure whether I loved him. I hardly think I did; for when he was absent I then seemed to breathe so freely, yet at the same time, I would have saved his life by the sacrifice of my own.

In several respects we had no sympathies in common. He had no taste for music, which I loved passionately, and in reading too our feelings were so different. He yawned over my favourite romances, nay, he even sometimes would laugh when I was at the point of bursting into tears; I, on the contrary, yawned over his useful and learned books, and found them

more tedious than I could express. The world of imagination in which my thoughts delighted to exercise themselves, he valued not in the least, while the burdensome actuality which he was always seeking for in life, had no charm for me. Nevertheless, there were many points in which we accorded—these especially, were questions of morals—and whenever this was the case, it afforded both of us great pleasure.

And now came the time, Cecilia, in which you left me; when our fates separated themselves, although our hearts did not.

One day there were many strangers with us, and in the afternoon I played at shuttlecock with young cousin Ernst, to whom we were so kind, and who deserved our kindness so well. How it happened I cannot tell, but before long Ernst took his place, and was my partner in the game. He looked unusually animated, and I felt gayer than common. He threw the shuttlecock excellently, and with a firm hand, but always let it fly a little way beyond me, so that I was obliged to step back a few paces each time to catch it, and thus unconsciously to myself was I driven, in the merry sport, through a long suite of rooms, till we came at last to one where we were quite alone, and a long way from the company. All at once then Ernst left off his play, and a change was visible in his whole appearance. I augured something amiss, and would gladly have made my escape, but I felt powerless; and then Ernst spoke so from his heart, so fervently, and with such deep tenderness, that he took my heart at once to himself. I laid my hand, although tremblingly, in his, and, almost without knowing what I did, consented to go through life by his side.

I had just then passed my nineteenth year; and my beloved parents sanctioned the union of their daughter with a man so respectable and so universally esteemed, and one, moreover, whom everybody prophesied would rise to high consideration in the state—and Ernst, whose nature it was to accomplish everything rapidly which he undertook, managed it so that in a very short time our marriage was celebrated.

Some members of my family thought that by this union I had descended a step or two in life. I think not; on the contrary, the very reverse. I was of high birth, had several not undistinguished family connexions, and was brought up in a brilliant circle, in all the superficial accomplishments of the day, amid superfluity and thoughtlessness. He was a man who had shaped out his own course in life, who, by his own honest endeavours, and through many self-denials, had raised his father's house from its depressed condition, and had made the future prospects of his mother and sister comfortable and secure: he was a man self-dependent, upright and good—yes, good, and that I discover more and more the deeper knowledge I obtain of his true character, even though the outward manner may be somewhat severe—in truth, I feel myself very inferior beside him.

The first year of our marriage we passed, at their desire, in the house of my parents; and if I could only have been less conscious of his superiority, and could only have been more certain that he was satisfied with me, nothing would have been wanting to my happiness. Everybody waited upon me; and perhaps it was on

this account, that Ernst in comparison seemed somewhat cold; I was the petted child of my too kind parents; I was thankless and peevish, and ah, some little of this still remains! Nevertheless, it was during this very time, that, under the influence of my husband, the true beauty and reality of life became more and more perceptible to my soul. Married life and family ties, country and the world, revealed their true relationships, and their holy signification to my mind. Ernst was my teacher; I looked up to him with love, but not without fear.

Many were the projects which we formed in these summer days, and which floated brightly before my romantic fancy. Among these was a journey on foot through the beautiful country west of Sweden, and this was one of the favourite schemes of my Ernst. His mother—from whom our little Petrea has derived her somewhat singular name—was of Norway, and many a beloved thought of her seemed to have interwoven itself with the valleys and mountains, which, as in a wonderfully-beautiful fairy tale, she had described to him in the stories she told. All these recollections are a sort of romantic region in Ernst's soul, and thither he betakes himself whenever he would refresh his spirit, or lay out something delightful for the future. "Next year," he would then exclaim, "will we take a journey!" And then we laid out together our route on the map, and I determined on the dress which I would wear as his travelling-companion when we would go and visit "that sea-engarlanded Norway." Ah! there soon came for me other journeys.

It was during these days also that my first-born saw the light; my beautiful boy! who so fettered both my love and my thoughts that Ernst grew almost jealous. How often did I steal out of bed at night in order to watch him while he slept! He was a lively, restless child, and it therefore was a peculiar pleasure for me to see him at rest; besides which, he was so angelically lovely in sleep! I could have spent whole nights bending over his cradle.

So far, Cecilia, all went with us as in a romance, out of which nourishment for heart and soul might be obtained in youth. But far other times came. In the first place, the sad change in the circumstances of my parents, which operated so severely on our position in life; and then for me so many children—carees without end, grief and sickness! My body and mind must both have given way under their burden, had Ernst not been the man he is.

It suited his character to struggle against the stream; it was a sort of pleasure to him to combat with it, to meet difficulties, and to overcome them. With each succeeding year he imposed more business upon himself, and by degrees, through the most resolute industry, he was enabled to bring back prosperity to his house. And then how unwearingly kind he was to me! How tenderly sustaining in those very moments, when without him I must have found myself so utterly miserable! How many a sleepless night has he passed on my account! How often has he soothed to sleep a sickly child in his arms! And then, too, every child which came, as it were only to multiply his cares, and increase the necessity for his labour, was to him a delight—was received as a gift of

God's mercy—and its birth made a festival in the house. How my heart has thanked him, and how has his strength and assurance nerved me!

When little Gabriele was born, I was very near death; and it is my firm belief that, without Ernst's care for me, I must then have parted from my little ones. During the time of great weakness which succeeded this, my foot scarcely ever touched the ground. I was carried by Ernst himself wherever I would. He was unwearied in goodness and patience towards the sick mother. Should she not now, that she is again in health, dedicate her life to him! Ah, yes, that should she, and that will she! Alas, that her ability is less strong than her will!

Do you know one thing, Cecilia, which often occasions me great trouble! It is that I am not a clever housewife; that I can neither take pleasure in all the little cares and details which the well-being of a house really requires, nor that I have memory for these things; more especially is the daily caring for dinner irksome to me. I myself have but little appetite; and it is so unpleasant to me to go to sleep at night, and to get up in the morning with my head full of schemes for cooking. By this means, it happens that sometimes my husband's domestic comforts are not such as he has a right to demand. Hitherto my weak health, the necessary care of the children, and our rather narrow circumstances, have furnished me with sufficient excuses; but these now will avail me no longer; my health is again established, and our greater prosperity furnishes the means for better household management.

On this account, I now exert myself to perform all my duties well; but, ah! how pleasant it will be when the little Louise is sufficiently grown up, that I may lay part of the housekeeping burdens on her shoulders. I fancy to myself that she will have peculiar pleasure in all these things.

I am to-day two and thirty years old. It seems to me that I have entered a new period of my life: my youth lies behind me, I am advanced into middle age, and I well know what both this and my husband have a right to demand from me. May a new and stronger being awake in me! May God support me, and Ernst be gentle towards his erring wife!

Ernst should have married a more energetic woman. My nervous weakness makes my temper irritable, and I am so easily annoyed. His activity of mind often disturbs me more than it is reasonable or right that it should; for instance, I get regularly into a state of excitement, if he only steadfastly fixes his eyes on a wall, or on any other object. I immediately begin to fancy that we are going instantly to have a new door opened, or some other change brought about. And oh! I have such a great necessity for rest and quiet!

One change which is about to take place in our house I cannot anticipate without uneasiness. It is the arrival of a Candidate of Philosophy, Jacob Jacobi, as tutor for the children. He will this summer take my wild boy under his charge, and instruct the sisters in writing, drawing, and arithmetic; and in the autumn, accompany my first-born to a great school. I dread

this new member in our domestic circle; he may, if he be not amiable, so easily introduce annoyance into it; yet if he be amiable, he will be so heartily welcome to me, especially as assistant in the wearisome writing lessons, with their eternal "Henrik, sit still!"—"Hold the pen properly, Louise!"—"Look at the copy, Leonore!"—"Don't forget the points and strokes, Eva!"—"Petrea, don't wipe out the letters with your nose!" Beyond all this, my first-born begins to have less and less esteem for my Latin knowledge; and Ernst is sadly discontented with his wild pranks. Jacobi will give him instruction, together with Nils Gabriel, the son of the Sheriff Sternhök, a most industrious and remarkably sensible boy, from whose influence on Henrik I augur great things.

The Candidate is warmly recommended to us by a friend of my husband, the excellent Bishop B.; yet notwithstanding this, his actions at the University did not particularly redound to his honour. Through credulity and folly, he has run through a nice little property which had been left him by three old aunts, who had brought him up and spoiled him into the bargain. Indeed, his career has hitherto not been quite a correct one. Bishop B. conceals nothing of all this, but says that he is much attached to the young man; praises his head, and his excellent gifts as a preceptor, and prays us to receive him cordially, with all parental tenderness, into our family. We shall soon see whether he be deserving of such hearty sympathy. For my part, I must confess that my motherly tenderness for him is as yet fast asleep.

Yet, after all, this inmate does not terrify me half as much as a visit with which I am shortly threatened. Of course you have heard of the lady of the late Major S., the beautiful Emilie, my husband's "old flame," as I call her, out of a little malice for all the vexation her perfections, which are so very opposite to mine, have occasioned me. She has been now for several years a widow, has lived long abroad, and now will pay us a visit on her return to her native land. Ernst and she have always kept up the most friendly understanding with each other, although she refused his hand; and that is a noble characteristic of my Ernst, and one which, in his sex, is not often found, that this rejection did not make him indifferent to the person who gave it. On the contrary, he professes the most warm admiration of this Emilie, and has not ceased to correspond with her; and I, for I read all their letters, cannot but confess her extraordinary knowledge and powers of mind. But to know all this near is what I would indeed be very gladly excused, since I cannot help thinking that my husband's "old flame" has something of cold-heartedness in her, and my heart has not great inclination to become warm towards her.

It strikes ten o'clock. Ernst will not come home before twelve. I shall leave you now, Cecilia, that — shall I confess my secret to you? You know that one of my greatest pleasures is the reading of a good novel, but this pleasure I have almost entirely renounced, because whenever I have a really interesting one in my hand, I find it so difficult to lay it down before I reach the last page. That, however, does not answer in my case; and since the time

when through the reading of Madame De Staël's *Corinne*, two dinners, one great wash, and seventeen lesser domestic affairs, all came to a stand still, and my domestic peace nearly suffered shipwreck, I have made a resolution to give up all novel-reading, at least for the present. But still it is so necessary for me to have a literary relaxation of one kind or another, that since I have determined to read no more novels, I have myself begun to write one. Yes, Cecilia, my youthful habits will not leave me, even in the midst of the employments and prosaic cares of every-day life; and the flowers which once cast their fragrance so sweetly around me, will yet once more bloom for me in remembrance, and encircle my drooping head with a refreshing garland. The joyful days which I passed by your side; the impressions and the agreeable scenes — now they seem doubly so — which made our youth so beautiful, so lively, and so fresh — all these I will work out into one insignificant picture, before the regular flight of years has made them perish from my soul. This employment enlivens and strengthens me; and if, in an evening, my nervous toothache, which is the certain result of over-exertion or of vexation, comes on, there is nothing which will dissipate it like the going on with my little romance. For this very reason, therefore, because this evening my old enemy has plagued me more than common, I have recourse to my innocent opiate.

But Ernst shall not find me awake when he returns: this I have promised him. Good night, best Cecilia!

We will now, in this place, give a little description of the letter-writer — of the mother of Henrik, Louise, Eva, Leonore, Petrea, and Gabriele.

Beautiful she certainly was not, but nature had given to her a noble growth, which was still as fine and delicate as that of a young girl. The features were not regular, but the mouth was fresh and bewitching; the complexion fair, the lips of a lovely bright red, and the clear blue eyes soft and kind. All her actions were graceful: she had beautiful hands — which is something particularly lovely in a lady — yet she was not solicitous to keep them always in view, and this beautified them still more. She dressed with much taste, almost always in light colours; this, and the soft rose scent which she loved, and which always accompanied her, lent to her whole being a something especially mild and agreeable. One might compare her to moonlight; she moved softly, and her voice was low and sweet, which, as Shakspeare says, is "an excellent thing in woman." Seeing her, as one often might do, reclining on a soft couch, playing with a flower or caressing a child, one could scarcely fancy her the superintendent of a large household, with all its appertaining work-people and servants; and beyond this, as the instructor of many children: yet love and sense of duty had led her to the performance of all this, had reconciled her to that which her natural inclinations were so averse to; nay, by degrees, indeed, had made these very cares dear to her — whatever concerned the children lay near to her heart; whilst order, pleasantness, and peace regulated the house. The contents of the linen-press were dear to her; a snow-white table-

cloth was her delight; grey linen, dust, and flies, were hated by her, as far as she could hate anything.

But let us now proceed with our narrative.

We left Elise at her manuscript, by which she became soon so deeply occupied that the clock struck eleven unperceived by her; nor was she aware of the flight of time till a sudden terror thrilled her as she heard her husband return. To throw her manuscript into her drawer, and quickly undress, had been an easy thing for her, and she was about to do so, when the thought occurred, "I have never hitherto kept my proceedings secret from Ernst, and to-day I will not begin to do so;" and with these thoughts she remained at her writing-table till he entered the room.

"What! yet up, and writing?" said he, with a displeased glance. "Is it thus you keep your promise, Elise?"

"Pardon me, Ernst," said she; "I had forgotten myself."

"And for what purpose," asked he, "are you writing! No, let me see! What! a novel, as I live! Now, what use is this?"

"What use is it?" returned Elise. "Ah, to give me pleasure."

"But people should have sense and reason in their pleasures," said the Judge. "Now it gives me no pleasure at all that you should sit up at night ruining your eyes on account of a miserable novel; if there were a fire here I would burn it!"

"It would be a great deal better," returned Elise, mildly, "if you went to bed and said your prayers piously, rather than thought about such an *auto-da-fé*. How have you amused yourself at the Sheriff's?"

"You want now to be mixing the cards," said he. "Look at me, Elise; you are pale; your pulse is excited! Say my prayers, indeed! I have a great mind to give you a lecture! Is it reasonable—is it prudent, to sit up at night and become pale, in order to write what is good for nothing! It really makes me quite angry that you can be so foolish, so childish. It actually is not worth while your going to baths, sending to the east and to the west to consult physicians, and giving oneself all kind of trouble to regain your health, when after all you go and do every possible thing in the world to destroy it!"

"Do not be angry, Ernst," besought Elise; "do not look so stern on me to-night, Ernst; no, not to-night."

"Yes, indeed!" replied he, but in a tone which had become at once milder, "because it is two-and-thirty years to-day since you came into the world, do you think that you have a right to be absolutely childish?"

"Put that down to my account," said Elise, smiling, yet with a tear in her eye.

"Put it down to your account," repeated the Judge. "Yes, I suppose so. People go on putting down to the account till all and every thing goes mad. I should like to pack all novels and novel-writers out of the world together! The world never will be wise till that is done; nor will you either. In the meantime, however, it is as well that I have found you awake, else I must have woken you to prove that you cannot conceal from me, not even for

once, how old you are. Here then is the punishment for your bad intention."

"Ah! Walter Scott's romances!" exclaimed Elise, receiving a set of volumes from her husband; "and such a magnificent edition! Thanks! thanks! you good, best Ernst! But you are a beautiful lawgiver; you promote the very things which you condemn."

"Promise me, only," returned he, "not to spend the night in reading or writing novels. Think only how precious your health is to so many of us! Do you think I should be so provoked, if you were less dear to me! In a few years, Elise," added he, "when the children are older, and you are stronger, we will turn a summer to really good account, and take our Norwegian journey. You shall breathe the fresh mountain air, and see the beautiful valleys and the sea, and that will do you much more good than all the mineral waters in the world. But come, now, let us go and see the children; we will not wake them, however, although I have brought with me some confectionary, which I can lay on their pillows. There is an apple for you."

The married pair went into the children's room, where the faithful old Fin-woman, Brigitta, lay and guarded, like the dragon, her treasures. The children slept as children sleep. The father stroked the beautiful curling hair of the boy, but impressed a kiss on the rosy cheek of each girl. After this the parents returned to their own chamber. Elise lay down to rest; her husband sat down to his desk, but so as to shade the light from his wife. The low sounds of a pen moving on paper came to her ear as if in sleep. As the clock struck two she awoke, and he was still writing.

Few men required and allowed themselves so little rest as Ernst Frank.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE CANDIDATE.

It was in the twilight. The children were at play in the great hall, swarming about in holes and corners, when the sudden stopping of a travelling carriage before the door operated upon the wild little flock, much as a stream of cold water on a swarm of bees. The queen-bee of the children-swarm, the wise little Louise, sat herself down at the window, and four other little heads clustered themselves about her, fervent and inquisitive, and almost pushing her away in their impatient zeal to get a peep at the arrival.

It was a gentleman who stepped lightly out of that travelling carriage, but whether young or old, the children could not see; this, however, they saw, that their father came quickly to the door, shook the traveller by the hand, and conducted him into the house; whilst a very small portmanteau was carried after him. Seeing this, the little swarm hastened to their mother; to whom they gave, in all possible degrees of tone, from a low whisper to a loud announcement, the information that for certain "the tutor was come."

Elise, who had company with her, calmed with a "yes, yes!" and "so!" the excited state of

the children. Louise composed herself quickly; and, as it seemed to have occurred to her that she had somewhat forgotten her own dignity, she seated herself quietly, and becomingly among the "grown people," whilst the other children gathered themselves in a little group in one corner of the room, whispering and wondering; and whoever had looked at them might have seen many a time Petrea's nose peering forth from the little group.

Judge Frank sent to announce to his wife the arrival of the expected guest, who would be introduced to her as soon as he had completed his toilette. Presently afterwards another messenger came, desiring curling-irons for the Candidate.

"It is an amazingly long toilette!" thought Elise many a time during the full hour which elapsed in waiting; and it must be confessed that her nose more than once during the hour took the same direction as Petrea's.

At last the steps of two gentlemen were heard, and there advanced through the open parlour door a well-shod foot and a handsome leg, belonging to a well-formed though somewhat compressed figure, which carried a twenty-year-old head, of a jovial, comely appearance, gracefully on its shoulders, and was all, from head to foot, appareled in the newest mode. This was the Candidate. He cast a glance first at his foot, and then at the lady of the house, whom he approached with the most unconstrained self-possession, exhibiting the while a row of dazzlingly white teeth. Odour of *eau de Portugal* diffused itself through the room.

The Judge, who followed, and whose bearing and simple demeanour contrasted with those of the new guest, introduced the candidate Jacobi. Various unimportant polite speeches were made by everybody, and then they all took their seats. The children then came forward, and made their bows and curtsies. Henrik eyed his future preceptor with a joyous, confiding glance; Louise curtsied very becomingly, and then made several steps backward as the young man seemed inclined to take the great liberty of kissing her; whilst Petrea turned up her nose with an inquisitive, saucy air. The Candidate took the kindest notice of them all; shook all of them by the hand; inquired their names; looked at himself in the glass; and arranged his curls.

"What kind of being have we got here!" thought Elise with secret anxiety. "He is a fop—a perfect fop! How could Bishop B—choose him out as teacher for my poor little children! He will think much more of looking at himself in the glass than of looking after them. The fine breast-pin that he is wearing is of false stones. He laughs to shew his white teeth. An actual fop—a fool perhaps! There, now, he looks at himself again in the glass!"

Elise sought to catch her husband's eye, but he evidently avoided meeting hers; yet something of discontent, and something of embarrassment too, shewed itself in his manner. The Candidate, on the contrary, appeared not in the slightest degree embarrassed, but reclined perfectly at his ease in an arm chair, and cast searching glances on three ladies, who evidently were strangers in the company. The eldest of these, who kept on sewing incessantly, appeared to be upwards of forty, and was distinguished

by a remarkably quiet, bright, and friendly aspect. Judge Frank and she talked much together. The other two appeared neither of them to have attained her twentieth year: the one was pale and fair; the other a pretty brunette; both of them were agreeable, and looked good and happy. These ladies were introduced to Jacobi as Miss Evelina Burndes and her adopted daughters, Laura and Karie. Laura had always one of the children on her knee, and it was upon her that his eyes were most particularly fixed. Perhaps it was no wonder, for it indeed was a pretty picture—Laura, with the lovely little Gabrielle on her knee, decorated with the flowers, bracelets, necklace; in short, with all the pretty things that just before had ornamented herself.

The conversation soon became general, and was remarkably easy, and the Candidate had an opportunity of taking his part well and interestingly in it, whilst speaking of certain distinguished men in the University from which he was just come. Elise mentioned one celebrated man whom she had a great desire to see, upon which Jacobi said he had lately made a little sketch of him, which, on her expressing a wish to see it, he hastened to fetch.

He returned with a portfolio containing many drawings and pictures; partly portraits, and partly landscapes of his own pencil; they were not deficient in talent, and afforded pleasure to the company. First one portrait was recognised and then another, and at last the Candidate himself. The children were quite enchanted, and thronged with enthusiasm round the table. The Candidate placed some of them on his knee, and seemed particularly observant of their pleasure, and it was not long therefore before they appeared entirely to forget that he was only a new acquaintance—all at least excepting Louise, who held herself rather *fière*, and "the baby," which was quite ungracious towards him.

Above all the pictures which the portfolio contained, were the children most affected and enchanted by one in sepia, which represented a girl kneeling before a rose-bush, from which she was gathering roses, whilst a lyre lay against a gravestone near her.

"Oh, how sweet! how divinely beautiful!" exclaimed they. Petrea seemed as if she actually could not remove her eyes from the charming picture, which the Candidate himself also seemed to consider the gem of his little collection.

It was the custom at the Franks, that every evening, as soon as the clock had struck eight, the little herd of children, conducted by Louise, withdrew to their bed-chamber, which had once occasioned the wakeful Petrea to say, that night was the worst thing God had ever made: for which remark she received a reproving glance from Louise, accompanied by the maxim, "that people should not talk in that way."

In order, however, to celebrate the present day, which was a remarkable one, the children were permitted to take supper with their parents, and even to sit up as late as they did. The prospect of this indulgence, the Candidate, the pictures, all combined to elevate the spirits of the children in no ordinary degree; so much so, indeed, that Petrea had the boldness, whilst they were regaling on roast chicken, to propose to the

Candidate that the picture of the girl and the rose-bush should be put up for a prize on the breaking of a merrythought between them; promising, that if she had the good fortune to win it, she would give as a recompense, a picture of her own composition, which should represent some scene in a temple. Louise appeared scandalized at her sister's proposal, and shook her little white hand at her.

The mother also violently opposed Petrea's proposition; and she, poor girl, became scarlet, and deeply abashed before the reproving glances which were cast upon her; yet the Candidate was good-natured enough, after the first astonishment was over, to yield in the most cheerful manner to Petrea's proposal, and zealously to declare that the affair should be managed just as she would. He accordingly set himself, with an appearance of great accuracy and zeal, to measure the length of both limbs of the merrythought, and then counted three; the mother all this time hoping with herself that he would so manage it that he himself should retain the head—but no! the head remained in Petrea's hand, and she uttered a loud cry of joy. After supper, the parents again opposed what had taken place; but the Candidate was so cheerful and so determined that it should remain as it was settled already, that Petrea, the happiest of mortals, ventured to carry out the girl and rose-bush as her own property; yet, for all this, she did not miss a motherly warning by the way, which mingled some tears with her joy. The Candidate however had, in the mean time, on account of his kindness towards the children generally, and his good-nature towards Petrea in particular, made a favourable impression on the parents.

"Who knows," said Elise to her husband, "but that he may turn out very well. He has, it is true, his faults, but he has his good qualities too; there is something really very agreeable in his voice and countenance; but he must leave off that habit of looking at himself so continually in his glass."

"I feel assured that he must have worth," said the Judge, "from the recommendation of my friend B. This vanity, and these foppish habits of his, we shall soon know how to get rid of; the man himself is unquestionably good; and, dear Elise, be kind to him, and manage so that he shall feel at home with us."

The children, also, in their place of rest, made their observations on the Candidate.

"I think he is much handsomer than my father," said little Petrea.

"I think," said Louise, in a tone of correction, "that nobody can be more perfect than my father."

"That is true, excepting mother;" exclaimed Eva, out of her little bed.

"Ah," said Petrea, "I like him so much; he has given me that lovely picture! Do you know what I shall call that girl? I shall call her Rosa; and I'll tell you a long story about her. There was once upon a time —"

All the sisters listened eagerly, for Petrea could relate better and prettier stories than any of them. It was therefore said among themselves that Petrea was very clever; but as Louise was desirous that Petrea should not build much on this opinion, she now listened to her history without bestowing upon it one token

of applause, although it was found to be sufficiently interesting to keep the whole little auditorium awake till midnight.

"What is to become of my preserves!" thought Elise, one day, as she remarked the quantity which vanished from the plate of the Candidate; but when that same evening she saw the little Gabriele merrily, and without reproach, pulling about his curls; when she saw him join the children at their play, and make every game which they played instructive to them; when she saw him armed with a great paper weapon, which he called his sword, and deal about blows to those who counted false, thereby exciting greater activity of mind as well as more mirth, she thought to herself, "he may eat just as much preserves as he likes; I will take care that he never goes short of them."

If, however, the Candidate rose higher in the regards of one party, there still was another with which his actions did not place him in the best point of view. This was Brigitta, to whom the care of some few things in the house were confided; and she began to look troubled, and out of sorts. For several days, whatever her cause of annoyance might be, she preserved silence, till one evening, when expanding the nostrils of her little snubby nose, she thus addressed her mistress:

"The gracious lady must be so good as to give out to the cook just twice as much coffee as usual; because if things are to go on in this way, we cannot do with less. He, the master there, empties the little coffee-pot himself every morning! Never, in all my life, have I seen such a coffee-bibber!"

The following evening came a new announcement of trouble.

"Now it is not alone a coffee-bibber," said poor Brigitta, with a gloomy countenance and wide-staring eyes, "but a calf it is, and a devourer of rusks! What do you think, gracious lady, but the rusk-basket, which I filled only yesterday, is to-day as good as empty—only two rusks and two or three crumbs remaining! Then for cream! Why every morning he empties the jug!"

"Ah, it is very good," said Elise mildly, yet evasively, "that he enjoys things so much."

"And only look, in heaven's name!" lamented poor Brigitta another day, "he is also quite a sugar-rat! Why dear, gracious lady, he must put in at least twenty pieces of sugar into one cup of coffee, or he never could empty a sugar-basin as he does! I must beg you to give me the key of the chest, that I may fill it again. God grant that all this may have a good ending!"

Brigitta could venture to say much, for she had grown old in the house; had carried Elise as a child in her arms; and from affection to her, had followed her when she left her father's house: besides this, she was a most excellent guardian for the children; but as now these complaints of hers were too frequently repeated, Elise said to her seriously, "Dear Brigitta, let him eat and drink as much as he likes, without any observation: I would willingly allow him a pound of sugar and coffee a day, if he only became, as I hope he may, a good friend and preceptor for the children."

Brigitta walked away quite provoked, and

grumbling to herself: "Well, well!" said she, "old Brita can be silent, yea, that she can;—well, well! we shall see what will be the end of it. Sugar and rusks he eats, and salt-fish he can't eat!—well, well!"

All this time Jacobi was passing his days in peace, little imagining of the clouds which were gathering over his head, or of his appellations of coffee-bibber, calf, rusk-devourer, and sugar-rat; and with each succeeding day it became more evident that Elise's hopes of him were well-grounded. He developed even more and more a good and amiable disposition, and the most remarkable talents as teacher. The children became attached to him with the most intense affection; nor did their obedience and reverence for him as preceptor prevent them, in their freer hours, from playing him all kind of little pranks. Petrea was especially rich in such inventions; and he was too kind, too much delighted with their pleasure, not willingly to assist, or even at times allow himself to be the butt of their jokes.

Breakfast, which for the elder members of the family was commonly served at eleven o'clock, furnished the children with an excellent opportunity for their amusement. The Candidate was particularly fond of eggs, and therefore, when under a bulky-looking napkin he expected to find some, he not unfrequently discovered, instead of eggs, balls of worsted, playing-balls, and other such indigestible articles; on which discovery of his, a stifled laughter would commonly be heard at the door, and a cluster of children's heads be visible, which he in pretended anger assailed with the false eggs, and which quickly withdrew amid peals of laughter. Often too, when, according to old Swedish usage, he would take a glass of spirits, he found pure water instead of Cognac in his mouth; and the little advocates of temperance were always near enough to enjoy his astonishment, although sufficiently distant, also, that not one drop of the shower which was then sent at them should reach them, though it made them leap high enough for delight. And really it was wonderful how often these little surprises could be repeated, and how the Candidate let himself so constantly be surprised. But he was too much occupied by his own thoughts (the thoughts of course of a student of philosophy), in order to be on his guard against the tricks of these young merry-andrews. One day—

But before we proceed farther we must observe, that although the toilette of the Candidate seemed externally to be always so well supplied, yet still it was, in fact, in but a very indifferent condition. No wonder, therefore, was it, that though his hat outwardly was always well brushed, and was apparently in good order, yet that it had within a sadly tattered lining.

One day, therefore, as the Candidate had laid his hat in a corner of the room, and was sitting near the sofa in a very earnest conversation, Henrik, Petrea, and Eva gathered themselves about that symbol of freedom with the most suspicious airs and gestures of conspiracy. Nobody paid any attention to them, when after awhile the Candidate rose to leave the room, and going through the door would have put on his hat,—but, behold! a very singular revolution

had taken place within it, and a mass of tin soldiers, stones, matches, and heaven knows what besides, came rattling down upon his head; and even one little chimney-sweeper fell astride on his nose. Nothing could compare with the immeasurable delight of the children at the astonishment of the Candidate, and the comic grimaces and head-shakings with which he received this their not very polite jest.

No wonder was it, therefore, that the children loved the Candidate so well.

The little Louise, however, who more and more began to reckon herself as one of the grown people, and only very rarely took part in the conspiracies against the Candidate, shook her head at this prank of her brother and sisters, and looked out a new piece of dark silk from her drawer (Louise was a hoarder by nature), possessed herself secretly of the Candidate's hat, and with some little help from her mother, had then her secret pleasure also, and could laugh in her own sleeve at his amazement when he discovered a bran new lining in his hat.

"Our Louise is a sensible little girl," said the Judge, well pleased, to his wife, who had made him a third in this plot; and after that day she was called both by father and mother "our sensible little Louise."

Scarcely had Jacobi been three weeks in the family of the Franks, before Elise felt herself disposed to give him a new title, that of Disputer-General, so great was the ability he discovered to dispute on every subject, from human free-will to rules for cookery; nay, even for the eating of eggs.

On this subject Elise wrote thus to her sister Cecilia:—"But however polite and agreeable the Candidate may be generally, still he is just as wearisome and obstinate in disputation; and as there is nobody in the house that makes any pretension to rival him in certain subtleties of argument, he is in great danger of considering himself a miracle of metaphysical light, which he is not, I am persuaded, by any means, since he has much more skill in rending down than in building up, in perplexing than in making clear. Ernst is no friend of metaphysical hair-splitting, and when Jacobi begins to doubt the most perceptible and most certain things—'what is perceptible, what is certain?' the Candidate will inquire—he grows impatient, shrugs his shoulders, goes to his writing-table, and leaves me to combat it out, although, for my part, I would gladly have nothing to do with it. Should I, however, for a while carry on the contest boldly, the scholar then will overwhelm me with learned words and arguments, and then I too flee, and leave him *maître du champ de bataille*. He believes then that I am convinced, at least of his power, which yet however is not the case; and if fortune does not bestow upon me a powerful ally against him, he may imagine so. Nevertheless, I am not without some curiosity to hear a system which he has promised to explain to me this evening, and according to which everything in the world ought to be so good and consistent. These subjects have always an interest for me, and remind me of the time when you and I, Cecilia, like two butterflies, went fluttering over the earth, pausing about its flowers, and building up for ourselves pretty theories on the origin of life and all things. Since then I

had almost forgotten them. Think only if the mythology of our youth should present itself again in the system of the Candidate!"

Here Elise was interrupted by the entrance of the troop of children.

"Might we borrow Gabriele?" "Mother, lend us Gabriele!" besought several coaxing little voices.

"Gabriele, wilt thou not come and play with us?" and with those words Petrea held up a gingerbread heart, which so operated on the heart of the little one, that at once she yielded to the wishes of brother and sisters.

"Ah, but you must take great care of her, my little angel!" said the mother; "Louise, dear, take her under your charge; look after her, and see that no harm befall her!"

"Yes, of course;" said Louise, with a consequential countenance: and the jubilant children carried off the borrowed treasure.

Elise took her work, and the Candidate, with a look of great importance, seated himself before her, in order to initiate her into the mysteries of his system. Just, however, at the moment when he had opened his mouth to begin, after having hemmed a few times, a shrill little barking, and the words, "your most devoted servant," were heard at the door, and a person entered curtsying with an air of conscious worth, and with a little poodle in her arms—a person with whom we will have the honour to commence a new chapter.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE CHAMBERLAIN'S LADY.

WHERE is there not *haute volée*? Above the heavenly hosts are outspread the wings of cherubim and seraphim; and in the poultry-yards of earth the geese exalt their wings high over the other lesser feathered creatures. It belongs to the ordination of the world.

The Chamberlain's lady, Gunilla W., belonged incontestably to the highest *haute volée* in the excellent city of X., where we have had the honour of making the acquaintance of the family of the Franks. She was the sister of the Sheriff Sternhök, and inhabited the third story of the house of which the Franks inhabited the second, and Evelina Berndes the first.

This lady had spent her youth at Court, and passed many a day of wearisome constraint, and many a night in making those clothes which were to conceal from the world how poor Miss Gunilla was; yet neither night nor day did she complain either of constraint or of poverty, for she possessed under a plain exterior a strong and quiet spirit.

An old aunt used to preach to her thus: "Eat, that thou mayst grow stout; if thou art stout, thou wilt grow handsome; and if thou art handsome, thou wilt get married."

Miss Gunilla, who never ate much, and who did not eat one mouthful more for this warning, grew neither fat nor handsome; yet on account of her excellent disposition she was beloved by every one, and especially by a young rich Chamberlain of the court, who, through his own good qualities and excellent heart, won her affections, and thus Miss Gunilla became Mistress. After

this, in the circle of her friends she was accustomed to be called Mrs. Gunilla; which freedom we also shall sometimes take with her here.

Shortly after her marriage, and in consequence of cold, her husband became a sad invalid. For thirty years she lived separated from the world, a faithful and lonely attendant of the sick man; and what she bore and what she endured the world knew not, for she endured all in silence. For several years her husband could not bear the light; she learned, therefore, to knit in darkness, and thus made a large knitted carpet. "Into this carpet," said she, as she once spoke accidentally of herself, "have I knit many tears!"

One of the many hypochondriacal fancies of her husband was, that he was about to fall into a yawning abyss, and only could believe himself safe so long as he held the hand of his wife. Thus for one month after another she sat by his couch.

At length, the grave opened for him; and thanking his wife for the happiness he had enjoyed in the house of sickness on earth, he sank to rest, in the full belief of a land of blessedness beyond. When he was gone, it seemed to her as if she were of no more use than an old almanack; but here also again her soul raised itself under its burden, and she regulated her life with peace and decision. In course of years she grew more cheerful, and the originality of her talents and disposition which nature had given to her, and which, in her solitude, had undisturbedly followed their own bent, brought a freshness with them into social life, into which she entered at first rather from resolution than from feeling at ease in it.

"The Lord ordains all things for the best;" that had always been, and still remained, the firm anchorage of her soul. But it was not this alone which gave to her the peace and gentleness which announced themselves in her voice, and diffused a true grace over her aged and not handsome countenance; for even as the sunken sun often throws the loveliest light upon the earth which it has left, so does a beloved, but departed human being cast a light of holy remembrance on the remaining solitary friend. Mrs. Gunilla herself lived in such remembrance; she knew it not, but ever since the death of her husband the dark pictures of her suffering had vanished more and more, and her own person, dignified by patience and suffering, became ennobled as by a transfiguration; the light which was in her soul cast a glory around her. She seldom mentioned the name of her husband; but when she did so, it was like a breath of summer air in voice and countenance.

She collected good people about her, and loved to promote their happiness; and whenever there was a young couple whose narrow circumstances, or whose fears for the future, filled them with anxiety, or a young but indigent man who was about to fall into debt and difficulty, Mrs. Gunilla was ever at hand, even though she came late. She had nevertheless her faults, and these, as we proceed, we shall become acquainted with.

We shall now endeavour to sketch her portrait—the size of life. Age between fifty and sixty; figure tall, stiff, well-made, not too thin; beside Jeremias Munter she might be called

stent; complexion, pale yellow; the nose and chin coming together, the mouth falling in; the eyes grey and small, forehead smooth, and agreeably shaded by silver hair; the hands still handsome, and between the thumb and delicate tip of the forefinger a pinch of snuff, which was commonly held in certain prospective towards the nose, whilst with an elbow resting on the arm of sofa or easy chair, she gave little lectures or read aloud, for it was one of her weaknesses to suppose that she knew every thing.

During her long hermit-life she had been accustomed wholly to neglect her toilette; and her old silk gown, from which the wadding peeped out from many a hole, especially at the elbows; her often-mended collar, and her drooping cap, the ribbons of which were flecked with many a stain of snuff, were always a trouble to Elise's love of order and purity. Notwithstanding all this, there was a certain air about Mrs. Gunilla, which carried off all; and with her character, rank, property, and consideration, she was *haute volée*, spite of torn gown and snuff-flecked ribbons, and had great influence among the best society of the city.

She considered herself somewhat related to Elise, was very fond of her, and used very often to impart to her, her opinions on education (N.B.—Mrs. Gunilla never had children)—on which account many people in the city accused Elise of weakness towards the *haute volée*, and the postmistress Bask and the general-shopkeeper Snur considered it quite as much a crime as a failing.

There was in Mrs. Gunilla's voice, manners, and bearing, a something very imposing; her curtsy was usually very stately and low, and this brings us again to her entrance into Elise's room. Elise, the moment she entered, quickly rose and welcomed her, introducing Jacobi at the same time.

At the first glance, Jacobi uttered an exclamation of joyful surprise, approached her with an appearance of the greatest cordiality, seized her hand, which he kissed reverentially, and fêted himself on the happiness of seeing her again.

The little eyes of the Chamberlain's lady twinkled, and she exclaimed, "O heavens! my heart's dearest! Nay, that is very pleasant! He, he, he!"

"How!" exclaimed Elise in astonishment, "Mr. Jacobi, do you know—Aunt W., do you know Mr. Jacobi?"

The Candidate appeared about to give an explanation, but this Mrs. Gunilla, with a faint crimson overspreading the pale yellow cheek, and a twitch of the eyebrow, prevented, and with a quick voice she said, "We once lived in the same house."

She then desired that the conversation which her entrance had interrupted, and which appeared to have been very important, might proceed. "At least," added she, with a penetrating glance on Elise and the Candidate, "if I should not disturb you."

"Certainly not!" was the reply from both parties.

The Candidate needed only the sixteenth of a hint to rush armed with full fervour into the mysteries of his system. Mrs. Gunilla took out a packet of old gold thread, which she set her-

self to unravel, whilst the Candidate coughed and prepared himself.

## CHAPTER IV.

### MONADS AND NOMADS.

"All beings," commenced the Candidate, "have, as their most intrinsic foundation and substance, a simple unity, a soul, a—in a word, a monad."

"A—a what?" asked the Chamberlain's lady, fixing her eyes upon him.

"A monad, or a simple unity," continued he.

"The monads have a common resemblance in substance with one another; but in respect of qualities, of power, and size, they are substantially unlike. There are the monads of people; there are human monads, animal monads, vegetable monads; in short, the world is full of monads—they compose the world—"

"Heart's dearest!" interrupted the old lady, in a tone of displeasure, "I don't understand one word of all this! What stuff it is! What are monads?—fill the world, do they?—I see no monads!"

"You see me, dear lady," said Jacobi, "and yourself. You are yourself a monad."

"I a monad!" exclaimed she, in disgust.

"Yes, certainly," replied he, "your Honour just the same as any other living creature—"

"But," again interrupted she, "I must tell you, dear friend, that I am neither a monad nor a creature, but a human being—a sinful human being it is true—but one that God, in any case, created in his own image."

"Yes, certainly, certainly," acceded the Candidate. "I acknowledge a principal monad, from which all other monads emanate."

"What!" exclaimed she, "is our Lord God to be a monad also?"

"He may be so designated," said the Candidate, "on account of oneness, and also to preserve uniformity as to name. For the rest, I believe that the monads, from the beginning, are gifted with a self-sustaining strength, through which they are generated into the corporeal world; that is to say, take a bodily shape, live, act, nay, even strive—that is to say, would remove themselves from one body into another without the immediate influence of the Principal Monad. The monads are in perpetual motion—perpetual change, and always place and arrange themselves according to their power and will. If, now, we regard the world from this point of view, it presents itself to us in the clearest and most excellent manner. In all spheres of life we see how the principal monad assembles all the subject monads around itself as organs and members. Thus are nations and states, arts and sciences, fashioned; thus every man creates his own world, and governs it according to his ability; for there is no such thing as free-will, as people commonly imagine, but the monad in man directs what he shall become, and what in regard to—"

"That I don't believe," interrupted Mrs. Gunilla; "since, if my soul, or monad, as you would call it, had guided me according to its pleasure, it would have led me to do many wicked things; and if our Lord God had not chastised me, and in his mercy directed me to something that was good, it would have gone mad enough with my nomadic soul—that I can tell you."

"But, your Honour," said Jacobi, "I don't deny at all the influence of a principal monad, on the contrary, I acknowledge; and it is precisely this influence upon your monad which—"

"And I assert," exclaimed she, warming, and again interrupting him, "that we should do nothing that was right, if you could establish your nomadic government, instead of the government of our Lord God. What good could I get from your nomads?"

"Monads," said the Candidate, correcting her.

"And supposing your monads," continued Mrs. Gunilla, "do keep in such perpetual movement, and do arrange themselves so properly, what good will that do me in moments of temptation and need? It is far wiser and better that I say and believe that our Lord God will guide us according to his wisdom and good, than if I should believe that a heap of your nomads—"

"Monads, monads!" exclaimed the Candidate.

"Monads or nomads," answered Mrs. Gunilla, "it is all one—be so good as to let my cotton alone—your nomads may be as magnificent and mighty as they please, and they may govern themselves, and may live and strive according to their own wisdom; yet I cannot see how the world, for all that, can be in the least the more regular, or even one little grain the more pleasant to look at. And why are things so bad here? Why, precisely for this very reason, because you good people fancy yourselves such powerful monads, and think so much of your own strength, without being willing to know that you are altogether poor sinners, who ought to beseech our Lord God to govern their poor nomadic souls, in order that they might become a little better. It is precisely such nomadic notions as these that we have to thank for all kind of pettifoggish pranks, for all uproars and broken windows. If you had only less of nomads, and more of sensible men in you, one should live in better peace on the earth."

The Candidate was quite confounded; he had never been used to argument like this, and stared at Mrs. Gunilla with open mouth; whilst little Pyrrhus, excited by the warmth of his mistress, leapt upon the table, and barking shrilly seemed disposed to spring at the Candidate's nose. All this appeared so comic, that Elise could no longer keep back the merriment which she had felt during the former part of the dispute, and Jacobi himself accompanied her hearty laugh. Mrs. Gunilla, however, looked very bitter; and the Candidate, nothing daunted, began again.

"But, in the name of all the world," said he, "your Honour will not understand me: we speak only in one sense of observing the world—in a sense which its phenomena can clearly expound themselves. Monadology, rightly understood, does not oppose the ideas of the Christian religion, as I will demonstrate immediately. Objective revelation proves to us exactly that the subject-objective and object-subjective, which—"

"Ah!" said Mrs. Gunilla, throwing herself back, "talk what nonsense you will for me, I know what I know. Nomads may be just what they please for me: but I call a man, a man; I call a cat, a cat, and a flower, a flower; and our Lord God remains to me our Lord God, and no nomad!"

"Monad, monad!" cried the Candidate, in a sort of half-comic despair; "and as for that word, philosophy has as good a right, as any other science, to make use of certain words to express certain ideas."

During the last several minutes suspicious movements had been heard at the parlour door the cause of which now became evident; the children had stolen in behind the Candidate, and now cast beseeching glances towards their mother that she should let all go on unobserved. Petrea and Eva stole in first, carrying between them a heavy pincushion, weighted with lead, five pounds in weight at least. The Candidate was standing, and at the very moment when he was doing his best to defend the rights of philosophy, the leaden cushion was dropped down into his coat-pocket. A motion backwards was perceptible through his whole body, and his coat was tightly pulled down behind. A powerful twitching shewed itself at the corners of his mouth, and a certain stammering might be noticed in his speech, although he stood perfectly still, and appeared to observe nothing; while the little rascals, who had expected a terrible explosion from their well-laid train, stole off to a distance.

All this while, however, there was in the good-hearted scholar such a powerful inclination to laugh, that he hastened to relate an anecdote which should give him the opportunity of doing so. And whether it was the nomads of Mrs. Gunilla which diverted him from his system, or the visit of the little herd of nomads to his pocket, true it is there was an end of his philosophy for that evening. Beyond this, he appeared now to wish by cheerful discourse to entertain Mrs. Gunilla, in which he perfectly succeeded; and so mild and indulgent was he towards her, that Elise began to question with herself whether Mrs. Gunilla's mode of argument were not the best and the most successful.

The children stood not far off, and observed all the actions of Jacobi. "If he goes out, he will feel the cushion," said they. "He will fetch a book! Now he comes—ah!"

The Candidate really went out for a book from his room, but he stepped with the most stoical repose, though with a miserably backward-pulled coat, through the astonished group of children, and left the room.

When he returned, the coat sat quite correctly; the cushion evidently was not there. The astonishment of the children rose to the highest pitch, and there was no end to their conjectures. Louise imagined that there must be a hole in his pocket, through which the pincushion had fallen on the stairs. Petrea, in whose suggestion the joke originated, was quite dismayed about the fate of the cushion.

Never once did it enter into the innocent heads of the children that the Candidate had done all this in order to turn their intended joke on him into a joke on themselves.

"How came you to be acquainted with Mrs. Gunilla W.?" asked Elise from Jacobi when the lady was gone.

"When I was studying in —," replied he, "I rented a small room on the ground floor of the same house where she lived. As I at that time was in very narrow circumstances, I had my dinner from an eating-house near, where all was supplied at the lowest price; but it often was so intolerably bad, that I was obliged to send it back untasted, and endeavour, by a walk in the fresh air instead, to appease my hunger. I had lived thus for some time, and was, as may be imagined, become meagre enough, when Mrs. W., with whom I was not personally acquainted, proposed to me, through her housekeeper, that she should provide me with a dinner at the same

low charge as the eating-house. I was astonished, but thankfully accepted the proposal. I soon discovered, however, that she wished in this way to become my benefactor without its appearing so, and without my thanks being necessary. From this day I lived in actual plenty. But her goodness did not end here. During a severely cold winter, in which I went out in a very thin great-coat, I received quite unexpectedly one trimmed with fur. From whom it came I could not for some time discover, till chance gave me a clue which led me to the Chamberlain's lady. But could I thank her for it? No, she became regularly angry, and drove me away whenever I spoke of my obligation to her."

Tears filled the eyes of Jacobi as he told this, and both Elise's eyes and those of her husband beamed with delight at this relation.

"It is," said Judge Frank, "a proof how much goodness there is in the world, although at a superficial glance one is so disposed to doubt it. What is bad is noised abroad, is echoed back from side to side, and newspapers and social circles find so much to say about it; whilst what is good goes at best, like sunshine, quietly through the world."

## CHAPTER V.

### DISAGREEABLE NEWS.

THE little quarrel which Mrs. Gunilla had with the Candidate, about monads and nomads, appeared to have displeased neither of them, but rather, on the contrary, to have excited in them a desire for others; and as Elise, who had no great inclination to spend her evenings alone with him, used frequently to invite Mrs. Gunilla to drink tea with them, it was not long before she and the Candidate were again in hot disputation together. Whenever too it happened that the Assessor also came in, there was a terrible noise among all three. The Candidate spoke his loudest, and leapt about almost beside himself, but was fairly out-talked, because his voice was weak, and because Mrs. Gunilla and the Assessor, who between them two selves never were agreed, leagued themselves nevertheless against him. Jacobi, notwithstanding this, had often the right side of an argument, and bore this overthrow with the best temper in the world. Perhaps he might have lost his temper, however, as well as his voice—he himself declared he should—had he not suddenly abandoned the contest. He vanished almost entirely from the evening circle.

"What has become of our Candidate?" asked Mrs. Gunilla. "I shall be much surprised if some of his monads or nomads have not carried him off bodily! He, he, he!"

Judge Frank and wife also began to question with some anxiety, "What has become of our Candidate?"

Our Candidate belonged to that class of persons who easily win many friends. His cheerful easy temper, his talents and good social qualifications, made him much beloved and sought after, especially in smaller circles. It was here, therefore, as it had been at the University—he was drawn into a jovial little company of good fellows, where, in a variety of ways, they could amuse themselves, and where the cheerful spirit of Jacobi was highly prized. He allowed himself, partly out of good-nature and partly out of his own folly, to be led on by them, and to take part

in a variety of pranks, which, through the influence of some members of the Club, went on from little to more, and our Candidate found himself, before he was aware of what he was about, drawn into a regular debauch—all which operated most disadvantageously upon him—kept him out late at night, and only permitted him to rise late in the morning, and then with headach and disinclination to business.

There was, of course, no lack of good friends to bring these tidings to Judge Frank. He was angry, and Elise was seriously distressed, for she had begun to like Jacobi, and had hoped for so much from his connexion with the children.

"It won't do, it won't do," grumbled Judge Frank. "There shall very soon be an end put to this! A pretty story indeed! I shall tell him that if he —. But, dear child, you yourself are to blame in this affair; you should concern yourself a little about him; you are so *fière* and distant to him; and what amusement do you provide for him here of an evening? The little quarrels between Mrs. Gunilla and Munter cannot be amusing to him, especially when he is always out-talked by them. It would be a thousand times better for the young man if you would allow him to read aloud to you, even if it were romances, or whatever you would. You should exert your talent for music; it would give yourself pleasure, and between whiles you could talk a little sound reason with him, instead of disputing about things which neither he nor you understand! If you had only begun in that way at first, he would perhaps never have been such a swashbuckler as he is, and now one must get order and good manners back into the house with oversight and trouble. I'll not allow such goings on!—he shall hear about it to-morrow morning! I'll give that pretty youth something which he shall remember!"

"Ah!" said Elise, "don't be too severe, Ernst! Jacobi is good; and if you talk seriously yet kindly to him, I am persuaded it will have the best effect."

Judge Frank made no reply, but walked up and down the room in very ill humour.

"Would you like to hear some news of your neighbour the pasquilla-writer?" asked Assessor Munter, who just then entered with a dark countenance. "He is sick, sick to death of a galloping consumption—he will not write any more pasquillas."

"Who looks after his little girl?" asked Elise; "I see her sometimes running about the street like a wild cat."

"Yes, there's a pretty prospect for her," snorted out the Assessor. "There is a person in the house—one must call her a person whether she be a beast or a devil—who looks after the housekeeping, but robs him and ruins that child. Would you believe it? She and two tall churls that she has about her amuse themselves with terrifying that little girl by dressing themselves up whimsically, and acting the goblins in the twilight. It is more than a miracle if they do not drive her mad!"

"Poor wretch!" exclaimed Judge Frank in rage and abhorrence. "How much destruction of character there is, how much crime, which the arm of the law cannot reach! And that child's father, can he bear that it is so treated?"

"He is wholly governed by that creature—that woman," said Munter; "besides, sick in bed as he now is, he knows but little of what goes on in the house."

"And if he die," asked the judge, "is there nobody who will look after that girl? Is there no relation or friend?"

"Nobody in the world," returned Jeremias. "I have inquired particularly. The bird in the wood is not more defenceless than that child. Poverty there will be in the house; and what little there is, that monster of a housekeeper will soon run through."

"What can one do?" asked the Judge in real anxiety. "Do you know anything, Munter, that one could do?"

"Nothing as yet," returned he; "at present things must take their own course. I counsel nobody to interfere; for he is possessed of the woman, and she is possessed of the devil; and as for the girl, he will have her constantly with him, and lets her give way to all her pettinances. But this cannot long endure. In a month, perhaps, he will be dead; and He who sees the falling sparrow will, without doubt, take care of the poor child. At present nobody can save her from the hands of these harpies. Now, good evening! But I could not help coming to tell you this little history, because it lay burning at my heart; and people have the very polite custom of throwing their burdens upon others, in order to lighten themselves. Adieu!"

The Judge was very much disturbed this evening. What he had just heard weighed heavily on his heart.

"It is singular," said he, "how often Mr. N.'s course and mine have clashed. He has talent, but bad moral character; on that account I have opposed his endeavours to get into office, and thus operated against his success. It was natural that he should become my enemy, and I never troubled myself about it; but now I wish—the unhappy man, how miserable he lies there! and that poor, poor child! Ström," said he, calling to his servant, "is the Candidate at home? No, and it is nearly eleven! To-morrow he shall find out where he is at home!"

## CHAPTER VI.

### HERO-DEEDS.

ON the following morning, as Judge Frank drew aside his window-curtains, the sun, so powerful in its beams and its silence, shone into his chamber, lighting it with its glorious splendour. These sunbeams went directly to his heart.

"Dear Elise," said he, when his wife was awake; "I have a great deal to do to-day. Perhaps it would be better if you would speak with Jacobi, and give him his lecture. Ladies, in such circumstances, have more influence on men than we men can have. Besides this, what can be bent must not be broken. I—in short I fancy you will manage the affair best. Could you not take the children a long walk to-day? It would do both them and you good, and upon the way you would have an excellent opportunity for an explanation. Should this be of no avail, then I will—but I would gladly avoid being angry with him; one has things enough to vex one without that."

The Judge was not the only person in the house whom the sun inspired with thoughts of rambling. The Candidate had promised the children for a long time to take them to a wood, where there were plenty of hazel-bushes, and where they would gather a rich harvest of nuts.

Children have an incomparable memory for such promises; and the little Franks thought that no day could, by any possibility, be more beautiful or more suitable for a great expedition than the present, and therefore, as soon as they discovered that the Candidate and their parents thought the same, their joy rose actually as high as the roof. Brigitta had not hands enough for Petrea and Eva, so did they skip about when she wished to dress them.

Immediately after noon the procession was ready to set forth. Henrik and Louise marched first; next came Eva and Leonore, between whom was Petrea, each one carrying a little basket containing a piece of cake, as provision for their journey. Behind the column of children came the mother, and near her the Candidate, drawing a little wicker carriage, in which sat little Gabriele, looking gravely about with her large brown eyes.

"Little Africa"—so the children called their little dark-eyed neighbour from the Cape—stood at her door as the little Franks tripped forth from theirs. Petrea, with an irresistible desire to make her acquaintance, rushed across the street and offered her a piece of cake which she had in her basket. The little wild creature snatched the piece of cake with violence, showed her row of white teeth, and vanished in the doorway, while Elise seized Petrea's hand, in order to keep her restless spirit in check.

As soon as they had passed the gate of the city the children were permitted full freedom, and they were not much more composed in their demeanour than a set of young calves turned out for the first time into a green meadow. We must even acknowledge that Louise fell into a few excesses, such as jumping over ditches where they were the broadest, and clapping her hands and shouting to frighten away phlegmatical crows. It was not long, however, before she gave up these outbreaks, and turned her mind to a much sadder course; and then, whenever a stiff-necked millifolium or a gaudy hip came in her way, she carefully broke it off, and preserved it in her apron, for the use of the family. Henrik ran back every now and then to the wicker carriage in order to kiss "the baby," and give her the very least flowers he could find. Petrea often stumbled and fell, but always sprang up quickly, and then, unafrighted, sped forward on her way again.

The Candidate also, full of joyous animal spirits, began to sing aloud, in a fine tenor voice, the song, "Seals of the Vikings! grooves old and hoary," in which the children soon joined their descendant, while they marched in time to the song. Elise, who gave herself up to the full enjoyment of the beautiful day and the universal delight, had neither inclination nor wish to interrupt this by any disagreeable explanation; she thought to herself that she would defer it a while.

"Nay, only look, only look, sisters! Henrik, come here!" exclaimed little Petrea, beckoning with the hand, leaping, and almost out of herself for delight, while she looked through the trellis-work of a tall handsome gate into pleasure-grounds which were laid out in the old-fashioned manner, and ornamented with clipped trees. Many little heads soon surmounted Petrea's, and looked with great curiosity through the trellis-gate, and then up came the Candidate, not like a threatening cherub with a flaming sword, but a good angel, who opened the door of this paradise to the enraptured children. This surprise had

been prepared for them by Elise and the Candidate, who had obtained permission from the proprietor of the grounds to take the children through them on their way to the nut-wood.

Here the children found endless subject for admiration and inquiry, nor could either the Candidate or their mother answer all their questions. Before long the hearts of the children were moved at sight of a little leaden Cupid, who stood weeping near a dry fountain.

"Why does he cry?" asked they.

"Probably because the water is all gone," answered the Candidate, smilingly.

Presently again they were enchanted by sight of a Chinese temple, which to their fancy contained all the magnificence in the world—instead of, as was the case, a quantity of fowls; then they were filled with astonishment at trees in the form of pyramids—they never had seen anything so wonderful, so beautiful! But the most wonderful thing was yet to come.

They reached a gloomy part of the grounds. Melancholy sounds, incoherent, yet pleasurable, became audible, accompanied by an uninterrupted plashing of water. The children walked slower and closer together, in a state of excited expectation, and a kind of shuddering curiosity. The melancholy tones and the falling water became more and more distinct, as they found themselves inclosed in a thick fir wood; presently, however, an opening to the right showed itself, and then, thickly wreathed with a wild growth of plants and heavily-leaved trees, the vault of a grotto revealed itself, within which, and in the distance, stood a large white figure, with aged head, long beard, crooked legs, and goat's feet. To his lips he held a pandean pipe, from which the extraordinary sounds appeared to proceed. Little waterfalls leaped here and there from the rocks around, and then collected themselves at the foot of the statue in a large basin, in which the figure seemed, with a dreamy countenance, to contemplate himself and the leaf-garlanded entrance of the grotto.

The Candidate informed them that this was the wood-god Pan; but what farther information he gave respecting this deity of nature among the ancients, was listened to by nobody but Louise, who however shook her white head over the want of wisdom in the Grecians who could believe on such a god; and by Elise, who loved to discover in the belief of antiquity a god of nature; although we give in our day to such a deity a much truer, and, as we think, a much diviner nature.

The exhibition in the grotto had produced its effect upon all the spectators, great as well as small; but the brain of the little Petrea seemed quite intoxicated, not to say crazed by it. The Wood-god, with his music, his half-animal half-human figure, although only of gypsum, and, as the Candidate declared, the offspring only of a dim fancy, as well as that it was without life or actuality, still remained to her imagination a living existence, as real as wonderful. She could see nothing, think of nothing, but the Wood-god; and the foreboding of a new and wonderful world filled her soul with a delicious terror.

In the meantime the candidate conducted Elise by a path, which wound among alders and birches, from the grotto, up the mountain. When they reached the ascent, all was sunny and cheerful; and behold upon a mound, was set out so pleasantly in the sunshine, a little collation of fruit. The Candidate, who had great pleasure in being

the kind-hearted host on such occasions, had provided this little surprise for Elise and the children; and never, indeed, was a surprise more welcome or more joyous. It is the most thankful thing in the world to give pleasure to children; and, moreover, the good-will of the mother is always obtained thereby.

The Candidate spread his cloak upon a green slope under a hedge of roses, on which Elise's favourite flowers were still blooming, as a seat for herself and "the baby," which, now lifted out of the wicker-carriage, had its green silk bonnet taken off, and its golden locks bathed in sunshine. He chose out the best fruit for her and her mother; and then seating himself on the grass near her, played with her, and drove away the flies from her mother with a spray of roses, while the other children ran about at a distance, enjoying, with all the zest of childhood, gooseberries and freedom. The trees rustled with a soft south wind, while the melodious tones of the Wood-god, and the splash of the water, mingled gently with the whispering leaves. It was a delicious time, and its soft influence stole into the soul of Elise. The sun, the scent of the roses, the song of the wood and of the water, the beautiful scene before her, the happy children—all these called up into her breast that summer of the heart, in which all sentiments, all thoughts, are like flowers, and which makes life seem so light and so lovely: she conceived a friendship for that young man who had occasioned it, and whose good heart beamed forth from his eyes, which at one moment were fixed on the blue heavens, and then on her own soft blue eyes, with an expression of devotion and a certain pure earnestness, which she had never observed in him before. Elise felt that she could now undertake the explanation with him; she felt that she could talk with him openly and warmly as a sister, and that the truth would flow from her lips, without wounding him or giving him pain.

Scarcely, however, had she with cordial, though with tremulous voice, began to speak, when an uneasy movement among the children interrupted her. Some looked in the hedges, some ran about under the trees, and the name "Petrea! Petrea!" was repeated in every variety of tone. The mother looked uneasily around, and the Candidate sprang up to see what was amiss. It was nothing uncommon for Petrea to separate herself from the rest of the children, and, occupied by her own little thoughts, to lag behind; on that account, therefore, nobody had at first troubled themselves because she was not with them at the collation, for they said, "she will soon come." Afterward, Elise and the Candidate were too much occupied by their own thoughts; and the children said as usual, "She'll soon come." But when she did not come, they began to seek for her, and Elise and the Candidate came to their assistance. They ran back to the grotto; they sought and called, but all in vain—Petrea was nowhere to be found! and uneasiness very soon changed itself into actual anxiety.

We ourselves will now conduct the reader to Petrea. So enchanted was she with the Wood-god and his music, that no sooner had she, with the others, begun to climb the hill, than she turned back to the grotto, and there transported by its wonderful world, she was suddenly possessed by a desire to acquaint her father and Briggita with her having seen the Wood-god. Resolve and action are much more one with children than with women. To be the first who should carry

to the father the important tidings, "Father, I have seen the Wood-god!" was a temptation too strong for Petrea's ambition and craving for sympathy.

She had heard them say that they should rest on the hill; and as her organ of locality was as feeble as her imagination was powerful, she never doubted for a moment of being able to run home and back before they were aware even of her absence. As for the rest, to confess the truth, she thought nothing at all about it; but with a loudly-beating heart, and the words, "Oh, father! we have seen the Wood-god!" on her lips, she made a spring, and rushed forward on the wings of fancy as fast as her little legs would carry her, in a direction exactly the opposite of that which led homeward, and which at the same time removed her from the grotto; never thinking, the poor Petrea! that in this world there are many ways. Before long, however, she found it necessary to stand still, in order to rest herself: delicious odours breathed from the flowers; the birds sang; the heaven was cloudless; and here, where no Cupids nor Chinese temples dazzled her thoughts, the very remembrance of the god Pan vanished from her soul, and instead of it a thought, or more properly speaking a sentiment, took possession of it—a holy and beautiful sentiment, which the mother had early instilled into the hearts of her children. Petrea saw herself solitary, yet at the same time she felt that she was not so; in the deliciousness of the air, in the beauty of nature, she perceived the presence of a good spirit, which she had been taught to call FATHER; and filled, as her heart seemed to be, by a sense of his goodness and affection, which appeared never to have been so sensibly impressed upon her mind as then, her heart felt as if it must dissolve itself in love and happiness. She sank down on the grass, and seemed to be on the way to heaven. But, ah! the way thither is not so easy; and these heavenly foretastes remain only a short time in the souls of children, as well as of grown people.

That which brought Petrea from her heavenly journey back to the earth again, was a squirrel, which sprang directly across her path, and sent her forth immediately in chase of it. To catch such game, and to carry it home, would be indeed in the highest degree a memorable action. "What would Henrik and my sisters say? What would all the city say? Perhaps it will get into the newspapers!—perhaps the king may get to hear it!"—thought Petrea, while, out of herself with ambition and earnestness, she pursued the little squirrel over stock and stone.

Her frock was torn; her hands and feet were bruised; but that was a mere nothing! She felt it not, more particularly—oh, night of felicity!—as she fell down, and at that moment grasped in her trembling hands her little prey. Petrea cried for delight, and shouted to her mother and sisters, who—could not hear her.

"Oh, thou little most loveable creature!" said Petrea, endeavouring at the same time to kiss her little captive, in return for which that most loveable little creature bit her by the chin. Surprised, and sorely smarting from the pain, Petrea began to cry; yet for all that would not let go the squirrel, although the blood flowed from the wound. Petrea ran forward, wondering that she never came to the great trellis-gate, through which she knew she must pass in order to reach home. While she thus wondered with herself, and ran, and struggled with her little untractable

prisoner, she saw a gentleman coming towards her. It never once occurred to her that this could be any other than her father, and almost transported for joy, she exclaimed, "Father, I have seen the Wood-god!"

Greatly astonished to hear himself thus parentally addressed, the young man looked up from the book in which he read, and replied, "Nay, my child, he is gone in that direction," pointing with his finger towards that quarter whence Petrea had come. Imagining at once that he meant the Candidate, Petrea replied with anxiety and a quick foreboding that she was on a wrong track, "Oh, no, it is not he!" and then turned suddenly back again.

She abandoned now all thoughts of running home, and was only desirous of finding those whom she had so thoughtlessly left. She ran back, therefore, with all her speed, the way she had come, till she reached where two roads branched off, and there, unfortunately, taking the wrong one, came into a wild region, where she soon perceived how entirely confused she had become. She no longer knew which way to go, and in despair threw herself into the grass and wept. All her ambition was gone: she let the squirrel run away, and gave herself up to her own comfortless feelings. She thought now of the uneasiness and anxiety of her mother, and wept all the more at the thought of her own folly. But, however, consoling thoughts, before long, chased away these desponding ones. She dried her eyes with her dress—she had lost her pocket handkerchief—and looking around her she saw a quantity of fine raspberries growing in a cleft of the hill. "Raspberries!" exclaimed she, "my mother's favourite berries!" And now we may see our little Petrea scrambling up the cliff with all her might, in order to gather the lovely fruit. She thought that with a bouquet of raspberries in her hand, she could throw herself at the feet of her mother, and pray for forgiveness. So thought she, and tore up the raspberry bushes, and new courage and new hope revived the while in her breast. If, thought she, she clambered only a little higher, could she not discover where her home was? should she not see her mother, father, sisters, nay, the whole world? Certainly. What a bright idea it was!

With one hand full of raspberries, the other assisted her to climb; but, ah! first one foot slipped on the dry smooth grass, and then the other. The left hand could no longer sustain the whole weight of her body; the right would not let go the raspberries. A moment of anguish, a violent effort, and then Petrea rolled down the cliff into a thicket of bushes and nettles, where for the present we will leave her, in order to look after the others.

The anxiety of the mother is not to be described, as after a whole hour spent with Jacobi and Henrik (Louise remained with the baby near the grotto), in seeking and calling for Petrea, all was in vain. There were many ponds in the grounds, and they could not conceal from themselves that it was possible she might have fallen into one. It was a most horrible idea for Elise, and sent an anguish like death into her heart, as she thought of returning in the evening to her husband with one child missing, and that one of his favourites—missing through her own negligence. Death itself seemed to her preferable.

Breathless, and pale as a corpse, she wandered about, and more than once was near sinking to the earth. In vain the Candidate besought her to spare herself; to keep herself quiet, and leave

aid to him. In vain! She heard him not; and restless and unhappy, she sought the child herself. Jacobi was afraid to leave her long alone, and kept wandering near her; while Henrik ran into other parts of the grounds, seeking about and calling.

It was full two hours of fruitless search after the lost one, when the Candidate had again joined the despairing mother, that at the very same moment their glances both fell suddenly on the same object—it was Petrea! She lay in a thicket at the foot of the hill; drops of blood were visible on her face and dress, and a horrible necklace—a yellow-spangled snake!—glittered in the sun around her neck. She lay motionless, and appeared as if sleeping. The mother uttered a faint cry of terror, and would have thrown herself upon her, had not the Candidate withheld her.

"For heaven's sake," said he fervently, and pale as death, "be still; nothing perhaps is amiss; but it is the poisonous snake of our woods—the asp! An incautious movement, and both you and Petrea may be lost! No, you must not, your life is too precious—but I—promise me to be still, and—"

Elise was scarcely conscious of what she did. "Away! away!" she said, and strove to put Jacobi aside with her weak hands; she herself would have gone, but her knees supported her longer—she staggered, and fell to the ground.

In that same moment the Candidate was beside Petrea, and, seizing the snake by the neck with as much boldness as dexterity, he slung it to a distance. By this motion awakened, Petrea shuddered, opened her sleep-drunken eyes, and, looking around her, exclaimed, "Ah, ah, father! I have seen the Wood-god!"

"God bless thee and thy Wood-god!" cried the delighted Candidate, rejoicing over this indisputable token of life and health; and then, clasping her to his breast, he bore her to her mother. But the mother neither heard nor saw anything; she lay there insensible, and was first recalled to consciousness by Henrik's kisses and tears.

"Is she dead?" whispered she, and looked around with an anxious and bewildered glance.

"No, no! she lives—she is unhurt!" returned Jacobi, who had thrown himself on his knees beside her; while the little Petrea, kneeling likewise, and holding forth the bunch of raspberries, sobbed aloud, and besought her forgiveness.

Light returned to the eyes of the mother; she started up, and, with a cry of inexpressible joy, clasped the recovered child to her breast.

"God be praised and blessed!" cried she, raising her folded hands to heaven; and then silently giving her hand to Jacobi, she looked at him with tears, which expressed what was beyond the power of words.

"Thank God! thank God!" said Jacobi, with deep emotion, pressing Elise's hand to his lips and to his breast. He felt himself happy beyond words.

They now hastened to remove from the dangerous neighbourhood of the snake, after Jacobi and Henrik had given up, at the desire of the mother, the probably ineffectual design of seeking out the poisonous but blameless animal, and killing it on the spot.

All this time little Louise had sat alone by the grove, endeavouring to comfort her sisters, while she herself wept bitter tears over Petrea, whom she never expected to see again: on that

very account her joy was all the greater and louder, when she saw her carried in the arms of the Candidate; and no sooner did she learn from her mother how he had rescued her from the fangs of death, than she threw her arms round his neck in inexpressible gratitude. All this Petrea heard and saw with the astonishment and curiosity of one who meets with something unheard of; and then, thus seeing the distress which her inconsiderateness had occasioned, she herself melted into such despairing tears, that her mother was obliged to console and cheer her. Of her fall into the thicket Petrea knew no more than that her head had felt hurt, that she could not get up again, had slept, and then dreamed of the Wood-god.

In the mean time it had become so late, that the harvest of nuts was not to be thought of, and as much on the mother's, as on Petrea's account, it was necessary to hasten home. The other children probably would have grieved more over the unfortunate pleasure journey, had they not felt an extraordinary desire to relate at home the remarkable occurrences of the day. New difficulties arose on the return. Petrea—who, besides that she was weary, was bruised and sadly dirtied by her fall—could not walk, and, therefore, it was determined that she must ride in the little carriage, while the Candidate carried Gabrielle. When, however, the little one saw that Jacobi was without gloves, she would neither allow him to carry her nor to take hold of her, and set up the most pitiable cry. Spite of her crying, however, he took up the "little mother's dear," as he called her; and what neither his nor the mother's persuasions could effect was brought about by Henrik's leaps, and springs, and caresses—she was diverted: the tears remained standing half way down her cheeks, in the dimples which were suddenly made by her hearty laughter.

Petrea, after the paroxysm of sorrow and penitence was in some measure abated, began to think herself and her adventures particularly interesting, and sat in her little carriage a very important personage, surrounded by her sisters, who could not sufficiently listen to her relation, and who emulated each other in drawing the little equipage. As for Jacobi, he drew the carriage; he carried the baby, which soon fell asleep on his shoulder; he sang songs; told stories, in order to entertain Elise, who remained long time pale and depressed, from the danger which had threatened her, and the anxiety which she had endured.

At length they reached home. They poured forth their adventures; Brigitta shed tears over her little angel, good Petrea; and the father, from the impulse of his feelings, pressed Jacobi to his heart.

After Petrea's scratches and bruises had been washed with Riga-balsam, the mother permitted the children to have a supper of pancakes and raspberry-cream, in order to console them for the unfortunate expedition.

Petrea wept some bitter tears on the breast of her father over the gentle admonition she received from him; but spite of tears, she soon slept sweetly in his arms.

And the lecture of the Candidate?

"Stay at home with us this evening," said Elise to him, with a kind, beseeching glance.

The Candidate stayed with them.

## CHAPTER VII.

## BREAKERS.

"STAY at home with us this evening," prayed Elise the next day, and for several other days, and the Candidate stayed.

Never before had he seen Elise so kind, so cordial towards him; never before had she shown him so much attention as now; and this attention, this cordiality, from a lady who, in her intercourse with men, was generally only polite and indifferent, flattered his vanity, at the same time that it penetrated his good heart. All occasion for explanation and lectures vanished, for the Candidate had entirely renounced his dissipated friends and companions, and now nobody could talk more edifying than he on the subject. He agreed so cordially with Elise, that the fleeting champagne of the orgies foamed only for the moment, leaving nothing but emptiness and flatness behind. "For once, nay for a few times," he was of opinion, "such excesses might be harmless, perhaps even refreshing, but often repeated—ah! that would be prejudicial, and demoralizing in the highest degree!"

All this seemed to the little Louise, who had heard it, remarkably well expressed.

Nobody seemed now better pleased at home than Jacobi; he felt himself so well in the regular course of life which he led, and there seemed so much that was genuine and fresh in the occupations and pleasures of those quiet days at home.

In the meantime, it was not long before the weak side of the Candidate began to develop itself even in this new life. Gratitude had, in the first instance, warmed Elise's heart towards him, and then his own real amiability made it so easy to gratify the wish of her husband respecting her behaviour towards him, and thus it soon happened that her intercourse with Jacobi entwined her own existence. In many respects their tastes were similar, especially in their love of music and polite literature, while his youthful enthusiasm gave to her common occupations a higher life and interest. Discussion lost all character of dispute, and became merely an agreeable interchange of thought: it was no longer now of any importance to him to be always right; there was a peculiar kind of pleasure in giving up his opinion to hers. He knew more out of books than she did, but she knew more of life—the mother of books—than he; and on this account she, on her part, proceeded as the older and guiding friend. He felt himself happy from the influence and gentle guidance of an agreeable woman, and became more and more devoted to her from his soul.

Still there was a quietness and a dream about this connexion that made him never forbode danger in it. He loved to be treated as a child by Elise, and he gave therefore free play to his naturally unsophisticated feelings. Her gentle reproofs were a sort of luxury to him; he had a delight in sinning, in order to deserve them; and then, while listening to them, how gladly would he have pressed her dress, or her white and beautiful hand to his lips; there was even a sort of painfully agreeable sensation to him in his not daring to do so. Whenever she approached, and he heard her light footsteps, or when he perceived the soft rose-odour which always accompanied her, it seemed to become indescribably warm around his heart. But that which, above all the rest, was the strongest bond between Jacobi and Elise, was her sufferings. Whenever

nervous pain, or domestic unpleasantness, depressed her spirits; when she bore the not unfrequent ill-humour of her husband with patience, the heart of Jacobi melted in tenderness towards her, and he did all that lay in his power to amuse and divert her thoughts, and even to anticipate her slightest wishes. She could not be insensible to all this—perhaps also it flattered her vanity to observe the power she had over this young man—perhaps even she might willingly deceive herself as to the nature of his sentiments, because she would not disturb the connexion which lent a sweet charm to her life.

"He loves the children," said she; "he is their friend and mine! May he only continue such!"

And certain it is that the children had never been better conducted, never had learned better, never been happier, than they were now, while Jacobi himself developed a more and more happy ability to teach and guide.

Adverse fate barricades the shore which the vessel is on the point of approaching, by dangerous breakers, and interrupts the bond between the dearest friends, which is just about to be cemented eternally. It was this fate which, at the very time when Jacobi was exhibiting his character in the fairest point of view, occasioned the Judge to exhibit the darker side of his.

Judge Frank belonged to that class of persons who are always in the best humour the more they have to do, and the more active is the life they lead. He was occupied at this very time in undertakings in which his heart was deeply interested, for the improvement of the province. Peculiar circumstances, however, over which he had no control, had for the present impeded him; and all this, which brought on a much petty annoyance, occasioned him, likewise, much ill-temper. At home he was on imperious and quarrelsome, particularly towards his wife; thus placing himself, beside the kind and cheerful Jacobi, in a very disadvantageous light. He felt this, and was displeased with himself, and displeased with his wife, too, because she seemed to pay but little regard to his grumbling; occupying herself instead by her singing-practice with Jacobi. This very singing-practice, too, of which he himself had been the occasion, began to appear to him too much of a thing. Scolding, one might have imagined, he considered more agreeable to the ear; in fact, he was in that edifying state of mind, which excites and angers itself about that which a few good words alone would easily put an end to.

The reading, likewise, which at first he had so zealously recommended, became now to him another cause of vexation. Precisely at this very time he wished to have more of the society of his wife of an evening, and wished her to take more interest in his undertakings and his annoyances; but whenever he came into the parlour, he found them reading or occupied by music; and if these ceased at his entrance, there was still an evident damp on the spirits of all—the entertainment could not proceed; and if, on the contrary, he said "Go on with your music (or reading), go on," and they did so, he was still dissatisfied; and if he did not very soon return to his own room, he walked up and down like a snow-storm.

It was precisely this fate, of which we have just now spoken, which managed it so, that one evening as Judge Frank, the prey of ill-humour, was walking up and down the room, a letter

was put into his hand, at sight of which he burst into an exclamation of joyful surprise. "Nay, that is indeed delightful!" said he in a very cheerful voice, as soon as he had read the letter. "Elise! Mrs. S., Emelie is here. She is only just this evening arrived; I must go to her directly. Dear Elise, will you not come with me? It would be polite."

"Oh, it is so late!" said Elise, much less pleased than her husband; "and I fancy it rains. Cannot you go alone to-night? to-morrow morning I will—"

"Well, well, then," said the Judge, suddenly breaking off; and, somewhat offended at her refusal, hastening away.

It was rather late when he returned from his visit, but he was in high spirits. "She is a most interesting lady," said he; "dear Elise, it certainly would give you great pleasure to know her intimately."

"Ah! I question that," thought Elise.

"She talks," continued he, "of living in the city. I hope we shall decide her to do so."

"I hope not," thought Elise.

"We will do all that we possibly can," said he, "to make her residence here agreeable. I have invited her to dinner to-morrow," added he.

"To-morrow!" exclaimed Elise, half terrified.

"Yes, to-morrow," answered her husband, peremptorily; "I told her that to-morrow morning you would pay her a visit, but she insists on first coming to you. You need not trouble yourself much about the dinner to-morrow. Emelie will not expect much from an improvised dinner. At all events, it may be just as good as there is any need for, if people will only give themselves a little trouble. I hope Emelie will often come and take up with our simple way of living."

Elise went to rest that night with a depressed heart, and with an indefinite but most unpleasant feeling; thought of the next day's dinner, and then dreamed that her husband's "old flame" had set the house on fire, and robbed the whole family of its shelter.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE IMPROVISED DINNER.

You housewives who know the important meaning of a roast, who know the difficulties which sometimes overwhelm you, especially when you must improvise a family dinner; you who know that notwithstanding all inspiration, both of understanding and inclination,—yet inspiration is necessary to all improvisation,—one cannot inspire either chickens or headcocks to come flying into the important dish, when the crust is ready to put on it; you housewives who have spent many a long morning in thoughts of cookery and in anguish; you can sympathise in Elise's troubles, as she, on the morning of this important dinner, saw the finger of the clock stand at half-past eleven without having been able to improvise a roast.

It is true that an improvised dinner might do without a roast: this we grant as a general law; but in the case of this particular dinner, we deny it altogether, in proof of which we might easily give the arrangement of the whole dinner, did we not flatter ourselves that we are believed on our bare word. Beyond this, the Judge was particularly fond of a roast, fond of all kinds of

meat, which circumstance increased still more Elise's difficulty; and as if to make difficulty still greater, Elise, on this very day, was remarkably in want of assistants, for her husband had sent out, on his own business, those servants who, on extraordinary occasions, Elise found very good help. The cook, too, was confused to-day in a remarkable manner; the children were in a fermentation; Eva and Leonore quarreled; Petrea tore a hole in her new frock; Henrik broke a bottle and six glasses; the baby cried and screamed for nothing; the clock was on the stroke of twelve, and no roast would come!

Elise was just on the point of falling into despair over roasts, cooks, children, nay, over the whole world, when the door opened, and the words, "your most devoted servant," were spoken out shrilly and joyously, and the widow of the Chamberlain—to Elise she seemed an angel of light from heaven—stood in the room, with her beaming friendly countenance; took out of her monstrous reticule one chicken after another, and laid them upon the table, fixing her eye on Elise, and making with each one a little curtsy to her. Enraptured by the sight, Elise embraced her, hastened into the kitchen with the chickens, and then returning, poured forth her thanks and all her cares to this friend in need.

"Well, well, patience!" exhorted Mrs. Gunilla, kindly and full of cordial sympathy, and somewhat touched by Elise's communication, "Best-beloved, one should not take it so much to heart,—such troubles as these soon pass away; yes, indeed, they soon pass. Now listen and I'll tell you something, 'when need is greatest, help is nearest.' Yes, yes, remember that! As for the chickens, I saw them in a peasant's cart, as I crossed the market, and as I knew what was going on here, I lost no time in buying them and bringing them under my cloak, and I have nearly run myself out of breath in my haste. He, he, he! And so now I must go, for the dear lady must dress herself nicely, and so must I too. Adieu, dear Elise, I wish you the happiness of getting both the dinner and the young folks in order. He, he, he!"

Gunilla went, dinner-time came, and with it the guests and the Judge, who had spent the whole morning in the business of his own office, out of the house.

Emelie, the Colonel's lady, was elegant in the highest degree; looked handsome and distinguished, and almost outdid herself in politeness; but still Elise, spite even of herself, felt stiff and stupid beside her husband's "old flame."

"Oh, that the chickens may be nicely done!" was the incessant master-thought of Elise's soul; and it prevailed over the Pope, the church of St. Peter's, Thorwaldsen, and Pasta, and over every subject on which they talked.

The hour of dinner was come, and yet the dinner kept the company waiting. The Judge, who expected from everybody else the punctuality which he himself practised, began to suffer from what Elise called his "dinner-fever," and threw uneasy glances, first at the dining-room door, and then at his wife, whose situation, it must be confessed, was not a very enviable one. She endeavoured to look quite calm, but whispered something to the little Louise, which sent her speedily out of the room. Elise's entertainment, both that part which was audible, and that which was inaudible, was probably at the moment carried on something after the following fashion:

"It must be inexpressibly pleasant to know"

(ah, how unbearably long it is!) "it must be very interesting." (I wish Ernst would fire again on his old flame, and forget dinner :) "Yes, indeed, that was very remarkable." (Now, are those chickens not roasted!) "Poor Spain!" (Now, thank goodness, dinner is ready at last—if the chickens are only well done!)

And now to dinner! A word which brightens all countenances, and enlivens all tempers. Elise began to esteem the Colonel's lady very highly, because she kept up such a lively conversation, and she hoped this would divert attention from any of the dishes which were not particularly successful. The Judge was a polite and agreeable host, and he was particularly fond of dinner-time, when he would willingly have made all men partakers of his good appetite, good humour, and even of his good eating—N. B. If this really was good—but if the contrary happened to be the case, his temper could not well sustain it.

During the dinner Elise saw now and then little clouds come over her husband's brow, but he himself appeared anxious to disperse them, and all went on tolerably till the chickens came. As the Judge, who adhered to all old customs, was cutting them up, he evidently found them tough, whereupon a glance was sent across the table to his wife which went to her heart like the stab of a knife, but no sooner was the first pang over than his reproachful glance aroused a degree of indignation in her which determined her to steel herself against a misfortune which in no case was *her* fault; she, therefore, grew quite lively and talkative, and never once turned her eyes to her husband, who, angry and silent, sat there with a very hot brow, and the knife sticking still in the fowls.

But, after all, she felt as if she could again breathe freely when the dinner was over, and on that very account longed just to speak one word of reconciliation with her husband; but he now seemed to have only eyes and ears for Emelie, nor was it long before the two fell into a lively and most interesting conversation, which certainly would have given Elise pleasure, and in which she might have taken part, had not a feeling of depression stolen over her, as she fancied she perceived a something cold and depreciating in the manners of her husband towards her. She grew still and paler; all gathered themselves round the brilliant Emelie; even the children seemed enchanted by her. Henrik presented her with a beautiful flower, which he had obtained from Louise by flattery. Petrea seemed to have a passion for her, took a footstool and sat near her, and kissed her hand as soon as she could possess herself of it.

The lady devoted herself exclusively to her old worshipper, cast the beams of her beautiful eyes upon him, and smiled bewitchingly.

"This is a great delight!" thought Elise, as she wiped away a traitorous tear; "but I will keep a good face on it!"

The Candidate, who perceived all this, quickly withdrew from the enchanted circle in which he also had been involved, and, taking "the baby" on his knee, began to relate a story which was calculated as much to interest the mother as the child. The children were soon around him: Petrea herself forsook her new flame to listen, and even Elise for the moment was so amused by it that she forgot everything else. That was precisely what Jacobi wanted, but it was not what pleased the Judge. He rose for a moment, in or-

der to hear what it was which had so riveted the attention of his wife.

"I cannot conceive," said he to her in a half-whisper, "how you can take delight in such absurdity; nor do I think it good for the children that they should be crammed with such nonsense!"

At length Emelie rose to take her leave, overwhelming Elise with a flood of polite speeches, which she was obliged to answer as well as she could, and the Judge, who had promised to shew her the lions of the place, accompanied her; on which the rest of the guests dispersed themselves. The elder children accompanied the Candidates to the school-room, to spend an hour in drawing; the younger went to play, and Elise retired to her own chamber.

Poor Elise! she dared not at this moment descend into her own heart; she felt a necessity to abstain from thought; a necessity—entirely to forget herself and the troubling impressions which to-day had overwhelmed her soul. A full hour was before her—an hour of undisturbed repose, and she hastened to her manuscript, in order to busy herself with those rich moments of life which her pen could call up at pleasure, and to forget the poor and weary present—in one word, to loose the lesser in the higher reality. The sense of suffering, of which the little annoyances of life gave her experience, made her alive to the sweet impressions of that beauty and that harmonious state of existence which was so dear to her soul.

She wrote and wrote—her heart was warm—her eyes filled with tears—the words glowed upon her page—life became bright: the moments flew—one half-hour passed after another. Her husband's time came; he was so fond of his tea—had such delight in coming home at this hour to find his wife and his children all assembled round the tea-table in the family room. It very rarely happened that Elise had not all in readiness for him; but now, the striking of seven o'clock roused her suddenly from her writing; she laid down her pen, and was in the act of rising when her husband entered.

A strong expression of displeasure was visible in his countenance, as he saw her occupation, "You gave us to-day a very bad dinner, Elise," said he, going up to her and speaking with severity; "but when this novel-writing occupies so much of your time, it is no wonder that you neglect your domestic duties: you may just as well trouble yourself as little about everything else as about my wishes."

It would have been easy for Elise to excuse herself, and make all right and straight; but the severe tone in which her husband spoke, and his scornful glance, wounded her deeply.

"You must have patience with me, Ernst," said she; "I am not accustomed to renounce all innocent pleasures; my education, my earlier connexions, have not prepared me for this."

These words excited the Judge greatly, and with a bitter voice and great severity he replied,

"You should have thought about that before you gave me your hand," said he; "before you had descended into so humble and care-full a circle. It is too late now. Now I will——" but he did not finish his sentence, for he himself perceived a storm rising within him, before which he yielded. He went to the door, opened it, and said in a calm voice, yet still with an agitated tone and glance, "I would just tell you that I have taken tickets for the concert to-morrow, if you would wish to go. I hoped to have found

you at the tea-table, but it is just as desolate and deserted there as if there were the plague.—Don't give yourself any trouble, I shall drink my tea at the club!" and thus saying he banged the door and went.

Elise seated herself—she really could not stand—and hid her face in her trembling hands. "Good heavens! is it come to this? Ernst, Ernst! What words! what looks! And I, wretched being, what have I said?"

Such were Elise's broken and only half-defined thoughts, while tears streamed down her cheeks.

"Words, words, words!" says Hamlet, disparagingly. But God preserve us from the destructive power of words! There are words which can separate hearts sooner than sharp swords—there are words whose sting can remain in the heart through a whole life!

Elise wept long and violently, her whole soul was in excitement.

In moments of violent struggle, bad and good spirits are at hand; they surrounded Elise and spoke to her thus:—

BAD SPIRITS.—"Think on what thou hast given up! think on thy own merits! Recollect the many little acts of injustice which thou hast had to bear, the bitter pains which the severity of thy husband has occasioned thee! Why shouldst thou crawl in the dust? Raise thyself, depressed one! raise thyself, offended wife! think of thy own worth, of thy own rights! Do not allow thyself to be subjected; show some character. Requite that which thou hast endured. Thou also canst annoy; thou also canst punish! Take refuge in thy nerves, in unkindness; make use of thy power, and enjoy the pleasure of revenge!"

GOOD SPIRITS.—"Think on thy wants, on thy faults! Recollect all the patience, all the kindness, all the tenderness, which has been shown thee! Think on thy husband's worth, on his beautiful noble qualities! Think also on life, how short it is; how much unavoidable bitterness it possesses, how much which it is easy either to bear or to chase away; and think how the power of affection can make all things right. Tremble before the chains of selfishness; free thyself from them by a new sacrifice of love, and purify the heaven of home; ascending clouds can easily expand into destructive tempest, or can disperse and leave not a trace in the air. Oh, chase them hence with the powerful breath of love!"

The happiness of a long life depends, not unfrequently, upon which of these invisible counsellors we give ear to. On this it depends whether the gates of heaven or hell shall be opened upon earth to men. Elise listened to the good counsellors; she conversed long with them, and the more pure recollections they sent into her soul, the easier was it for her. The light of love was kindled in her, and that made her clear-sighted in many directions. She saw now what it was right for her to do respecting her novel, and this revelation warmed her heart. She knew also that this was the only one she could ever write, and that her husband should never again miss her from the tea-table, and therefore be obliged to drink his tea at the club (but he should be reconciled with the sinner, the novel); and she would, moreover, prepare a dinner for the Colonel's lady, which should compensate for the unlucky one of this day, and—"Would that Ernst would but come home soon," thought she; "I would endeavour to banish all his displeasure, and make all right between us."

It was the bathing-day of the children, and the message that the hour of bathing was come interrupted Elise's solitude. She ordered Brigitta to commence her preparations, and when she had somewhat composed herself, and washed away the traces of her tears with rose-water, she herself went down into the chamber.

"What a blessing is water!" thought Elise, at the first view of the scene which presented itself. The soft glowing young forms in the clear warm water, the glimmering of the open fire, the splashing and jubileering of the children in their unspeakable comfort, their innocent sport one with another, in the peaceful little lake of the bath, in which they had no fear of raising stormy waves; nay, even Brigitta's happy face, under her white cap, her lively activity, amid the continual phrases of "best-beloved," "little alabaster arm," "alabaster foot," "lily bosom," and such like, while over the lily-white bosom, and the alabaster arm, she spread soap-foam scarcely less white, or wrapped them in snowy cloths, out of which nothing but little, lively, glowing, merry faces peeped and played with one another at bo-peep—all this united to present a picture full of life and pleasure.

Poor Elise, however, could not fully enjoy it; the thought of what had just occurred, longings for reconciliation with her husband, fear that he might remain out too long, that he might return too much displeased for her easily to make all straight again, these thoughts occupied her mind; yet still she could not help smiling as Gabriele, who had sunk down into the bath alone, exclaimed, almost beside herself for fright, "I am drowning! I am drowning!" In order to reassure her, her mother stretched out her white hands to her, and under their protection she laughed and splashed about like a little fish in water.

A shower of flowers streamed suddenly over both mother and child, and Gabriele screamed aloud for joy, and stretched forth her little arms to catch gilly-flowers, roses, and carnations, which fell upon and around her. Elise turned herself round in surprise, and her surprise changed itself into the most delightful sensation of joy, as the lips of her husband were pressed to her forehead.

"Ah, you!" exclaimed Elise, and threw her arms round his neck, and caressingly stroked his cheek.

"I shall get wet through with all this," said he laughing, yet without leaving the bath, nay, he even stooped down his head to little Gabriele, kissed her, and allowed her to splash him with water.

"Thank God! all is right again! and perhaps it will be best to take no farther notice of this unpleasant affair!" thought she, and prepared to follow her husband into the parlour.

The Judge had, probably, during his bad tea at the club, listened to the invisible speakers as well as his wife, the consequence whereof was his visit to the bathing-room, and the shower of flowers from the nosegay he had brought with him for her, and the kiss of reconciliation which effaced every thoughtless and wounding word. He felt now quite pleased that everything was as it should be, and that the gentle and yielding temper of his wife would require nothing further. But, perhaps, on that very account, he was dissatisfied with himself, and, therefore, felt a necessity to pronounce one word—one word, which it is so hard for the lips of a man to pronounce,

yet, which Ernst Frank was too manly, too firm, to shun.

When, therefore, his wife entered, he offered her his hand; "Forgive me, Elise," said he, with the deepest feeling; "I have behaved severely, nay, absurdly to-day!"

"Oh, forgive me, Ernst!" said Elise, deeply affected, whilst she pressed his hand to her heart.

Accused be all disturbers of the peace in this world! Such a one entered at that moment, and undid that which would otherwise have bound them so closely to each other. It was a messenger from the Colonel's lady with a note, together with a book for the Judge, and two little bottles of select Eau de rose for Elise, "of which, I know," said the note, "she is very fond."

The Judge's cheek grew crimson as he read the note, which he did not show to his wife.

"An extremely polite and interesting person," said he, "I will immediately answer it."

"Ernst," said Elise, "should we not invite her to dinner to-morrow? I thought of something very nice, which is sure to succeed; then we go altogether to the concert, and afterwards she might sup with us."

"Now that is good a idea, and thank you for it, my dear Elise," said he, extremely pleased.

Yes, if the Colonel's lady had not been there,—if the Candidate had not been there,—and if there had been no *if* in the case, all might have gone on quite smoothly. But it was quite otherwise.

## CHAPTER IX.

### ONE SWALLOW MAKES NO SUMMER.

Too many chaotic elements had collected together in the family of the Franks, for one sun-gleam to dissipate. Even the married pair did not clearly understand their own actions.

The Judge, truly, was too much enchanted by his former beloved-one; and the beautiful Emelie did all that was in her power to enslave again her early adorer.

Judge Frank, who would have been as cold and proud as possible if he had been assailed by coarse and direct flattery, was yet by no means steeled against the refined and almost imperceptible flattery of Emelie, who, with all her peculiar gifts of soul and understanding, made herself subordinate to him, in order to be enlightened and instructed by him.

"An extraordinarily amiable and interesting lady," thought he still with greater animation, although he seldom asserted so much; and exactly in the proportion in which he found Emelie interesting, it was natural that he should find Elise less so, especially as he found in Emelie precisely those very qualities, the want of which he had so much regretted in his wife: namely, an interest in his activity as a citizen, and in general for the objects connected with which he occupied himself in the liveliest manner.

Elise, on her part, was neither calmer nor clearer as to the nature of her actions than her husband. The connexion between him and Emelie was painful to her; and she felt a sort of consolation from the devotion of Jacobi, even when it was beginning to assume that passionate character which made her seriously uneasy.

A letter, which she wrote to her sister about this time, exhibits her state of feeling:

It is long since I wrote to you, Cecilia—I hardly know why; I hardly know, indeed, my

own feelings—all is so unquiet, so undefined. I wish it were clear!

"Do you know she is very lovely, this old flame of my husband's, and very brilliant. I fancy I am jealous of her. Last evening I went out to a supper-party—the first for several years. I dressed myself with great care, for I wished to please Ernst, and had flowers in my hair. I was greatly satisfied with my appearance when I went. My husband was to come later. I found Emelie already there; she was beautiful, and looked most elegant. We were seated together; a looking-glass was before us, on which I threw stolen glances, and saw—a shadow! I thought at first it was some illusion, and looked again; but again it revealed unmercifully to me a pale ghost beside the beautiful and dazzling Emelie. 'It is all over, irremediably over,' thought I, 'with my youth and my bloom! But if my husband and children only can love me, I can then resign youth and beauty.'

"But again I felt compelled to look at the shadow in the glass, and grew quite melancholy. Emelie also cast glances at the mirror, and drew comparisons, but with feelings far different from mine. Then came Ernst, and I saw that he too made comparisons between us.

"He was, all this evening, very much occupied with Emelie. I felt unwell and weak; I longed so to support myself on his arm; but he did not come near me the whole time: perhaps he imagined I was out of humour—perhaps I looked so. Ah! I returned home before supper, and he remained. As I drove home through those deserted streets in the wretched hackney-coach, a sense of misery came over my heart such as I cannot describe; many a bitter thought was awoke within me, before which I trembled.

"At the door of my own home I met Jacobi; he had sat up for me, and wished to tell me something amusing about my children. He seemed to have foreboded my feelings this evening. My favourite fruit, which he had provided for me, should have refreshed me. His friendship and his devotion cheer me. There is something so beautiful in feeling one-self beloved.

"Every new emotion, every new connexion, among men, has its danger, its temptation; the most beautiful, the most noble, may have their dangerous tendency. O! how is this to be prevented without a separation?—how is the poison to be avoided without deadening the sting? O Cecilia! at this moment I need a friend; I need you, to whom I could turn, and from whom, in these disquieting circumstances, I in my weakness could derive light and strength. I am discontented with myself; I am discontented with — Ah! he alone it is who, if he would, could make all right!

"Oh, Cecilia, this is a mist-enveloped hour of my life!—does it announce day or night? My glance is dark; I see the path no longer! But I will resign myself into the hand of Him who said, 'let there be light.'

"Thank God, all is now better and clearer! In a few hours this day will be over;—I long for it!

"To-day we have a children's dance at our house. Emelie will be here also. There is not a good understanding between us two. She is too cold for me, too witty, and too — but I will do my best to be a good hostess; and when the

day is ended, I will look at my sleeping boy, and make myself happy over my children."

## CHAPTER X.

### THE END OF THE DAY.

EVENING came, and with it lights and guests. A strong, self-sacrificing amiability governed Elise's manner this evening. She was almost cordial towards Emelie; cared for the comfort of every one, played the piano for the children's dance, and appeared to exist only in order to serve others. The beautiful Emelie, on the contrary, thought of herself; was livelier and more brilliant than ever, and, as usual, assembled all the gentlemen around her; she turned her conversation from politics to literature, and then spoke of theatricals, characterizing, in the most animated and sarcastic manner, the dramatic manufactory of the Scribe-Melleville school.

"For the rest," added she, "the stage acts very prudently and sensibly in letting the curtain fall the moment the hero and heroine approach the altar; novels do the same, and that, also, with good reason, otherwise nobody would be able to read them."

"How so?" asked the Judge with great earnestness.

"Because," answered Emelie, "the illusion of life is extinguished on the other side of this golden moment, and reality steps forward then in all its heaviness and nakedness. Look at a young couple in the glowing morning of their union, how warm love is then; how it penetrates and beautifies every thing; how it glows and speaks in glance and word, and agreeable action; how its glory changes the whole of life into poetry! 'Thou, thou!' is the one thought of the young people then. But observe the same couple a few years later—'I, I!' and 'that which will give me pleasure,' is the one thought then. The adoring, all-resigning lover is then become the authoritative husband, according to whose law everybody must regulate themselves, and to whom everybody must attend. And the loving, all-sacrificing bride, she is become the unwieldy and care-burdened housewife, who talks of nothing but trouble, bad sausages, and negligent maid-servants. And what are *elle-à-elle* communications between these two? 'How, my dear! is the butter really used up already? Why, I gave you money only the other day for butter? You really must look better after things, and see what the cook does with the butter; I will not allow such extravagance in the house even if you will!' or 'Indeed, my love, I and the children must have new over-dresses. Little Peter's coat is worn out, and little Paul has grown out of his; and my old cloak cannot last to eternity!' People," continued the sarcastic Emelie, "may thank their stars, too, if out of such interesting communications as these no hateful quarrels arise; and if, in the happy repose of their homes, harmless yawnings have only taken place of the kisses which have left it. Contracted circumstances, the miserableness and difficulties of housekeeping, destroy the happiness of marriage, even as the worm destroys the flower, bringing bitterness and sourness into the temper; and though the married pair may continue to the very day of their death to address each other as 'My dear child,' yet, very often, *in petto*, it is

'My sour child.' Yet, after all, this is nothing, in fact, but what is perfectly natural; and, in this respect, marriage only follows the eternal law of nature in all earthly existence. Every form of life carries in itself decay and dissolution—a poisonous snake-king\* has forced itself to the root of the world."

Several of the listeners, and among them the Candidate, had laughed loudly at Emelie's descriptions; but the Judge had not once moved his lips, and replied, when she had done, with an earnestness that confounded even her satire.

"If all this were true, Emelie," said he, "then were life, even in its best point of view, good for nothing; and with justice might it indeed be called an illusion. But it is not so; and you have only described marriage in its lowest, and not either in its best or its truest sense. I do not deny the difficulties which exist in this, as in every other circumstance of life; but I am confident that they may and must be overcome; and this will be done if the married pair bring only right intentions into the house. Then may want and care, disturbing, nay even bitter hours may come, but they will also go; and the bonds of love and truth will be consolation, nay, even will give strength. You have spoken, Emelie, of death and separation as the end of the drama of life; you have forgotten the awaking again, and the second youth, of which the ancient Walat sings. Married life, like all life, has such a second youth; yes, indeed, a progressive one, because it has its foundation in the life which is eternal; and every contest won, every danger passed through, every pain endured, change themselves into blessing on home and on the married pair, who have thus obtained better knowledge, and who are thus more closely united."

He spoke with unusual warmth, and not without emotion, and his expressive glance sought and dwelt upon his wife, who had approached, unobserved, and who had listened to Emelie's bitter satire with stinging pain, because she knew that there was a degree of truth in it.

But as her husband spoke, she felt that he perceived the whole and full truth, and her heart beat freer and stronger, and all at once a clearness was in her soul. With her head bent forward, she gazed on him with a glance of tenderness and confidence, forgetting herself, and listening with fervour to every word which he uttered. In this very moment their eyes met, and there was much, inexpressibly much, in their glance; a clear crimson of delight flushed her cheek, and made her beautiful. The gentle happiness which now animated her being, together with her lovely figure, her graceful movements, and the purity of her brow, made her far more fascinating than her lovely rival. Her husband followed her with his eyes, as, kindly and attentively she busied herself among her guests, or with the little Gabriele in her arms, mingled in the children's dance, for which Evelina's foster daughters were playing a four-handed piece. He had suddenly cooled towards his "old flame," nor was he at all warmed again by the sharp tone with which the little caressing Petrea was reproved for being too obtrusive.

"Our Louise in time will dance very well," remarked the Judge to his wife, as he noticed

\*According to the Northern mythology, Nidhogg, the snake-king, lives in Nifheim, the nether world.

† A kind of Northern alibi or prophesy.

with great pleasure the little *glissades* and *chassés* of his daughter, whom Miss Gabriel Sternhök twirled round, and with whom he conversed with great gravity, and a certain knightly politeness.

In the meantime Mrs. Gunilla was instructing Emelie on the manners and character of the French; and Emelie, whose countenance since the discussion of the marriage question had worn a bitter expression, endeavoured with a tolerably sharp tone to make her superior information felt, and in return was mown down, as it were, at one stroke by Mrs. Gunilla, who—had never been in France.

The Candidate followed Elise everywhere with glances of devotion, and appeared this evening perfectly enchanted by her amiability.

"Fie, for shame!—to take all the confections to yourself!" moralized the little Louise to a young guest, a fat, quiet boy, who took the confections and the reproof with the same stoical indifference. Louise cast a look of high indignation upon him, and then gave her share of sweetmeats to a little girl, who complained she had none.

Supper same, and Emelie, whose eyes flashed unusual fire, seemed to wish fervently to win back that regard which she, perhaps, feared to have lost already, and with her playful and witty conversation electrified the whole company. Jacobi, who was excited in no ordinary manner, drank one glass of wine after another, talked and laughed very loud, and looked between whiles upon Elise with glances which expressed his sentiments in no doubtful manner. These glances were not the first of the kind which the quick eyes of Elise's rival observed.

"That young man," said she, in a low but significant whisper to the Judge, and with a glance on Jacobi, "seems to be very charming; he has really remarkably attractive talents—he is nearly related to Elise, of course."

"No," returned he, looking at her rather surprised; "but he has been for nearly three months a member of our family."

"Indeed!" said she, in purposely emphatic and grave manner; "I should have thought—but as for that," added she, in an evidently careless tone—"if Elise be really so kind and so amiable to everybody who is with her daily as she is to him, it must be very difficult not to love her."

The Judge felt the sting of the viper, and with a glance which flashed a noble indignation, he replied to his beautiful neighbour, "You are right, Emelie; I know no woman who deserves more love or esteem than she!"

Emelie bit her lip and grew pale; and she would assuredly have grown yet paler, could she only have understood the sentiment which she had awakened in the breast of her former admirer.

Ernst Frank had a keen sense of moral meanness, and in his estimation no intellectual power could compensate for it. He clearly understood her intentions and despised her for them. In his eyes, at this moment, she was hateful. In the mean time his composure was destroyed. He looked on Jacobi, and observed his glances and his feelings towards his wife; he looked on her, and saw that she was uneasy and avoided his eye.

A horrible spasmodic feeling thrilled through his soul; in order to conceal which he became more than usually animated, yet there was a

something bitter, a something keenly sarcastic in his words, which still, on account of the general gaiety, remained unobserved by most.

Never before was Assessor Munter so cheerful, so comically cross with all mankind. Mrs. Gunilla and he seemed quite desperate against each other. The company rose from the supper-table in full strife, and adjourned to the dancing-room.

"Music, in heaven's name! music!" exclaimed the Assessor, with a gesture of despair, and Elise and the Colonel's lady hastened to the piano. It was a pleasant thought, after the screaming of that rough voice had been heard, to play one of Blangini's beautiful night-pieces, which seem to have been inspired by the Italian heaven, and which awaken in the soul of the hearer a vision of those summer nights, with their flowery meadows, of their love, of their music, and of all their unspeakable delights.

"Un' eterna constanza in amor," were the words which, repeated several times with the most bewitching modulations, concluded the song.

"Un' eterna constanza in amor!" repeated the Candidate, softly and passionately pressing his hand to his heart, as he followed Elise to a window, whither she had gone to gather a rose for her rival. As Elise's hand touched the rose, the lips of Jacobi touched her hand.

Emelie sang another song, which delighted the company extremely; but Ernst Frank stood silent and gloomy the while. Words had been spoken this evening which aroused his slumbering perception; and after what he had just seen between Jacobi and his wife, he felt as if the earth were trembling under his feet, as if he literally gasped for breath. A tempest was aroused in his breast; and at the same moment turning his eyes, he encountered those of another person, which were riveted upon him with a questioning, penetrating expression. They were those of the Assessor. Such a glance as that from any other person had been poison to the temper of Frank, but from Jeremias Munter it operated quite otherwise; and as shortly afterwards he saw his friend writing something on a strip of paper, he went to him, and looking over his shoulder, read these words:

"Why regardest thou the mote in thy brother's eye, yet seest not the beam in thine own eye?"

"Is this meant for me?" asked he in a low but excited voice.

"Yes," was the direct reply.

The Judge took the paper, and concealed it in his breast.

He was pale and silent, and began to examine himself. The company broke up; he had promised Emelie to accompany her home; but now, while she, full of animation, jested with several gentlemen, and while the servant drew on her fur-shoes, he stood silent and cold beside her as a pillar of ice. Mrs. Gunilla and the Assessor quarreled till the last moment. Whilst all this was going on, Elise went quietly to Jacobi, who stood somewhat apart, and said to him in a low voice, "I wish to speak with you when they are all gone; I will wait for you in the parlour." Jacobi bowed; a burning crimson flashed to his cheek; the Judge threw a penetrating glance upon them, and passed his hand over his pale countenance.

"It gives me great pleasure," cried Mrs. Gunilla, speaking shrilly and staccato; "it gives

me great pleasure to see my fellow-creatures, and it gives me great pleasure if they will see me. If they are not always agreeable, why, I am not always agreeable myself! Heart's-dearest! in this world one must have patience one with another, and not be everlastingly requiring and demanding from others. For my part, I am satisfied with the world, and with my own fellow-creatures, as God has made them. I cannot endure that people should be perpetually blaming and criticising, and making sour faces, and cutting their jokes on every thing, and saying, 'I will not have this!' and 'I will not have that!' and 'I will not have it so! It is folly; it is unbearable; it is wearisome; it is stupid!' precisely as if they themselves only were endurable, agreeable, and clever! No, I have learned better manners than that. It is true that I have no genius, nor learning, nor talents, as so many people in our day lay claim to, but I have learned to govern myself."

During this moral lecture, and endeavouring all the time to overpower it, the Assessor exclaimed, "And can you derive the least pleasure from your horrible social life? No, that you cannot! What is social life, but a strift to get into the world in order to discover that the world is unbearable? but a scheming and labouring to get invited, to be offended and put out of sorts if not invited; and if invited, to complain of weariness and vexation? Thus people bring a mass of folks together, and wish them—at Jericho! and all this strift only to get poorer, more out of humour, more out of health; in one word, to get the exact position, *vis-à-vis*, of happiness! See there! Adieu, Adieu! When the ladies take leave, they never have done."

"There is not one single word of truth in all that you have said," was the last but laughing salutation of Mrs. Gunilla to the Assessor, as, accompanied by the Candidate, she left the door. The Judge, too, was gone; and Elise, left alone, betook herself to the parlour.

Suddenly quick steps were heard behind her—she thought "Jacobi!"—turned round and saw her husband; but never before had she seen him looking as then; there was an excitement, an agitation, in his countenance that terrified her. He threw his arm violently round her waist, riveted his eyes upon her with a glance that seemed as if it would penetrate into her inmost soul.

"Ernst, be calm!" whispered she, deeply moved by his state of mind, the cause of which she imagined. He seized her hand and pressed it to his forehead—it was damp and cold; the next moment he was gone.

We will now return to the Candidate.

Wine and love, and excited expectation, had so inflamed the imagination of the young man, that he hardly knew what he did—whether he walked, or whether he flew; and more than once, in descending the stairs, had he nearly precipitated Mrs. Gunilla, who exclaimed with kindness, but some little astonishment, "God preserve me! I cannot imagine, heart's-dearest, how either you or I walk to-night! See, now again, all's going mad! No, I thank you, I'll take care of myself. I think I can go safe by myself. I can hold by—"

"A thousand times pardon," interrupted the Candidate, whilst he pressed Mrs. Gunilla's arm tightly; "it is all my fault. But now we will go safely and magnificently; I was a little dizzy!"

"Dizzy!" repeated she. "Heart's-dearest, we should take care on that very account; one should take care of one's head as well as one's heart, or every thing will fare worse than it has now fared with us! He, he, he! But listen to me, my friend," said Mrs. Gunilla, suddenly becoming very grave: "I will tell you one thing, and that is—"

"Your Honour, pardon me," interrupted he, "but I think—I feel rather unwell—I—there, now we are at your door! Pardon me!" and the Candidate tumbled upstairs again.

In the hall of the Franks' dwelling, he drew breath. The thought of the mysterious meeting with Elise filled him at the same time with joy and uneasiness. He could not collect his bewildered thoughts, and with a wildly-beating heart went into the room where Elise awaited him.

As soon as he saw her white lovely figure standing in the magical lamplight, his soul became intoxicated, and he was just about to throw himself at her feet, when Elise, hastily and with dignity, drew back a few paces.

"Listen to me, Jacobi," said she, with trembling but earnest voice.

"Listen to you!" said he, passionately—"Oh, that I might listen to you for ever!—Oh, that I—"

"Silence!" interrupted Elise, with a severity very unusual to her; "not one word more of this kind, or our conversation is at an end, and we are separated for ever!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Jacobi, "what have—"

"I beseech you, listen to me!" continued Elise; "tell me, Jacobi, have I given you occasion to think thus lightly of me?"

Jacobi started. "What a question!" said he, stammering and pale.

"Nevertheless," continued Elise, with emotion, "I must have done so; your behaviour to me this evening has proved it. Could you think, Jacobi, that I, a wife, the mother of many children, could permit the sentiment which you have been so thoughtless as to avow this evening? could you imagine that it would not occasion me great uneasiness and pain? Indeed, it is so, Jacobi; I fear that you have gone sadly wrong; and if I myself, through any want of circumspection in my conduct, have assisted thereto, may God forgive me! You have punished me for it, Jacobi—have punished me for the regard I have felt and shown to you; and if I now must break a connexion, which I hoped would gladden my life, it is your own fault. Only one more such glance—one more such declaration, as you have made this evening, and you must remove from this house."

The crimson of shame and indignation burned on Jacobi's cheek. "In truth," said he, "I have not deserved such severity."

"Ah! examine yourself, Jacobi," said she, "and you will judge yourself more severely than I have done. You say you love me, Jacobi, and you do not dread to destroy the peace and happiness of my life. Already, perhaps, are poisonous tongues in activity against me. I have seen this evening glances directed upon me and upon you, which were not mild; and thoughts and feelings are awakened in my husband's soul, which never ought to have been awakened there. You have disturbed the peace of a house, into which you were received with friendship and confidence. But I, know," continued she, mildly,

"at you have not intended anything criminal; no bad intentions have guided your behaviour; folly only has led you to treat so lightly that relationship which is the holiest on earth. You have not reflected seriously enough on your life, or your duty and your situation, in this family."

Jacobi covered his face with his hands, and a strong emotion agitated him.

"And Ernst," again began Elise, with warmth and yet greater feeling, "what an excellent husband he is—scarcely has he his equal—Jacobi, the saviour of my child—my young friend! I would not have spoken thus to you if I had not had great faith on your better—your nobler self; if I had not hoped to have won a friend in you—a friend for my whole life, for myself and Ernst. Oh, Jacobi, listen to my prayer! you are thrown among people who are willing from their very hearts to be your friends! Act so that we may love and highly esteem you; and do not change into grief that hearty good will which we both feel for you! Combat against, nay, banish from your heart, every foolish sentiment which you, for a moment, have cherished for me. Consider me as a sister—as a mother!—Yes," continued she, pausing over this word, and half prophetically, "perhaps you may even yet call me mother; and if you will show me love and faith, Jacobi, as you have said, I will accept it—from my son! O, Jacobi! if you would deserve my blessing, and my eternal gratitude, be a faithful friend, a good instructor of my boy, my Henrik! Your talents as a teacher are of no common kind. Your heart is good—your understanding is capable of the noblest cultivation—your path is open before you to all that makes man most estimable and most amiable. Oh! turn not away from it, Jacobi—tread this path with Ernst—"

"Say not another word!" exclaimed Jacobi. "Oh, I see all! forgive me, angelic Elise! I will do all, everything, in order to deserve your esteem and friendship. You have penetrated my heart—you have changed it. I shall become a better man. But tell me that you forgive me—that you can be my friend, and that you will!"

Jacobi, in the height of his excitement, had thrown himself on his knee before her; Elise also was deeply affected; tears streamed from her eyes, while she extended her hand to him, and bending over him said, from the very depths of her heart, "Your friend for ever!"

Calmly, and with cheerful countenances, both raised themselves; but an involuntary shudder passed through her as she saw her husband standing in the room, with a pale and stern countenance.

Jacobi went towards him: "Judge Frank," said he, with a firm but humble voice, "you behold here a—"

"Silence, Jacobi!" interrupted Elise, quickly; "you need not blush on account of your bended knee, nor is any explanation needful. It is not, is it, Ernst?" continued she, with the undaunted freshness of innocence: "you desire no explanation; you believe me when I say, that Jacobi now, more than ever, deserves your friendship. A bond is formed between us three, which, as I hope, nothing will disturb, and no poisonous tongue censure. You believe me, Ernst?"

"Yes," said he, giving her his hand; "if I could not, then—" he did not finish the sentence, but fixed his eyes with a stern expression immovably on her. "I will speak with you," said he, after a moment, and in a calmer voice. "Good night, Mr. Jacobi."

Jacobi bowed, withdrew a few steps, and then returned: "Judge Frank," said he, in a voice which showed the excitement of his feelings, "give me your hand; I will deserve your friendship."

The outstretched hand was grasped firmly and powerfully, and Jacobi left the room in haste.

"Come here, Elise," said the Judge with warmth, leading his wife to the sofa, and enclosing her in his arms. "Speak to me! Tell me, has anything in my behaviour of late turned your heart from me?"

Elise's head sunk upon the breast of her husband, and she was silent. "Ah, Ernst!" said she at length, with a painful sigh, "I also am dissatisfied with myself. But," added she, more cheerfully, "when I lean myself on you thus, when I hear your heart beating, and know what is within that heart, then, Ernst, I feel how I love—how I believe on you! Then I reproach myself with being so weak, so unthankful, so ready to take offence! Oh, Ernst! love me, look on me always as now, then life will be bright to me; then shall I have strength to overcome all—even my own weakness; then I shall feel that only a cloud, only a shadow of mist, and no reality can come between us. But now all is vanished; now I can lay open to you all the innermost loopholes of my heart—can tell you all my weaknesses—"

"Be still, be still now," said the Judge, with a bright and affectionate look, and laying his hand on her mouth. "I have more failings than you; but I am awake now. Weep not, Elise; let me kiss away your tears! Do you not feel, as I do now, that all is right? Do we not believe in the Eternal Good, and do we not believe in each other? Let us forgive and forget, and have peace together. Some time, when the error of this time has in some measure passed from our remembrance, we will talk it over, and wonder how it ever came between us. Now, all is so bright between us, and we both of us see our way clearly. Our errors will serve us for warnings. Wherefore do we live in the world, unless to become better? Look at me, Elise. Are you friendly towards me? Can you have confidence in me?"

"I can! I have!" said she; "there is not a grain of dust any longer between us."

"Then we are one!" said he, with a joyful voice. "Let us, then, in God's name, go thus together through life. What he has united, let no man, no accident, nothing in this world, separate!"

Night came; but light had arisen in the breast both of husband and wife.

The fruit of disunion is commonly thorns and thistles, but it may likewise bear seed for the granary of heaven.

## CHAPTER XI.

### JACOBI.

WHEN Jacobi entered his room, he found a letter lying on the table near his bed. He recognised the handwriting as that of Judge Frank, and quickly opened it. A bank-note, of considerable value, fell out; and the letter contained the following words:

"You are indebted to several persons in the city, Jacobi, with whom I wish, for your own sake, that you should have as little to do as

possible. Within, you will find the means of satisfying their demands. Receive it as from a paternal friend, who sincerely wishes you to regard him as such, and who embraces with pleasure an opportunity of making an acknowledgment to the friend and instructor of his children. To the preserver of my child I shall always remain indebted; but should you desire anything, or need anything, do not apply to any other than

"Your friend,  
"E. FRANK."

"He! and he, too!" exclaimed Jacobi, deeply agitated. "O, the kind, noble, excellent man! And I—I shall, I will become worthy of him! From this day forward I am another person!"

He pressed the letter to his breast, and looked up to the star-lighted heaven with silent but fervent vows.

## CHAPTER XII.

### TIME GOES.

LIFE has its moments of strength and bloom; its bright moments of inspiration, in which the human artist, the painter of earthly life, seizes on, and utters what is purest, most beautiful and divine. If, in our human life, we acted only then; if then all sacrifices were made, all victories won, there would be but little difficulty in life. But the difficult part is to preserve, through a long course of years, the flame which has been kindled by inspiration only; to preserve it while the storms come and go, while the everlasting dust-rain of the moment falls and falls; to preserve it still and uniform, amid the unvarying changing of unvaried days and nights. To do this, strength from above is required; repeated draughts from the fountain of inspiration, both for the great and the small—for all labourers on earth.

It was the good fortune of Ernst and Elise that they knew this; and knew, also, how to make it available to them. On this account they succeeded more and more in conquering their natural failings; on this account they came nearer to each other by every little step, which in itself is so unobservable, but which yet, at the same time, twines so firmly and lovingly together the human heart and life, and which may be contained in the rubric—*regard for mutual inclinations, regard for mutual interests.*

Through this new-born intimacy of heart, this strengthening and pure affection, Elise assumed a secure and noble standing with regard to Jacobi. Her heart was vanquished by no weakness, even when she saw suffering expressed in his youthful countenance; nay, she remained firm, even when she saw that his health was giving way, and only besought her husband to name an earlier day for his and Henrik's departure, in which her husband's wish accorded with her own. She found him now by her side like a good angel, gentle, yet strong. No wonder was it, therefore, that, to try him, Elise went forward successfully; no wonder was it, therefore, that from the firm conduct of her husband, and from the contemplation of the good under-

standing which existed between them, the whispered blame, which had already begun to get abroad at their expense, died of itself, like a flame wanting nourishment.

Of Judge Frank's "old flame," which Elise had feared so much, we must relate how that she found herself so wounded, and so cooled likewise, by the ice-cold behaviour of her former adorer, that she quickly left the city, having abandoned all thoughts of settling there.

"Life there, would be too uniform for me, would possess too little interest," said she, yawning, to the Judge, who was warmly counselling her return either to France or Italy.

"In our good North we must find that which can give interest and enjoyment to life in ourselves and our own means,—from our families, from our own breasts."

"She is extremely beautiful and interesting," said Elise, with a kindly feeling towards her when she was gone. The Judge made no reply, nor was he ever heard to speak again of this his former beloved one.

Days went by. The Judge had much to do. Elise occupied herself with her little girls, and the Candidate with Henrik and his own studies.

The children grew like asparagus in June, and their father rejoiced over them. "Little Louise will grow over all our heads," prophesied he many a time; and when he heard Eva's playing "Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre," on the piano, his musical sense awoke, and he would observe to his wife, "Has not Eva already a great deal of feeling in music?"

The evenings, on which all the members of the family assembled, assumed constantly a livelier and more comfortable character for every one; often they played and danced with the children.

The children! What a world of pleasure and pain do they not bring with them into a house! of a truth all is not of as rosy a hue as their cheeks. Elise discovered that in her children which was not always exactly good. "Do to others what thou wouldst that they should do to thee." "Patience is a good root." "You do not see that your father and mother do so and so." The standing, customary speeches which have gone through the world from the time when "Adam delved and Eve span," down to the present day, and which to the very end of time will be ever in use,—together with assurances to the children, whenever they were punished, that all this was done for their benefit, and that the time would come when they would be thankful for it—which the children very seldom, if ever, believe—this citizen-of-the-world patriarchal household-fare, which was dealt out in the family of the Franks, as in every other worthy family,—did not always produce its proper effect.

Perhaps Elise troubled herself too much sometimes about the perpetual recurrence of the same fault,—perhaps she calculated too little on the invisible but sun-like and powerful influence of paternal love on her little human plants. True it is that she had great anxiety on their account, and that the development and future prospects of her daughters awoke much disquiet and trouble in her mind.

One day when such thoughts had troubled her more than usual, she felt the necessity of a pru-

dent and, in this respect, experienced female friend, to whom she could open her mind.

"Ernst," said she to her husband, as he prepared himself to go out immediately after dinner, "I shall go below for a few minutes to Evelina, but I will be back again by the time you return."

"Don't trouble yourself about that, Elise," said he; "remain as long as you like, I'll fetch you. Take my arm, and let us go down together, that I may see exactly whence I must fetch you."

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### A LITTLE EDUCATION AND COFFEE COMMITTEE.

As Elise entered Evelina's room, Pyrrhus sprang, barking, towards her, and wagging his tail. Mrs. Gunilla was there, and she and the hostess emulated each other in welcoming their friend.

"Nay! best-beloved, that is charming!" exclaimed Mrs. Gunilla, embracing Elise cordially. "Now, how does the little lady!—some-what pale!—some-what out of spirits, I fancy! I will tell you confidentially that we shall presently get some magnificent coffee, which will cheer her up."

Evelina took Elise's hand, and looked kindly and sympathizing at her with her calm, sensible eyes. Pyrrhus touched her foot gently with his nose, in order to call her attention, and then seating himself on his hind-legs before her, began growling, which was his mode of expressing his sympathy also. Elise laughed, and she and Mrs. Gunilla vied with each other in caressing the little animal.

"Ah, let me sit down here and chat with you, where every thing seems so kind," said Elise, in reply to Evelina's glance, which spoke such a kind 'how do you do!' "Let me sit with you here where all is so quiet and so comfortable. I do not know how you manage, Evelina, but it seems to me as if the air in your room were clearer than elsewhere; whenever I come to you it seems to me as if I entered a little temple of peace."

"Yes, and so it seems to me," said Mrs. Gunilla.

"Yes, thank God," said Evelina, smiling, but with tears in her eyes; "here is peace!"

"And at our little lady's, the young folks raise dust sometimes in the temper, as well as in the rooms," said Mrs. Gunilla, with facetiousness. "Well, well," added she, by way of consolation, "every thing has its time, and all dust will in time lay itself, only have patience."

"Ah, teach me that best thing, Aunt," said Elise, "for I am come here precisely with the hope of gaining some wisdom—I need it so much. But where are your daughters to-day, Evelina?"

"They are gone to-day to one of their friends," replied she, "to a little festival, which they have long anticipated with pleasure; and I also expect to have my share, from their relation of it to me."

"Ah! teach me, Evelina," said Elise, "how I can make my daughters as amiable, as good, and as happy, as your Laura and Karie. I confess that it is the anxiety for the bringing up of

my daughters which ever makes me uneasy, and which lies so heavy on my heart this very day. I distrust my own ability—my own knowledge, rightly to form their minds—rightly to unfold them."

"Ah, education, education!" said Mrs. Gunilla angrily; "people are everlastingly crying out now for education. One never can hear any thing now but about education. In my youth I never heard talk of education; nevertheless, a man was a man in those days for all that. But now, ever since *le tiers état* have pushed themselves so much forward, have made so much of themselves, and have esteemed themselves as something exclusive in the world with their education—now the whole world cries out, 'educate! educate!' Yes, indeed, they even tell us now that we should educate the maid-servants. I pray God to dispense with my living in the time when maid-servants are educated; I should have to wait on myself then, instead of their waiting on me. Yes, yes! things are going on towards that point at a pretty pace, that I can promise you! Already they read Frithiof and Axel; and before one is aware, one shall hear them talk of 'husband and wife,' and 'wife and husband,' and that they fancy themselves 'to be vines, which must wither if they are not supported,' and of 'sacrifices,' and other such affecting things, until they become quite incapable of cleaning a room, or scouring a kettle. Yes, indeed, there would be a pretty management in the world with all their education! It is a frenzy, a madness, with this education. It is horrible!"

The longer Mrs. Gunilla talked on this subject, the more excited she became.

Elise and Evelina laughed heartily, and then declared that they themselves, as belonging to the *tiers-état*, must take education, nay, even the education of maid-servants, under their protection.

"Ah," said Mrs. Gunilla, impatiently, "you make all so artistical and entangled with your education; and you cram the heads of children full of such a many things, that they never get them quite straight all the days of their life. In my youth, people learned to speak 'the language,' as the French was then called, just sufficient to explain a motto; enough of drawing to copy a pattern, and music enough to play a *contre danse* if it were wanted; but they did not learn, as now, to gabble about every thing in the world; but they turned to think, and if they knew less of art and splendour, why, they had the art to direct themselves, and to keep the world in peace!"

"But, your honour," said Evelina, "education in its true meaning, as it is understood in our time, teaches us to take a clearer view of ourselves and of the world at large, so that we may more correctly understand our own allotted station, estimate more properly that of others, and, in consequence, that every 'one may be fitted for his own station, and contented therewith.'"

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Gunilla, "all that may be very good, but —" But just then coffee came in, with biscuits and gingerbread, which made an important diversion in the entertainment, which took a livelier character. Mrs.

Gunilla imparted to Elise a variety of good counsel in the education of children. She recommended a certain *Orbis Pictus*, which she herself had studied when a child, and which began with the words, "Come here, boy, and learn wisdom from my mouth," and in which one could see clearly how the soul was fashioned, and how it looked. It looked like a pancake spread out on a table round and smooth, with all the five senses properly numbered. Mrs. Gunilla assured Elise, that if her children paid attention to this picture, it would certainly unravel and fashion their ideas of the human soul. Furthermore, she proposed the same educational course as had been used with such distinguished success upon her deceased father, and which consisted in every boy being combed with a fine comb every Saturday, and well whipt, whilst an ounce of English salt was allowed to each, in order to drive the bad spirits out of him. Beyond this they had, too, on the same day, a diet of bread and beer, in which was a dumpling called "Grammatica," so that the boys might be strengthened for the learning of the following week.

During all the merriment which these anecdotes occasioned, the Judge came in: delighted with the merriment, and delighted with his wife, he seated himself beside her, quite covetous of an hour's gossip with the ladies. Mrs. Gunilla served him up the human soul in the *Orbis Pictus*, and Elise instigated her still further to the relation of the purification of the boys. The Judge laughed at both from the bottom of his heart, and then the conversation turned again on the hard and disputable ground of education; all conceding, by general consent, the insufficiency of rules and methods to make it available.

Evelina laid great stress on the self-instruction of the teacher. "In the degree," said she, "in which man develops in himself goodness, wisdom, and ability, he succeeds commonly in calling out these in children."

All the little committee, without exception, gave their most lively approval; and Elise felt herself quite refreshed, quite strengthened by the words which showed her so clearly the path to her great object. She turned now, therefore, the conversation to Evelina's own history and development. It was well known that her path through life had been an unusual one, and one of independence, and Elise wished now to know how she had attained to that serenity and refreshing quiet which characterised her whole being. Evelina blushed, and wished to turn the conversation from herself; but as the Judge, with his earnest, cordiality, united in the wish of his wife and Mrs. Gunilla, that Evelina would relate to them some passages in the history of her life, she acceded, remarking only that what she had to relate was in no way extraordinary; and then, after she had bethought herself for a moment, she began—addressing herself more especially to Elise—the narrative, which we will here designate

#### EVELINA'S HISTORY.

Have you ever been conscious, while listening to a beautiful piece of music, of a deep necessity, an indescribable longing, to find in your own life a harmony like that which you perceive

in the tone!—if so, you have then an idea of the suffering and the release of my soul. I was yet a little child when, for the first time, I was seized upon by this longing without at that time comprehending it. There was a little concert in the house of my parents: the harp, piano, horn, and clarionette, were played by four distinguished artists. In one part of the symphony the instruments united in an indescribably sweet and joyous melody, in the feeling of which my childish soul was seized upon by a strong delight, and at the same time by a deep melancholy. It seemed to me as if I had then an understanding of heaven, and I burst into tears. Ah! the meaning of these I have learned since then. Many such, and many far more painful, tears of longing, have fallen upon the dark web of my life.

To what shall I compare the picture of my youthful years? All that it, and many other such family pictures exhibit, is unclear, indefinite—in one word, blotted. It resembles a dull autumn sky, with its gray, shapeless, intermingling cloud-masses; full of feature without precision, of contour without meaning, of shadow without depth, of light without clearness, which so essentially distinguish the work of a bungler from that of a true master.

My family belonged to the middle classes, and we were especially well content to belong to this noble class; and as we lived from our rents, and had no rank in the state, we called ourselves, not without some self-satisfaction, people of rank. We exhibited a certain genteel indifference towards the *haute volée* in the citizen society, not only in words, but sometimes also in action; yet, nevertheless, in secret we were highly flattered or wounded by all those who came in contact with us from this circle; and not unfrequently too the family conversation turned, quite accidentally as it were, on the subject of its being ennobled on the plea of the important service which our father could render to the state in the House of Knights; and in the hearts of us young girls it excited a great pleasure when we were addressed as "my lady:" farther than this, however, our ambition did not ascend.

The daughters of the house were taught that all pomp and pleasure of this world was only vanity, that nothing was important and worth striving after but virtue and unblemished worth; yet for all this, it so happened that the most lively interests and endeavours, and the warmest wishes of the hearts of all, were directed to wealth, rank, and worldly fortune of every kind. The daughters were taught that in all things the will of God must alone direct them; yet in every instance they were guided by the fear of man. They were taught that beauty was nothing, and of no value; yet they were often compelled to feel, and that painfully, in the paternal house, that they were not handsome. They were allowed to cultivate some talents, and acquire some knowledge, but God forbid that they should ever become learned women; on which account they learned nothing thoroughly, though in many instances they pretended to knowledge, without possessing anything of its spirit, its nourishing strength, or esteem-inspiring earnestness. But above all things they learned, and this only more and more profoundly the more their years in

ceased, that marriage was the goal of their being; and in consequence whereof (though this was never inculcated in words,) to esteem the favour of man as the highest happiness, denying all the time that they thought so.

We were three sisters. As children, it was deeply impressed upon us that we must love one another; but in consequence of partiality on the side of our teachers, in consequence of praise and blame, rewards and punishments, which magnified little trifles into importance, envy and bitterness were early sown among the sisters. It was said of my eldest sister and myself, that we were greatly attached to each other; that we could not live asunder. We were given as examples of sisterly love; and from constantly hearing all this, we at last came to believe it. We were compared to the carriage horses of the family; and as we always, of our own accord, seated ourselves every day after dinner on each side of our good father, we were caressed by him, and called his carriage horses. Yet, in fact, we did not pull together. My sister was more richly endowed by nature than I, and won favour more easily. Never did I envy human being as I envied her, until in later years, and under altered circumstances, I learned to love her rightly, and to rejoice over her advantages.

We were not very rich, and we cast a philosophically compassionate glance upon all who were richer than we, who lived in a more liberal manner, had more splendid equipages, or who dressed themselves more elegantly. "What folly—what pitiable vanity!" said we; "poor people, who know nothing better!" We never thought that our philosophy was somewhat akin to the fox and the grapes.

If we looked in this manner upon the advantages of the great, we despised still more the pleasures of the crowd (we ought to find enough in ourselves—ah! alas!); and if even a theatrical piece was much talked of and visited, we had a kind of pride in saying, with perfect indifference, that we never had seen it; and whenever there was a popular festival, and the crowd went toward Huga or the Park, it was quite as certain that our caleche—if it were out at all—would drive on the road to Sabbatsburgh, or in some other direction equally deserted at the time; for all which, we prided ourselves on our philosophy. Yet in our hearts we really never were happy.

The daughters came out into society. The parents wished to see them loved and wooed; the daughters wished it no less—but they were not handsome—were dressed without any pretension. The parents saw very little company; and the daughters remained sitting at balls, and were nearly unobserved at suppers. Yet from year to year they slid on with the stream.

The daughters approached to ripened youth. The parents wished them married; they wished it likewise, which was only natural, especially as at home they were not happy; and it must be confessed that neither did they themselves do much to make it pleasant there. They were peevish and discontented—no one knew exactly what to do, or what she wanted; they groped about as if in a mist.

It is customary to hear unmarried ladies say that they are satisfied with their condition, and do not desire to change it. In this pretension

there lies more truth than people in general believe, particularly when the lively feelings of early youth are past. I have often found it so; and above all, whatever the woman, either in one way or another, has created for herself an independent sphere of action, or has found in a comfortable home that freedom, and has enjoyed that pure happiness of life, which true friendship, true education, can give.

A young lady of my acquaintance made what was with justice called a great marriage, although love played but a subordinate part. As some one felicitated her on her happiness, she replied, quite calmly, "O yes! it is very excellent to possess something of one's own." People smiled at her for her thus lightly esteeming, what was universally esteemed so great a good fortune; but her simple words, nevertheless, contain a great and universal truth. It is this "one's own," in the world, and in his sphere of action, which every man unavoidably requires if he would develop his own being, and win for himself independence and happiness, self-esteem, and the esteem of others. Even the nun has her cell, where she can prepare herself in peace for heaven, and in which she possesses her true home. But in social life, the unmarried woman has often not even a little cell which she can call her own; she goes like a cloud of mist through life, and finds firm footing nowhere. Hence, therefore, are there often marriages which ought never to have taken place, and that deep longing after that deep quiet of the grave, which is experienced by so many. But there is no necessity for this, and in times, in which the middle classes are so much more enlightened, it becomes still less so; we need, indeed, only contemplate the mass of people who strive for a subsistence, the crowds of neglected and uncared-for children that grow up in the world, in order to see that whatever is one-sided in the view of the destination of woman vanishes more and more, and opens to her a freer sphere of action.

But I return to the pros and cons of my own life, one feature of which I must particularly mention. If young ladies of our acquaintance connected themselves by marriage with men who were rather above than below them in property and station, we considered it, without exception, reasonable and estimable. But if a man whose connexions and prospects were similar to our own, walked towards our house for a wife, we considered it great audacity, and treated it accordingly. We were secretly looking out for genteeler and richer individuals than we. N. B. This *looking-out* in the great world is a very useful thing, both for gentlemen and ladies, although anybody who would be *naïve* enough to acknowledge as much, would not be greatly in favour either with those who looked-out, or those who did not.

In the mean time, a spirit, full of living energy was developed within me, which woke me to a sense of its after-existence—to a sense of the enslaving contradictions in which it moved, and to the strong desire to free itself from them. As yet, however, I did not understand what I was to do with my restless spirit. By contemplation, however, of noble works of art, it appeared to me that the enigma of my inner self was solved. When I observed the antique vestal, so calm, so assured, and yet so gentle—

when I saw how she stood, self-possessed, firm, and serene—I had a foretaste of the life which I needed, and sought after, both outwardly and inwardly, and I wept tears of melancholy longing.

Tortured by the distorted circumstances (many of which I have not mentioned) under which I moved in my own family, I began, as years advanced, to come in connexion with the world in a manner which, for a temper like mine, was particularly dangerous.

We have heard of the daughters of the Hausgiebel family, who grew old yawning over the spinning-wheel and the weaving-stool; but, better a thousand times, to grow old over the spinning-wheel and the ashes of the cooking-stove, than to become gray with artificial flowers—oh, how artificial!—in the hair, on the benches of the ballroom, or the seat of the supper-room, smiling over the world, which smiles over us no longer. This was the case with me.

There are mild, unpretending beings, who bow themselves quietly under the yoke which they cannot break; move, year after year, through the social circle, without any other object than to fill a place there—to ornament or to disfigure a wall. Peace to such patient souls! There, too, are joyous, fresh, ever youthful natures, who, even to old age, and under all circumstances, bring with them cheerfulness and sow life into every circle in which they move. These belong to social life, and are its blessings. Many persons—and it is beautiful that it should be so—are of this description. I, however, belonged neither to the joyous and enlivening, nor yet to the patient and unpretending. On this account I began to shun social life, which occasioned in me, still more and more, a mortal weariness; yet, nevertheless, I was driven into it, to avoid the disquiet and discomfort which I experienced at home. I was a labourer who concealed his desire for labour, who had buried his talent in the earth, as was the hereditary custom of the circle in which I lived.

The flower yields odour and delight to man, it nourishes the insect with its sap; the dew-drop gives strength to the leaf on which it falls. In the relationships in which I lived, I was less than the flower or the dew-drop; a being endowed with power and with an immortal soul! But I awoke at the right time to a consciousness of my position. I say at the right time, because there may be a time when it is too late. There is a time when, under the weight of long, wearisome years, the human soul has become inflexible, and has no longer the power to raise itself from the slough into which it has sunk.

I felt how I was deteriorating; I felt clearly how the unemployed and uninterested life which I led, nourished, day after day, new weeds in the waste field of my soul. Curiosity, a desire for gossip, an inclination to malice and scandal, and an increasing irritability of temper, began to get possession of a mind which nature had endowed with too great a desire for action for it blamelessly to vegetate through a passive life, as so many can. Ah! if people live without an object, they stand, as it were, on the outside of active life, which gives strength to the inward occupation, even if no noble endeavour, or sweet friendship, give that claim to daily life which makes it occasionally, at least, a joy to live;

disquiet rages fiercely and tumultuously in the human breast, undermining health, temper, goodness, nay, even the quiet of conscience, and conjuring up all the spirits of darkness: so does the corroding rust eat into the steel-plate, and deface its clear mirror with a tracery of disordered caricatures.

I once read these words of that many-sided thinker, Steffan: "He who has no employment to which he gives himself with true earnestness, which he does not love as much as himself, has not discovered the true ground on which Christianity brings forth fruit. Such an occupation becomes a quiet and consecrated temple in all hours of affliction, in which the Saviour pours out his blessing; it unites us with other men, so that we can sympathize in their feelings, and makes our actions and our wills administer to their wants; it teaches us to know our own circumscribed condition, and rightly to weigh the worth of others. It is the true, firm, and fruit-bearing ground of real Christianity."

These words came like a breath of air on glowing sparks. A light was kindled in my soul, and I knew now what I wanted, and what I ought to do. After I had well considered all this with myself, I spoke with my parents, and opened my whole heart to them. They were surprised, opposed me, and besought me to think better of it. I had foreseen this; but as I adhered firmly and decidedly to my wishes, they surprised me by their kindness.

I was very fond of children; my plan was, therefore, to begin housekeeping for myself, and to undertake some work or occupation which should, by degrees, enable me to take two or three children, for whom I would provide, whom I would educate, and altogether adopt as my own. I was well persuaded that I needed many of the qualifications which make a good teacher; but I hoped that that new fountain of activity would, as it were, give to my whole being a new birth. My good-will, my affection for children would, I believed, be helpful to make me a good guide to them; and thus, though I could not become a wife, I might yet enjoy the blessing of a mother.

"And why could you not—why could you not?" interrupted Elise.

"People say," returned Evelina, smiling, "that you had to make your selection of a husband from many adorers; you cannot then understand a case in which there should not even be one choice. But truly, indeed, that was my case. But do not look at me so amazed—don't look at me as if I were guilty of high treason. The truth is, that I never had an opportunity to say either yes or no to a lover. With my sisters, who were much more agreeable, and much more attractive than I, it was otherwise.

But now I must return to that moment of my life when I released myself from every-day paths—but, thank God! not with violence, not amid discontent; but with the blessing of those who had given me life, for which I now, for the first time, blessed them.

Touched by my steadfastness of purpose, and by the true good-will which they had perceived in me, my parents determined to bestow upon my desired domestic establishment the sum of money which they had put aside for my dowry, in case I married. Indeed, their and my sis-

ters' kindness made them find pleasure in arranging all for me in the best and most comfortable manner; and when I left the paternal roof, it was with tears of real pain. Yet I had too clearly studied my own character and position to be undecided.

It was a day in April, my thirtieth birthday, when, accompanied by my own family, I went to take possession of my new, small, but pretty dwelling. Two young father-and-motherless girls, not quite without means, followed me to my new habitation. They were to become my children, I their mother.

I never shall forget the first morning of my waking in my new abode. At this very moment it is as if I saw how the day dawned in the chamber; how all the objects gradually assumed, as it seemed to me, an unaccustomed definiteness. From the near church ascended the morning hymn with its pleasant serious melody, which attuned the soul to harmonious peace. I rose early; I had to care for house and children. All was cheerful and festival-like in my soul; a sweet emotion penetrated me, like the enlivening breeze of spring. I saw the snow melt from the roofs and fall down in shining drops, yet never had I seen the morning light in them so clear as now. I saw the sparrows on the edge of the chimneys twittering to greet the morning sun. I saw without, people going joyfully about their employments: I saw the milk-woman going from door to door, and she seemed to me cheerfuller than any milk-woman I had ever seen before; and the milk seemed to me whiter and purer than common. It seemed to me as if I now saw the world for the first time. I fancied even myself to be altered as I looked in the glass; my eyes appeared to me larger; my whole appearance to have become better, and more important. In the chamber near me, the children awoke—the little immortals whom I was to conduct to eternal life. Yes, indeed, this was a beautiful morning! In it the world first beamed upon me, and at the same time my own inner world, and I became of worth and consequence in my own estimation.

The active yet quiet life which I had from this time forth, suited me perfectly well. From this time I became happily more and more in harmony with myself. The day was often wearisome, but then the evening rest was the sweeter, and the thought that I had passed a useful day refreshed my soul. The children gave me many griefs, many troubles; but they gave likewise an interest to my life, and happiness to my heart, and all the while, in pleasure and want, in joy and sorrow, they became dearer and dearer to me. I cannot imagine that children can be dearer to their own mother than Laura and Karie are to me.

In this new position I also became a better daughter, a more tender sister than I had hitherto been; and I could now cheer the old age of my parents far more than if I had remained an inactive and superfluous person in their house. Now for the first time I had advantage of all that was good in my education. Amid lively activity, and with a distinct object in life, my being lost by degrees what was vain and false; and the knowledge which I had obtained, the truths which I had known, were productive in heart and deed since I had, so to say, struck root in life.

Evelina ceased. All had heard her with sympathy, but no one more than Ernst Frank. A new picture of life was opened to his view, and the truest sympathy expressed itself on his manly features. He felt in this picture a contracted world in a depressed and insecure condition, and his thoughts already busied themselves how best to let in warmth and light and cheerfulness.

"Ah, yes!" said Mrs. Gunilla, with a gentle sigh, "everybody here in this world has their difficult path, but if every one walks in the fear and admonition of the Lord, all arrive in the end at their home. Our Lord God helps us all!" And Mrs. Gunilla took a large pinch of snuff.

"Don't forget the *Orbis Pictus*," exclaimed she to Elise, who with her husband was preparing to go; "don't forget it, and let the children be educated from it, that they may observe how the soul looks. He! he! he!"

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE ORPHAN.

THE day was declining, and Ernst and Elise sat in one of the windows of the best parlour. Mutual communications, received with mutual sympathy, had made them have joy in each other—had let them feel at peace with life. They were now silent; but a presentiment that for the future they should be ever happier with each other, like an harmonious tone, responded in their hearts, and brightened their countenances. In the meantime, the shadows of evening began to grow broader and a soft rain pattered on the window. The sonorous voice of the Candidate, as he told stories to the children, interrupted occasionally by their questions and exclamations, was heard in the saloon. A feeling of home-peace came over the heart of the father; he took the hand of his wife affectionately between his, and looked joyfully into her gentle countenance, while she was projecting little domestic arrangements. In the midst of this sense of happiness a cloud suddenly passed over the countenance of the Judge, and tears filled his eyes.

"What is it, Ernst! what is amiss, Ernst!" asked his wife tenderly, while she wiped away the tears with her hand.

"Nothing," added he, "but that I feel how happy we are. I see you, I hear our children without there, and I cannot but think on that unfortunate child opposite, which will be ruined in that wretched home."

"Ah, yes!" sighed Elise; "God help all unfortunate little ones on the earth!"

Both cast their eyes involuntarily towards the opposite house. Something was moving before the nearest window; a female figure mounted on the window ledge, and a large white cloth, which was quickly unrolled, hid all the rest.

"He is dead!" said both husband and wife, looking at each other.

The Judge sent over to inquire how it was; the messenger returned with the tidings that Mr. N. had been dead some hours.

Lights were now kindled behind the blind,

and shadows, moving backward and forward, showed that people were busy within the chamber. The Judge walked up and down his room, evidently much affected. "The poor child!—the poor little girl! what will become of her, poor child!" were his broken exclamations.

Elise read the soul of her husband. She had now for some time, in consequence of a wish which she had perceived in his heart, accustomed herself to a thought, which yet at this moment her lips seemed unwilling to express.

"Ernst," at length, began she with a sigh, "the vessel which holds food for six girls will hold it for seven also."

"Do you think so?" asked he, with pleasure and with beaming eyes. He embraced his wife tenderly, placed her beside him, and continued, "Have you proved your own strength? The heaviest part of this adoption would rest upon you. Yet if you feel that you have courage to undertake it, you would fulfil the wish of my heart."

"Ernst," said she, repressing a tear, "I am weak, and nobody knows that better than you do; but my will is good, and will undertake the trouble—you will support me!"

"Yes, we will help one another," said he, rising up joyfully. "Thank you, dear Elise," said he, kissing her hand affectionately. "Shall I go to fetch the child immediately! but perhaps it will not come with me."

"Shall I go with you?" asked she.

"You!" said he; "but its gets dark—it rains."

"We can take an umbrella," replied she; "and besides that, I will put on my cloak. I will be ready immediately."

Elise went to dress herself, and her husband went to help her, put on her cloak for her, and paid her a thousand little affectionate attentions.

After Elise had given sundry orders to Brigitta, she and her husband went out, leaving the children setting their little heads together full of curiosity and wonder.

The two crossed the street in wind and rain; and after they had ascended the dark staircase, they arrived at the room which Mr. N. had inhabited. The door stood half open; a small candle, just on the point of going out, burned within, spreading an uncertain and tremulous light over everything. No living creature was visible within the room, which had a desolate, and, as one might say, stripped appearance, so naked did it seem. The dead man lay there on his bed, near to which was no trace of anything which might have mitigated the last struggle. A cloth covered his face. Ernst Frank went towards the bed, and softly raising the cloth, observed for a moment silently the terrible spectacle, felt the pulse of the deceased, and then covering again the face, returned silently, with a pale countenance, to his wife.

"Where can we find the child?" said she hastily. They looked searchingly around; a black shadow, in a human form, seemed to move itself in one corner of the room. It was the orphan who sat there, like a bird of night, pressing herself close to the wall. Elise approached her, and would have taken her in her arms, when the child suddenly raised her hand, and gave her a fierce blow. Elise drew back

astonished, and then, after a moment, approached again the half-savage girl with friendly words; again she made a threatening demonstration, but her hands were suddenly grasped by a strong manly hand, and a look so serious and determined was riveted upon her, that she trembled before it, and resigned herself to the power of the stronger.

The Judge lifted her up and set her on his knee, while she trembled violently.

"Do not be afraid of us," said Elise, carelessly; "we are your good friends. If you will come with me this evening to my little children, you shall have sweet milk and white bread with them, and then sleep in a nice little bed with a rose-coloured coverlet."

The white bread, the rose-coloured coverlet, and Elise's gentle voice, seemed to influence the child's mind.

"I would willingly go with you," said she, "but what will father say when he wakes?"

"He will be pleased," said Elise, wrapping a warm shawl about the shoulders of the child.

At that moment a sound was heard on the stairs, little Sara uttered a faint cry of terror, and began to tremble anew. Mr. N.'s house-keeper entered, accompanied by two boys. Frank announced to her his determination to take little Sara, as well as the effects of her deceased father, under his care. At mention of the last word, the woman began to fume and swear, and the Judge was obliged to compel her silence by severe threats. He then sent one of the boys for the proprietor of the house, and after he had in his presence taken all measures for the security of the effects of the deceased, he took the little Sara in his arms, wrapped her in his cloak, and, accompanied by his wife, went out.

All this time, an indescribable curiosity was excited among the little Franks. Their mother had said, in going out, that perhaps, on her return, she should bring them another sister. It is impossible to say the excitement this occasioned, and what was conjectured and counselled by them. The Candidate could not satisfy all the questions which were let loose upon him. In order, therefore, somewhat to allay their fermentation, he set them to hop through the room like crows, placing himself at the head of the train. A flock of real crows could not have fluttered away with greater speed than did they as the saloon door opened and the father and mother entered. Petrea appeared curious in the highest degree, as her father, opening his wide cloak, softly set down something which, at the first moment, Petrea, with terror, took for a chimney-sweep; but which, on closer inspection, seemed to be a very nice thin girl of about nine years old, with black hair, dark complexion, and a pair of uncommonly large black eyes, which looked almost threateningly on the white and bright-haired little ones which surrounded her.

"There, you have another sister," said the father, leading the children towards each other; "Sara, these are your sisters—love one another, and be kind to one another, my children."

The children looked at each other, somewhat surprised; but as Henrik and Louise took the little stranger by the hand, they soon all emulated each other in bidding her welcome.

Supper was served up for the children, more lights were brought in, and the scene was lively. Every thing was sacrificed to the new-comer. Louise brought out for her two pieces of confectionary above a year old, and a box in which they might be preserved yet longer.

Henrik presented her with a red trumpet, conferring gratuitous instruction on the art of blowing it.

Eva gave her her doll Josephine in its new gauze dress.

Leonore lighted her green and red wax tapers, before the dark-eyed Sara.

Petrea—ah, Petrea, would so willingly give something with her whole heart. She rummaged through all the places where she kept any thing, but they concealed only the fragments of unlucky things; here a doll without arms; here a table with only three legs; here two halves of a sugar-pig; here a dog without head and tail. All Petrea's playthings, in consequence of experiments which she was in the habit of making on them, were fallen into the condition of that which had been—and even that gingerbread-heart with which she had been accustomed to decoy Gabriele, had, precisely on this very day, in an unlucky moment of curiosity, gone down Petrea's throat. Petrea really possessed nothing which was fit to make a gift of. She acknowledged this with a sigh; her heart was filled with sadness, and tears were just beginning to run down her cheeks, when she was consoled by a sudden thought: The girl and the rose-bush! That jewel she still possessed; it hung still, undestroyed, framed and behind glass, over her bed, and fastened by a rose-blue ribbon. Petrea hesitated only a moment; in the next she had clambered up to her little bed, taken down the picture, and hastened now with beaming eyes and glowing cheeks to the others, in order to give away the very loveliest thing she had, and to declare solemnly that now "Sara was the possessor of the girl and the rose-bush."

The little African appeared very indifferent about the sacrifice which the little European had made to her. She received it, it is true, but she soon laid it down again without caring any more about it, which occasioned Louise to propose that she should keep it for her.

In the midst of these little occurrences the Assessor came in. He looked with an inquisitive glance round the room, showed his white teeth, and said to himself, "Yea, it's all right; it is what I expected. So, indeed," added he, aloud, and in his angry manner, while he cordially shook the hand of his friend, "I see you thought you had not children enough of your own in the house, but you must drag in those of other people! How many do you mean to burden yourself with! Will there not be another to-morrow! Were you not satisfied with a whole half dozen girls of your own! And what will become of them? One shall presently not be able to get into the house for children! I suppose that you have such a superfluity of money and property, that you must go and squander it on others! Nay, good luck to you! good luck to you!"

Ernst Frank and his wife replied only by smiles to the grumbling of their friend, and by the request that he would spend the evening

with them. But he said he had not time; and then, after he had laid large pears, which he took from his pocket, under the napkins on the children's plates, he went out.

Every one of these pears had its own distinctive sign: round Sara's was a gold-coloured ribbon; and upon her plate, under the pear, was found a bank-note, of considerable value. It was his gift to the fatherless, yet he never would acknowledge it. That was his way.

As the mother took Sara by the hand, in order to conduct her to rest, Petrea had the indescribable delight of seeing that, from all the little presents which had been made to her, she only took with her the girl and the rose-bush, which she appeared to regard with pleasure.

Sara was seized with violent grief in the comfortable bedroom; tears streamed from her eyes, and she called loudly for her father. Elise held her quietly in her arms, and let her weep out her grief on her bosom, and then gently undressing her, and laying the weary child in bed, had the pleasure of feeling how affectionately she clasped her arms round her neck.

The girl and the rose-bush hung over her bed, but still there seemed to be no rest on the snow-white couch for the "little African." Her dark eyes glanced wildly about the room, and her hands grasped convulsively Elise's white dress.

"Don't go," whispered she, "or else they will come and murder me."

Elise took the child's hands in hers, and repeated a simple and pious little prayer, which she had taught to her own children. Sara said the words after her; and though it was only mechanically, she seemed to become calmer, though shudderings still shook her frame, and she held fast by Elise's dress. Elise seated herself by her, and, at the request of the other children, "Mother, sing the song of the dove. Oh, the song of the dove!" She sang, with a pleasant, low voice, that little song which she herself had made for her children:

*There sitteth a dove so white and fair,  
All on the lily spray,  
And she listeneth how, to Jesus Christ,  
The little children pray.  
Lightly she spreads her friendly wings,  
And to heaven's gate hath sped,  
And unto the Father in heaven she bears  
The prayers which the children have said.  
And back she comes from heaven's gate,  
And brings—that dove so mild—  
From the Father in heaven, who hears her speak,  
A blessing for every child.  
Then, children, lift up a pious prayer,  
It hears whatever you say,  
That heavenly dove, so white and fair,  
That sits on the lily spray.*

During this song, the dove of peace descended on the soul of the child. Pleasant images passed before her mind: the girl, and the rose-bush, and the singing Elise were the same person—the rose diffused pleasant odour; and while the long dark lashes approached her cheek yet nearer and nearer, it seemed to her, as if a white lovely singing bird spread out his wings carelessly and purifyingly over her breast. By degrees the little hand opened itself, and let go the dress which it had grasped, the tearful eyes closed, and the sweetness of repose came over the fatherless and the motherless.

Elise raised herself gently, and went to the beds of the other children. The dove on the lily-spray sent sleep also to them; and after the mother had pressed her lips to their cheeks, had spoken with Brigitta about the new-comer, and had received from the child-loving, good-natured old woman, the most satisfactory promises, she hastened back to her husband.

He listened with curiosity to what she had to relate of Sara. This new member of the family, this increase of his cares, seemed to have expanded and animated his soul. His eyes beamed with a gentle emotion as he spoke of the future prospects of the children. Evelina's history, which was still fresh in his and Elise's mind, seemed to spur him on to call forth for his family quite another picture of life.

"We will bring up our children," said he, warmly, "not for ourselves, but for themselves. We will seek for their good, for their happiness; we will rightly consider what may conduce to this, as much for one child as for another; we will endeavour to win and to maintain their full confidence; and should there, dear Elise, be any harshness or severity in me, which would repel the children from me, you must assist me; let their secret desires and cares come to me through you!"

"Yes! where else could they go!" returned she, with the deepest feeling; "you are my support, my best strength in life! Without you how weak should I be!"

"And without you," said he, "my strength would become sternness. Nature gave me a despotic disposition. I have had, and have still, many times the greatest difficulty to control it; but with God's help I shall succeed! My Elise, we will improve ever. On the children's account, in order to make them happy, we will endeavour to ennoble our own nature."

"Yes, that we will, Ernst!" said she; "and may the peace in the house make betwixt the spirit of peace familiar to their bosoms!"

"We will make them happy," began the father again, with yet increasing warmth; "with God's help, not one of them shall wander through life unhappy and infirm of spirit. My little girls! you shall not grow up like half-formed human beings; no illusions shall blind your eyes to what are the true riches of life; no noble desires shall you experience unsatisfied. Ah! life is rich enough to satisfy all our wishes, and no one need be neglected on earth! Your innocent life shall not fail of strength and joy; you shall live to know the actuality of life, and that will bring a blessing on every day, interest on every moment, and importance on every occupation. It will give you repose and independence in sorrow and in joy, in life and in death!"

While Elise listened to these words, she felt as if a refreshing breeze passed through her soul. Nothing more seemed to her difficult. All the troubles of life seemed light, on account of the bright end to be attained. And then, as she thought on the manly warm heart which lived so entirely for her good and the children's, she felt a proud joy that she could look up to her husband; and at the same time a sense of humility slid into her heart, she bowed herself over his hand, and kissed it fervently.

## CHAPTER XV.

## THE NEW HOUSE.

"FAREWELL, O house of my childhood! Farewell, you walls, insensible witnesses of my first tears, my first smiles, and my first false steps on the slippery path of life—of my first acquaintance with watergruel and A B C! Thou corner, in which I stood with lessons difficult to be learned; and thou, in which I in vain endeavoured to tame the most thankless of all created things, a fly and a caterpillar!—you floors, which have sustained me sporting and quarrelling with my beloved brother and sisters!—you papers, which I have torn in my search after imagined treasures!—you, the theatre of my battles with carafs and drinking glasses—of my heroic actions in manifold ways—I bid you a long farewell, and go to live in new scenes of action—to have new adventures and new fate!"

Thus spake Petrea Frank, whilst, with dignified gestures, she took a tragic-comic farewell of the home which she and her family were about to leave.

It was a pleasant day, in the middle of April. A black silk cloak, called merrily the "Court-Preacher," a piece of property held in common by the Frank family, and a large red umbrella, called likewise "the Family-Roof, which was common property too, were on this day seen in active promenade on the streets of the city of R—. What all this passing to and fro denoted, might probably be conjectured if one had seen them accompanied by a tall, fair, blue-eyed maid-servant, and a little brown, active servant-man carrying handboxes, baskets, packages, etc., etc.

Towards twilight might have been seen, likewise, the tall thin figure of Jeremias Munter, holding "the family-roof" over the heads of himself and Petrea Frank. Petrea seemed to be carrying something under her cloak, laughed and talked, and she and the Assessor seemed to be very much pleased with each other. Alas! this satisfaction did not endure long; on the steps of the front-door Petrea accidentally trod on the dangling lace of her boot, made a false step and fell. A large paper-case of confectionary suddenly proceeded from under the "court-preacher," and almond-wreaths and iced-fruits rolled in all directions. Even amid the shock and the confusion of the first movements it was with difficulty that Petrea restrained a loud laugh from bursting forth when she saw the amazement of the Assessor, and the leaps which he made, as he saw the confections hopping down the steps towards the gutter. It was the Assessor's own tribute to the festival of the day, which was thus unluckily dispersed abroad.

"Yes, indeed, if there were no ladies," said the Assessor, vexed, "one should be able to accomplish something in this world. But now they must be coming and helping, and on that account things always go topsy-turvy. 'Let me only do it—let me only manage it,' say they; and they manage and make it, so that—'Did one ever see anything so foolish!—To fall over your foot-lace!—but women have order in nothing; and yet people set up such to govern kingdoms! I would ask nothing more from

them than that they should govern their feet, and keep their boot and shoestrings tied. But from the queen down to the charwoman, there is not a woman in this world who knows how to keep her shoes tied!"

Such was the philippic of Jeremias Munter, as he came into the room with Petrea, and saw, after the great shipwreck, what remained of the confectionary. Petrea's excuses, and her prayers for forgiveness, could not soften his anger. True it is, that an unfortunate disposition to laugh, which overcame her, gave to all her professions of distress a very doubtful appearance. Her distress, however, for all that, was real; and when Eva came, and said with a beseeching, flattering voice, "Dear uncle, do not be angry any longer; poor Petrea is really quite cast down—besides which she really has hurt her knee," the good man replied with a very different voice:

"But has she, indeed! But why are people so clumsy—so given to tripping and stumbling, that one —"

"One can always get some more confections," said Eva.

"Can one!" exclaimed Jeremias; "does it grow on trees, then!" How! Shall one then throw away one's money for confectionary, in order to see it lie about the streets! Pretty management that would be, methinks!"

"Yet just say one kind word to Petrea," besought Eva.

"A kind word!" repeated Jeremias: "I would just tell her that another time she should be so good as to fasten her shoe-strings. Nay, I will go now after some more confectionary; but only on your account, little Miss Eva. Yes, yes; say I—I will now go: I can dance also, if it be for — But how it rains! lend me the "family-roof," and the cloak there I need also. Now, then, what a face is that to make!—What, will the people stare at me!—all very good; if it gives them any pleasure, they may laugh at me; I shall not find myself any the worse for it. Health and comfort are above all things, and one dress is just as good as another."

The young girls laughed, and threw the Court-Preacher, which hardly reached to his knees, over the shoulders of the Assessor, and thus appeared he went forth with long strides.

The family had this day removed into a new use. Judge Frank had bought it, together with a small garden, for the life-time of himself and his wife, and for the last two years he had been pulling down, building up, repairing and arranging: some doors he had built up, others he had opened, till all was as convenient and as comfortable as he wished. His wife, in full confidence, had left all to his good judgment, well pleased on her own account to be spared the noise of bricklayers and carpenters; to be spared the sound of sawing, from going under scaffoldings, and from clambering over troughs full of mortar. Papers for the walls, and other ornamental things, had been left to the choice of herself and her daughters.

And now he went, full of pleasure, with his wife from one story to another, from one room into another—greatly pleased with the convenient, spacious, and cheerful-looking habitation, and yet even more so with his wife's lively gratification in all his work, from the very top to

the bottom; from cellar up to the roof; into the mangling-room, the wood-chamber, and everywhere.

We will not weary the reader by following them in this domestic survey, but merely make him acquainted with some of the rooms in which he will often meet the family. We merely pass through the saloon and best parlour; they were handsome, but resembled all such apartments; but the room which the Judge had arranged with most especial love, which was designed for daily use, and as the daily assembling place of the family, and which deserves our most intimate acquaintance, was the library, so called. It was a large, very lively room, with three windows on one side looking into a spacious market-place. Louise rejoiced especially over this, for thus they could look out of the windows on market-days, and see at once what they wished to buy; directly opposite lay the church, with its beautiful churchyard well planted with trees; these objects pleased Elise greatly. The side of the room opposite to the windows, was entirely covered with books; the shelves consisted of several divisions, each one of which contained the literature of a different country. In niches between the several divisions stood, on simple but tasteful pedestals, busts of distinguished men, great for their heroic and peaceful actions—standing there, said the Judge, not because they separated the different nations of the earth, but because they united them. Ernst Frank's library was truly a select one; it had been the pleasure of his life, and still it was his delight to be increasing his collection of books. Now, for the first time, they were collected and arranged all in one place. He rejoiced over these treasures, and besought his daughters freely to make use of them, on this one express condition, that every book should be restored again to its right place. To Louise was assigned the office of librarian, to Petrea that of amanuensis. Both mother and daughters were delighted with this room, and began to consider where the work-table, the flower-table, and the bird-cage should stand, and when all were arranged, they were found to suit their places admirably. Against one of the short walls stood the green sofa, the appointed place for the mother; and against the opposite one the piano, and the harp, which was Sara's favourite instrument, together with a guitar, whose strings were touched by Eva, as she sang "Mamma mia."

An agreeable surprise awaited Elise as she was led through a papered door which conducted from the library into a sort of boudoir, whose one window had the same prospect as the library—this was solely and entirely her own consecrated room. She saw with emotion that the tasteful furniture of the room was the work of her daughters; her writing-table stood by the window, several beautiful pictures and a quantity of very pretty china adorned the room. Elise saw, with thankful delight, that all her favourite tastes, and all her little fancies, had been studied and gratified both by husband and children.

A small papered door, likewise, on the other side, conducted Elise into her sleeping-room; and her husband made her observe how smoothly these doors turned on their hinges, and how easily she, from either side, could lock herself in and remain in quiet.

After this room, nothing gave Elise greater delight than the arrangements for bathing, which the Judge had made particularly convenient and comfortable; and he now turned the white taps with remarkable pleasure, to exhibit how freely the warm water came out of this, and the cold—no, out of this came the warm water, and out of the other the cold. The cheerfulness and comfort of the whole arrangement was intended to give to the bathing day—which was almost as religiously observed in this family as the Sunday—a double charm. In a room adjoining that which was appropriated to dressing, the old cleanly Brigitta had already her fixed residence. Here was she and the great linen-press to grow old together. Here ticked her clock, and purred her cat; here blossomed her geraniums and balsams, with the Bible and Prayer-book laying between them.

The three light and pleasant rooms intended for the daughters lay in the story above, and were simply but prettily furnished.

"Here they will feel themselves quite at home," said the father, as he looked round with beaming eyes, "don't you think so, Elise?" We will make home so pleasant to our children, that they shall not wish to leave it without an important and urgent cause. No disquiet, no discontent with home and the world within it, shall drive them from the paternal roof. Here they can have leisure and quiet, and be often alone, which is a good thing. Such moments are needed by every one, in order to strengthen and collect themselves; and are good for young girls as well as for any one else!"

The mother gave her applause fully and cheerfully; but immediately afterward she was a little absent, for she had something of importance to say to her eldest daughter; and as at that very moment Louise came in, an animated conversation commenced between them, of which the following reached the father's ear.

"And after them pancakes; and, my good girl, take care that six of them are excellently thick and savoury; you know, indeed, how Henrik likes them."

"And should we not," suggested Louise, "have whipped cream, with raspberry jam, with the pancakes?"

"Yes, with pleasure," returned the mother, "Jacobi would unquestionably recommend that."

Louise blushed, and the Judge beought that there might be something a little more substantial for supper; which was promised him.

The Assessor shook out "the family roof" in the saloon in indignation: "The most miserable roof in all Christendom," said he; "it defends neither from wind or rain, and is as heavy as the ark! and —"

But at the very moment when he was shaking and scolding his worst, he perceived a sound—Exclamations and welcomes, in every possible variety of joyous and cordial tones. The "court-preacher" was thrown over head and shoulders into "the family roof," and with great leaps hastened Jeremiah forward to shake hands with the son and the friend of the house, who were just now returned home from the University.

Tokens of condolence mingled themselves with welcomes and felicitations.

F

"How wet, and pale, and cold you are!"

"O, we have had a magnificent shower!" said Henrik, shaking himself, and casting a side glance on Jacobi, who looked lamentably in his wet apparel. "Such weather as this is quite an affair of my own. In wind and rain one becomes so—I don't know rightly how—do you, *mon cher*?"

"A jelly, a perfect jelly!" said Jacobi, in a mournful voice! "how can one be otherwise, knocked about in the most infamous of peasant-cars, and storm, and pouring rain, so that one is perfectly battered and melted! Hu, hu, u, u, uh!"

"O, according to my opinion," said Henrik, laughing at the gestures of his travelling companion, "it is a hardening sort of weather; there is a proud exalting feeling in it, sitting there quite calm under the raging of the elements; especially when one looks down from one's elevation on other fellow-mortals, who go lamenting, and full of anxiety, under their umbrellas. Thus one sits on one's car as on a throne; nay, indeed, one gets quite a flattering idea of oneself, as if one were a little philosopher. Apropos! I bethink myself now, as if we had seen, as we came this way, a philosopher in a lady's cloak walking hither. But, how are you all, dear sisters? How long it is since I saw you!" and he pressed their hands between his cold and wet ones.

This scene, which took place in twilight, was quickly brought to an end by the ladies resolutely driving the gentleman out to their own chamber to change their clothes. Jacobi, it is true, on his own account, did not require much driving, and Louise found Henrik's philosophy on this occasion not so fully adopted. Louise had already taken care that a good blazing fire should welcome the travellers in their chamber.

"By Jove, my dear girls, how comfortable it is here!" exclaimed the Judge in the joy of his heart, as he saw the library thus populous, and in its for-the-future every-day state. "Are you comfortable there, on the sofa, Elise? Let me get you a footstool. No sit-still my child! what are men for in this world?"

The Candidate—we beg his pardon, the Master Jacobi—appeared no longer to be the same person who had, an hour before, stood there in his wet dress, as he made his appearance, handsomely appareled, with his young friend, before the ladies, and his countenance actually beamed with delight at the joyful scene which he there witnessed.

People now examined one another. They discovered that Henrik had become considerably paler as well as thinner, which Henrik received as a compliment to his studies. Jacobi wished also a compliment on his studies, but it was unanimously refused to him on account of his blooming appearance. Louise thought privately to herself, that Jacobi's bearing was considerably more manly; that he had a simpler and more decided demeanour; he was become, she thought, a little more like her father. Her father was Louise's ideal of perfection.

Little Gabriele blushed deeply, and half hid herself behind her mother, as her brother addressed her.

"How is your highness, my most gracious princess Turndot?" said he; "has your high-

ness no little riddle at hand with which to confute weak heads?"

Her little highness looked in the highest degree confused, and withdrew the hand which her brother kissed again and again. Gabriele was quite bashful before the tall student.

Henrik had a little *lête-à-lête* with every sister, but it was somewhat short and cold with Sara; after which he seated himself by his mother, took her hand in his, and a lively and general conversation began, whilst Eva handed about the confectionary.

"But what is amiss now?" asked Henrik suddenly. "Why have the sisters all left us to take counsel together there, with such important judge-like faces? Is the nation in danger? May not I go, in order to save the native land? If one could only first of all have eaten one's supper in peace," added he, speaking aside, after the manner of the stage.

But it was precisely about the supper that they were talking. There was a great danger that the pancakes would not succeed; and Louise could not prevent Henrik and Jacobi running down into the kitchen, where, to the greatest amusement of the young ladies, and to the tragicomic despair of the cook, they acted their parts as cooks so ridiculously that Louise was obliged at length, with an imposing air, to put an end to the laughter, to the joking, and to the burnt pancakes, in order that she herself might put her hand to the work. Under her eye all went well; the pancakes turned out excellently. Jacobi besought one from her own hand, as wages for his work; graciously obtained it, and then swallowed the hot gift with such rapture that it certainly must have burnt him inwardly, had it not been for another species of warmth—which we consider very probable—a certain well-known spiritual fire, which counteracted the material burning, and made it harmless. Have we not here, in all simplicity, suggested something of a homœopathic nature?

But we will leave the kitchen, that we may seat ourselves with the family at the supper-table, where the mother's savouring, white pancakes, and the thick ones for Henrik, were to be found, and where, with raspberry cream, the whole was devoured with the greatest enjoyment.

After this, they drank the health of the travellers, and sang a merry little song, made by Petrea. The father was quite pleased with Petrea, who, quite electrified, sang too with all her might, although not with a most harmonious voice, which however did not annoy her father's somewhat unmusical ear.

"She screams above them all," said he to his wife, who was considerably less charmed than he with her accompaniment.

Although every one in the company had had an exciting and fatiguing day, the young people began immediately after supper, as if according to a natural law, to arrange themselves for the dance.

Jacobi, who appeared to be captivated by Sara's appearance, led her in the magic circle of the waltz.

"Our sensible little Louise," a rather broad-set, but very well-grown blonde of eighteen, distinguished herself in the dance by her beautiful steps and her pleasing though rather too grave

carriage. Everybody, however, looked with greater admiration on Eva, because she danced with heart and soul. Gabriele with her golden curls, flew round like a butterfly. But who did not dance this evening! Everybody was actually enthusiastic—for all were infected with the joyous animal spirits of Henrik. Even Jeremias Munter, to the amazement of everybody, led Eva, with most remarkable skill, through the *Palaka*,\* the most artificial and perplexing of dances.

At midnight the dance was discontinued on account of Elise. But before they separated, the Judge begged his wife to sing the little well-known song, "The first evening in the new house." She sang it in her simple, soul-touching manner, and the peaceful cheerfulness which this song breathed penetrated every heart; even the grave countenance of the Judge gleamed with an affectionate emotion. A quiet transfiguration appeared to rest on the family, and brightened all countenances; for it is given to Song like the sun, to throw its glorifying light upon all human circumstances, and to lend them beauty, at least for a moment. "The spinner," and "the aged man by the road-side," are led by song into the kingdom of beauty, even as they are by the gospel into the kingdom of heaven.

On taking leave for the night, all agreed upon a rendezvous the next morning after breakfast in the garden, in order to see what was to be made of it.

The father conducted the daughters up into their chambers. He wanted to see yet once more how they looked, and inquired from them again and again, "Are you satisfied my girls? Do they please you? Would you wish anything besides? If you wish anything, speak out from your whole heart!"

There was not a happier man on the face of the earth than Judge Frank, when his daughters had assured him of their hearty and grateful contentment.

The mother, on her part, had taken her first-born with her into her boudoir,—she had as yet not been able to speak one word to him alone. Now she questioned him on everything, small and great, which concerned him, and how freely and entirely he opened his whole heart to her!

They talked of the circumstances of the family: of the purchase of this said property; of the debt which they had thereby contracted; of the means through which, by degrees, it would be paid off, and of the necessity there was for greater economy on all sides; they talked too of the daughters of the house.

"Louise is superb," said Henrik, "but her complexion is rather muddy; could she not use some kind of wash for it? She would be so much handsomer if she had a fresher complexion; and then she looks, the least in the world, cathedral-like. What a solemn air she had to-night, as Jacobi made some polite speech or other to her! Do you know, mother, I think they all sit too much; it is in that way that people get such grave cathedral-like looks. We must make them take more exercise; we must

\* A wild and animated Swedish national dance, mentioned before in "The Neighbours."

find out some lively exercise for them. And Eva! how she is grown, and how kind and happy she looks! It is a real delight to see her—one can actually fall in love with her! But what in the world is to be done with Petrea's nose! It does, indeed, get so long and large, that I cannot tell what is to be done! It is a pity, though, for she is so good-hearted and merry. And Leonore, how sickly and unhappy she looks! We must endeavour to cheer her up."

"Yes," said the mother, with a sigh; "if she were but healthy, we could soon manage that; but how does little Gabriele please you?"

"Ah! she is very lovely, with her high-bred little airs; altogether quite fascinating," said Henrik.

"And Sara?" asked she.

"Yes," said he, "she is lovely—very lovely, I think; but still there is a something, at least to my taste, very unpleasant in her. She is not like my sisters; there is a something about her so cold—so, almost repulsive."

"Yes," said the mother, sighing; "there is at times something very extraordinary about her, more particularly of late. I fear that a certain person has too great, and that not a happy influence over her. But Sara is a richly gifted, and truly interesting girl, out of whom something very good may be made, if—if— She gives us a great deal of anxiety at times, for we are as much attached to her as if she were our own child. She has a most extraordinary talent for music—you must hear her. There really is much that is distinguishing and truly amiable in her; you will see it as you remain so much longer time with us."

"Yes, thank God!" said Henrik, "I can now reckon on that, on remaining some months at home."

The conversation now turned on Henrik's future prospects. His father wished him to devote himself to mining, and with this end in view he had studied, but he felt ever, more and more, a growing inclination to another profession, and this had become a ground of dissatisfaction in the family. The mother besought him to prove himself carefully and seriously before he deserted the path to which his father was attached, and which Henrik himself had selected in common council with his father. The young man promised this solemnly. His soul was warm and noble. His young heart possessed very fine sentiment—a high enthusiasm for virtue and for his country, with a glowing desire to live only to that end. The wish to be useful to the community generally, united itself with all his views of self-advantage, and he only saw his own prosperity in connexion with that of his family. These thoughts and sentiments poured themselves forth in that sweet hour of confidential intercourse with his mother—his happy mother—whose heart beat with joy and with proudest hope of her first-born—the favourite of her soul—her summer child!

"And when I have made my own way in the world," added Henrik, joyfully kissing the hand of his mother; "and have a house of my own, then, mother, you shall come to me, and live with me, will you not?"

"And what would your father say to that?" said she, in a tone like his own.

"Oh! there are all the sisters that can keep house for him," said Henrik, "and—"

"Do you intend to sit up here all the whole night?" asked a voice at the door: it was the voice of Ernst, and both mother and son rose up as if they had been caught in the fact of conspiracy. The father, however, was informed of the plot against him, whereupon he declared that all this would lead to such fearful consequences that they had better say no more about it.

Both mother and son laughed, and said "Good night" to each other.

"Heavens! what a white hand!" exclaimed Henrik in a sort of ecstasy, over the hand which he had pressed to his lips. "And what small fingers! nay, how can people have such small fingers!" and with a sort of comic devotion, he again kissed that beautiful hand.

"I see I must carry you off forcibly, if I would have you to myself," said the Judge, cheerfully, and taking his wife at the same time in his arms, he carried her out.

But her thoughts remained still with her first-born—her handsome and richly endowed son; and she uttered a glowing prayer for the fulfilment of all her wishes for him, while all were sleeping sweetly that first night in the new house.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE MORROW.

How pleasant it must have been to the family the next morning to assemble round their amply-supplied breakfast-table in a handsome and spacious saloon! But saloon, and breakfast-table, and all outward comforts, signify nothing, if the inward are wanting; if affectionate dispositions and kind looks do not make the saloon bright, and the breakfast well-flavoured. But nothing was wanting on this occasion to the family of the Franks—not even the sun. It shone in brightly to illumine the pleasant scene.

Henrik made a speech to Madame Folette, in testimony of his love and reverence for her, and of his joy on meeting her again in so good a state of preservation.

Louise, with the help of Eva, served tea and coffee, bread and butter, etc., taking particular care that everybody had just what they liked best—the basket which held sugar-biscuits was pushed constantly into the neighbourhood of Jacobi.

"How glorious this!" exclaimed Henrik, rubbing his hands and casting a glance of pleasure around on his parents and sisters, "it is quite paradisiacal! What does your majesty desire? Ah, your most devoted servant! Coffee, if I might ask it, excellent Madame Folette!"

"After breakfast," said the mother, "I have something for you to guess."

"Something to guess?" said Henrik, "what can it be? Tell me, what is it like? what name does it bear?"

"A wedding," replied she.

"A wedding! A most interesting novelty! I cannot swallow another morsel till I have made it out! Jacobi, my best fellow, can I possess myself of a biscuit? A wedding! Do I know the parties?"

"Perfectly well."

"It cannot be our excellent Munter," suggested he. "It is very extraordinary."

"Oh, no, no! He'll not marry!"

"He is so horribly old," said Eva.

"Old!" exclaimed the father. "He is something above forty, I fancy; you don't call that so horribly old, do you, my little Eva? But it is true he has always had an old look."

"You must guess better than that," said the mother.

"I have it! I have it!" said Petrea, blushing.

"It is Laura, Aunt Evelina's Laura!"

"Ah, light breaks in," said Henrik; "and the bridegroom is Major Arvid G., is it not?"

"You have guessed," said his mother. "A very good match for Laura. Major G. is a very good-looking, excellent young man; and beyond this, has a good property. He has persuaded Evelina to remove with Karie to his beautiful seat, at Axelholme, and to consider Laura's and his home as theirs for the future. Eva dear, set the ham before Henrik; what do you want, my angel Gabriele? Leonore, shall I give you some more bread and butter, my child? No?"

"But I hope," exclaimed Henrik, "that we are invited to the wedding. Evelina, who is such a sensible woman, must have had the good sense to invite us. Most gracious sister Louise, these rolls—very nourishing and estimable rolls no doubt—but, were they baked before or after the Flood?"

"After," replied Louise, smiling, but a little piqued.

"O, I humble myself in the dust," said he. "I pray your majesty most graciously to pardon me—[aside—but after all they taste remarkably either of the ark or of a cupboard.] But what in all the world sort of breakfast are you making, Petrea? Nay, dear sister, such a superfluity in eating never can be good—ah, I pray you do not eat yourself ill!"

Petrea, who had her curious fancies, or as Louise called them, her raptures, had now for some time had the fancy to take only a glass of cold water and a piece of dry bread for her breakfast. On account of this abstinence, Henrik now joked, and Petrea answered him quite gaily; Louise, on the contrary, took up the matter quite seriously, and thought—as many others did—that this whim of Petrea's had a distant relationship to folly; and folly, Louise—the sensible Louise—considered the most horrible of horrors.

"Now, really, you must not sit gossiping any longer," exclaimed the father, when he saw their mouths only put in motion by conversation, "else I must go away and leave you; and I should very much like to go into the garden with you first."

A general rising followed these words, and all betook themselves to the garden, with the exception of Leonore, who was unwell, and the little Gabriele, who had to be careful on account of the damp.

In the meantime the garden had its own extraordinary circumstances, and all here did not go on in the usual mode; for although the place was yet not laid out, and the April snow covered the earth and still hung in great masses on the low fruit-trees, which were the only wealth of the garden, yet these, not at all according to the commonly established laws of nature, were covered with fruit the most beautiful; rennets and oranges clustered the twigs, and shone in the sun. Exclamations were uttered in every variety of tone; and although both Jacobi and

Henrik protested that they could not discover any way of accounting for this supernatural phenomenon, still they did not escape the suspicion of being instrumental in the witchcraft, spite of all the means they used to establish their innocence. The opinion, however, was universally adopted, that good and not bad elves had been thus busily at work; and the fruit therefore was gathered without fear of bad consequences, and laid in baskets. The elves were praised, both in prose and verse; and there never was a merrier harvest-feast.

The judge had some trouble to get anybody to listen to all his plans of lilac-hedges, strawberry-beds, of his arbour, and his garden-house. The narrow space, however, in which he had to work troubled him.

"If one could only get possession of the piece of land beyond this!" striking with his stick upon the tall red-boarded fence which bounded one side of the garden. "Look here, Elise, peep through that gap; what a magnificent site it is for building—it extends down to the river! what a magnificent promenade it would make, properly laid out and planted! It might be a real treasure to the whole city, which needs a regular walk in its neighbourhood; and now it lies there desolate, and useful to nobody, but only for a few cows, because the proprietor does not know how to make use of it; and our good men of the city have not public spirit enough to purchase it out of the common fund for the general good. If I were but rich enough to buy the place, it should soon have a different appearance, and instead of cows human beings should be walking there; these boards should be torn down, and our garden should be united to the great promenade. What a situation it would be!"

"Would not beehives answer very well here!" asked our sensible Louise; "the sun strikes directly on these boards."

"You are perfectly right, Louise," said her father, well pleased, "that is a good thought; this is an excellent place for beehives: to-morrow I'll see about some. Two or three we must have, and that directly, that the bees may have the advantage of the apple and cherry bloom. Thus we can see them working altogether and learn wisdom from them, and watch how they collect honey for us. That will be a pleasure—don't you think so, Elise?"

Elise rejoiced sincerely over the bees, and over the garden. It would give her great pleasure to lay it out. She would set Provence-roses as soon as possible; and forcing houses also—they should soon be erected. Eva thought she should give herself up to gardening.

But it was necessary to leave for the present the future home of radishes and roses, because it was wet and uncomfortable out of doors.

Gabriele made large eyes when she saw the basketful of fruit which had been gathered in the garden. But the little princess Turandot could not unravel the riddle respecting them, as Henrik presented it to her.

The forenoon was spent in clearing away, and in arranging things in the house. Sara alone took no part in it, but took lessons on the harp from a distinguished young musician of the name of Black, who had come a stranger to the city. She sat the whole morning at her music, which she loved passionately; in the meantime, Petrea had promised to enact the part of lady's-maid to her, and to put all her clothes and things in order.

Henrik sat perfectly happy in his sisters' rooms, and nearly killed himself with laughing while he watched in part their clearing away and bustling about, and in part taking a share in all. The quantities of bundles of pieces, old bonnets, cloaks, dresses, etc. which were here in motion, and played their parts, formed a singular contrast to his student-world, in which such a thing as a piece of printed cotton or a pin might be reckoned quite a curiosity. Then the seriousness with which all these things were treated, and the jokes and merriment which arose out of all this seriousness, were for him most delicious things.

Nothing, however, amused him more than Louise and all her "properties," as well as the great care which, with a half-comic, half-grave earnestness, she took of them; but he declared he would disclaim all relationship with her if ever he should see her wearing a certain pale green shawl, called jokingly "spinage," and a pale grey dress, with the surname of "water-gruel." None of the sisters had so many possessions as Louise, and none treated them with so much importance; for she had in the highest degree that kind of turn which may be called a turn for accumulation. Her handboxes and bundles burst themselves out of the space in which she wished to stow them, and came tumbling down upon her head. She accused Henrik of being guilty of these accidents; and certain it is, that he helped her, not without some mischievous pleasure, to put them up again in their places.

Louise was well known in the family for her love of what was old; the more shabby a dress was, the more distinguished she seemed to think it; and the more faded a shawl, the more, according to her, it resembled a Cashmere. This affection for old things extended itself sometimes to cakes, biscuits, creams, etc., which often occasioned Henrik to inquire whether an article of a doubtful date had its origin before or after the Flood. We will here add to the description of Louise a few touches, which may make the reader more fully acquainted with her character.

Pure was she both in heart and intention, with great love of truth, and a high moral sense, although too much given to lecturing, and somewhat a little wanting in charity towards erring fellow-mortals. She had much of her father's understanding and prudence, but came of course far short of him in knowledge of mankind and in experience, although now, in her eighteenth year, she considered herself to have a perfect knowledge of mankind. The moral worth of her soul mirrored itself in her exterior, which, without her being handsome, pleased, and inspired a degree of confidence in her, because good sense expressed itself in her calm glance, and her whole demeanour was that of a decided and well-balanced character. A certain comic humour in her would often dissolve her solemn mien and important looks into the most hearty laughter; and when Louise laughed, she bore a charming resemblance to her mother, for she possessed Elise's beautiful mouth and teeth.

She was as industrious as an ant, and in the highest degree helpful to those who were deserving of help, but less merciful than Lafontaine's ants were to thoughtless crickets and their fellows. Louise had three hobby-horses, although she never would confess that she had a single one. The first was to work tapestry; the sec-

ond, to read sermons; and the third, to play Patience, and more especially Postillion. A fourth had of late begun to discover itself, and that was for medicine—for the discovering and administering of useful family medicines; nay, she had herself decocted a certain elixir from nine bitter herbs, which Henrik declared would be very serviceable in sending people to the other world. Louise was no way disturbed by all this, for she did not allow herself to be annoyed by remarks.

She prized, enjoyed, and sought, above all things, after "the right;" but she also set a high value on respectability and property, and seemed to think that these were hers of course. She had the excellent habit of never undertaking any thing that she could not creditably get through with; but she had a great opinion of her own ability, in which her family participated, although they sometimes attempted to set her down. In the meantime she was in many instances the adviser and support of the family; and she had a real genius for the mighty department of housekeeping.

The parents called her, with a certain satisfaction—the father with a secret pride—"our eldest daughter." The sisters styled her rather waggishly "our eldest sister," and sometimes simply "our eldest;" and "our eldest" knew exceedingly well how to regard her own dignity in respect to rank and priority. Beyond this, she had a high idea of the value of woman.

Louise had an album, in which all her friends and acquaintance had written down their thoughts or those of others. It was remarkable what a mass of morality this book contained.

We fear that our readers may be somewhat weary of hearing the names of Sara, Louise, Eva, Leonore, Petrea, Gabriele, repeated so often one after another, and we are very sorry that we find it unavoidable yet once more to present the whole array in connexion with Louise. But we will see what little variety we can make by taking them at hap-hazard, and therefore now steps forward

#### PETREA.

We are all of us somewhat related to chaos, Petrea Frank was very nearly so. Momentary bursts of light and long periods of confusion alternated in her. There was a great dissimilarity between Louise and Petrea. While Louise required six drawers to contain her possessions, there needed scarcely half a one for the whole wardrobe of Petrea; and this said wardrobe too was always in such an ill-conditioned case, that it was, according to Louise, quite lamentable, and she not unfrequently lent a helping hand to its repair. Petrea tore her things, and gave away without bounds or discrimination, and was well-known in the sisterly circle for her bad management. Petrea had no turn for accumulation, on the contrary, she had truly, although Louise would not allow it, a certain turn for art.

She was always occupied by creations of one kind or another, either musical, or architectural, or poetical. But all her creations contained something of that which is usually called folly. At twelve years old she wrote her first romance, "Annette and Belis loved each other tenderly; they experienced adversity in their love; were at last however united, and lived henceforth in a charming cottage, surrounded with hedges of roses, and had eight children in one year," which we may call a very honourable beginning. A

year afterwards she began a tragedy, which was to be called "Gustavus Adolphus and Ebba Brahe," and which opened in the following manner:—

"Now from Germanin's coast returned,  
I see again the much-loved strand;  
From war I come, without a wound,  
Once more into my native land.  
Say, Banner say, what woe has caused these tears, —  
Am I not true to thee, or is it idle hope alone that will  
befool my years?"

Whether no sheet of paper was broad enough to contain the lengthened lines, or any other cause interferred to prevent the completion of the piece, we know not; but certain it is that it was soon laid aside. Neither did a piece of a jocular nature, which was intended to emulate the fascinating muse of Madame Lenngren,\* advance much farther—the beginning was thus:—

In the castle of Ekipklastie,  
Which lay in south, somewhere in Sweden,  
There lived the lovely Malania,  
Sole daughter of the Count Sternaden.

At the present time Petrea was engaged on a poem, the title of which, written in large letters, ran thus—"The Creation of the World!"

The Creation of the World began thus—

### CHAOS.

Once in the depths etern of darkness lying,  
This mighty world  
Waited expectantly the moments flying,  
When light should be unfurled.  
The world was nothing then, which now is given  
To crowds of busy men;  
And all our beautiful star-spangled heaven  
Was desolate darkness then;  
Yet He was there, who before time existed,  
Who will endure for ever.

The creation of the world ceased with this faint glimmering of light, and was probably destined under Petrea's hand never to be brought forth from chaos. Petrea had an especially great inclination for great undertakings, and the misfortune to fail in them. This want of success always wounded her deeply, but in the next moment the impulse of an irresistibly vigorous temperament raised her above misfortune in some new attempt. Her young head was filled with a mass of half-formed thoughts, fancies, and ideas; her mind and her character were full of disquiet. At times joyous and wild beyond bounds, she became on the other hand wretched and dispirited without reason. Poor Petrea! she was wanting in every kind of self-regulation and ballast, even outwardly; she walked ill—she stood ill—she curtsied ill—sate ill, and dressed ill; and occasioned in consequence much pain to her mother, who felt so acutely whatever was unpleasant; and this also was very painful to Petrea who had a warm heart, and who worshipped her mother.

Petrea also cherished the warmest affection and admiration for Sara, but her manner even of evidencing her affection was commonly so entirely without tact, as rather to displease than please the object of it. The consciousness of this fact embittered Petrea's life; but it conducted her by degrees to a love in which tact and address are of no consequence, and which is never unreturned.

Sometimes Petrea was seized with a strong consciousness of the chaoticness of her state; but then, again, at other times she would have

a presentiment that all this would clear itself away, and then that something which was quite out of the common way would come forth, and then she was accustomed to say, half in jest and half in earnest, to her sisters, "You'll see what I shall turn out sometime!" But in what this extraordinary turning out should consist nobody knew, and least of all poor Petrea herself. She glanced full of desire towards many suns, and was first attracted by one and then by another.

Louise had little faith in all Petrea's prophecies, but the little Gabriele believed in them all. She delighted herself, moreover, so heartily in all that her sister began, that Petrea sacrificed to her her most beautiful gold-paper temple;—an original picture by herself of shepherdesses and altars; and her island of bliss in the middle of peaceful waters, and in the bay of which lay a little fleet of nut-shells, with rigging of silk, and laden with sugar-work, and from the motion of which, and the planting of its wonderful flowers, and glorious fruit-bearing trees, Petrea's heart had first had a foretaste of bliss.

Petrea's appearance imaged her soul;—for this too was variable; this too had its raptures; and here too at times also a glimmering light would break through the chaos. If the complexion were muddled and the nose red and swollen, she had a most ordinary appearance; but in cooler moments, and when the rose-bue confined itself merely to the cheeks, she was extremely good-looking; and sometimes too, and that even in her pleasant moments, there would be a gleam in her eye, and an expression in her countenance, which had occasioned Henrik to declare that Petrea was after all handsome.

To a chaotic mind, the desire for controversy is in-born; it is the conflict of the elements with each other. There was no subject upon which Petrea had not her conjectures, and nothing upon which she was not endeavouring to get a clear idea; on this account she discussed all things, and disputed with every one with whom she came in contact—reasoned, or more properly made confusion, on politics, literature, human free-will, the fine arts, or anything else; all which was very unpleasant to the tranquil spirit of her mother, and which, in connexion with want of tact, especially in her zeal to be useful, made poor Petrea the laughing-stock of every one; a bitter punishment this, on earth, although before the final judgment-seat of very little, or of no consequence at all.

### LEONORE.

Spite of the mother's embraces, and the appellation, "their beloved, plain child!" the knowledge by degrees had come painfully to Leonore that she was ugly, and that she was possessed of no charm—of no fine endowment whatever; she could not help observing what little means she had of giving pleasure to others, or of exciting interest; she saw very plainly how she was set behind her more gifted sisters by the acquaintance and friends of the family; this, together with feeble health, and the discomfort which her own existence occasioned to her, put her in a discordant state with life and mankind. She was prone to think every thing troublesome and difficult; she fell easily into a state of opposition to her sisters, and her naturally quick temper led her often

\* Anna Lenngren, a distinguished Swedish poetess, admired especially for her *Idylls*. She died in 1817.

into contentions which were not without their bitterness. All this made poor Leonore feel herself very unhappy.

But none—no, none—suffer in vain; however for a while it may appear so. Suffering is the plough which turns up the field of the soul, into whose deep furrows the all-wise Husbandman scatters his heavenly seed; and in Leonore, also, it already began to sprout, although, as yet, only under the earth. She was not aware of it herself yet, but all that she experienced in life, together with the spirit which prevailed in her family, had already awakened the beauty of her soul. She was possessed of deep feeling, and the consciousness of her many wants made her, by degrees, the most unpretending and humble of human beings; and these are virtues which, in private life, cannot be exceeded. If you come near a person of this character, the influence on you is as if you came out of the sun's heat into refreshing shadow, a soft coolness is wafted over your soul, which refreshes and tranquilizes you at the same time.

In the period at which we have now to meet Leonore, she had just recovered from the scarlet fever, which had left behind it such an obstinate and oppressive head-ache as compelled her almost constantly to remain in her own room; and although her parents and her sisters visited her there, it afforded her but little pleasure, for as yet she had not learned how, by goodness and inward kindness, to make herself agreeable to others.

But, poor Leonore! when I see thee sitting there in deep thought, thy weak head supported by thy hand, I am ready to lay thy head on my bosom, and to whisper a prophesying into thy ear—but this may as well remain to a future time. We leave thee now, but will return another time to thy silent chamber.

And now step forth, thou, the joy and ornament of home, the beautiful

## EVA!

Eva was called in the family, "our rose," "our beauty." There are many in the world like Eva, and it is well that it is so; they are of a pleasing kind. It is delightful to look upon these blooming young girls, with smiles on their lips, and goodness and joy of life beaming from their beautiful eyes. All wish them so well, and they wish so well to all; every thing good in life seems as if it came from themselves. They have favourable gales in life—it was so with Eva. Even her weakness, a desire to please, which easily went too far, and an instability of character which was very dangerous to her, exhibited themselves only on their pleasing side, within the circle of her family and of her acquaintance, and helped to make her more beloved.

Eva, although, perhaps, strictly speaking, not beautiful, was yet blooming lovely. Her eyes were not large, but were of the most exquisite form, and of the clearest dark blue colour, and their glance from under their long black lashes was at once modest, lively, and amiable. The silky chestnut brown hair was parted over a not lofty but classically-formed brow. Her skin was white, fine, and transparent, and the mouth and teeth perfectly beautiful; add to all this, Eva had the fine figure of her mother, with her light and graceful action. Excellent health, the happiest temper, and a naturally well-tuned soul, gave a beautiful and harmonious expres-

sion to her whole being. Whatever she did, she did well, and with grace; and whatever she wore became her; it was a kind of proverb in the family, that if Eva were to put a black cat upon her head it would be becoming.

A similarity in understanding and talent, as well as companionship together, had made Leonore and Eva hitherto "*les inseparables*," both at home and abroad; of late, however, without separating herself from Louise, Eva had been drawn, as it were, by a secret power to Leonore. Louise, with all her possessions, was so sufficient for herself. Leonore was so solitary, so mournful, up there, that the good heart of Eva was tenderly drawn towards her.

But it seems to us as if Gabriele looks rather poutingly, because she has been so long, as it were, pushed aside. We will therefore hastily turn to—

## THE LITTLE LADY.

It did not please our little lady to be neglected at all. Gabriele was in truth a spoiled child, and often made "*la pluie*," and the "*beau temps*," in the house. She was defended from cold, and wind, and rain, and vexation, and faddled with and indulged in all possible ways, and praised and petted as if for the best behaviour, if she were only gracious enough to take a cup of bouillon, or the wing of a chicken for dinner. She herself is still like the chicken under the mother's wing; yet she will sometimes creep from under, and attempt little flights on her own account. Then she is charming and merry, makes enigmas and charades, which she gives to her mother and Petrea to guess. It gives her particular pain to be treated as a little girl; and nothing worse can happen to her than for the elder sisters to say, "Go out just for a little while, Gabriele dear!" in order that they may then impart to each other some important affair, or read together some heart-rending novel. She will willingly be wooed and have homage paid to her; and the Assessor is always out of favour with her, because he jokes with her, and calls her little Miss "Curled-pate," and other such ugly names.

Learning and masters are no affairs of hers. She loves a certain "*far niente*," and on account of delicate health, her tastes are indulged. Her greatest delight is in dancing, and in the dance she is captivating. In opposition to Petrea, she has a perfect horror of all great undertakings; and in opposition to Louise, a great disinclination to sermons, be they by word of mouth, or printed. The sun, the warm wind, flowers, but, above all, beloved and amiable human beings, make Gabriele feel most the goodness of the Creator, and awaken her heart to worship.

She has a peculiar horror of death, and will neither hear it, nor indeed anything else dark or sorrowful, spoken of; and, happily for Gabriele, true parental love has a strong resemblance to the Midsummer sun of the North, which shines as well by night as by day.

If we turn from the bright-haired Gabriele to Sara, to "that Africa," as the Assessor called her, we go from day to night. Sara was like a beautiful dark cloud in the house—like a winter night, with its bright stars, attractive, yet at the same time repulsive. To us, nevertheless, she will become clear, since we possess the key to her soul, and can observe it in the following

## NOTICES FROM SARA'S JOURNAL.

"Yesterday evening Macbeth was read aloud;

they all trembled before Lady Macbeth: I was silent, for she pleased me; there was power in the woman."

"Life! what is life? When the tempest journeys through space on strong pinions, it sings to me a song which finds an echo in my soul. When the thunder rolls, when the lightning flames, then I divine something of life in its strength and greatness. But this tame everyday life—little virtues, little faults, little cares, little joys, little endeavours—this contracts and stifles my spirit. O! thou flame which consumest me, what wilt thou? There are moments in which thou illuminest, but eternities in which thou tormentest and burnest me!"

"This narrow sphere satisfies them; they find interest in a thousand trifles; they are able to deny themselves in order to obtain little enjoyments for each other. It may do for them, I was made for something different."

"Why should I obey? Why should I submit my inclination—my will, to gratify others?—Why? Ah, freedom—freedom!"

"I have obtained 'Volney's Ruins' from B—. I conceal the book from these pious fearful people; but to-night!—to night!—when their eyes are closed in sleep, mine shall wake and read it. The frontispiece to this book gives me extraordinary pleasure: a wreck combats with stormy waves; the moon goes down amid black clouds; on the shore, among the ruins of a temple, sits a Mussulman—a beautiful and thoughtful figure—and surveys the scene. I likewise observe it, and an agreeable shudder passes through me. A vast ruin is better and far more beautiful than a small and an empty happiness."

"The book pleases me. It expresses what has long lain silent in me. It gives clear light to my dark anticipations. Ah! what a day dawns upon me! A dazzling light that clears away all misty illusions, but my eyes are strong enough to bear it! Let the net of prejudice, let the miserable bond of custom be rent asunder, let the fettering supports fall! my own strength is sufficient for me."

"Why am I a woman? As a man, my life and my conduct would have been clear and easy; as a woman, I must bow myself in order to clear myself. Miserable dependence! Miserable lot of woman!"

"I do not love—but he makes a certain impression upon me. The dark strength in his eye pleases me, the reckless strong will, that will bow itself only to me; and when he takes the harp in his arms, with what powerful strength he compels it to express all that which the heart only dreams! Then he grasps the strings of my heart—then I acknowledge in him my master."

"But never, he shall never govern me; his spirit is not powerful enough for that. He never can be other to me than as a means to my end. Nor will I herein deceive him. I am too proud for a hypocrite. I know well whom I could love. I know well the man who could be the aim of my ambition."

"Nature never created me for this narrow sphere—for this narrow foot-track through life. B. shows me another, which captivates my mind: I feel that I am created for it."

"I have observed myself in the glass, and it tells me, as well the glance of mankind, that I

am handsome. My growth is strong, and accords with the character of my countenance. I cannot doubt the assurance of B. My person, in connexion with the powers of my mind and my talent, will ensure me a brilliant future."

"What purpose would it serve to create illusions? Away with all illusions! I stand upon a higher point than those around me—than they who consider themselves entitled to censure my faults, to exalt themselves in secret above me; perhaps because they have taken me out of compassion! Subjecting, humiliating thought!"

"Yet, at the same time, they are good; yes, angelically good to me. I wish they were less so!"

"To-night, now for the second time in my life, I have had the same extraordinary dream. It appeared to me that I was in my chamber, and saw in heaven vast masses of black cloud above my head, driving towards the horizon, accompanied with a strong rushing sound in the air."

"Save thyself, Sara!" cried the voices of my sisters; "come, come with us!" But I felt in my limbs that peculiar sluggishness which one perceives in dreams when one wishes to hasten. My chamber-window flew open before the tempest, and impelled by a strong curiosity I looked out. The sun stood opposite to me, pale and watery, but the air around me seemed to burn: a glow of fire passed over all things. Before me stood a tall aspen, whose leaves trembled and crackled, while sparks of fire darted forth from them. Upon one twig of the tree sat a large blackbird, looking on me with a fiery glance, and singing hoarse and tunelessly, while the tempest and flame rioted around him. I heard the voices of my adopted mother and sisters anxiously calling on me from a distance ever farther and farther removed.

"I leaned myself out of the window to hear what the blackbird with the wonderful voice sang. I no longer had any fear. I awoke; but the dream has a charm for me."

"The blackbird sings of me otherwise than in my dream. My adopted mother has wept to-day on my account. I am sorry for it, but—it is best that I go. They do not love me here—they cannot do it. They do not need me, nor I them, any longer. It is best that we separate."

Thus Sara:

We will now cast a glance on the parents themselves, who were not greatly altered, excepting that Elise's whole appearance exhibited much more health and strength than formerly. The energetic countenance of the Judge had more wrinkles, but it had, besides, an expression of much greater gentleness. A slight, but, perhaps, not wholly unpardonable weakness might be observed in him. He was completely captivated with his daughters. God bless the good father!

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE OBJECT.

We must now say how the family grouped themselves in the new house. Since the arrival of Henrik and Jacobi, the liveliness of the family had visibly increased. Henrik zealously followed up his purpose of making his sisters take

more active exercise, and Jacobi assisted him with his whole heart. Long walks were arranged, but, to Henrik's annoyance, it seldom was possible to induce Louise to take exercise of that kind which, according to his opinion, she needed so much. Louise had always such a vast deal to do at home; Sara lived only for her harp and her singing; Leonore was not strong enough; and for Gabriele, it was generally either too cold or too dirty, or too windy, or she was not in the humour to walk. Eva, on the contrary, was always in the humour, and Petrea had always the desire to speed away. It was Henrik's greatest pleasure to give one of his sisters his arm, especially when they were well and handsomely dressed.

At seven o'clock in the evening all the members of the family assembled themselves in the library, where the tea-table was prepared, at which Louise presided. The evenings were uncommonly cheerful, particularly when the family were alone. Between tea and supper, they either talked, or read aloud, or had music; after supper they danced, and then Louise exercised herself with remarkable grace. Sometimes they had charades or social games. Henrik and Petrea had always some new flash of merriment or other. It was the greatest delight of the Judge to see all his children around him, especially in an evening, and to see them happy too. The door of his study, which adjoined the library, always stood open in an evening, and whether he read or wrote there, he still was conscious of all that went forward among them. Sometimes he would come out and take part in their entertainment, or would sit on the green sofa beside his wife, and watch the dance, rejoicing himself over his daughters, and sometimes was even taken out into the dance by them.

The young people remarked, that whatever might for the time occupy Jacobi, he was somewhat absent and incomprehensible; he sighed frequently, and seemed rather to enjoy quiet conversation with the ladies, than charades and other amusements. It was discovered, between Henrik and Petrea, that these fits of absence, and these sighs, must have an object; but it was a long time, that is to say, three or four days, before they could decide who it really was.

"It cannot be our mother," said Petrea, "because she is married; and besides this, she is so much older than any of us, although prettier than all of us together; and though Master Jacobi has such pleasure in talking with her, and conducts himself towards her as if he were her son, still it cannot be she. Do you know, Henrik, I fancy Sara is the object—he looks at her so much; or perhaps Eva, for he is always so lively with her; and I heard him say yesterday to Mr. Munter, that she was so uncommonly charming. But it is rather improper that he should pass 'our eldest' so!"

Henrik was greatly amused by Petrea's difficulty and conjectures, for he had his own peculiar notions about the object; and by degrees Petrea herself began to have a clearer foreknowledge, and to think that perhaps, after all, the true object might be no other than "our eldest" herself. After this insight into things, which Petrea was not slow in circulating among her sisters, Louise was called in their jocular phraseology, "the object." All this while, however,

"the object" herself appeared to pay very little attention to the speculations which had thus reference to herself. Louise was at the present time greatly occupied by setting up a piece of weaving, and had in consequence, greatly to Henrik's horror, brought again into use the dress surnamed "water-gruel;" and as it happened, moreover, that the piece of weaving was of a pattern which was much perplexed and difficult to arrange, she assumed almost constantly the "cathedral demeanour," which occasioned her to look all the less attractive. But so things stood. Jacobi looked a great deal at Sara, joked with Eva, and remained sitting beside Louise, as if he found by her side only true happiness and satisfaction.

In vain did Petrea draw him into all kind of controversial subjects, in order to make him, during the contest, somewhat forgetful of "the object." He did not become abstracted; and it was particularly observable, that the Master had much less desire for disputation than the Candidate had had; and when Mrs. Gunilla took the field against him more than once with a whole host of monads and nomads, he only laughed. Now, indeed, Jacobi had a favourite topic of conversation, and that was his Excellence D. The distinguished personal qualities of his Excellence, his noble character, his goodness, his spirit, his imposing exterior, could not be sufficiently celebrated and exalted by Jacobi; nay, even his lion-like forehead, his strong glance, and his beautiful patrician hands, were many a time described.

Jacobi had for some time been attached to his Excellence as his secretary, and he had now the hope of his assistance in his future prospects. In the meantime, his Excellence had shown him the greatest kindness; had given him many opportunities of increasing his knowledge, and had offered to take him with him on a journey into foreign countries; besides all which, he had himself practised him in French. In one word, Excellence D. was the most excellent excellence in all the world, an actual excellētissimus. Jacobi was devoted to him heart and soul, and was rich in anecdotes about Excellence D., and in anecdotes which his Excellence had told.

Louise, more than any member of the family, had the property of being a good listener, and therefore she heard more than any one else of his Excellence D., but yet not alone of him; Jacobi had always something to relate to her—a something on which he wanted her consideration—and if Louise were not too much occupied with her thoughts about the evening, he was always quite sure, not only of her sincere sympathy, but of her most deliberate judgment, as well on moral questions as on questions of economical arrangement, dress, plans for the future, and so forth. He himself imparted to her good advice—which, however, was not often followed—for playing Postillion. He drew patterns for her embroidery, and read aloud to her gladly, and that novels in preference to sermons.

But he was not long permitted to sit in peace by her side, for very soon the seat on the other side of her was occupied by a person, who, in all due respect, we will call "the Landed-proprietor," from the distinguished circumstance of his possessing an estate in the neighbourhood of the city.

The Landed-proprietor appeared to the Candidate—we will for the future adhere to this our old appellation, for in a certain sense, in this world all men are Candidates—to him, therefore, it seemed as if the new-comer were quite disposed to make a quarrel about the place he was inclined to take.

Beside his large estate, the Landed-proprietor was possessed of a large body, round cheeks, plump from excess of health, a pair of large gray eyes remarkable for their unmeaning expression, a little ruddy mouth which preferred eating rather than speaking, which laughed without meaning, and which now directed to cousin Louise—he considered himself related to her father—sundry speeches which we will string together in our next chapter.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### STRANGE QUESTIONS.

"Cousin Louise, are you fond of fish? for example, bream?" asked the Landed-proprietor one evening as he seated himself beside Louise, who was industriously working a landscape in her embroidery frame.

"O yes! bream is very good fish," replied she, very phlegmatically, and without looking up from her work.

"O, with red-wine sauce," said the Landed-proprietor, "delicate! I have magnificent fishing on my estate at Oestankvik. Big fellows of bream! I catch them myself."

"Who is that great fisher there?" asked Jacobi, with an impatient sneer, "and what matters it to him whether Louise likes bream?"

"Because in that case she might like him *mon cher*," replied Henrik; "a most respectable is my cousin Thure of Oestankvik. I advise you to cultivate his acquaintance. Well, now, Gabriele dear, what wants your highness?—I shall lose my head about the riddle—Mamma dear, come and help your stupid son!"

"No, no, mother knows it already! Mother must not tell," exclaimed Gabriele, terrified.

"What king do you set up above all other kings, Master Jacobi?" for the second time asked Petrea, who this evening had a sort of question-mania.

"Charles the Thirteenth," replied he, and listened to Louise's answer to the Landed-proprietor.

"Cousin Louise, are you fond of birds?" asked the Landed-proprietor.

"O yes, particularly of fieldfares," answered Louise.

"Nay, that's capital!" said the Landed-proprietor. "There are innumerable fieldfares on my estate of Oestankvik. I often go out myself with my gun and shoot enough for dinner; piff-paff! with two shots I have killed a whole dish-full!"

"Don't you imagine, Master Jacobi, that the people before the Flood were much wickeder than those of our time?" asked Petrea, who wished to occupy the Candidate, nothing deterred by his evident abstraction, and whom nobody had asked if she liked fieldfares.

"O much, much better," answered Jacobi.

"Cousin Louise, are you fond of roast hare?" asked the Landed-proprietor.

"Master Jacobi, are you fond of roast hare?" whispered Petrea waggishly to the Candidate.

"Bravo, Petrea!" whispered her brother to her.

"Cousin Louise, are you fond of cold meat?" asked the Landed-proprietor, as he handed Louise to the supper-table.

"Should you like to be a landed-proprietor?" whispered Henrik to her as she left it.

Louise answered exactly as a cathedral would have answered—looked very solemn, and was silent.

Petrea, like something let quite loose, after supper, would not let anybody remain quiet who by any possibility could be made to answer her.

"Is reason sufficient for mankind?" asked she. "What is the foundation of morals? What is the proper meaning of revelation? Why is the nation always so badly off? Why must there be rich and poor?" etc., etc.

"Dear Petrea," said Louise, "what can be the use of asking such questions?"

It was an evening for questions, there was not even an end of them when people separated for the night.

"Do you not think," asked the Judge from his wife when they were alone together, "that our little Petrea begins to be quite disagreeable with her perpetual questions and disputations? She leaves nobody at peace, and is at times in a sort of unceasing disquiet. She will, some time or other, make herself quite ridiculous if she goes on so."

"Yes," replied Elise, "if she goes on so; but I think she will not. I have observed Petrea narrowly for some time, and do you know I fancy there is something out of the common way in that young girl."

"Yes, yes," said he, "in the common way she certainly is not; the merriment and the everlasting joviality which she occasions, and the occasions, and the comical devices that she has—"

"Yes," replied the mother, "do they not indicate a decided turn for art? And then she has a remarkable thirst for knowledge. Every morning she is up between three and four, in order to read or write, or to work at her Oration. It is, in fact, quite uncommon; and may not this unrest, this zeal to question and dispute, arise from a sort of intellectual hunger? Ah! many a woman suffers deeply through the whole of her life, because this, their intellectual hunger, has not been appeased. Unrest, discontentedness, nay, innumerable faults, spring from want of intellectual culture."

"I believe you are right, Elise," said her husband; "and no condition in life is more melancholy, particularly in advanced years. But this shall not be the lot of my Petrea—that we will prevent. What do you think, now, would be good for her?"

"I fancy," said Elise, "that a course of serious and well-directed study would assist in regulating her mind. She is too much left to her self, with her disarranged bent—with her enthusiasm and her attempts. I myself have too little knowledge to instruct her, you have too little time, and there is no one here who would take the guidance of her young, unsettled mind. I am sometimes extremely grieved about her; for her sisters do not understand the workings of

her mind, which I must confess sometimes gives me pain. I wish I were better able to help her. Petrea requires a ground on which to take her stand—as yet, she has none; her thoughts require some firm holding-place; from the want of this comes her unrest. She is like a flower without roots, which is driven about by wind and wave.”

“She shall be firmly rooted; she shall find firm ground to stand upon, if such is to be found in the world!” said the Judge, with a grave yet beaming eye, and striking his hand at the same time with such violence on a volume West-Gotha law, that it fell to the ground. “We will think about it,” continued he; “Petrea is yet too young for one to say with certainty what is her decided bent; but we will strengthen her powers; she shall no longer know hunger of any kind, so long as I live and can get my own bread. You know my friend, the excellent Bishop B——. Perhaps we can at first confide Petrea to his guidance. After a few years we shall—as yet she is only a child. But don’t you think we might speak with Jacobi, whether he could not read with her and talk with her—apropos! how is it with Jacobi? I fancy he begins to think about Louise.”

“Yes, yes, you are not wrong,” said Elise; “and our cousin Thure of Oestanvik—have you remarked nothing there?”

“Yes, I did remark something,” replied he. “What stupid questions those were which he asked her! ‘Do you like this?’ or, ‘Do you like that?’ But I don’t like this! Louise is not yet grown up, and why should people come with such questions? Nay, perhaps after all it means nothing; that would please me best. What a pity it is, however, that our cousin Thure is not more of a man! A most beautiful estate he has, and so in the neighbourhood!”

“Yes, a pity,” said Elise; “because such as he is now, I am quite convinced Louise would find it impossible to endure him.”

“You do not think she would like Jacobi?” asked the father.

“To tell the truth,” returned she, “I think it probable she might.”

“Nay,” said he, “that would be very unpleasant and very imprudent; I am very fond of Jacobi, but he has nothing, and he is nothing.”

“But, my love,” reasoned his wife, “he may become something, and he may get something. I confess, dear Ernst, that he would suit Louise better for a husband than almost any one else, and I would willingly call him son.”

“Would you, Elise!” exclaimed the Judge, “then I suppose I must prepare myself to do the same. You have had most trouble, most labour with the children, and you have, therefore, most to say in their affairs.”

“You are so good, Ernst,” said Elise.

“Say reasonable—nothing more than reasonable,” said he; “beyond this I have the belief that our thoughts and inclinations do not differ much. I confess that I consider Louise as a great treasure, and I know nobody whom I should favour from my own heart; still, if Jacobi obtains her affections, I could not find in my heart to oppose a union between them, although, on account of uncertain prospects, it would make me anxious. I am much attached to Jacobi, and, on Henrik’s account, we have much to thank him for. His

excellent heart, his honesty, his good qualities, will make him as good a citizen as husband and father, and he belongs at the same time to that class of persons with whom it is most pleasant to have daily intercourse. But, God forbid! I am talking just as if I wished the union, and I am a long way from that yet. I would much rather keep my daughters with me as long as they could feel themselves happy with me; but when girls grow up, one cannot reckon on peace. I wish all wooers and question-askers at Jericho! Now, we could live here as in a kingdom of bliss, since we have got all into such nice order—some little improvements, it is true, I could make yet. I have been thinking that we could so easily make a wardrobe-room if—here at this wall. How, my love, are you asleep already?”

## CHAPTER XIX.

### AN INVITATION.

ABOUT this time the sisters of the house began to dream a great deal about conflagrations, and there was no end of the meanings of dreams, hints, little jokes, and communications among the sisters, none of whom dreamt more animated or more significant dreams than Petrea. Gabriele, who in her innocence did not dream at all, wondered what all this extraordinary talk about conflagration meant; but she could not learn much, for as often as she desired to have her part in the mysteries, it was said “Go out for a little while, Gabriele dear.”

One evening, Sara, Louise, Eva, and Petrea, were sitting together at a little table, where they were deep in the discussion of something which seemed to possess extraordinary interest for them, when Gabriele came and asked just for a little place at the table for herself and her books; but it was impossible, there was no room for the little one. Almost at the same moment Jacobi and Henrik came up; they too sought for room at the circle of young ladies, and now see! there was excellent room for them both, whereupon Gabriele stuck her little head between Louise and Petrea, and prayed her sisters to solve the following riddle.

“What is that at which six places may be found, but not five?”

The sisters laughed; Louise kissed the little refined moralist; and Petrea left the table, the gentlemen, and a political discussion which she had begun with Henrik, in order to sit on one side and relate to Gabriele the Travels of Theodolf, which was one of the greatest enjoyments of our little lady.

“Apropos!” cried Henrik, “will there not be a wedding celebrated the day after to-morrow, to which we ought naturally to be invited.—N.B. Aunt Evelina has far less genius than I gave her credit for if——”

“Aunt Evelina stands here now ready, if possible, to vindicate her genius,” said a friendly voice, and, to the amazement of all, Aunt Evelina stood in the middle of the room.

After the first salutations and questions, Evelina presented an invitation, not as Henrik expected for the marriage, but for the entertainment after the marriage.

Laura’s marriage with Major G. was to be

celebrated in the quietest manner, at her adopted mother's house, and only in the presence of a few relations. But the mother of the bridegroom, one of those joyous persons who in a remarkable manner lighten the world of its cares—and for which the world thanks them so little—one of those who, if possible, would entertain and make glad all mankind, and whom mankind on that account very willingly slanders—she, the stout and cordial widow of a Councillor of War, was determined to celebrate the marriage of her only and beloved son in a festive and cheerful manner, and to make the whole country partakers of the joy which she herself felt.

The great marriage-festival was to last eight days, and already the great doors of Axelholme were standing wide open to receive a considerable party of the notables of the place. The bride and bridegroom were to invite their respective friends and acquaintances, and commissioned now by the bride and her future mother-in-law, Evelina brought a written invitation from her; she came now to beseech the family, the whole family, Jacobi included, to honour the festivity with their presence; above all things, desiring that all the daughters might come,—every one of them was wanted for one thing or another; they reckoned on Petrea, she said, who had a great turn for theatricals, to take a character in a play which was to be acted; and the others were wanted for dancing and for *tableaux vivants*. Gabriele must allow herself to be made an angel of—and naturally they hoped, that out of all this the young people would find amusement.

They wished and prayed that the whole family would establish themselves at Axelholme, where everything was prepared for their dancing the whole time of the festival, and if possible still longer, and they hoped to make the stay there quite agreeable to every member of the family.

Pitt, Fox, Thiers, Lafitte, Platen, Ankursward—nay, one may even assert that all the orators in the world, never made speeches which were considered more beautiful by their hearers, nor which were received with warmer or more universal enthusiasm than this little oration of Aunt Evelina's. Henrik threw himself on his knee before the excellent, eloquent aunt; Eva clapped her hands and embraced her; Petrea cried aloud in a fit of rapture, and in leaping up threw down a work-table on Louise; Jacobi made an *entrechat*, freed Louise from the work-table, and engaged her for the first *anglaise*.

The Judge, glad from his heart that his children should have so much enjoyment, was obliged, for his part, to give up the joyful festivity. Business! Judge Frank had seldom time for anything but business; yet he would manage it so that at least he would take them there, and on the following day he would return. Elise sent back her compliments, but could not take more than two, or at most three of her daughters with her; Evelina, however, overruled this, as did also her husband, who insisted that they all should go.

"Perhaps," said he, "they may never have such another opportunity to enjoy themselves."

Seldom, indeed, does it happen that people ask and pray and counsel a mother to take all

her six daughters with her. Long may such counsellors live! but then it must be acknowledged, that the daughters of the Franks were universally beloved on account of their kind, agreeable manners, and their many good qualities.

Elise must promise to take them all with her—Sara, Louise, Eva, Leon—no! It is true Leonore could not go with her; the poor Leonore must remain at home, on account of indisposition; and very soon, therefore, Eva and Petrea emulated each other as to which should remain with her. Leonore declared coldly and peevishly that nobody should stay at home on her account; she needed nobody; she would much rather be alone; the sisters might all go without hesitation; there was no fear of her not living through it! Poor Leonore had become changed by her sickness and her sedentary life;—her better self had become hidden under a cloud of vexation and illhumour, which chilled the kindness and friendliness that people otherwise would have shown to her.

In the mean time there was a stir among the young people of the family; for much had to be bought, much to be made, and much to be put in order, that they might be able to make an honourable appearance at the marriage festival. What a review was there then of dresses, flowers, ribbons, gloves, etc.! what counsel-takings and projects regarding the new purchases! what calculations, so that the present of money which the good father had, all unsolicited, made to each daughter might not be exceeded. Louise was invaluable to everybody; she had counsel and contrivances for everybody; besides all this, she was unwearied in shopping, and never disheartened in buying. She made very few compliments to any shopkeeper or shopkeeper's assistants, and let them open everything they had if she only wanted an ell of cloth; and would leave eleven different places without making a purchase, if at the twelfth she could get a piece of ribbon cheaper or of better quality: she paid great regard to *quality*. According to her own opinion, as well as that of her family, she was an excellent hand at getting good bargains; that is, for obtaining good wares at unheard-of low prices. With all this our Louise was held in great consideration in all the shops of the city, and was served with the greatest zeal and respect; whilst, on the contrary, Petrea, who never bargained about anything, at all events when she was alone, was not esteemed in the least, and always obtained bad, and at the same time dear goods. True it is that Petrea went a shopping as little as possible; whilst Louise, on the contrary, who took the difficult part of Commissioner for all her friends and acquaintance, was about as much at home in a shop as in her own wardrobe.

It was unanimously decided that Sara, Louise, and Eva, should all wear the same dress on the evening of the great ball at Axelholme, which would be given on the day they arrived there; namely, that they should wear white muslin dresses, with pale pink sashes, and roses in their hair. Petrea was delighted by this project, and did not doubt but that her sisters would be universally known by the appellation of "the three Graces." For her own part, she would willingly have been called Venus: but alas! that was not

to be thought of. She studied her face in all the glasses in the house. "It is not so very bad-looking," thought she, "if the nose were only different." Petrea was to appear at the ball in sky-blue; and "the little lady" was quite enraptured by the rose-coloured gauze dress which her mother was making for her.

The toilette occupied every one, body and soul.

## CHAPTER XX.

### CONFUSION.

A FINE mizzling rain fell without; and Jacobi, with secret horror, beheld Louise equipped in the "court-preacher," which became her so ill, ready to go out with Eva, under shelter of "the family roof," in order to make good bargains. In the mean time Sara took her music lesson with Schwartz, but had promised Petrea to go out with her in the afternoon, in order to make good bargains likewise.

"Henrik," said Jacob to his young friend, "I fancy that we too are going out on a 'good bargain' expedition. I want a pair of gloves, and—"

"And perhaps we shall meet the sisters in the shop," said Henrik, waggishly.

"Quite right," returned Jacobi, smiling; "but, Henrik, cannot you tell your sister Louise that she should not wear that horrible black cloak? I declare she does not look as—indeed she does not look well in it."

"Don't you think that I have told her so already?" replied Henrik. "I have preached so long against the 'court-preacher,' that he ought long ago to have been banished from respectable society: but it is all to no purpose. He has worked himself so completely into the good graces of our gracious eldest sister, that we must endure him all our lives long. And what think you—I almost fancy our cousin of Oestanvik likes him!"

"Nay," said Jacobi, "one can very well see that that creature has a wretched taste—a true Hottentot taste!"

"And for that reason," remarked Henrik, "he may like Louise."

"Hem!" said Jacobi.

At dinner-time the bargaining young ladies came back, attended by the bargaining gentlemen, who had, after all, gone about in peaceful company with the court-preacher. Louise was quite full of glory; never in her whole life before had she made such good bargains.

"Look, sisters," said she, "this muslin for a crown-banco\* the ell! Is it not a charming colour? I have saved in it alone twelve shillings.† And see these ribbons which I have got for four-and-twenty shillings the ell—thirty were asked. Are they not beautiful?—will they not look magnificently?—is it not a real discovery?—did you ever hear of anything like it? Sara, if you will go to the same shop as I do, you will get all at the same price. I have made that agreement for you at three places, at Bergvalls, and at Astöms, and at Madame Florea's for the flowers."

Sara thanked her, but said she had altered her plans; she did not intend to have the same dress as Louise and Eve, but another which pleased her better.

The sisters were rather astonished; Louise quite offended. Had they not already agreed about it? What was to become of the Three Graces?

Sara answered, that the third Grace might be whoever she would, but for her part she should not have that honour.

The sisters thought her very ungracious.

Eva ran up to Leonore in order to show her her purchases.

"Look at this rose, Leonore," said she, "is it not very pretty? just as if it were natural—and these ribbons!"

"Yes, yes," said Leonore, with a depressed voice, regarding these ornaments with a gloomy look; and then, pushing them from her so hastily that they fell on the floor, burst into tears. Eva was quite concerned; a book had fallen on her beautiful rose and had crushed it. For one moment Eva shed tears over her flower, the next over her sister.

"Why have you done so, Leonore," said she, "you must be very ill, or are you displeased with me?"

"No, no!" said poor Leonore, "forgive me and leave me."

"Why?" asked Eva. "Ah, do not weep—do not distress yourself. It was quite thoughtless of me to come here and—. But I will bid farewell to all the magnificence—I will not go to the ball, I will stop at home with you, only tell me that you love me, and that you would like me to do so—just say so—say so!"

"No, no," said Leonore, passionately, and turning away from the affectionate comforter, "I do not like it! You tease me, all of you, with this talk of stopping at home on my account. I know very well that I am not such as any one would wish to please—I am neither merry nor good. Go, Eva, to those who are merry, and follow them. Leave me, leave me in peace, that is all that I desire."

Eva retired weeping, and with the crushed rose in her hand.

In the afternoon, when Petrea was ready to go out on the promised expedition, she found Sara also was in an ill-humour. She would go—but only on Petrea's account; she had no intention of buying anything; she had not money enough wherewith to make purchases; she would not go to the festival; she could not have any pleasure if she did; nothing in the world gave one any pleasure when one had not things exactly to one's own wishes.

Petrea was quite confounded by this sudden change, and sought in all possible ways to discover the cause of it.

"But why," asked she, with tears in her eyes, "will you not go with us?"

"Because I will not go," answered Sara, "if I cannot go with honour and in my own way! I will not be mixed up in a mass of every-day-mediocre people! It is in my power to become distinguished and uncommon; my character is of that kind. I will not live to be trammelled—I would rather not live at all!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Petrea, who now comprehended what was working in Sara, whilst her eyes flashed with sudden joy. "Ah, is it nothing more than that? Dear Sara, take all that I possess—take it, I beseech you! Do you not believe that it gives me a thousand times the pleasure if I see you happy and beautiful than if I possessed the most glorious things in the world. Take it, best, dearest Sara! I pray you,

\* Crown-banco, equal to one shilling and sixpence English money.

† A shilling Swedish is equal to about one farthing English.

on my knees, to take it, and then if there be enough you can buy what you like and go with us—else the whole splendour will be good for nothing!”

“Ah, Petrea, and you?” asked Sara.

“Ah,” said Petrea, “I’ll just furbish up my gauze dress, and keep a little money for some ribbon, and then all is done, and as for the rest it does not matter how I look. Be only contented, Sara, and do as I bid you.”

“But may I? Can I?” asked Sara. “Ah, no, Petrea, I could not do it! The little that you have! and after all it would not be sufficient.”

“Ah, yea,” said Petrea, “make it sufficient. We can go to Louise’s shops, and one gets everything so cheap there. I shall never be happy again if you do not do as I pray you: see now, you are my good, dear Sara! Thank you, thank you! Now my heart is light! Now I need not trouble myself about my toilette, and that is an advantage.”

The bird that sits on the swinging bough felt not lighter of mood than did Petrea as she went out with Sara, who was far less cheerful, but who still had never been more friendly towards Petrea.

The end of Petrea’s purchase of ribbon was this:—In passing a gingerbread-booth she saw a little chimney-sweeper, who was casting the most loving glances on some purple-red apples, and Petrea, with the money in her hand, could not resist the desire of making him a present of them, and felt more than rewarded as she saw the boy’s white teeth shining forth from their black neighbourhood, first in smiles and then biting into the juicy fruit. Her own mouth watered as she now cast her eyes round the booth, and saw such beautiful bergamotte-pears, and such magnificent oranges, that would please Leonore so much!—the result, therefore, was that Petrea’s reticule was filled with fruit instead of ribbon—in fact, there was now not money enough for such a purchase.

“But,” said the easy-minded Petrea, “Louise has such a deal of old ribbon—she can very well lend me some.” Petrea reasoned like all bad managers.

When Sarah and Petrea returned from their shopping expedition, Louise saw directly that the things which Sara had bought must far have exceeded her means; and beside this, Louise justly thought that they were unseemly for a young girl of her station. She looked without saying one word at the white silk; at the blue gauze for the tunic; the white and yellow asters for the hair, and at all the other ornaments which Sara, not without vanity, displayed.

“And what have you bought, Petrea?” asked she.

Petrea replied, with a blush, that she had bought nothing.

Not long afterwards Petra came to Louise, and asked her with a certain bashfulness, to lend her some old ribbon.

“Good Petrea,” said Louise, displeased, “I want my ribbons myself, and you have had money just as well as I or any of the others, to buy what you may want.”

Petrea was silent, but tears were in her eyes.

“I did not think, Louise,” said Sara, hotly, “that you would have been so covetous as to refuse Petrea a bit of old ribbon, which you are certain not to want yourself.”

“And I, Sara,” returned Louise in the same tone, “could not have believed that you would

have so abused Petrea’s good-nature and weakness as to have robbed her of her money just to indulge your own vanity!”

“Sara did not desire anything from me,” said Petrea, with warmth; “I insisted upon it—I compelled her.”

“And above all, Sara,” continued Louise, with yet sterner earnestness, “I must tell you that the dress you have chosen appears to me neither modest nor becoming. I am quite persuaded that Schwartz has induced you to deviate from our first intention—and I must tell you, dear Sara, that were I in your place I would not allow such a person to have so great an influence with me; nor is this the only instance in which your behaviour to him has not appeared to me what it ought to be, or what I should wish in a sister of mine, and such as becomes the dignity of a woman. I am very sorry to say this.”

“Oh, you are only too good!” returned Sara, throwing back her head, and with a scornful laugh; “but don’t trouble yourself about me, Louise, for I can assure you it gives me very little concern what pleases you or what does not.”

“So much the worse for you, Sara,” said Louise, calmly, “that you concern yourself so little for those who are your true friends. I, besides, am not the only one whom your behaviour to Schwartz displeases: Eva ———”

“Yes, Sara,” interrupted Eva, blushing, “I think too that you do not conduct yourself towards him as is becoming, for ———”

“Sisters,” said Sara, with warmth and pride, “you cannot judge of what is seemly for me—you have no right to censure my conduct, and I will not endure ———”

“I think,” said Petrea, warmly, “that if our mother has said nothing, nobody else has any right to say anything.”

“Silence, dear Petrea,” said Louise, “you are silly and blind to ———”

At this moment of confusion and disunion, when all the sisters were beginning to speak at once, and that in tones of indignation and reproof, a deep and mournful sigh was suddenly heard, which silenced all, and turned every eye to the door of the little boudoir. The mother stood there, with her hands clasped against her breast, pale, and with an expression of pain on her countenance, which sent a quick pang of conscience through the heart of every daughter. As all remained silent, she came forward, and said with a voice of emotion ———

“Why, ah, why, my dear girls, is all this? No explanations now! There is error and blame on one side, perhaps also on more; but why this bitterness, this incautious outbreak of injurious words? Ah, you know not what you are doing! You know not what a hell sisters can make for themselves, if they cherish such tempers. You know not how bitterness and harshness may grow among you to a dreadful habit; how you may become tormenting spirits to each other, and embitter each other’s lives. And it could be so different! Sisters might be like good angels the one to the other, and make the paternal home like a heaven upon earth. Ah, think, think only that every day, nay, every hour, you are working for the future. Reflect that you may gladden and beautify your lives, or embitter them, according as you now act. Reflect, my dear girls, that it is in your power to make your parents, your family, yourselves, either very happy or very unhappy!”

The daughters were silent, and were penetrated

by the deep emotion which expressed itself in the words of her mother, by her pale countenance, and by her tears. They felt strongly the truth of all that she had said. Petrea burst into tears, and ran out of the room; Sara followed her silently; and Eva threw herself caressingly on her mother's neck.

"I have only spoken the truth to Sara," said Louise; "and it is not my fault if it be unpleasant for her to hear it."

"Ah! Louise," returned her mother, "this is constantly said in the world, and yet so much contention and hatred prevail between those who say it. Blind belief in our own faultlessness, and hard imputations excite the temper, and make the truth unproductive of good. Why should we present truth in a disfiguring dress, when she is in herself so pure and beautiful? I know, my dear girl, that you only wish to do that which is right and good, and whoever aims rightly at that object will not fail of the means also."

"Must I then dissimulate?" asked Louise. "Must I conceal my thoughts, and be silent, respecting that which I think wrong? That may indeed be prudent, but it certainly is not Christian."

"Become Christian in temper, my child," said the mother, "and you will easily discover the means of doing what is right in a proper and effectual manner. You will learn to speak the truth without wounding; a truly pure, truly affectionate spirit wounds no one, not even in trifles. For that reason, one need not to be silent when one should speak, but —"

"C'est le ton qui fait la chanson!" Is it not so? he, he, he!" argued the shrill voice of Mrs. Gunilla, who had come in unobserved, and who thus put an end to the discourse. Soon afterwards the Assessor made his appearance, and they two fell into conversation, though not, as commonly, into strife with each other. Mrs. Gunilla lamented to him respecting Pyrrhus; she was quite in trouble respecting the little animal, which had now for some had a pain in the foot, that, spite of all means, got only worse and worse. She did not know what she was to do with the little favourite. The Assessor besought her, in the kindest manner, to allow him to undertake his treatment. He said he had always been much more successful in curing dogs than men, and that dogs were far more agreeable, and far nicer patients than their masters. Mrs. Gunilla was heartily glad, and the following morning she said Pyrrhus should be conveyed to him.

The family assembled themselves for tea, and the quick eyes of Mrs. Gunilla soon discovered that all was not quite as it should be.

"Listen, now," said she, "my little Elise. I know that there will be festivities, and balls, and banquets, given there at — what do they call it? and of course the young people here should all be at them and figure a little. If there be any little embarrassments about the toilet in which I can help, tell me candidly. Good heavens! one can imagine that easily. Young girls—a rosette is wanted here, and a rosette is wanted there, and one thing and another—heart's-dearest! it is so natural. I know it all so well;—now tell me."

Elise thanked her cordially, but must decline this offer; her daughters, she said, must learn betimes to moderate their desires to their means.

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Gunilla, "but I must tell you, my dear friend, there is no rule without its exception, and if any trifles are wanted, so—think on me."

Mrs. Gunilla was to-day in such a happy humour; she looked like somebody who was determined to make some fellow creature happy. The Assessor could not get into dispute with her. She rejoiced herself in the country, to which she should soon remove, in the spring which was at hand, and in the greenness which was approaching. The Assessor, on the contrary, rejoiced himself not at all. "What had one to rejoice about in such a hateful spring?" said he; "it was quite impossible to live in such a climate, and it must be the will of our Lord God that man should not live, or he would not have sent such springs. How could people plant potatoes in ice? and how otherwise could they be planted at all this year? And if people could get no potatoes, they must die of hunger, which was then perhaps the best part of the history of life."

On her side, Mrs. Gunilla bethought herself that she would willingly live. "Our Lord God," she said, "would take care that people had potatoes!" and then she looked with an expression of cordial sympathy on the troubled and distressed countenances of the young girls.

"When Eva, dear, is as old as me," said she, patting her gently on her white neck, "she will know nothing more of all that which so distresses her now."

"Ah! to be sixty years old!" exclaimed Eva, smiling, though with a tear in her eye.

"You'll get well on to sixty—well on; he, he, he!" said Mrs. Gunilla, consolingly. "Heart's dearest! it goes before one thinks of it. But only be merry and cheerful. Amuse yourselves at—what do you call it? and then come and tell me all about it. Do that nicely, and then I shall get my share of the fun though I am not there. That comes of the so-to-be called sixty years, Eva, dear! he, he, he!"

The sun set bright and glorious. Mrs. Gunilla went to the window, and sent a little greeting towards the sun, whose beams, glancing through the trees of the opposite church-yard, seemed to salute her in return.

"It looks as if one should have a fine day to-morrow," said Mrs. Gunilla to herself gently, and looking very happy.

People place youth and age opposite to each other, as the light and shade in the day of life. But has not every day, every age, its own youth—its own new attractive life, if one only sets about rightly to enjoy them? Yes, the aged man, who has collected together pure recollections for his evening companions, is manifold happier than the youth who, with a restless heart, stands only at the beginning of his journey. No passions disturb the evening meal of the other—no restless endeavours disturb the cheerful gossip of the evening twilight; all the little comforts of life are then so thoroughly enjoyed; and we can then, with more confidence, cast all our cares and anxieties on God. We have then proved Him.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### DISSENTING.

"THERE are certainly too many bitter almonds in this, it does not taste good," said Elise, setting down a glass of almond-milk.

"Be pleased with us, dear mother," whispered Eva, tenderly; "we are all friends again!"

The mother saw it in their beautiful beamy eyes; she read it in Louise's quick glance as she

turned round from the table where she was helping Sara with her tunic, and looked at her mother. Elise nodded joyfully both to her and Eva, and drank to them the glass of almond-milk, which now appeared to have become suddenly sweet, so pleased did she look as she again set down the glass.

"Mamma, dear," said Gabriele, "we must certainly do something towards Petrea's toilette, otherwise she will not be presentable."

But Louise took Petrea's ganze-dress secretly in hand, and sat up over it till midnight, and adorned it so with her own ribbons and lace, that it was more presentable than it had ever been before.

Petrea kissed her skilful hands for all that they had done. Eva—yet we will, for the present, keep silent on her arrangements.

But dost thou know, O reader!—yes, certainly thou dost!—the zephyrs which call forth spring in the land of the soul—which call forth flowers, and make the air pure and delicious? Certainly thou knowest them—the little easy, quiet, unpretending, almost invisible, and yet powerful—in one word, human kindnesses.

Since these have taken up their abode in the Franks' family we see nothing that can prevent a general joyful party of pleasure. But yes!—it is true—

#### PETREA'S NOSE!

This was, as we have often remarked, large and somewhat clumsy. Petrea had great desire to uniform it, particularly for the approaching festivities.

"What have you done to your nose? What is amiss with your nose?" were the questions which assailed Petrea on all sides, as she came down to breakfast on the morning of the eventful day.

Half laughing and half crying, Petrea related how she had made use of some innocent machinery during the night, by which she had hoped somewhat to alter the form of this offending feature, the consequence of which had unfortunately been the fixing a fiery red saddle across it, and a considerable swelling besides.

"Don't cry, my dear girl," said her mother, bathing it with oatmeal-water, "it will only inflame your nose the more."

"Ah," burst forth poor Petrea, "anybody is really unfortunate who has such a nose as mine! What in the world can they do with it? they must go into a convent."

"It is very much better," said her mother, "to do as one of my friends did, who had a very large nose, much larger than yours, Petrea."

"Ah, what did she do?" asked Petrea, eagerly.

"She made herself so beloved, that her nose was beloved too," said her mother. "Her friends declared that they saw nothing so gladly as her nose as it came in at the door, and that without it she would have been nothing."

Petrea laughed, and looked quite cheerful. "Ah," said she, "if my nose can but be beloved, I shall be quite reconciled to it."

"You must endeavour to grow above it!" said the good, prudent mother, jestingly, but significantly.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE DAY OF THE JOURNEY.

On the morning of the important day, all was in lively motion. The Assessor sent Eva a

large bouquet of most remarkably beautiful natural flowers, which she immediately divided among her sisters. The Judge himself, in a frenzy of activity, packed the things of his wife and daughters, and protested that nobody could do it better than he, and that nobody could make so many things go into one box as he could. The last was willingly conceded to him, but a little demur arose as to the excellence of the packing. The ladies asserted that he rumpled their dresses; the Judge asserted that there was no danger on that account, that everything would be found remarkably smooth, and stood zealous and warm in his shirt-sleeves beside the great travelling-case, grumbling a little at every fresh dress that was handed to him, and then exclaiming immediately afterward, "have you more yet, girls? I have more room. Do give me more! See now! that! and that! and that! and—now in the name of all weathers is there no end of your articles? Give them here, my girls! Let that alone, child! I shall soon lay it straight! What? rumple them, shall I? Well, they can be unrumped again, that's all! are there no smoothing-irons in the world? What! so, so, my girls! Have you any more—I can yet put something more in."

They were to set off immediately after dinner, in order to be at Axelholm, which lay about two miles\* from the city, ready for the ball in the evening. By dinner-time all boxes were packed, and all tempers cleared, more especially that of the Judge, who was so contented with his morning's work that he almost imparted his delight to those who at first were not altogether satisfied with it.

Petrea ate nothing but a pancake, with a little snow milk to it, in order that she might dance all the lighter.

"Above all things, my friends," prayed the Judge, "be precise, and be ready at half-past three—the carriages come then to the door; do not let me have to wait for you."

Precisely at half-past three the Judge went to the doors of his wife and daughters.

"Mother, girls! it is time to go," said he, "the clock has struck half-past three. The carriages are here."

"Directly, directly!" was answered from all sides. The Judge waited; he knew from experience what this "directly" meant.

In the fever of his punctuality his blood began to boil, and he walked up and down the hall with great steps, talking with himself, "It is shocking, though," argued he, "that they never are ready! but I won't be angry! Even if they make me angry, I will not spoil their pleasure. But patience is necessary, more than Job had!"

While he was thus moralising with himself, he heard the voice of his wife saying, with decision, in the library, "Come, now, dear girls! In Heaven's name, don't keep the father waiting! I know, indeed, how it annoys him."

"But he said nothing the day before yesterday," Petrea's voice was heard to return, "though he had then to wait for us. I can't think what I have done with my gloves!"

"And precisely on that account he shall not wait a moment longer for us," said the mother; "and never again, if I can help it; so, if you are not ready, girls, I shall run away without you!"

The mother ran, and all the daughters ran merrily after her.

\* A Swedish mile is equal to six English miles.

The father remarked with pleasure, that love has a far more effectual power than fear, and all were soon seated in the carriage.

We will allow them to roll away, and will now pay a little visit to

#### LEONORE'S CHAMBER.

Leonore sat solitary. She supported her sick head on her hand. She had impelled herself to answer kindly the leave-taking kiss of her mother and sisters; she had seen how they sought to repress their joy before her, and she had particularly remarked a sort of half-stifled roguish joy in the glance which was exchanged between Eva and her mother, which had pained her. She had heard their happy voices on the stairs, and then the driving away of the carriages. Now they were gone; now all was still and desolate in the house, and large tears traced their way down Leonore's cheeks. She seemed to herself so forlorn, so uncared for, so solitary in the world!

At that moment the door was softly opened, a smiling face looked in, and a light fascinating figure sprang forward through the chamber towards her, kissed her, laughed, and glanced with roguish and ardent affection into her astonished face.

"Eva!" exclaimed Leonore, scarcely trusting her eyes; "Eva, are you here? How! whither came you? Are you not gone with the others?"

"No, as you see," returned Eva, embracing her, laughing, and looking quite happy; "I am here, and mean to stay here."

"But why? What is the meaning of it?" asked Leonore.

"Because I would much rather remain here with you than go anywhere else," said Eva. "I have let Axelholm go with all its splendours."

"Ah! why have you done so? I would much rather you had not," said Leonore.

"I knew that," returned her sister, "and therefore I put on a travelling dress, like the rest, and took leave of you with them. I wanted to take you by surprise, you see. You are not angry with me, are you? Look a little happy, dear Leonore!"

"I cannot, Eva," said Leonore, "because you have robbed yourself of a great pleasure on my account, and I know that it must have been difficult for you. I know that I am neither agreeable nor pleasing, and that you cannot love me, nor yet have pleasure with me, and on that account I cannot have pleasure in your sacrifice. It becomes you to be with the joyful and the happy. Ah! that you had but gone with them!"

"Do not talk so, unless you would make me weep," said Eva; "you do not know how the thought of giving up all these festivities in order to remain alone with you has given me pleasure for many days, and this precisely because I love you, Leonore! yes, because I feel that I could love you better than all the rest! Nay, do not shake your head, it is so; one cannot help one's feelings."

"But why should you love me?" argued the poor girl; "I am, indeed, so little amiable, nobody can endure me, nobody has pleasure in me; I would willingly die. Ah! I often think it would be so beautiful to die!"

"How can you talk so, Leonore!" said her sister; "it is not right. Would you wish such horrible grief to father and mother, and me, and all of us?"

"Ah!" said Leonore, "you and the sisters

H

would soon comfort yourselves. My mother does not love me as much as any of you others; my father also the same. Attilie R. said the other day that everybody talked of it—that I was beloved neither by father nor mother."

"Fie!" exclaimed Eva, "that was wicked and unjust of Attilie. I am quite certain that our parents love us all alike. Have you ever observed that they unjustly make any difference between us?"

"That I never have," said Leonore; "they are too good and perfect for that. But, do you think I have not observed with how different an expression my father regards me to that with which he looks on you or Louise? Do you think that I do not feel how cold, and at times constrained, is the kiss which my mother gives me, to the many which, out of the fulness of her heart, she gives to you or to Gabriele? But I do not complain of injustice. I see very well that it cannot be otherwise. Nature has made me so disagreeable, that it is not possible people can bear me. Ah! fortunate indeed are they who possess an agreeable exterior. They win the good-will of people if they only show themselves. It is so easy for them to be amiable, and to be beloved! But difficult, very difficult, is it for those who are ill-favoured as I!"

"But, dear Leonore, I assure you, you are unjust towards yourself. Your figure, for example, is very good; your eyes have something so expressive, something at the same time so soft and so earnest; your hair is fine, and is of a beautiful brown;—it would become you so if it were better dressed; but wait awhile, when you are better I will help you to do it, and then you shall see."

"And my mouth," said poor Leonore, "that goes from ear to ear, and my nose is so flat and so long—how can you mend that?"

"Your mouth!" replied Eva, "why yes, it is a little large; but your teeth are regular, and with a little more care would be quite white. And your nose?—let me see—yes, if there were a little elevation, a little ridge in it, it would be quite good, too! Let me see, I really believe it begins to elevate itself!—yes, actually, I see plainly enough the beginning of a ridge! and do you know, if it come, and when you are well, and have naturally a fresh colour, I think that you will be really pretty!"

"Ah! if I can ever believe that!" said Leonore, sighing, at the same time that an involuntary smile lit up her countenance.

"And even if you are not so very lovely," continued Eva, "you know that yet you can be infinitely agreeable; you have something peculiarly so in your demeanour. I heard my father say so this very day."

"Did he really say so?" said Leonore, her countenance growing brighter and brighter.

"Yes, indeed he did!" replied her sister. "But, ah! Leonore, after all, what is beauty? It fades away, and at last is laid in the black earth, and becomes dust; and even whilst it is blooming, it is not all-sufficient to make us either beloved or happy! It certainly has not an intrinsic value."

Never was the power of beauty depreciated by more beautiful lips! Leonore looked at her and sighed.

"No, Leonore," continued she, "do not trouble yourself to be beautiful. This, it is true, may at times be very pleasant, but it certainly is not necessary to make us either beloved or happy. I

am convinced that if you were not in the least prettier than you are, yet that you might, if you would, in your own peculiar way, be as much in favour and as much beloved as the prettiest girls in the world."

"Ah!" said Leonore, "if I were only beloved by my nearest connexions! What a divine thing it must be to be beloved by one's own family!"

"But that you can be—that you will be, if you only will! Ah! if you only were always as you are sometimes—and you are more and more so—and I love you more and more—ininitely I love you!"

"O beloved Eva," said Leonore, deeply affected, while she leaned herself quietly on her sister, "I have very little deserved this from you; but, for the future, I will be different—I will be what you would like. I will endeavour to be good and amiable."

"And then you will be so lovely, so beloved, and so happy!" said Eva, "that it would be a real delight. But now you must come down into Louise's and my room. There is something there for you; you must change the air a little. Come, come!"

"Ah, how charming!" was Leonore's exclamation as she entered Eva's chamber; and, in fact, nothing could be imagined more charming than that little abode of peace, adorned as it now was by the coquetry of affection. The most delicious odour of fruit and flowers filled the air, and the sun threw his friendly beams on a table near the sofa, on which a basket filled with beautiful fruit stood enticingly in the midst of many pretty and tastefully arranged trifles.

"Here dear Leonore," said Eva, "you will reside during this time. It will do you good to leave your room a little. And look, they have all left you an offering! This Gothic church of bronze is from Jacob. It is a lamp! do you see? light comes through the window; how beautiful! We will light it this evening. And this fruit—do you see the beautiful grapes? All these are a plot between Henrik and Petrea. The copperplate engravings are from my father; Louise has worked you the slippers; and the little lady, she—"

Leonore clapped her hands. "Is it possible," said she, "that you all have thought so much about me! How good you are—ah, too good!"

"Nay, do not weep, Leonore," said Eva; "you should not weep, you should be joyful. But the best part of the entertainment remains yet behind. Do you see this new novel of Miss Edgeworth? Our mother has given you this, for us to read together aloud. I will read to you till midnight, if you will. A delicate little supper has been prepared for us by Louise, and we shall sup up here. We'll have a banquet in our own way. Take now one of those big grapes which grow two on one stem, and I will take one here. The king's health! O glorious!"

While the two sisters are banqueting at their own innocent feast, we will see how it goes on in the great company at

#### AXELHOLM.

Things are not carried on in so enviably easy and unconstrained a manner at every ball as at that of the citizens in the good little city of ———, where the baker's wife and the confectioner's wife were walking together, but altogether in a wrong fashion, to which the rest only said, "it does not signify, if they only go on!" O not such innocence as that is seldom met

with, and least of all among those of whom we write.

At Axelholm, as at other great balls, the rocks of convention made it impossible to move without a thousand ceremonies, proprieties, considerations, formalities, and all the rest, which, taken together, make up a vast sum of difficulties. The great ball at Axelholm was not without pretension, and on that account not without its stiff difficulties. Among these may be reckoned that several of the dance-loving gentlemen considered themselves too old, or too ——— to dance at all, and that, in consequence, many of the dance-loving ladies could not dance at all either, because, on account of the threatening eye-glasses of the gentlemen, they had not got courage to dance with one another. Nevertheless the scene looked like one of pure delight. The great saloon so splendidly lighted, and a vast assembly collected there!

It is now the moment just before the dancing begins; the gentlemen stand in a great group in the middle of the room, spreading themselves out in direct or wavy lines towards the circle of ladies. These sit, like flowers in the garden-beds, on the benches round the room, mostly in bashful stillness; while a few, in the consciousness of their zephyr-like lightness float about the room like butterflies. All look happy; all talk one with another, with all that animation, that reciprocal good-will, which the sight of so much beauty, united to the consciousness that they themselves are wearing their best looks, as well as the expectation of pleasures infuses.

Now the music begins to sound; now young hearts beat with more or less disquiet; now go the engaged ones, amid the jostlings of the servants, who are perpetually soliciting the young ladies to partake of the now-disdained tea. There one saw several young girls numerously surrounded, who were studying the promised dances which were inscribed on the ivory of their fans, declining fervent solicitations for the third, fourth, fifth—nay, even up to the twelfth dance; but promising themselves with fascinating grace for the thirteenth, which perhaps may never be danced; while others in their neighbourhood sit quiet and undisturbed waiting for the first invitation, in order thereto to say a willing and thankful yes. Among the many-surrounded and the much-solicited we may see Sara, and even Louise. With these emulated the three Misses Aftonstjerna—Isabella, Stella, and Aurora—who stood constantly round the chair of the Countess Solstrale, which was placed before the great mirror at the far end of the saloon. Among those who sat expectantly, in the most beautiful repose, we shall discover our Petrea, who, nevertheless, with her bandeau of pearls in her hair, and a certain bloom of innocence and goodness in her youthful countenance, looked uncommonly well. Her heart beat with an indescribable desire to be engaged.

"Ah!" sighed she, as she saw two most elegant young men, the two brothers B——, walking round the circle of ladies, with their eye-glasses in their hands. Their eye-glasses rested for a moment on Petrea; the one whispered something in the ear of the other; both smiled and went on. Petrea felt humiliated, she knew not why.

"Now!" thought she, as Lieutenant S. approached her quickly. But Lieutenant S. came to engage Miss T., and Petrea remained sitting. The music played the liveliest *anglaise*, and Petrea's feet were all in agitation to be moving.

"Ah! thought she, "if I were but a man I would engage Petrea."

"Where is Eva?" asked Jeremias Munter, in a hasty and displeased tone, from Louise, in the pause between the *anglaise* and the waltz.

"She has remained at home with Leonore," said Louise, "she was determined upon it."

"How stupid!" exclaimed he, "else why did I come here?"

"Nay, that I really cannot tell!" returned Louise, laughing.

"Not!" retorted the Assessor. "Now, then, I will tell you, sister Louise, I came here entirely to see Eva dance—solely and altogether on that account, and for nothing else. What a stupid affair it was that she should stop at home! You had a great deal better, all the rest of you, have stopped at home together—you yourself, dear sister, reckoned into the bargain! Petrea there! what has she to do here? She was always a vexation to me, but now I cannot endure her since she has not understanding enough to stay at home in Eva's place—and this little curly-pate, which must dance with grown people just as if she were a regular person—could not she find a piece of sugar to keep her at home, instead of coming here to act the grown woman! You are all wearisome together, and such entertainments as these are the most horrible things I know."

Louise floated away in the waltz with Jacobi, laughing over this sally; and the Countess Solstrale, the sun of the ball, said as she passed her chair, "Charmant, charmant!"

Besides this couple, who distinguished themselves by their easy harmonious motion, there was another, which whirled past in wild circles, and drew all eyes upon them likewise: this was Sara and the boisterous Mr. Schwartz. Her truly beaming beauty, her dress, her haughty bearing, her flashing eyes, called forth a universal ah! of astonishment and admiration. Petrea forgot that she was sitting while she looked upon her. She thought that she had never seen anything so transporting as Sara in the whirl of the dance. But the Countess Solstrale, as she sat in her chair, said of this couple—nothing; nay, people even imagined that they read an expression of displeasure in her countenance. The Misses Aftonstjerne sailed round in a very different manner.

"My dear girl," said Elise kindly, but seriously, to Sara, after the waltz, "you must not dance thus; your chest will not allow it. How warm you are—you really burn!"

"It is my climate," answered Sara; "it agrees with me excellently."

"I beseech you to sit this dance. It is positively injurious to you to heat yourself thus," said Elise.

"This dance?" returned Sara; "I am engaged for it to Colonel H."

"Then do not dance the next," besought Elise; "if you would do me a pleasure, do not dance it with Schwartz. He dances in such a wild manner as is prejudicial to the health; besides which, it is hardly becoming."

"It gives me pleasure to dance with him," answered Sara, both with pride and insolence as she withdrew; and the mother, wounded and displeased, returned to her seat.

The Countess Solstrale lavished compliments on Elise on account of her children. "They are positively the ornament of the room," said she;—"charmant! and your son a most prepossessing young man—so handsome and *comme il faut*! A charming ball!"

Isabella Aftonstjerne threw beaming glances on the handsome Henrik.

"What madness this dancing is!" said Mr. Munter, as with a strong expression of weariness and melancholy he seated himself beside Evelina. "Nay, look how they hop about and exert themselves, as if without this they could not get thin enough; then, good heavens! how difficult it seems, and how ugly it is! As if this could give them any pleasure! For some of them it seems as if it were day-labour; and as if it were a frenzy to others; and for a third, a kind of affectation; nay, I must go my ways, for I shall become mad or splenetic if I look any longer on this super-extra folly!"

"If Eva Frank were dancing too, you would not think it so," said Evelina, with a well-bred smile.

"Eva" repeated he, while a light seemed to diffuse itself over his countenance, and his eyes suddenly beamed with pleasure: "Eva! not I believe so too. To see her dance is to see living harmony. Ah! it enlivens my mind if I only see her figure, her gait, her slightest movement; and then to know that all this harmony, all this beauty, is not mere paint—not mere outside; but that it is the true expression of the soul! I find myself actually better when I am near her; and I have often a real desire to thank her for the sentiments which she instils into me;—in fact she is my benefactress; and I can assure you, that it reconciles me to mankind and to myself, that I can feel thus to a fellow-creature. I cannot describe how agreeable it is, because commonly there is so much to vex oneself about in this so-called master-piece of the Creator!"

"But, best friend," said Evelina, "why are you so vexed? Most people have still—"

"Ah, don't go and make yourself an *ange de clemence* for mankind," said he, "in order to exalt yourself over me, otherwise I shall be vexed with you; and you belong to the class that I can best endure. Why do I vex myself? What a stupid question! Why are people stupid and wearisome, and yet make themselves important with their stupidity? And wherefore am I myself such a melancholy personage, worse than anybody else, and should have, withal, such a pair of quick eyes, as if only on purpose to see the infirmities and perversions of the world? There may, however, in many cases, be sufficient reason for all this. When one has had the fancy to come into the world against all order and Christian usage; has seen neither father nor mother beside one's cradle; heard nothing, seen nothing, learned nothing, which is in the least either beautiful or instructive; one has not entered upon life very merrily. And then, after all, to be called Munter! Good heavens! Munter! Had I been called Blannius (curser), or Skramius (good-for-nothing), or Brummerius (grumbler), or Grublerius (freaker), or Rhabarberius, there might have been some sense in the joke; but Munter! I ask you now, is it not enough to make a man splenetic or melancholy all the days of his life? And then, to have been born into the world with a bad cold, and since then never to have been able to look up to heaven without sneezing—do you find that merry or lamentable? Well, and then! after I had worked my way successfully through the schools, the dust of books, and the hall of anatomy, and had come to hate them all thoroughly, and to love what was bean-

tiful in nature and in art, am I to thank my stars that I must win my daily bread by studying and caring for all that is miserable and revolting in the world, and hourly to go about among jaundice, and falling-sickness, and disease of the lungs? On this account I never can be anything but a melancholy creature! Yes, indeed, if there were not the lilies on the earth, the stars in heaven, and beyond all these some one Being who must be glorious—and were there not among mankind the human-rose Eva—the beautiful, fascinating Eva, thus—”

He paused; a tear stood in his eye, but the expression of his countenance soon was changed, when he perceived no less than five young girls—they danced now the “free choice”—and among them the three enchanting Misses Aftonstjerna, who, all locked together, came dancing towards him with a roguish expression. He cast towards them the very grimmest of his glances, rose up suddenly, and hastened away.

Sara danced the second waltz with Schwartz yet wilder than the first. Elise turned her eyes away from her with inward displeasure, but Petrea’s heart beat with secret desire for a dance as wild, and she followed their whirlings with sparkling eyes.

“Oh,” thought she, “if one could only fly through life in a joyful whirl like that!”

It was the sixth dance, and Petrea was sitting yet. “See now!” thought she, “farewell to all hopes of dancing! It must be that I am ugly, and nobody will look at me!” At the same moment she was aware of the eye of her mother fixed upon her with a certain expression of discomfort, and that glance was to her like a stab at the heart; but the next moment her heart raised itself in opposition to that depressing feeling which seemed about to overcome her. “It is unpleasant,” thought she, “but it cannot be altered, and it is no fault of mine! And as nobody will give me any pleasure, I will even find some for myself.”

Scarcely had Petrea made this determination, than she felt herself quite cheered; a spring of independence and freedom bubbled up within her: she felt as if she were able even to take down the chandelier from the ceiling, and all the more so when she saw so many life-enjoying people skipping around her.

At this moment an old gentleman rose up from a bench opposite Petrea, with a tea-cup in his hand. In a mania of officiousness she rushed forward in order to assist him in setting it aside. He drew himself back and held the cup firmly, whilst Petrea, with the most firm and unwearying “permit me, sir,” seemed determined to take it. The strife about the cup continued amid the unending bows of the gentleman, and the equally unending courtesies of Petrea, until a passing waltzing couple gave a jostle without the least ceremony whatever to the compliment-makers, which occasioned a shake of the tea-cup, and revealed to Petrea the last thing in the world which she had imagined, that the cup was not empty! Shocked and embarrassed, she let go her hold, and allowed the old gentleman, with what remained of his cup of tea, to go and find out for himself a securer place.

Petrea seated herself, she hardly knew how, on a bench near an elderly lady, who looked at her very good-naturedly, and who helped very kindly to wipe off the abluion of tea which she had received. Petrea felt herself quite confidential with this excellent person, and inquired from her

what was her opinion of Swedenborg, beginning also to give her own thoughts on spectral visions, ghosts, etc. The lady looked at her, as if she thought she might be a little deranged, and then hastened to change her place.

A stout military gentleman sat himself down ponderously, with a deep sigh, on the seat which the old lady had left, as if he were saying to himself, “Ah, thank God! here I can sit in peace!” But, no! he had not sat there three minutes and a half, when he found himself called upon by Petrea to avow his political faith, and invited by her to unite in the wish of speedy war with Russia. Lieutenant-Colonel Uh—turned rather a deaf ear to the battery by which his neighbour assailed him, but for all that he probably felt it not the less heavy, because after several little sham coughs he rose up, and left our Petrea alone with her warlike thoughts.

She also rose, from the necessity she felt of looking elsewhere for more sympathy and interest.

“In heaven’s name, dear Petrea, keep your seat!” whispered Louise, who encountered her on her search for adventures.

Petrea now cast her eyes on a young girl who seemed to have had no better dancing fortune than herself, but who seemed to bear it much worse, appeared weary of sitting, and could hardly refrain from tears. Petrea, in whose disposition it lay to impart to others what she herself possessed—sometimes overlooking the trifling fact that what she possessed was very little desired by others—and feeling herself now in possession of a considerable degree of prowess, wished to impart some of the same to her companion in misfortune, and seated herself by her for that purpose.

“I know not a soul here, and I find it so horribly wearisome,” was the unasked outpouring of soul which greeted Petrea, and which went directly to her sympathizing heart.

Petrea named every person she knew in the company to the young unfortunate, and then, in order to escape from the weight of the present, began to unfold great plans and undertakings for the future. She endeavoured to induce her new acquaintance to give her her *parole d’honneur* that she would some time conduct a social theatre with her, which would assist greatly to make social life more interesting; and farther than that, that they should establish together a society of Sisters of Charity in Sweden, and make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem; furthermore, that they would write novels together; and that on the following day, or more properly in the night, they would rise at half past ten o’clock, and climb to the top of a high mountain in order to see the sun rise; and finally, after all these, and sundry other propositions, Petrea suggested to her new acquaintance a thee-and-thou friendship between them! But, ah! neither Petrea’s great prowess, nor her great friendship; neither the social theatre, nor the pilgrimage to Jerusalem, least of all the thee-and-thou friendship, availed anything towards enlivening the churlish young girl. Petrea saw plainly that an invitation to dance would avail more than all her propositions, so, sighing deeply because she was not a man to offer so great a pleasure, she rose up, and left the object of her vain endeavours.

She looked round for a new subject, and her eye fell on the Countess Solstrale.\* Petrea was

\* Svensson.

dazzled, and became possessed of the frenzied desire to become acquainted with her—to be noticed by her; in short, in some kind of way to approach the sun of the ball, fancying thereby that a little glory would be reflected upon herself. But how was she to manage it? If the Countess would but let fall her handkerchief, or her fan, she might dart forward and pick it up, and then deliver it to her with a compliment in verse. Petrea, hereupon, began to improvise to herself—there was something, of course, about the sun in it. Undoubtedly this would delight the Countess, and give occasion to more acquaintance, and perhaps—but, ah! she dropped neither handkerchief nor fan, and no opportunity seemed likely to occur in which she could make use of her poem with effect. In the mean time she felt drawn as by a secret influence (like the planet to the sun) ever nearer and nearer to the queen of the saloon. The Aftonstjernas were now standing, beaming around her, bending their white and pearl-ornamented necks to listen to her jesting observations, and between whiles replying with smiles to the politeness and solicitations of elegant gentlemen. It looked magnificent and beautiful, and Petrea sighed from the ardent longing to ascend to the *haute volée*.

At this moment Jacobi, quite warm, came hastening towards her to engage her for the following quadrille.

Petrea joyfully thanked him; but suddenly reddening to the resemblance of a peony with her mania of participation, she added, "Might I accept your invitation for another person? Do me the great pleasure to ask that young girl that sits there in the window at our left."

"But why?" asked Jacobi, "why will not you?"

"I earnestly beseech you to do it!" said Petrea. "It would give me greater pleasure to see her dancing than if I danced myself."

Jacobi made some kind objections, but did in the end as she requested.

It was a great pleasure to Petrea to perceive the influence of this engagement on her young friend. But Fate and the Candidate seemed determined to make Petrea dance this quadrille; and a young officer presented himself before her in splendid uniform, with dark eyes, dark hair, large dark moustache, martial size, and very martial mien. Petrea had no occasion, and no disposition either, to return anything but a "yes" to this son of Mars. In fact, she never expected to receive a more honourable invitation; and a few minutes later she found herself standing close beside the chair of the Countess Solstråle, dancing in the same quadrille with the Aftonstjernas and *vis-à-vis* with the Candidate. Petrea felt herself highly exalted, and would have been perfectly prosperous had it not been for her restless demon, which incessantly spurred her with the desire of coming in closer contact with the beautiful, magnificent lady to whom she stood so near. To tread upon her foot or her dress, might, it is true, have furnished an easy occasion for many fine and reverential excuses; but, at the same time, this would be neither polite nor agreeable. To fall in some kind of way before her feet, and then, when graciously raised by the Countess, to thank her in a verse, in which the *au* played a conspicuous part, would have been incontestably better; but now—Petrea must dance!

Was it that our Petrea really was so addled—  
If people will graciously allow us such an ex-

pression—that she had no right power over her limbs, or did it happen from want of ballast, in consequence of the slender dinner she had eaten, or was it the result of her distraction—we know not; but this much is certain, that she in *chasse*-ing on the right hand, on which she had to pass her *vis-à-vis*, made an error, and came directly up to him. He withdrew to the other side, but Petrea was already there; and as the Candidate again withdrew to the right, there was she again; and amid all this *chasse*-ing her feet got so entangled with his, that as he made a despairing attempt to pass her, it so happened that both fell down in the middle of the quadrille!

When Petrea, with tears in her eyes, again stood upright, she saw before her the eye-glass gentleman, the two brothers B., who were nearly dying with laughter. A hasty glance convinced Petrea that her mother saw nothing of it; and a second glance, that she had been observed by the Countess Solstråle, who was smiling behind her fan. The first observation consoled her for the last; and she fervently assured Jacobi, who was heartily distressed on her account, that she had not hurt herself; that it signified nothing; that it was her fault, etc., etc.; cast a tranquil glance on the yet laughing gentlemen, and *chassé* ed boldly back again. But what, however, made the deepest impression on Petrea, was the conduct of her partner, and his suddenly altered behaviour. He brought the continued and unbecoming merriment of the Brothers B. to an end by one determined glance; and he who hitherto had been parsimonious of words, and who had only answered all her attempts at being entertaining by a yes, or a no, now became quite conversable, polite, and agreeable, and endeavoured in every possible way to divert her attention from the unpleasant accident which had just occurred, engaging her moreover for the *anglaise* after supper.

Petrea understood his kindness; tears came into her eyes, and her heart beat for joy at the thought of hastening to her mother after the quadrille and saying, "Mother, I am engaged for the quadrille after supper."

But no thought, no feeling could remain in tranquillity with the poor little "Chaos;" so many others came rushing in, that the first were quite-effaced. Her first impression of the kindness of Lieutenant Y. was, "how good he is!" the second was, "perhaps he may endure me!" And hereupon a flood of imagined courtesy and courtship poured in, which almost turned her head. But she would not marry, heaven forbid! yet still it would be a divine thing to have a lover, and to be oneself "an object" of passion like Sara and Louise. Perhaps the young Lieutenant Y. might be related to the Countess Solstråle, and O heavens! how well it would sound when it was said "a nephew of the Countess Solstråle is a passionate admirer of Petrea Frank!" What a coming forth that would be! A less thing than that might make one dizzy. Petrea was highly excited by these imaginings, and was suddenly changed by them into an actual coquette, who set herself at work by all possible means to enslave "her object;" in which a little, and for the moment very white, hand (for even hands have their moments), figuring about the head, played a conspicuous part. Petrea's amazing animation and talkativeness directed the eye-glass of her mother—for her mother was somewhat short-sighted—often in this direction, and called forth glances besides from Louise, which positively would have operated with a very s.

ding effect, had not Petrea been too much excited to remark them. The observations and smiles of her neighbours Petrea mistook for tokens of applause; but she deceived herself, for they only amused themselves with the little coquetting, but not very dangerous lady. Lieutenant Y., nevertheless, seemed to find pleasure in her liveliness, for when the quadrille was ended he continued a dispute which commenced during it, and for this purpose conducted her into one of the little side rooms, which strengthened her in the idea of having made a conquest. Isabella Afonstjerna was singing there a little French song, the refrain of which was—

"Hommage à la plus belle,  
Honneur au plus vaillant!"

The world was all brightness to Petrea: the song carried her back to the beautiful days of knighthood: Lieutenant Y. appeared to her as the ideal of knightly honour, and the glass opposite shewed her own face in such an advantageous light, that she, meeting herself there all beaming with joy, fancied herself almost handsome. A beautiful rose-tree was blossoming in the window, and Petrea, breaking off a flower, presented it to the Lieutenant, with the words

"Honneur au plus vaillant."

Petrea thought that this was remarkably striking and apropos, and secretly expected that her knight would lay the myrtle-spray, with which he was playing, at her feet, adding very appropriately—

"Hommage à la plus belle."

"Most humble thanks!" said Lieutenant Y. taking the rose with misfortune-promising indifference. But fate delivered Petrea from the unpleasantness of waiting in vain for a politeness which she desired, for suddenly there arose a disturbance in the ball-room, and voices were heard which said "She is fainting! Gracious heaven! Sara!"

Myrtle-spray, knight, conquest, all vanished now from Petrea's mind, and with a cry of horror she rushed from Lieutenant Y. into the ball-room at the very moment when Sara was carried out fainting. The violent dancing had produced dizziness; but taken into a cool room, and sprinkled with eau de Cologne and water, she soon recovered, and complained only of horrible headache. This was a common ailment of Sara's, but was quickly removed when a certain remedy was at hand.

"My drops!" prayed Sara in a faint voice.

"Where? where?" asked Petrea, with a feeling as if she would run to China.

"In the little box in our chamber," said Sara.

Quick as thought sped the kind Petrea across the court to the east wing. She sought through the chamber where their things were, but the box was not to be found. It must have been left in the carriage—but where was the carriage? It was locked up in the coach-house—and where was the key of the coach-house?

Great was Petrea's fatigue before she obtained this—before she reached the coach-house; and then before, with a lantern in her hand, she had found the missing box. Great also, on the other hand, was her joy, as breathless, but triumphant, she hastened up to Sara with the little bottle of medicine in her hand, and for reward she received the not less agreeable commission of dropping out sixty drops for Sara. Scarcely, however, was the medicine swallowed, when Sara exclaimed with violence:

"You have killed me, Petrea! You have given me poison! It is unquestionably Louise's elixir!"

It was so! The wrong bottle had been brought, and great was the perplexity.

"You do everything so left-handedly, Petrea!" exclaimed Sara, in ill-humour; "you are like the ass in the fable, that would break the head of his friend in driving away a fly."

These were hard words for poor Petrea, who would have been most willing to run off again in order to redeem her error, nor could she resist tears—she wept bitterly. Louise, excited against Sara by her severity to Petrea, and some little also by her calling her Elixir poison, threw upon her a look of great displeasure, and devoted herself to the weeping Petrea.

Whether it was the spirit of anger that dispersed Sara's headache, or actually Louise's elixir—Louise was firmly persuaded that it was the latter—we know not; but certain it was that Sara very soon recovered and returned to the company, without saying one consoling word to Petrea.

It was quite impossible, on account of her red, swollen eyes, for Petrea to appear at the supper-table, and Louise kindly remained with her. Aunt Evelina, Laura, Karie, and even the lady of the War-Councillor herself, brought them delicacies. Amid so much kindness, Petrea could not do otherwise than become again tranquil and lively. She should, she thought, after all, dance the *anglaise* after supper with "le plus vaillant," as she called the Lieutenant, who had truly captivated her heart.

The *anglaise* had already begun as the sisters entered the ball-room. The Candidate hastened to meet them quite in an uneasy state of mind—he had engaged Louise for this dance, and they now stood up together in the crowd of dancers. Petrea expected, likewise, that "le plus vaillant" would rush up to her and seize her hand; but, as she cast a hasty glance around, she perceived him, not rushing towards her, but dancing with Sara, who was looking more beautiful and brilliant than ever. The rose which Petrea had given him—faithless knight!—together with the myrtle sprig on which she had speculated, were both of them placed in Sara's bosom. The eyes of "le plus vaillant" were incessantly riveted upon "la plus belle," as Sara was then unanimously declared to be. The glory of the Afonstjernas paled in the night, as they were too much heated by dancing, but Sara's star burned brighter and brighter. She was introduced to the Countess Solstråle, who paid her charming compliments, and called her "la reine du bal," at which the Afonstjernas looked displeased.

"Thousand devils, how handsome she is!" exclaimed the old gentleman who had striven with Petrea about the teacup, and who now, without being aware of it, trod upon her foot as he thrust himself before her to get a better view of "la reine du bal."

Overlooked, humiliated, quiet and dejected, Petrea withdrew into another room. The scenes of the evening passed in review before her soul, and appeared now quite in an altered light. The mirror which a few hours before had flattered her with the notion that she might be called *la plus belle*, now showed her her face red and unsightly; she thought herself the most ridiculous and unfortunate of human beings. She felt at this moment a kind of hostility against herself. She thought on something which she was preparing

for Sara, and which was to be an agreeable surprise to her, and which was to be made known to her in a few days—she thought of this, and in that moment of trouble the thought of it, like a sunbeam on dark clouds, brightened the night in her soul. The thought of gratifying one, who on this evening had so deeply wounded her, gave a mild and beneficial turn to her mind.

After supper, a balcony in the saloon adjoining the ball-room was opened, in order somewhat to cool the heated atmosphere of the room.

Two persons, a lady and gentleman, stepped into the balcony; a light white shawl was thrown over the lady's shoulders; stars garlanded her dark hair; stars flashed in her black eyes, which glanced fiercely around into free space.

There lay over the landscape the deliciously mysterious half-darkness of a May-night—a magical veil, which half hides and half reveals its beauty, and which calls forth mysterious and prophetic forebodings. A mighty and entrancing revelation of the gloriousness of life seemed to sing in the wind, which passed tranquilly whistling through space, shone in the stars, and wandered high above earth.

"Ah, life! life!" exclaimed she, and stretched forth her arms towards space, as if she would embrace it.

"Enchanting girl!" said he, while he seized her hand, "my life belongs to you!"

"Conduct me forth into free, fresh life," said she, without withdrawing her hand, and looking laughingly at him all the while, "and my hand belongs to you! But remember you this, that I will be free—free as the wind which now kisses your forehead, and lifts those topmost branches of the tree. I love freedom, power, and honour! Conduct me to these, help me to obtain these, and my gratitude will secure to you my love; will fetter me to you with stronger bonds than those of ceremony and prejudice, to which I only submit out of regard to those who otherwise would weep over me, and whom I would not willingly distress more than there is need for. It shall not bind us more than we ourselves wish. Freedom shall be the releasing of our bond!"

"Beautiful woman!" answered he, "raised above the hypocrisy of weakness; above the darkness of prejudice—I admire you and obey you! Only to such a woman can my will submit! My beautiful scholar is become my teacher! Well then, let the band of the priest unite us; my hand shall conduct you up to that brilliant throne which your beauty and your talents deserve! I will only elevate you in order, as now, to fall before your feet the most devoted of your servants!"

He drooped upon one knee before her; and she, bending herself towards him, let her lips touch his forehead. He threw his arms round her, and held her for one moment bent towards him. A supercilious scornful expression, unobserved by her, played upon his lips.

"Release me, Hermann! some one comes," said she; he did so, and as she raised her proud neck against his will, a flash of indignation burned in her eyes.

They withdrew, and another couple stepped out into the balcony.

Hs. Wait, let me wrap your cloak better round you; the wind is cool.

Ssz. Ah, how beautiful to feel how it wraps us both! Do you see how we are here standing between heaven and earth, separated from all the world?

Hs. I do not see it—I see my lovely world in my arms! I have you, Laura! Laura, tell me, are you happy?

Ssz. Ah, no!

Hs. How?

Ssz. Ah, I am not happy because I am too happy! I fancy I never can have deserved this happiness. I cannot conceive how it came to my share. Ah, Arvid! to live thus with you, with my mother; my sister, all that I most love—and then to be yours for so long!

Hs. Say for ever, my Laura! Our union belongs as much to heaven as to earth, here as there; to all eternity I am yours, and you are mine!

Ssz. Hush, my Arvid! I hear my mother's voice—she calls me—let us go to her.

They hastened into the room, and presently another couple took their place.

Hs. Cousin Louise, do you like evening air? Cousin Louise, I fancy it is rather romantic. Cousin, do you like the stars? I am a great friend of the stars too; I think on what the poet sings:

—silently as Egypt's priests  
They move.

Look, cousin Louise, towards the corner—in the west there lies Oestavik. If it would give you any pleasure to make a little tour there, I would beg that I might drive you there in my new landau. I really think, Cousin Louise, that Oestavik would please you: the peaches and the vines are just now in full bloom; it is a beautiful sight.

A deep sigh is heard.

Ssz. Who sighs so?

A VOICE. Somebody who is poor, and who now, for the first time, envies the rich.

Hs. O rich! God forbid! rich I am not exactly. One has one's competency, thank God! One has wherewith to live. I can honestly maintain myself and a family. I sow two hundred bushels of wheat; and what do you think, Cousin Louise—but where is Cousin Louise?

A VOICE. It seemed to her, no doubt, as if a cold wind came over here from Oestavik.

At the moment when the two gentlemen returned to the room, a girl came alone into the balcony. The misfortunes of the evening depressed her heart, and were felt to be so much more humiliating because they were of such a mean kind. Some burning tears stole quickly down her cheeks, but were kissed away by the evening wind. She looked up to heaven; it never had seemed so high and glorious before. Her soul raised itself—mounted even higher than her glance—up to the mighty friend of human hearts; and He gave to hers a presentiment, that a time would come when, in his love, all adversity of earth would be forgotten.

The days at Axelholm wore on merrily amid ever-varying delights. Petrea wrote long letters, in prose, and in verse, to her sisters at home, and imparted to them all that occurred here. Her own misfortunes, which she even exaggerated, she described in such a comic manner, that those very things which were at first distressing to her, were made a spring of hearty merriment both to herself and to her family.

She received one day a letter from her father, which contained the following words:

"MY GOOD CHILD,

"Your letters, my dear child, give me and your sisters great pleasure; not merely on account of the lively things which they contain, but more

especially on account of your way of bearing what is anything but lively. Continue to do thus, my child—my heart rejoices in this thought—and you will advance on the way to wisdom and happiness, and will have to acknowledge that great truth which the history of great things, as well as of small, establishes, that there is nothing evil which may not be made conducive of good; and thus our own errors may be made steps on our way to improvement.

"Greet your sisters cordially from their and your tenderly devoted

"FATHER."

Petrea kissed these lines with tears of grateful joy. She wore them for several days near her heart; she preserved them through her whole life as one of the endeared means by which she had gone happily through the chromatic scale of existence.

Louise was joked much about Cousin Thure—Cousin Thure was joked much about Louise: it pleased him very much to be joked about her—to be told that Oestankvik wanted a mistress, that he himself wanted a pretty wife, and that without doubt Louise Frank was one of the most sensible as well as one of the prettiest girls in the country; and more than this, was besides of such a respectable family! The Landed-proprietor received already felicitations on his betrothal.

What the bride-elect, however, thought on the matter was more difficult to fathom. She was certainly always polite to Cousin Thure, still this politeness seemed expressive rather of indifference than friendship; and she declined, with a decision amazing to many people, his pressing and often repeated solicitations to make an excursion to Oestankvik in his new landau, drawn by what he styled "his foxes—his four horses in one rein." Many people asserted that the agreeable and cordial Jacobi was much nearer to Louise's heart than the Landed-proprietor; but even towards Jacobi her conduct was so equal, so tranquil, so unconstrained, that nobody could exactly tell how it might be. Nobody knew so well as we do, that Louise considered it consistent with the dignity of woman to show only perfect indifference to the attentions or *doux-propos* of men, until they had been openly and fully declared. Louise despised coquetry so far as to dread anything which bordered on the very limits of it. Her young female friends joked with her upon her strict notions on this head, and fancied that she would remain unmarried.

"That may be," said Louise calmly.

They told her one day of a gentleman who said "I will not stand up before any girl who is not some little of a coquette."

"Then he may remain sitting," answered Louise, with much dignity.

Louise's views of the dignity of woman, her grave and decided principles, and her manner of expressing them, amused her young friends, whilst at the same time they inspired for her a true esteem, and gave occasion for many little contentions and discussions, in which Louise intrepidly, though not without some little warmth, maintained the rights of the cause. These contentions, however, which began in merriment, did not always terminate so.

A young and rather coquetish lady was one day wounded by the severity with which Louise spoke of the coquetry of her sex, and particularly of unmarried ladies, and in revenge she used an expression which excited Louise's astonishment and anger. An explanation followed be-

tween the two, the result of which was not only their perfect estrangement, but an altered state of mind in Louise which she in vain endeavoured to conceal.

During the first days of her stay at Axelholm she had been uncommonly joyous and lively; now she was quiet, thoughtful, often absent, and towards the Candidate, as it seemed, less friendly than formerly, whilst she lent a more willing ear to the Landed-proprietor, although she still resolutely withstood his proposal of a drive to Oestankvik.

On the evening of the day after this explanation, Elise was engaged in a lively conversation with Jacobi on the balcony.

"And if," said he, "I endeavour to win her heart, would her parents—would her mother see it without displeasure? Ah, speak candidly with me—the well-being of my life depends upon it!"

"You have my accordance, my good wishes, Jacobi," returned Elise. "I say to you what I have already said to my husband, that I should willingly call you son."

"Oh!" exclaimed Jacobi, deeply moved and falling on one knee, whilst he pressed her hand to his lips, "oh that my whole life might evidence to you my gratitude and my love!"

At this very moment, Louise, who had been seeking her mother, approached the balcony; she saw Jacobi's action and heard his words: she withdrew quickly as if she had been stung by a snake.

From this time a great change was evidently perceptible in her. Still, reserved, and pale, she moved about like one in a dream amid the lively circles of Axelholm, and agreed willingly to the proposition which her mother, who was uneasy on her account, made of their stay being shortened. Jacobi, as much astonished as distressed by the sudden unfriendliness of Louise towards him, began to think that the place must in some kind of way be bewitched, and desired more than anybody else to get away from it.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE RETURN HOME.

WHAT was it that Jacobi and Henrik had so much to arrange before their departure from Axelholm, and even while they were there? Petrea's curiosity was terribly excited, but she could not discover any clue by which to satisfy it. Some kind of plot, however, which concerned the family, seemed to be in agitation.

Henrik and his friend had long intended to give a little entertainment to the family, and the opportunity to do so now seemed favourable, as well as also to combine it with some little surprise; the scene of which was to be a pretty and good Inn, half way between Axelholm and the city. Here, on their return, they would halt under pretence of some repair being necessary to one of the carriages, the ladies should be persuaded to enter, where in the meantime all should be prepared.

The two friends had greatly delighted themselves over this scheme, and in order to obtain for Louise her favourite luxury of ices, Jacobi had drained his already reduced purse.

In going to Axelholm the family had so divided themselves that Louise and Petrea went in what is called a Medewi-carriage, the Judge's

own equipage, which was driven by Jacobi, with whom Henrik sate on the driving-box, while her mother and the other daughters went in a covered hired carriage, driven by the Judge himself. On the return the same arrangement was to be observed, with the exception of Jacobi going in the large carriage, and Henrik driving his sisters.

The mother, and even the young gentlemen, declared with becoming discretion that they would not confide the reins to less skilful hands, because the road was rough and hilly, and moreover bad from rain. Notwithstanding all this, however, Jacobi intrigued so that, contrary to the established arrangement, he mounted the coach-box of the young ladies, and Henrik that of his mother. But he had not much pleasure from so doing, since Louise was no longer such as she had been during the drive there. At that time she was more cheerful than common; rejoiced so heartily in the spring air, in the song of the lark; over fields, and cows, and cottages, and over everything that she saw, communicating all her delight to Jacobi, who sate all the way on the driving-box with his face turned towards the carriage (Henrik warned him to be careful how he sate in this position), and their blue eyes then rested on each other with a sentiment of mutual kindness. Now, everything was otherwise: Louise appeared to give attention to nothing; she leaned back in the carriage with her veil over her face, and a cathedral had been far more conversable than she; for it speaks through the tongue in its tower, but Louise's tongue was perfectly dumb, and Petrea's, which never once ceased, could not enliven her. In vain Jacobi sought to catch her eye—she avoided him, and he was quite cast down by it.

After having been most properly jogged and shaken, they all arrived fortunately at the wayside inn;—yet no! not so fortunately either—one of the carriage-wheels was discovered to be somewhat broken; it was not dangerously so—O no, heaven forbid that! but it must of necessity be mended before they could proceed farther. Henrik prayed his mother and sisters to alight and enter the inn, the host and hostess of which now stood at the door, and with bows and courtesies besought the travellers to enter.\* The host came himself and opened the carriage-doors. Elise was startled, and uttered an exclamation of surprise, for the host really and truly must be her husband; and the hostess, the very prettiest hostess in the world, her daughter Eva! The travelling daughters, too, were as much astonished, made all kinds of exclamations, and recognised the host and hostess as father and sister. But neither host nor hostess were confounded, nor allowed themselves to be confused by the confusion of the others; they knew themselves too well, and how to conduct themselves in their office too well for that! They conducted their guests, therefore, with many apologies and politenesses up to two large and handsome rooms, when the host, quite in despair, began to bustle about and to summon both maid and waiter. At last the waiter came in his blue apron—a new miracle! he was a

living image of the Candidate! And now the maid made her appearance—a new amazement!—a handsome girl, or one that more nearly resembled Henrik it would have been impossible to find! But she was clumsy for all that, and had nearly fallen down, stumbling first over this, and then over that. The host scolded her vehemently on account of her clumsiness, and scolded the waiter also till he made them both cry, at least so it seemed; whereupon he chased them both out with the order to return instantly with the refreshments. The host, who seemed again to be in most brilliant and excellent humour, now let fly with his own hand the corks of two champagne bottles, poured out and drank with the ladies. After they had refreshed themselves with all kinds of delicious eating, amid the most lively conversation, some person, who called himself Noah's grandson, was announced, requesting permission to exhibit to the company various strange animals and other beautiful curiosities, which had been found in the ark. The grandson of Noah was called in by a great majority of voices, and a face presented itself at the door which, with the exception of a certain grey beard, bore a great resemblance to that of Jeremias Munter. His menagerie, and his cabinet of art, was set out in the next room, into which the company were conducted; and there many strangely-formed creatures were exhibited, and many little scenes represented, to which Noah's grandson gave explanations and made speeches which were almost quite as humorous and witty (to be quite so was impossible) as those of Japhet, in that wonderful and exquisite book, "Noah's Ark."\* Two other grandsons of Noah, who in no respect bore any resemblance to the family, assisted at this exhibition, at the end of which Noah's learned grandson gave to each of the spectators a little souvenir from the contents of the ark. Louise especially received a remarkable sermon, which was preached by Father Noah himself on the first Sunday of his abode in the ark. But near the title-page of this same sermon, she found a piece of poetry which evidently bore a later date; she did not, however, read it then, but blushing very deeply, put it carefully by.

The whole affair might have been as merry as it was merrily conducted had Louise—the most important person in the entertainment—been in a state of mind to enjoy it. But although she used her utmost endeavour to take part in all the diversion, and to appear cheerful, she became every moment more depressed; and at last, when the waiter came, and with the utmost cordiality beaming from his eyes urged her to take a vanilla-ice, she was not able to taste it, but setting it down, rushed out of the room. This was a thing so unusual with Louise, that it occasioned a general perplexity. Host, hostess, maid, waiter, Noah's grandson, all threw off their characters; and all illusion, as well as all festivity, were at an end. Louise composed herself speedily, besought pardon, and assigned as the cause of her emotion sudden spasm in the chest. Elise and Eva, and more particularly Petrea, endeavoured, on account of Henrik and Jacobi, to recal the former merriment; but they

\* All this is extremely characteristic of Swedish manners. Even old people of high rank enter, with all the zeal of little children, into amusements and surprises of this kind, and become actors themselves in them.

\* A half-dramatic poem, remarkable for its wit and humour, from the pen of the Swedish poet Fablierius.

could not succeed—it was all past; everybody, but more especially Jacobi, were out of tune for mirth, and they now began to speak of returning home.

But now all at once the heavy tramping of horses, and a bustle at the inn door was heard, and at the same moment a splendid landau, drawn by four prancing horses, drew up before it. It was the Landed-proprietor, who, unacquainted with the hasty departure of the Franks from Axelholm, was now returning there after a short absence, and who had drawn up at this inn for a moment's breathing-time for his horses, and to order for himself a glass of the beer for which the place was renowned. The company which he here so unexpectedly encountered occasioned an alteration in his first plan. He determined to accompany the family to the city, and besought his aunt and cousins to make use of his landau. It would certainly please them so much; it went with such unexampled ease; was so comfortable that one could sleep therein with perfect convenience even on the heaviest roads, etc. etc. Elise, who really had suffered from the merciless shaking of the hired carriage, was inclined to accept the offer; and as it immediately began to rain, and as the Judge preferred the carriage to the chaise in which he had driven with Eva, the affair was quickly arranged. Elise and some of the daughters were to go in the landau, which was turned in the mean time, on account of the rain, into a coach; and the Judge, and the rest of the company were to divide themselves among the other carriages. As these were ready to receive the company, Jacobi drove his Medewi-carriage close on the landau of the Landed-proprietor, who looked more than once with a dark countenance to see whether any profane or injurious contact had taken place.

Jacobi's heart beat violently as Louise came out on the steps of the inn door. The Landed-proprietor stood on one side offering his hand, and Jacobi on the other offering his also, to conduct her to her former seat. She appeared faint, and moved slowly; she hesitated for one moment, and then gave, with downcast eyes, her hand to the Landed-proprietor, who assisted her triumphantly into the carriage to her mother, and then mounting the box himself, away dashed the landau with its four prancing horses. Jacobi laid his hand on his heart, a choking sensation seemed to deprive him of breath, and with tears in his eyes he watched the handsome departing carriage. The voice of Petrea, announcing to him that the enviable happiness awaited him of driving herself and Mr. Munter in the Medewi-carriage, called him to himself. He took his former seat in silence; his heart was full of disquiet; and he remained far behind the others, in order that he might not have the least glimpse of the landau.

Scarcely had the Medewi-carriage again made acquaintance with the ruts of the road than a violent shock brought off one of the fore wheels, and the Candidate, Petrea, and the Assessor, were tumbled one over the other into the mud. Quickly, however, they were all three once again on their feet; Petrea laughing, and the Assessor scolding and fuming. When Jacobi had discovered that all which was alive was unhurt, he looked lightly on the affair, and began

to think how best it might be remedied. A short council was held in the rain, and it was concluded that Jacobi should remain with the carriage till some one came to his assistance, and that in the mean time Petrea and the Assessor should make the best of their way on foot towards the city, and send, as soon as possible, some people to his help. A labourer, who came by immediately afterwards, promised to do the same, and Petrea and Munter, who, however, was anything but consistent with his name, began their walk through rain and mud. All this while, however, Petrea became more joyful and happy: firstly, all this was an adventure to her; secondly, she never before had been out in such weather; thirdly, she felt herself so light and unencumbered as she scarcely ever had done before; and, because she looked upon her clothes as given up to fate—to a power against which none other on earth could contend, she walked on in joy of heart, splashing through the puddles, and feeling with great delight how the rain was penetrating her dress, and seeing how the colour was washed away both from shawl and bonnet.

Petrea had in all this a resemblance to her brother, and flattered herself also that she might have some resemblance to Diogenes; and as her inclination lay towards extremes, she would very willingly be Diogenes, since she could not, as she very well knew, be Alexander. Now she perceived that in reality she needed very little of outward comforts to make her happy; she felt herself in her adverse circumstances so free and rich; she had become on thee-and-thou terms with the rain-drops, with the wind, with the shrubs and grass—with all nature in short; she had not here the mishaps and the humiliations to fear which annoyed her so often in company. If the magpies laughed at her, she laughed at them in return. Long life to freedom!

With all these feelings, Petrea got into such excessively high spirits, that she infected therewith her companions in misfortune; or according to her vocabulary, good fortune. But now, however, came in such a horrible tempest, with hail, that Petrea was obliged to quail before it. The Assessor looked out for shelter; and Petrea, quite charmed that she was nearly blown away, followed him along a narrow foot-path which led into the wood, onward in the direction of a smoke, which, driven towards them by the storm, seemed to announce that a hospitable hut was at hand where they might obtain shelter. While they were wandering about to discover this, Petrea's fancy, more unrestrained than the storm, busied itself with creations of robbers, castles, white hermits, hidden treasures, and other splendours, to which the smoke was to conduct her. But ah! they were altogether built up of smoke, since it arose from no other than a charcoal-burner's kiln, and Petrea had not the smallest desire to make a nearer acquaintance with the hidden divinity of which the smoke was the evidence. The smallest hut of the charcoal-burner, in the form of a sugar-loaf, stood not far from the kiln, the unbolted door of which was opened by the Assessor. No hermit, nor even robber had his abode therein; but the hut was clean and compact, and it was with no little pleasure that the Assessor took possession of it, and seated him-

self with Petrea, on the only bench which it possessed. Petrea sighed. What a miserable metamorphosis of her glorious castle in the air!

The prospect which the open door of the hut presented, and which had no interest for Petrea, appeared, on the contrary, captivating to her companion. He was there deep in the wood, in a solitude wild, but still of an elevating character. The hut stood in an open space, but round about it various species of pine trees stood boldly grouped, and bowed themselves not before the storm which howled in their tops. Several lay fallen on the ground, but evidently from age; grass and flowers grew on the earth, which these patriarchs of the wood had torn up with their powerful roots. Among others, two tall pine trees stood together: the one was decayed, and seemed about to separate itself from its root; but the other, young, green, and strong, had so entwined it in its branches, that it stood upright, mingling its withered arms with the verdure of the other, and yielding not, although shook by the tempest. The expressive glance of the Assessor rested long on these trees; his eyes filled with tears; his peculiar, beautiful, but melancholy smile played about his lips, and kindly sentiments seemed to fill his breast. He spoke to Petrea of a people of antiquity who dwelt in deserts; he spoke of the pure condition of the Essenes, a morning dawn of Christendom, and his words ran thus:

"A thirst after holiness drove men and women out of the tumult of the world, out of great cities, into desert places, in order that they might dedicate themselves to a pure and perfect life. There they built for themselves huts, and formed a state, whose law was labour and devotion to God. No earthly possession was enjoyed merely on account of pleasure, but only as the means of a higher life. They strove after purity in soul and body; tranquillity and seriousness characterised their demeanour. They assembled together at sunrise, and lifted up hymns and prayers to the Supreme Being. Seventeen hours of each day were devoted to labour, study, and contemplation. Their wants were few, and therefore life was easy. Their discourse was elevated, and was occupied by subjects of the sublime learning which belonged to their sect. They believed on one Eternal God, whose existence was light and purity. They sought to approach him by purity of heart and action, by renunciation of the pleasures of the world, and by humility of heart and mind to understand the works of the allwise Creator. They believed in quiet abodes on the other side of the desert pilgrimage, where clear waters ran and soft winds blew, where spring and peace had their home; there they hoped to arrive at the end of their journey through life."

There is no want of rays of light on earth; they penetrate its misty atmosphere in manifold directions, although human perception is not as much aware of them at one time as at another. The words of the Assessor made at this moment an indescribable impression on Petrea. She wept from the sweet emotion excited by the description of a condition which was so perfect, and of endeavours which were so holy. It appeared to her as if she knew her own vocation—her own path through life; one which would release her soul from all trifles, all vanities, all

disquiets, and which would speed her on to light and peace. While these thoughts, or rather sentiments, swelled in her breast, she looked through her tears, not on her companion, as he sat there with his expressive countenance and his large beautiful eyes fixed on the scene before him—she saw in him, not Jeremias Munter, but a white hermit, with a soul full of sublime and holy knowledge. She longed to throw herself at his feet, and beseech his blessing; to propose to him that he should remain in this solitude, in this hut, with her; that he should teach her wisdom; and she would wait upon him as a daughter or as a servant, would rise with him and pray at sunrise, and do in all things like the Essenes. Thus would they die to the world, and live only for heaven.

Overpowered by her excited feelings, surrendered to the transports of the moment, and nearly choked with tears, Petrea sank on the breast of Jeremias, stammering for her undefined wishes.

If a millstone had fallen round his neck, our good Assessor could not have been more confounded than he was at that moment. Deeply sunk in his own thoughts, he had quite forgotten that Petrea was there, till reminded of her presence in this unexpected manner. But he was a man, nevertheless, who could easily understand the excitement of mind in a young girl, and with a pure fervour of eye, while a good-humoured satire played about his mouth, he endeavoured to tranquillise her overwrought feelings. Beautiful, then, was the discourse he held with her on all that calms and sanctifies life; on all that on which man may found his abode, whether in the desert or in the human crowd; he spoke words then which Petrea never forgot, and which often, in a future day, broke the chaotic state of her soul like beams of pure light.

In the mean time the tempest had dispersed itself, and the Assessor began to think of a return; for Petrea thought nothing about it, but would willingly have seen herself compelled to pass the night in the gloomy wood. But now the thought of relating her adventures at home attracted her, and before she got out of the wood, these adventures were increased, since fate presented her with the good fortune of assisting, with the help of her companion, an old woman, who had fallen with her bundle of sticks, upon her legs again, and of carrying the said bundle to her cottage, and of lighting her fire for her; with releasing two sparrows which a boy had made captive; and, last of all, with releasing the Assessor himself from a thorn-bush, which, as it appeared, would have held him with such force as vexed even himself. Petrea's hands bled in consequence of this operation, but that only made her the livelier.

When they came out of the wood, the rain had ceased altogether, the wind had abated, and the setting sun illumined the heavens and diffused over the landscape a peculiar and beautiful radiance. The countenance of Jeremias Munter was cheerful; he listened to the ascending song of the lark, and said, "this is beautiful!" He looked upon the rain-drops which hung on the young grass, and saw how heaven reflected itself in them, and said, "that is pure!" Petrea gave to little children that

she met with all her savings from the feast of Axelholm, and would willingly also have given them some of her clothes, had she not had the fear of Louise and her mother before her eyes. She wished for more adventures, and more particularly for a longer way than it at this time appeared to be; she thought she arrived at home too soon, but the Assessor thought not, neither did the rest of the party, who were beginning to be very uneasy on account of their long absence. In the mean time Petrea and her companion had become very good friends on the walk; Petrea was complimented for her courage, and Henrik pathetically declaimed in her praise—

"Not every one such height as Xenophon can gain,  
As scholar and as hero, a laurel-wreath obtain;"  
and they all laughed.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### FIRESIDE SCENES.

"FROM home may be good, but at home is best!" said Elise, from the bottom of her heart, as she was once more in her own house, and beside her own husband.

The young people said nothing in opposition to this sentiment as they returned to their comfortable every-day life, which they now enlivened with recollections and relations out of the lately-past time. They hoped that Louise would become pleasant and contented with her calm activity in the house and family as formerly, but it was not so; a gnawing pain seemed to consume her; she became perceptibly thinner; her good humour had vanished, and her eyes were often red with weeping. In vain her parents and sisters endeavoured, with the tenderest anxiety, to fathom the occasion of the change; she would confess it to no one. That the root of her grief lay at her heart she would not deny, but she appeared determined to conceal it from the eye of day. Jacobi also began to look pale and thin, since he lamented deeply her state of feeling, and her altered behaviour, especially towards himself, which led him to the belief that he unconsciously had wounded her, or in some other way that he was the cause of her displeasure; and never had he felt more than now what a high value he set upon her, nor how much he loved her. This tension of mind, and his anxiety to approach Louise, and bring back a friendly understanding between them, occasioned various little scenes, some of which we will here describe.

### FIRST SCENE.

Louise sits by the window at her embroidering-frame: Jacobi seats himself opposite to her.

JACOBI (sighing). Ah, Mamselle Louise! Louise looks at her shepherdess, and works on in silence.

JACOBI. Every thing in the world has appeared to me for some time wearisome and oppressive.

Louise works on, and is silent.

JACOBI. And you could so easily make all so different. Ah, Louise! only one kind word, one friendly glance! Cannot you bestow one friendly glance on him who would gladly give

everything to see you happy? [*Aside. She blushes—she seems moved—she is going to speak! Ah, what will she say to me!*]

LOUISE. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten stitches to the knee—the pattern is here not very distinct.

JACOBI. You will not hear me, will not understand me; you play with my distress! Ah! Louise!

LOUISE. I want some more wool;—I have left it in my room. [*She goes.*]

### SECOND SCENE.

The family is assembled in the library: tea is just finished. Louise, at Petrea's and Gabrielle's urgent request, has laid out the cards on a little table to tell them their fortunes. The Candidate seats himself near them, and appears determined to amuse himself with them, and to be lively; but Louise assumes all the more her "cathedral air." The Landed-proprietor steps in, bows, snorts, and kisses the hand of the "gracious aunt."

LANDED-PROPRIETOR. Very cold this evening; I fancy we shall have frost.

ELISE. It is a gloomy spring. We have lately read a most affecting account of the famine in the northern provinces. It is the misfortune of these late springs.

LANDED-PROPRIETOR. O yes, the famine up there. No, we'll talk of something else—that's too gloomy. I've had my peas covered with straw. Cousin Louise, are you fond of playing Patience? I am very fond of it too; it is so composing. At my seat at Oestanvik I have little, little patience-cards. I fancy really that they would please my cousin.

The Landed-proprietor seats himself on the other side of Louise: the Candidate gives some extraordinary shrugs.

LOUISE. This is not patience; but a little witchcraft, by which I read fate. Shall I prophesy to you, Cousin Thure?

LANDED-PROPRIETOR. O yes! prophesy something to me. Nothing disagreeable! If I hear anything disagreeable in an evening, I always have bad dreams at night. Prophecy me prettily—a little wife—a wife as lovely and as amiable as Cousin Louise.

THE CANDIDATE [with a look as if he would send the Landed-proprietor head-over-heels to Oestanvik]. I don't know whether Mamselle Louise likes flattery.

LANDED-PROPRIETOR (who seems as if he neither heard nor saw his rival). Cousin Louise, are you fond of blue?

LOUISE. Blue! That is truly a lovely colour; but yet I prefer green.

LANDED-PROPRIETOR. Nay, that is good! that is excellent! At Oestanvik, my dressing-room furniture is blue, beautiful light blue silk damask; but in my sleeping-room I have green moireen. I fancy really, Cousin Louise, that—

The Candidate coughs, and then rushes out of the room. Louise looks after him, sighs, and then examines the cards, in which she finds so many misfortunes for Cousin Thure, that he is quite terrified: the peas frosted, conflagration in the dressing-room, and last of all a rejection! The Landed-proprietor declares, notwithstanding, that he finds nothing of this unpleasant. The sisters smile, and make remarks.

## THIRD SCENE.

The family assembled after supper :

**JEREMIAS MUNTER.** What is the bitterest affliction!

**JACOBI.** Unreturned love.

**MATHEA.** Not to know what one shall be.

**EVA.** To have offended some one that one loves beyond reconciliation.

**THE MOTHER.** I am of Eva's opinion; I think nothing can be more painful.

**LOUISE.** Ah! there is yet something more painful than that—something more bitter—and that is to lose one's faith in those whom one has loved; to doubt—(Louise's lip trembles, she can say no more, becomes pale, rises, and goes out quickly; a general sensation ensues).

**THE FATHER.** What is amiss with Louise? Elise, we must know what it is! She should, she must tell us! I cannot bear any longer to see her thus; and I will go this moment and speak with her, if you will not rather do it. But you must not be satisfied till you know her very inmost feelings. The most horrid thing, I think, is mystery and vapours!

**THE MOTHER.** I will go directly to her. I have now an idea what it is, dearest Ernst; and if I am somewhat long with her, let the others go to bed. I shall then find you alone. [She goes out.]

## FOURTH SCENE.

The daughter on her knees, her face buried in her hands; the mother goes softly up to her and throws her arms around her.

**MOTHER.** Louise, my good girl, what is amiss with you? I have never seen you thus before. You must tell me what is at your heart—you must!

**LOUISE.** I cannot! I dare not!

**MOTHER.** You can! you may! Will you make yourself, me, and all of us wretched by going on in this way! Ah, Louise, do not let false shame, or false tenderness mislead you. Tell me, do you break any oath, or violate any sacred duty by confessing what it is which depresses you?

**LOUISE.** No oath; no sacred duty—and yet—yet—

**MOTHER.** Then speak, in heaven's name, my child! Unquestionably some unfounded suspicion is the cause of your present state. What do the words mean with which you left us this evening? You weep! Louise, I pray, I beseech of you, if you love me, conceal nothing from me! Who is it that you love, yet can no more have faith in—no longer highly esteem? Answer me—is it your mother?

**LOUISE.** My mother! my mother! Ah, if you look on me thus! I feel a pain, an emotion. Ah, my God! all may be an error—a miserable slander, and I—Well then, it shall out—that secret which has gnawed my heart, and which I conceived it my duty to conceal! But forgive me, my mother, if I grieve you; forgive me if my words disturb your peace; forgive me, if in my weakness, if in my doubt I have done you injustice, and remove the grief which has poisoned my life! Ah, do you see, mother, it was mine, it was my sisters' happiness, to consider you so spotless—so angelically pure! It was my pride that you were so, and that you were my mother! And now—

**MOTHER.** And now, Louise!

**LOUISE.** And now it has been whispered to me—oh, I cannot tell it!

**MOTHER.** Speak it out—I desire it! I demand it! We both stand before the Judgment-seat of God!

**LOUISE.** I have been led to believe that even my mother was not blameless—that she—

**MOTHER.** Go on, Louise!

**LOUISE.** That she and Jacobi loved one another—that evil tongues had not blamed them without cause, and that still—I despised these words, I despised the person who spoke them; I endeavoured to chase these thoughts as criminal from my soul. On this account it happened that I went one day to find you—and I found Jacobi on his knee before you—I heard him speaking of his love. Now you know all, mother!

**MOTHER.** And what is your belief in all this?

**LOUISE.** Ah, I know not what I ought to believe! But since that moment there has been no peace in my soul, and I have fancied that it never would return, that I should never lose the doubt which I could make known to no one.

**MOTHER.** Let peace return to your soul, my child! Good God! how unfortunate I should be at this moment if my conscience were not pure! But, thank heaven, my child, your mother has no such fault to reproach herself with; and Jacobi deserves your utmost esteem, your utmost regard. I will entirely and freely confess to you the entire truth of that which has made you so uneasy. For one moment, when Jacobi first came to us, a warmer sentiment towards me awoke in his young, thoughtless heart, and in part it was returned by me. But you will not condemn me on account of an involuntary feeling which your father looked on with pardoning eyes. In a blessed hour we opened to each other our hearts, and it was his love, his strength and gentleness, which gave me power to overcome my weakness. Jacobi, at the same moment woke to a consciousness of his error, struggled against it, and overcame it. We separated soon after, and it was our mutual wish not to meet again for several years. In the mean time, Henrik was committed to his care, and Jacobi has been our exemplary friend, and instructor to him. Three years later, when I again met him, I extended my hand to him as a sister; and he—yes, my dear girl! and I err greatly if he did not then begin in his heart to love me as a mother. But what then had its beginning, has since then had its completion—it was in the character of a son that you saw him kneel to me, thanking me that I would favour his love to my daughter—to my Louise, who, therefore, has so unnecessarily conjured up a monster to terrify herself and us all!

In the latter part of this conversation the mother spoke quite in a jesting tone, which, perhaps, did more even than her simple explanation to reassure the heart of her daughter. She pressed her hands on her heart, and looked thankfully up to heaven.

"And if," continued her mother, "you yet entertain any doubt, talk with your father, talk with Jacobi, and their words will strengthen mine. But I see you need it not—your heart, my child, is again at peace!"

"Ah, thank God! thank God!" exclaimed Louise, sinking on her knees before her mother, and covering her hands and even her dress with kisses. "Oh, that I dared to look up again to

you! Oh, can you forgive my being so weak; my being so easy of belief! Never, never shall I forgive myself!"

Louise was out of herself, she trembled violently; she had never before been in a state of such agitation. Her mother, however, knew the remedy for the mind as well as for the body—knew how to tranquillize her excited state. She besought her, therefore, to go to rest, seated herself beside her bed, took her hand in hers, and then attempted to divert her mind from the past scene, endeavouring with the utmost delicacy to turn her mind on the Candidate and on the Landed-proprietor as lovers. But Louise had only one thought, one sentiment—the happy release from her doubt. When her mother saw that she was calmer, she embraced her. "And now go to sleep, my dear girl," said she. "I must now leave you in order to hasten to one who waits impatiently for me, and that is your father. He is extremely uneasy on your account, and I can now make him easy by candidly communicating all that has passed between us. For the rest I can assure you that you have said nothing which can make us uneasy. That I was calumniated by one person, and am so still, he knows as well as I do. He has assisted me to bear it calmly; he is truly so superior, so excellent! Ah, Louise, it is a great blessing when husband and wife, parents and children, cherish entire confidence in each other! It is so beautiful, so glorious, to be able to say every thing to each other in love!"

#### FIFTH SCENE.

The garden. It is morning! the larks sing, the narcissi fill the air with odour; the bird cherry-tree waves in the morning breeze; the cherry blossoms open themselves to the bees which hum about in their boom. The sun shines on all its children.

Louise is walking in the middle-alley, Father Noah's sermon in her hand, but with her eyes fixed on the little poem appended to it, which by no means had anything to do with Father Noah. The Candidate comes towards her from a cross walk, with a gloomy air, and a black pansy in his hand.

The two meet, and salute each other silently.

JACOB. Might I speak one moment with you? I will not detain you long.

Louise bows her head, is silent, and blushes.

JACOB. In an hour's time I shall take my departure, but I must beseech of you to answer me one question before I say farewell to you!

LOUISE. You going! Where! Why!

JACOB. Where, is indifferent to me, so that I leave this place; why, because I cannot bear the unkindness of one person who is dear to me, and who, I once thought, cherished a friendship for me! For fourteen days you have behaved in such a way to me as has embittered my life; and why? Have I been so unfortunate as to offend you, or to excite your displeasure? Why then delay explaining the cause to me? Is it right to sentence any one unheard, and that one a friend—a friend from childhood? Is it right—pardon me, Louise—is it Christian, to be so severe, so immovable? In the sermons which you are so fond of reading, do you find nothing said of kindness and reconciliation?"

Jacobi spoke with a fervour, and with such

an almost severe seriousness, as was quite foreign to his gentle and cheerful spirit.

"I have done wrong," replied Louise, with deep emotion, "very wrong, but I have been misled; at some future time perhaps I may tell you how. Since last evening, I know how deceived I have been, how I have deceived myself; and now I know that nobody is to blame in this affair but myself. I have much, very much, to reproach myself with, on account of my reserve towards my own family, and towards you also. Forgive me, best Jacobi," continued she, offering her hand with almost humility; "forgive me, I have been very unkind to you;"—Louise could not longer restrain her tears—"but," added she, "neither have I been happy either!"

"Thanks! thanks, Louise!" exclaimed Jacobi, grasping her hand, and pressing it to his breast and to his lips; "O how happy this kindness makes me! Now I can breathe again! Now I can leave you with a cheerful heart!"

"But why will you leave us?" asked she in a half-discontented tone.

"Because," answered Jacobi, "it would not give me pleasure to witness a betrothal which will soon be celebrated; because, from your late behaviour, I must be convinced you cannot entertain any warmer sentiment towards me."

"If that were the case," replied she, in the same tone as before, "I should not have been depressed so long."

"How!" exclaimed Jacobi, joyfully. "Ah Louise, what words! what bold hopes may they not excite! Might I mention them to you? might I venture to say to you what I sometimes have thought, and still now think?"

Louise was silent, and Jacobi continued:

"I have thought," said he, "that the humble, unprovided-for Jacobi could offer you a better fortune than your rich neighbour Oestank. I have hoped that my love, the true dedication of my whole life, might make you happy; that a smaller portion of worldly wealth might satisfy you, if it were offered you by a man who knew deeply your worth, and who desired nothing better than to be ennobled by your hand. O, if this beloved hand would guide me through life, how bright, how peaceful would not life be! I should fear neither adversity nor temptation! and how should I not endeavour to be grateful to Providence for his goodness to me! Louise, it is thus that I have thought, and fancied, and dreamed! O tell me, was it only a dream, or is not the dream become a reality?"

Louise did not withdraw the hand which he had taken, but looked upon the speaker with infinite kindness.

"One word," besought Jacobi, "only one word! Might I say my Louise? Louise—no!"

"Speak with my parents," said Louise, deeply blushing, and turning aside her head.

"My Louise!" exclaimed Jacobi, and intoxicated with tenderness and joy, pressed her to his heart.

"Think of my parents," said Louise, gently pushing him back; "without their consent I will make no promise. Their answer shall decide me."

"We will hasten together, my Louise," said he, "and desire their blessing."

"Go alone, best Jacobi," said Louise. "I do

not feel myself calm enough, nor strong enough. I will wait your return here."

With this fifth scene we conjecture that the little drama has arrived at the desired conclusion, and therefore we add no farther scene to what naturally follows.

As the Candidate hastened with lover's speed to Louise's parents he struck hard against somebody in the doorway, who was coming out. The two opponents stepped back each a few paces, and the Candidate and the Landed-proprietor stared in astonishment on each other.

"Pardon me," said the Candidate, and was advancing; but the Landed-proprietor held him back, whilst he inquired with great earnestness, and with a self-satisfied smile, "Hear you, my friend: can you tell me whether Cousin Louise is in the garden? I came this moment from her parents, and would now speak with her. Can you tell me where she is?"

"I—I don't know!" said Jacobi, releasing himself, and hastening with a secret anxiety of mind up to her parents.

In the mean time the Landed-proprietor had caught a glimpse of Louise in the garden, and hastened up to her.

It was, in fact, no surprise to Louise when, after all the preliminary questions, "Cousin, do you like fish? do you like birds?" there came at last the principal question, "Cousin, do you like me?"

To this question it is true she gave a somewhat less blunt, but nevertheless a decided negative reply, although it was gilded over with "esteem and friendship."

The Candidate, on his side, in the fulness and warmth of his heart, laid open to Louise's parents his love, his wishes, and his hopes. It is true that Jacobi was now without any office, as well as without any property; but he had many expectations, and amid these, like a sun and a support, his Excellence D. The Judge was himself no friend to such supports, and Elise did not approve of long engagements: but then both of them loved Jacobi; both of them wished, above all things, the true happiness and well-being of their daughter; and so it happened that, after much counsel, and after Louise had been questioned by her parents, and they found that she had sincerely the same wishes as Jacobi, and that she believed she should be happy with him, and after Jacobi had combated with great fervency and effect every postponement of the betrothal,—that, after all this had been brought to a fortunate issue, he received a formal yes, and he and Louise, on the afternoon of the same day whose morning sun had seen their explanation, were betrothed.

Jacobi was beyond description happy; Louise tranquil but gentle. Henrik declared that her Majesty appeared too merciful. Perhaps all this proceeded from her thoughts being already occupied with the increasing and arranging of Jacobi's wardrobe. She began already to think about putting in hand a fine piece of linen-weaving. She actually had consented to the quick betrothal, principally, as she herself confessed to Eva, "in order to have him better under her hands."

Good reader—and if thou art a Candidate, good Candidate—pardon "our eldest" if she

gave her consent somewhat in mercy. We can assure thee, that our Jacobi was no worse off on that account; so he himself seemed to think, and his joy and cordiality seemed to have great influence in banishing "the cathedral" out of Louise's demeanour.

This view of the connexion, and the hearty joy which Louise's brother and sisters expressed over this betrothal, and which proved how beloved he was by them all, smoothed the wrinkles from the brow of the Judge, and let Elise's heart feel the sweetest satisfaction. Henrik, especially, declared loudly his delight in having his beloved friend and instructor for a brother-in-law—an actual brother.

"And now listen, brother-in-law," said he, fixing his large eyes on Louise; "assume your rights as master of the house properly, brother, dear; and don't let the slippers be master of the house. If you marry a queen, you must be king, you understand that very well, and must take care of your majesty; and if she look like a cathedral, why then do you look like the last judgment, and thunder accordingly! You laugh; but you must not receive any advice so lightly, but lay it seriously to heart, and—but, dear friend, shall we not have a little bowl this evening? shall we not, mother dear? Yes, certainly we will! I shall have the honour of mixing it myself. Shall we not drink the health of your majesties? I shall mix a bowl—sugar and oranges!—a bowl! a bowl!"

With this exclamation Henrik rushed with outstretched arms to the door, which at that moment opened, and he embraced the worthy Mrs. Gunilla.

"He! man—good heaven! Best-beloved!" exclaimed she, "he, he, he! what is up here? He never thought, did he, that he should take the old woman in his arms! he, he, he!"

Henrik excused himself in the most reverent and cordial manner, explained the cause of his ecstasy, and introduced to her the newly-betrothed. Mrs. Gunilla at first was astonished, and then affected to tears. She embraced Elise, and then Louise, and Jacobi also. "God bless you!" said she, with all her beautiful, quiet cordiality, and then, somewhat pale, seated herself silently on the sofa, and seemed to be thinking sorrowfully how often anxious, dispiriting days succeed the cheerful morning of a betrothal. Whether it was from these thoughts, or that Mrs. Gunilla really felt herself unwell, we know not, but she became paler and paler. Gabriele went out to fetch her a glass of water, and as she opened the door, ran against Mr. Munter, who was just then entering.

With a little cry of surprise she recovered from this unexpected shock. He looked at her with an astonished countenance, and the next moment was surrounded by the other young people.

"Now, see, see! what is all this!" exclaimed he; "why do you overwhelm me thus! Cannot one move any longer in peace! I am not going to dance, Monsieur Henricus! Do not split my ears, Miss Petrea! What! betrothed! What! Who! Our eldest! Body and bones! let me sit down and take a pinch of snuff. Our eldest betrothed! that is dreadful! Uch!—uch! that is quite frightful! uh, uh, uh, hu! that is actually horrible! Ha, u, u, hu!"

The Assessor coughed thus, and blew his nose for a good while, during which the family, who knew his way so well, laughed heartily, with the exception of Louise, who reddened, and was almost angry at his exclamations, especially at that of horrible.

"Nay," said he, rising up and restoring the snuff-box again to his pocket, "one must be contented with what cannot be helped. What is written is written. And, as the Scripture says, blessed are they who increase and multiply the incorrigible human race, so, in heaven's name, good luck to you! Good luck and blessing, dear human beings!" And thus saying, he heartily shook the hands of Jacobi and Louise, who returned his hand-pressures with kindness, although not quite satisfied with the form of his good wishes.

"Never, in all my life," said Henrik, "did I hear a less cheerful congratulation. Mrs. Gunilla and good Mr. Munter to-day must be in melancholy humour: but now they are sitting down by each other, and we may hope that after they have had a comfortable quarrel together, they will cheer up a little."

But no; no quarrel ensued this evening between the two. He had tidings to announce to her, which appeared difficult for him to communicate, and which filled her eyes with tears—Pyrrhus was dead!

"He was yesterday quite well," said Munter, "and licked my hand as I bade him good-night. To-day he took his morning coffee with a good appetite, and then lay down on his cushion to sleep. As I returned home, well-pleased to think of playing with my little comrade, he lay dead on his cushion!"

Mrs. Gunilla and he talked for a long time about the little favourite, and appeared in consequence to become very good friends.

Jeremias Munter was this evening in a more censorious humour than common. His eyes rested with a sad expression on the newly betrothed.

"Yes," said he, as if speaking to himself, "if one had only confidence in oneself; if one was only clear as to one's own motives, then one might have some ground to hope that one could make another happy, and could be happy with them."

"One must know oneself thus well, so far," said Louise, not without a degree of confidence, "that one can be certain of doing so, before one would voluntarily unite one's fate with that of another."

"Thus well!" returned he warmly. "Yes, prosit! Who knows thus well! You do not, dear sister, that I can assure you. Ah!" continued he, with bitter melancholy, "one may be horribly deceived in oneself, and by oneself, in this life. There is no one in this world who, if he rightly understand himself, has not to deplore some infidelity to his friend—his love—his better self! The self-love, the miserable egotism of human nature, where is there a corner that it does not slide into! The wretched little I, how it thrusts itself forward! how thoughts of self, designs for self, blot actions which otherwise might be called good!"

"Do you, then, acknowledge no virtue? Is there, then, no magnanimity, no excellence, which you can admire?" asked some one. "Does not history show us—"

"History!" interrupted he, "don't speak of history—don't bring it forward! No, if I am to believe in virtue, it is such as history cannot meddle with or understand; it is only in that which plays no great part in the world, which never, never could have been applauded by it, and which is not acted publicly. Of this kind it is possible that something entirely beautiful, something perfectly pure and holy, might be found. I will believe in it, although I do not discover it in myself. I have examined my own soul, and can find nothing pure in it; but that it may be found in others, I believe. My head swells with the thought that there may exist perfectly pure and unselfish virtue. Good heaven, how beautiful it is! And wherever such a soul may be found in the world, be it in palace or in hut, in gold or in rags, in man or in woman, who, shunning the praise of the world, fearing the flattery of their own hearts, fulfil nobly and with honest zeal their duties, however difficult they may be, and who labour and pray in secrecy and stillness; such a being I admire and love, and set high above all the Cæsars and Ciceros of the world!"

During this speech the judge, who had silently risen from his seat, approached his wife, laid his hand gently on her shoulder, and looked round upon his children with glistening eyes.

"Our time," continued the Assessor, with what was an extraordinary enthusiasm for him, "understands but very little this greatness. It praises itself loudly, and on that account it is the less worthy of praise. Everybody will be remarkable, or, at least, will appear so. Everybody steps forward and shouts, I! I! Women even do not any longer understand the nobility of their incognito; they also come forth into notoriety, and shout out their I! Scarcely anybody will say, from the feeling of their own hearts, *Thou I*—and yet it is this same *Thou* which occasions man to forget that selfish I, and in which lies his purest part; his best happiness! To be sure it may seem grand, it may be quite ecstatic, even if it be only for a moment, to fill the world with one's name; but, as in long-past times, millions and millions of men united themselves to build a temple to the Supreme and then themselves sank silently, namelessly, to the dust, having only inscribed His name and His glory; certainly that was far worthier!"

"You talk like King Solomon himself, Mr. Munter!" exclaimed Petrea, quite enraptured: "Ah, you must be an author; you must write a book of—"

"Write!" interrupted he, "On what account should I write! Only to increase the miserable vanity of men! Write! Bah!"

"Every age has its wise men to build up temples," said Henrik, with a noble expression of countenance.

"No!" continued the Assessor, with evident abhorrence, "I will not write! but I will live! I have dreamed sometimes that I could live—"

He ceased; a singular emotion was expressed in his countenance; he arose, and took up a book, into which he looked without reading, and soon after stepped quietly out of the house.

The entertainment in the family this evening was, spite of all that had gone before, very lively; and the result, which was expressed in

jesting earnestness, ~~was~~ that every one, in the spirit which the Assessor had praised, should secretly labour at the temple-building, every one with his own work-tool, and according to his own strength.

The Judge walked up and down in the room, and took only occasional part in the entertainment, although he listened to all and laughed applaudingly. It seemed as if the Assessor's words had excited a melancholy feeling in him, and he spoke warmly in praise of his friend.

"There does not exist a purer human soul than his," said he, "and he has thereby operated very beneficially on me. Many men desire as much good, and do it also; but few have to the same extent as he the pure mind, the perfectly noble motive."

"Ah! if one could only make him happier, only make him more satisfied with life!" said Eva.

"Will you undertake the commission?" whispered Petrea, waggishly.

Rather too audible a kiss suddenly turned all eyes on the Candidate and Louise; the latter of whom was punishing her lover for his daring by a highly ungracious and indignant glance, which Henrik declared quite pulverized him. As they, however, all separated for the night the Candidate besought and was permitted, in mercy, a little kiss, as a token of reconciliation and forgiveness of his offence regarding the great one.

"My dear girl," said the mother to Louise as the two met, impelled by a mutual desire to converse that same night in her boudoir, "how came Jacobi's wooing about so suddenly! I could not have believed that it would have been so quickly decided. I am perfectly astonished even yet that you should be betrothed."

"So am I," replied Louise, "I can hardly conceive how it has happened. We met one another this morning in the garden; Jacobi was gloomy, and out of spirits, and had made up his mind to leave us, because he fancied I was about to be betrothed to Cousin Thure. I then besought him to forgive my late unkindness, and gave him some little idea of my friendliness towards him; whereupon he spoke to me of his own feelings and wishes so beautifully, so warmly, and thus—when I hardly know how it was myself, he called me *his* Louise, and I—told him to go and speak with my parents."

"And in the meantime," said the mother, "your parents sent another wooer to their daughter, in order for him to receive from her a yes or no. Poor Cousin Thure! He seemed to have such certain hope. But I trust he may soon console himself! But do you know, Louise, of late I have fancied that Oestanvik and all its splendour might be a little captivating to you! And now do you really feel that you have had no loss in rejecting so rich a worldly settlement!"

"Loss!" repeated Louise, "no, not now, certainly; and yet I should say wrong if I denied that it has had temptations for me; and for that reason I never would go to Oestanvik, because I knew how improper it would be if I allowed it to influence me, whilst I never could endure such a person as Cousin Thure; and, besides that, I liked Jacobi so much, and had done so for many years! Once, however, the

temptation was very powerful, and that was on our return from Axelholm. As I rode along in Cousin Thure's easy landau, it seemed to me that it must be very agreeable to travel through life so comfortably and pleasantly. But at that time I was very unhappy in myself; life had lost its best worth for me; my faith in all that I loved most was poisoned! Ah! there arose in me then such a fearful doubt in all that was good in the world, and I believed for one moment that it would be best to sleep out life, and therefore the easy rocking of the landau seemed so excellent. But now, now is this heavy dream vanished! now life is again bright, and I clearly see my own way through it. Now I trouble myself no more about a landau than I do about a wheelbarrow; nay, I would much rather now that my whole life should be a working-day, for which I could thank God! It is a delight to work for those whom one highly esteems and loves; and I desire nothing higher than to be able to live and work for my own family and for him who is to-day become my promised husband before God!"

"God will bless you, my good girl!" said the mother, embracing her, and sweet affectionate tears were shed in the still evening.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### YET MORE WOOING.

EARLY on the following morning Eva received a nosegay of beautiful moss-roses, among which was a letter; she tore it open, and read the following words:

"I have dreamed that I could live; and it is quite possible to dream a life more beautiful than that of a romance. Little Miss Eva, whom I have so often carried in my arms,—good young girl, whom I would so willingly sustain in my breast,—hear what I have dreamed, what I sometimes dream.

"I dreamed that I was a rough, unsightly rock, repulsive and unfruitful. But a heart beat in the rock—a chained heart. It beat against the walls of its prison till it bled, because it longed to be abroad in the sunshine, but it could not break its bonds. I could not free myself. The rock wept because it was so hard, because it was a prison for its own life. There came a maiden, a light gentle angel, wandering through the wood, and laid her warm white hand on the rock, and pressed her pure lips upon it, breathing a congenial word of freedom. The rocky wall opened itself, so that the heart, the poor captive heart, saw the light! The young girl went into the chamber of the heart, and called it her home; and suddenly beautiful roses which diffused odours around, sprang forth from that happy heart towards its liberator, whilst the chambers of the heart vaulted itself high above her into a temple for her, clothing its walls with fresh foliage and with precious stones, upon which the sunbeams played.

"I awoke from a sense of happiness that was too great to be enjoyed on earth; I awoke, and ah! the roses were vanished, the lovely girl was vanished, and I was once again the hard, unsightly, and joyless rock. But do you see, young maiden, the idea will not leave me, that those roses which I saw in my dream are hidden in me—that they may yet bloom, yet rejoice and

make happy. The idea will remain with me that this reserved, melancholy heart might yet expand itself by an affectionate touch; that there are precious stones within it, which would beam brightly for those who called them forth into light.

"Good young maiden, will you venture on the attempt; will you lay your warm hand on the rock; will you breathe softly upon it? O, certainly, under your touch it would soften,—it would bring forth roses for you,—it would exalt itself into a temple for you, a temple vocal with hymns of thanksgiving and love!

"I know that I am old, old before my time; that I am ugly and disagreeable, unpleasant, and perhaps ridiculous; but I do not think that nature intended me to be so. I have gone through life in such infinite solitude; neither father nor mother, brother nor sister, have followed my path; no sunshine has lighted either my childhood or my youth; I have wandered solitarily through life, combating with difficulties. Once I had a friend,—he deserted me, and thence grew the rock about my heart; thence became my demeanour severe, unattractive, and rough. Is it to remain so always? Will my life never bloom upon earth? Will no breath of heaven call forth my roses?

"Do you fear my melancholy temperament? Oh, you have not seen how a glance, a word of yours chases every cloud from my brow; not because you are beautiful, but because you are good and pure. Will you teach me to be good? I will learn willingly from you! From you I would learn to love mankind, and to find more good in the world than I have hitherto done. I will live for you, if not for the world. By my wish the world should know nothing of me, till the cross upon my grave told 'here rests —"

"Oh, it is beautiful to live nameless under the poisoned glance of the world; poisoned, whether it praise or blame; beautiful, not to be polluted by its observation, but more beautiful to be intimately known to one—to possess one gentle and honest friend, and that one a wife! Beautiful to be able to read her pure soul as in a mirror, and to be aware there of every blot on one's own soul, and to be able thus to purify it against the day of the great trial.

"But I speak only of myself and my own happiness. Ah, the egotist—the cursed egotist! Can I make you happy also, Eva? Is it not audacity in me to desire—ah, Eva, I love you inexpressibly!

"I leave the egotist in your hand: do with him what you will, he will ever remain  
"Yours."

This letter made Eva very anxious and uneasy. She would so willingly have said yes, and made so good a man happy, but then so many voices within her said no!

She spoke with her parents, with her brother and sisters. "He is so good, so excellent!" said she. "Ah, if I could but properly love him! But I cannot—and then he is so old; and I have no desire to marry; I am so happy in my own home."

"And do not leave it!" was the unanimous chorus of all the family. The father, indeed, was actually provoked by all this courtship; and the mother thought it quite absurd that her blooming Eva and Jeremias Munter should go together. No one voice spoke for him but Petrea's, and a silent sigh in Eva's own bosom. The result of all this consideration was, that Eva

wrote with tearful eyes the following answer to her lover:

"My best, and truly good Friend!

"Ah! do not be angry with me that I cannot become that which you wish. I shall certainly not marry. I am too happy in my own home and family for that. Ah! this is to be sure egotistical, but I cannot do otherwise. Forgive me, I am so very much, so heartily attached to you; and I should never be happy again if you love not hitherto as formerly

"Your little

"Eva."

In the evening Eva received a beautiful and costly work-box, with the following lines:

"Yes, yes, I can very well believe that the rough rock would be appalling. You will not venture to lay your delicate white hand upon it, little Miss Eva; will not breathe upon my poor roses! Let them then remain in their grave!

"I shall now make a journey, nor see you again a year and a day. But, good heavens! as you have given me a basket,\* you shall receive in return a little box. I bought it for my—bride, Eva! Yet now, after all, Eva shall have it; shall keep it for my sake. She may return it when I cease to be

"Her true and devoted Friend."

"Do you think she is sorry for what she has done, dearest?" asked the Judge anxiously from his wife, as he saw Eva's hot tears falling on the work-box;—"but it cannot be helped. She marry! and that too with Munter! She is indeed nothing but a child! But that is just the way; when one has educated one's daughters, and taught them something of good manners, just when one has begun to have real pleasure in them, that one must lose them—must let them go to China if the lover chance to be a Chinese! It is intolerable! It is abominable! I would not wish my worst enemy the pain of having grown-up daughters. Don't you think that Schwartz is already beginning to have serious thoughts about Sara? Good gracious! if we should yet have the plague of another lover!"

## CHAPTER XXV.

### MORE COURTSHIP STILL.

JUDGE FRANK had, unknown to himself, spoken a true word. It was true that Schwartz had drawn ever narrower circles around Sara, and at the very time when she would appear free from his influence her temper became more uncertain and suspicious. The mother, uneasy about this connexion, no longer allowed her to be alone with him during the music lesson, and this watchfulness excited Sara's pride, and was received with less patience, and was even more disregarded than the first gentle remonstrances. The Judge was the only person before whom Sara did not exhibit the dark side of her character. His glance, his presence, seemed to have a certain power over her; besides which, she was, perhaps, more beloved by him than by any other member of the family, with the exception of Petrea.

One evening, Sara sat silent by one of the windows in the library, supporting her beautiful

\* "To give a gentleman a basket" is the same as saying he is a rejected lover.

head on her hand. Petrea sat at her feet on a low stool; she also was silent, but every now and then looked up to Sara with a tender troubled expression, whilst in return Sara looked down towards her thoughtfully, and almost gloomily.

"Petrea," said she, speaking low, "what would you say if I should leave you suddenly to go into the wide world, and should never return to you?"

"What should I say," answered Petrea, with a violent quiver of tears: "ah, I should say nothing at all, but should lie down and die of grief!"

"Do you really love me then so, Petrea?" asked she.

"Do I love you!" returned Petrea, "Ah, Sara, if you go away, take me with you as maid, as servant—I will do every thing for you!"

"Good Petrea!" whispered Sara, laying her arm round her neck and kissing her weeping eyes, "continue to love me, but do not follow me!"

"It seems terribly sultry to me, this evening!" said Henrik wearily: "We cannot manage any family assembling to-night—not a bit of music—not a bit of entertainment. The air seems as if an earthquake were at hand. I fancy that Africa sends us something of a tempest. Petrea is crying like the rainy season; and there go the people in twos-and-twos and weep, and set themselves in corners and whisper and mutter, and kiss one another, from my God-fearing parents down to my silly little sisters! The King and Queen, they go and seat themselves just as it happens on living or dead things—they had nearly seated themselves on me as I sat unoffensively on the sofa; but I made a turn about *tout d'un coup*."

"Betrothed! horribly wearisome folks! are they not, Gabriele? they cannot hear, they cannot see; they could not speak, I fancy, but with one another!"

A light was burning in Sara's chamber far into the night. She was busied for a long time with her journal; she wrote with a flying but unsteady hand.

"So, to-morrow; to-morrow all will be said, and I—shall be bound."

"I know that is but of little importance, and yet I have such a horror of it! O the power of custom and of form."

"I know very well whom I could love; there is a purity in his glance, a powerful purity which penetrates me—but how would he look on me if he saw—"

"I must go—I have no choice left! S. has me in his net—the money which I have borrowed from him binds me so fast!—for I cannot bear that they should know it, and despise me! I know that they would impoverish themselves in order to release me, but I will not so humiliate myself."

"And why do I speak of release? I go hence to a life of freedom and honour. I bow myself under the yoke but for a moment, only in order to exalt myself the more proudly. Now there is no more time to tremble and to waver—away with these tears! And thou, Volney, proud, strong thinker, stand by me! Teach me, when all others turn away, how I may rely on my own strength!"

Sara now exchanged the pen for the book, and the hour of midnight struck before she closed it, and arose tranquil and cold in order to seek the quiet of sleep.

The earthquake of which Henrik had spoken, came the next day, the signal of which was a letter from Schwartz to the Judge, in which he solicited the hand of Sara. His only wealth was his profession; but with this alone he was convinced that his wife would want nothing; he was just about setting out on a journey through Europe, and wished to be accompanied by Sara, of whose consent and acquiescence he was quite sure.

A certain degree of self-appreciation in a man was not at any time displeasing to Judge Frank, but this letter breathed a supercilious assurance, a professional arrogance, which were the very opposites of his own disposition. Besides this, he was wounded by the tone of pretension in which Schwartz spoke of one who was as dear to him as his own daughter, and the thought of her being united to a man of Schwartz's character was intolerable to him. He was almost persuaded that Sara did not love him, and burned with impatience to repel his pretensions, and to remove him at the same time from his house.

Elise agreed perfectly in the opinion of her husband, but was less confident than he regarding Sara's state of feeling with respect to the affair. She was summoned to their presence. The Judge handed to her Schwartz's letter, and awaited impatiently her remarks upon it. Her colour paled before the grave and searching glances which were riveted upon her, but she declared herself quite willing to accept her lover's proposal.

Astonishment and vexation painted themselves on the countenance of her adopted father.

"Ah, Sara," said the mother, after a short silence, "have you well considered this? Do you think that Schwartz is a man who can make a wife happy?"

"He can make me happy," returned Sara; "happy according to my own mind."

"You can never, never," said the mother, "enjoy domestic happiness with him!"

"He loves me," returned Sara, "and he can give me a happiness which I never enjoyed here. I lost early both father and mother, and in the home into which I was received out of charity, all become colder and colder towards me!"

"Ah, do not think so, Sara!" said the mother. "But even if this were the case, may not some little of it be your own fault? Do you really do anything to make yourself beloved? Do you strive against that which makes you less amiable?"

"I can renounce such love," said Sara, "as will not take me with my faults. Nature gave me strong feelings and inclinations, and I cannot bring them into subjection."

"You will not, Sara," was the reply.

"I cannot! and it may be that I will not!" said she. "I will not submit myself to the subjugation and taming which has been allotted as the share of the woman! Why should I? I feel strength in myself to break up a new path for myself. I will lead a fresh and an independent life! I will live a bright artiste-life, free from the trammels and the Lilliputian considerations of domestic life. I will be free! I will not, as now, be watched and suspected, and be under a state of espionage! I will be free from the displeasure and blame which now dog my footsteps! This treatment it is, mother, which has determined my resolution."

"If" answered the mother in a tremulous voice, and deeply affected by Sara's words and tone, "I have erred towards you—and I may have done so—I know well that it has been from temper, or out of want of tenderness towards you. I have spoken to and warned you from the best conviction; I have sincerely endeavoured and desired what is best for you, and this you will some time or other come to see even better than I.\* You will perhaps come to see that it would have been good for you if you had lent a more willing ear to my maternal counsellings; will perhaps come to deplore that you rewarded the love I cherished for you with reproaches and bitterness!"

"Then let me go!" said Sara, with gentler voice, "we do not accord well together. I embitter your life, and you make—perhaps you cannot make mine happy. Let me go with him, who will love me with all my faults, who can and will open a freer scope to my powers and talents than I have hitherto had."

"Ah, Sara," returned Elise, "will you obtain in this freer field, a better happiness than can be afforded you by a domestic circle, by the tenderness of true friends, and a happy domestic life?"

"Are you then so happy, my mother?" interrupted Sara with an ironical smile, and a searching glance; "are you then so happy in this circle, and this domestic life, which you praise so highly, that you thus repeat what has been said on the subject from the beginning of the world. Those perpetual cares in which you have passed your days, those trifling cares and thoughts for every-day necessities, which are so opposite to your own nature, are they then so pleasant, so captivating? Have you not renounced many of your beautiful gifts—your pleasure in literature and music—nay, in short, what is the most lovely part of life, in order to bury yourself in concealment and oblivion, and there like the silkworm to spin your own sepulchre of the threads which another will wind off? You bow your own will continually before that of another; your innocent pleasures you sacrifice daily either to him or to others: are you so very happy amid all these renunciations?"

The Judge rose up passionately; went several times up and down the room, and placed himself at last directly opposite to Sara, leaning his back to the stove, and listening attentively the answer of his wife.

"Yes, Sara, I am happy!" answered she, with an energy very unusual in her: "yes, I am happy! Whenever I have made any sacrifice, I receive a rich return. And if there be moments when I feel painfully any renunciation which I have, there are others, and far more of them, in which I congratulate myself on all that I have won. I am become improved through the husband whom God has given to me; through my children, through my duties, through the desires and the wants which I have overcome at his side—yes, Sara, above all things, through him, his affection, his excellence, am I improved, and feel myself happier every day. Love, Sara, love changes sacrifice into pleasure, and makes renunciation sweet! I thank God for my lot, and only wish that I were worthier of it!"

"It may be!" said Sara proudly, "every one

has his own sphere. But ~~the~~ tame happiness of the dove suits not the eagle!"

"Sara!" exclaimed the Judge in a tone of severe displeasure.

The mother, unable longer to repress the outbreak of excited feeling, left the room with her handkerchief to her eyes.

"For shame, Sara," said the Judge with severe gravity, and standing before her with a reproving glance, "for shame! this arrogance goes too far!"

She trembled now before his eye as she had done once before; a remembrance from the days of her childhood awoke within her; her eyelids sunk, and a burning crimson covered her face.

"You have forgotten yourself," continued he calmly, but severely, "and in your childish haughtiness have only shown how far you are below that worth and excellence which you cannot understand, and which, in your present state of mind, you never can emulate. Your own calm judgment will make the sharpest reproaches on this late scene, and will, nay must, lead you to throw yourself at the feet of your mother. All, however, that I now ask from you is, that you think over your intentions rationally. How is it possible, Sara, that you overlook your own inconsistency? You argue zealously against domestic life—against the duties of marriage, and yet, at the same time, wilfully determine to tie those bonds with a man who will make them actual fetters for you."

"He will not fetter me," returned she, "he has promised it—he has sworn it! I shall not subject myself to him as a wife, but I shall stand at his side as an equal, as an artiste, and step with him into a world beautiful and rich in honours, which he will open to me."

"Ah, mere talk!" exclaimed the Judge. "Folly, folly! How can you be so foolish, and believe in such false show? The state gives your husband a power over you which he will not fail to abuse,—that I can promise you, from what I know of his character, and from what I now discover of yours. No woman can withdraw from a connexion of this kind unpunished, more especially under the circumstances in which you are placed. Sara, you do not love the man to whom you are about to unite yourself, and it is impossible that you can love him. No true esteem, no pure regard binds you to him."

"He loves me," answered Sara with trembling lips; "I admire his power and artistical spirit;—he will conduct me to independence and honour! It is no fault of mine that the lot of woman is so contracted and miserable—that she must bind herself in order to become free!"

"Only as a means?" asked he; "the holiest tie on earth only as a means, and for what? For a pitiable and ephemeral chase after happiness, which you call honour and freedom. Poor, deceived Sara! Are you so misled, so turned aside from the right? Is it possible that the miserable book of a writer, as full of pretension as weak and superficial, has been able thus to misguide you?" and with these words he took Volney's Ruins out of his pocket, and threw it upon the table.

Sara started and reddened: "Ah," said she, "this is only another instance of espionage over me."

"Not so," replied the Judge calmly. "I was this day in your room; you had left the book lying on the table, and I took it, in order that I

\* All mothers speak thus—but not all, nay, not many with the same right as Elise.

might speak with you about it, and prevent Petrea's young steps from treading this path of error without a guide."

"People may think what they please," said Sara, "of the influence of the book, but I conceive that author deserves least of all the epithet weak."

"When we have followed his counsel," returned he, "and resemble the wreck which the waves have thrown up here, then you may judge of the strength and skill of the steersman! My child do not follow him. A more mature, a more logical power of mind, will teach you how little he knows of the ocean of life, of its breakers and its depths—how little he understands the true compass."

"Ah!" said Sara, "these dangers, nay, even shipwreck itself, appear to me preferable to the still, windless water which the so-much-beset haven of domestic life represents. You speak, my father, of chimeras; but tell me, is not the so-faunted happiness of domestic life more a chimera than any other? When the saloon is set in order, one does not see the broom and the dusting-brush, that have been at work in it, and the million grains of dust which have filled the air; one forgets that they have ever been there. So it is with domestic and family life; one persists wilfully in only seeing its beautiful moments, and in passing over, in not noticing at all, what are less beautiful, or indeed, are 'repulsive.'"

"All depends upon which are the predominant," replied he, half smiling at Sara's simile. "Thus, then, if it be more frequently disorderly than orderly, if the air be more frequently filled with dust than it is with pure and fresh, than the devil may dwell there, but not I! I know very well that there are homes enough on earth where there are dust-filled rooms, but that must be the fault of the inhabitants. On them alone depends the condition of the house; from those which may not unjustly be called an ante-room of hell, to those again which, spite of their earthly imperfections, spite of many a visitation of duster and dusting-brush, yet may deserve the names of courts of heaven. And where, Sara, where in this world will you find an existence free from earthly dust? And is that of which you complain so bitterly anything else than the earthly husk which encloses every mortal existence of man as well as of woman; it is the soil in which the plant must grow; it is the chrysalis in which the larva becomes ripe for its change of life! Can you actually be blind to that higher and nobler life which never develops itself more beautifully than in a peaceful home? Can you deny that it is in the sphere of family and friendship where man lives most perfectly and best, as citizen of an earthly and of a heavenly kingdom? Can you deny how great and noble is the efficacy of woman in private life, be she married or single, if she only endeavour—"

"Ah," said Sara, interrupting him, "the sphere of private life is too narrow for me! I require a larger one, in order to breathe freely and freshly."

"In pure affection," replied the Judge, "in friendship, and in the exercise of kindness, there is large and fresh breathing space; the air of eternity plays through it. In intellectual development—and the very highest may be arrived at in private life—the whole world opens itself to the eye of man, and infinite treasures are offered to his soul, more, far more, than he can ever appropriate to himself!"

"But the artist," argued Sara, "the artist can-

not form himself at home—he must try himself on the great theatre of the world. Is his bent only a chimera, my father? And are those distinguished persons who present the highest pleasures to the world through their talents; to whom the many look up with admiration and homage; around whom the great, and the beautiful, and agreeable collect themselves, are they fools?—are they blind hunters after happiness? Ah, what lot can well be more glorious than theirs! Oh, my father, I am young; I feel a power in myself which is not a common one—my heart throbs for a freer and more beautiful life! Desire not that I should constrain my own nature; desire not that I should compress my beautiful talents into a sphere which has no charms for me!"

"I do not depreciate, certainly, the profession of the artist," replied the Judge, "nor the value of his agency: in its best meaning, his is as noble as any; but it is this pure bent, this no view of it, which impels you, which animates you! Sara, examine your own heart; it is vanity and selfish ambition which impel you. It is the arrogance of your eighteen years, and some degree of talent, which make you overlook all that is good in your present lot, which make you disdain to mature yourself nobly and independently in the domestic circle. It is a deep mistake, which will now lead you to an act blameable in the eyes of God and man, and which blinds you to the dark side of the life which you covet. Nevertheless, there is none darker, none in which the changes of fortune are more dependent on miserable accidents. An accident may deprive you of your beauty, or your voice, and with these you lose the favour of the world in which you have placed your happiness. Besides this, you will not always continue at eighteen, Sara: by the time you are thirty all your glory will be past, and then—then what will you have collected for the remaining half of life? You will have roited for a short time in order then to starve; since, so surely as I stand here, with this haughty and vain disposition, and with the husband whom you will have chosen, you will come to want; and too late, you will look back in your misery, full of remorse, to the virtue and to the true life which you have renounced."

Sara was silent, she was shaken by the words and by the countenance of her adopted father.

"And how perfectly different it might be!" continued he with warmth; "how beautiful, how full of blessing might not your life and your talents be! Sara! I have loved you and love you still like my own daughter—will you not listen to me as to a father? Answer me—have you had to give up anything in this house, which, with any show of reason, you might demand? and have we spared any possible care for your education or your accomplishments?"

"No," replied Sara, "all have been kind, very kind to me."

"Well, then," exclaimed the Judge, with increasing warmth and cordiality, "depend upon your mother, and me, that you will have no cause of complaint. I am not without property and connexions. I will spare no means of cultivating your talents, and then if your turn for art is a true one, when it has been cultivated to its utmost it shall not be concealed from a world which can enjoy and reward it. But remain under our protection, and do not cast yourself, inexperienced as you are, on a world which will only lead you more astray. Do not, in order to

win an ideal liberty, give your hand to a man inferior to you in accomplishments; to a man whom you do not love, and whom, morally speaking, you cannot esteem. Descend into your own heart and see its error while there is yet time to retrieve it, before you are crushed by your own folly. Do not fly from affectionate careful friends—do not fly from the paternal roof in blind impatience of disagreeables, to remove which depends perhaps only on yourself! My child! I have not taken you under my roof in order that you should make yourself the victim of ruin and misfortune! Pause, Sara, and reflect, I pray you, I conjure you! make not yourself wretched! When I took you from the death-bed of your father, I threw my arms around you to shield you from the winds of autumn—I clasp them over again around you, in order to shield you from far more dangerous winds—Sara, my child, fly not from this house!"

Sara trembled, she was violently agitated, and leaned her head with indescribable emotions against her adopted father, who clasped her tenderly to his bosom.

It is not difficult to say whether they were good or bad angels who triumphed in Sara, as she, after a moment of violent inward struggle, pushed from her the paternal friend and said, with averted countenance, "Is it in vain, my determination is taken. I shall become the wife of Schwartz, and go where my fate leads me!"

The Judge started up, stamped on the floor, and pale with anger exclaimed, with flashing eyes, "Obdurate one! since neither love nor prayers have power over you, you must listen to another mode of speech! I have the right of a guardian over you, and I forbid this unholy marriage! I forbid you to leave my house! You hear me, and you shall obey!"

Sara stood up as pale as death, and with an insolent expression riveted her large eyes upon him, while he, too, fixed his upon her with all the force of his peculiar earnestness and decision. It seemed as if each would look the other through; as if each in this contest would measure his strength against the other.

Suddenly her arms were flung wildly round his neck, a burning kiss was pressed upon his lips, and the next moment she was out of the room.

Elise sat in her boudoir. She still wept bitter tears. It was twilight, and her knees were suddenly embraced, and her hands and her dress were covered with kisses and with tears. When she put forth her hands to raise the one who embraced her, she had vanished. "Sara, Sara! where are you?" exclaimed she, full of anxiety.

Petrea came down from her chamber; she met some one, who embraced her, pressed her lips to her forehead, and whispered, "forget me!"

"Sara, Sara! where are you going?" exclaimed she, terrified and running after her to the house door.

"Where is Sara?" inquired the Judge violently above in the chambers of his daughters. "Where is Sara?" inquired he below in the library.

"Ah!" exclaimed Petrea, who now rushed in weeping, "she is this moment gone out—out into the street; she almost ran. She forbade me to follow her. Ah, she certainly never will come back again!"

"The devil!" said the Judge, hastening from the room, and taking up his hat, went out. Far off in the street he saw a female figure which,

with only a handkerchief thrown over her head and shoulders, was hastening onward, and who, in spite of the twilight, he recognised to be Sara. He hastened after her;—she looked round, saw him, and fled. Certain now that he was not mistaken, he followed, and was almost near enough to take hold of her, when she suddenly turned aside, and rushed into a house—it was that of Schwartz. He followed with the quickness of lightning; followed her up the steps, and was just laying his hand on her, when she vanished through a door. The next moment he too opened it, and saw her—in the arms of Schwartz!

The two stood together embracing, and evidently prepared to defy him. He stood for some moments silent before them, regarding them with an indescribable look of wrath, contempt, and sorrow. He looked upon the pale breathless Sara, and covered his eyes with his hand: the next moment, however, he seemed to collect himself, and with all the calm and respect commanding dignity of a parent, he grasped her hand and said, "You now follow me home. On Sunday the bans shall be proclaimed!"

Sara followed. She took his arm, and with a drooping head, and without a word, accompanied him home.

All there was disquiet and sorrow. But notwithstanding the general discontent with Sara and her marriage, there was not one of the family who did not busy themselves earnestly in her outfit. Louise, who blamed more than all the rest, gave herself most trouble about it.

Sara behaved as if she never observed how everybody was working for her, and passed her time either over her harp, or solitary in her own room. Any intercourse with the members of the family seemed to have become painful to her, while Petrea's tenderness and tears were received with indifference; nay, even with sternness.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### DEPARTURE.

SARA'S joyless marriage was over; and the hour was come in which she was to leave that home and family which had so affectionately received her, and which now with solicitude and the tenderest care provided for her wants in her new connexion.

In the hour of separation, the crust of office which had hitherto surrounded her being broke, she sank, weeping violently, at the feet of her foster-parents.

The Judge was deeply affected: "You have had your own will, Sara," said he, in a firm but mournful voice, "may you be happy! Some few warnings I have given you, do not forget them; they are the last! If you should be deceived in the hopes which now animate you—if you should be unfortunate—unfortunate, or criminal, then remember—then remember, Sara, that here you have father and mother, and sisters, who will receive you with open arms; then remember that you have here family and home!"

He ceased: drew her a little aside, took her hand, and pressed a bank-note in it. "Take this," said he, tenderly, "as a little help in the hour of need. No, you must not refuse it from your foster-father. Take it for his love's sake, you will some time need it!"

It was with difficulty that the Judge had so far preserved his calmness, he now pressed her vio-

lently to his breast: kissed her brow and lips, while his tears flowed abundantly. The mother and sisters too surrounded her weeping. At that moment the door opened, and Schwartz entered.

"The carriage waits," said he, with a dark glance on the mournful group. Sara tore herself from the arms which would have held her fast, and rushed out of the room.

A few seconds more and the travelling carriage rolled away.

"She is lost!" exclaimed the Judge to his wife with bitter pain. "I feel it in myself that she is lost! Her death would have been less painful to me than this marriage."

For many days he continued silent and melancholy.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### LITTLE SCENES.

THE past episode had passed through the house like a whirlwind. When it was over the heaven cleared itself anew, and they were able to confess that a more joyful tranquillity had diffused itself over all. There was no one who did not think of Sara with sympathy, who did not weep sometimes at her violent separation from the family: but there was no one, with the exception of the Judge and Petrea, who did not feel her absence to be a secret relief; for one unquiet temper, and one full of pretension, can disturb a whole household, and make the most exquisite natural gifts of no account.

The Judge missed a daughter from the beloved circle; missed that beautiful, richly-endowed girl, and could not think of her future prospects without bitter anxiety. Petrea wept the object of her youthful admiration and homage, but consoled herself with the romantic plans she formed for seeing her again, in all of which she gave to herself the province of guardian angel, either as the queen of a desert island, or as a warrior bleeding for her, or as a disguised person who unlocked her bonds in the depths of a dungeon in order to put them on herself: in short, in all possible ways in the world except the possible one.

Sara wrote soon after her separation from her friends; she spoke of the past with gratitude, and of the future with hope. The letter exhibited a certain decision and calmness—a certain seriousness which diffused through the family a satisfactory ease of mind with regard to her future fate. Elise was ever inclined to hope for the best, and young people are always optimists: the Judge said nothing which might disturb the peace of his family, whilst Louise alone shook her head and sighed.

After the many disturbing circumstances which had lately occurred in the family, all seemed now to long after repose, and the ability to enjoy a quieter domestic life. Occupations of all kind, those simple, but cheerful daughters of well-regulated life, went on cheerfully and comfortably under the eye of Louise. There was no want in the house of joyful hours, sunshine of every kind, and entertainment full of interest. The newspapers which the Judge took in, and which kept the family *au courant* of the questions of the day, furnished materials for much development of mind, for much conversation and much thought, especially among the young people. The father had great plea-

sure in hearing thus their interchange of opinion, though he himself seldom mingled in their conversation, with the exception of now and then a guiding word.

"I fancy all is going on quite right," said he joyfully to his wife one day. "The children live gaily at home, and are preparing themselves for life. Indeed, if they only once open their eyes and ears, they will find subjects enough on which to use them; and will be astonished at all that life will present them with. It is well when home furnishes nourishment for mind as well as heart and body. I rejoice too, extremely, over our new house. Every land, every climate, has its own advantages as well as its own difficulties, and the economy of life must be skilfully adjusted if it is to be maintained with honour and advantage. Our country, which compels us to live so much in the house, seems thereby to admonish us to a more concentrated, and at the same time more quiet and domestic life, on which account we need, above all things, comfortable houses, which are able to advance and advantage soul as well as body. Thank God! I fancy ours is pretty good for that purpose, and in time may yet be better; the children too look happy; Gabriele grows now every day, and Louise has grown over all our heads!"

The young people were very much occupied with plans for the future. Eva and Louise built all their castles in the air together. A great intimacy had grown up between these two sisters since they were alone during the absence of the others at Axelholm. One might say that ever since that evening, when they sat together eating grapes and reading a novel, the seed of friendship which had long been sprouting in their hearts shot forth thence its young leaves. Their castles in the air were no common castles of romance, they had for their foundation the prosaic but beautiful thought of gaining for themselves an independent livelihood in the future—for the parents had early taught their daughters to direct their minds to this object—and hence beautiful establishments were founded, partly for friendship and partly for humanity: for young girls are always great philanthropists.

Jacobi also had many schemes for the future of himself and his wife, and Louise many schemes how to realize them. In the mean time there were many processes about kisses. Louise wished to establish a law that not more than three a day should be allowed, against which Jacobi protested both by word and deed, on which occasions Gabriele always ran away hastily and indignantly.

Petrea read English with Louise, arranged little festivities for her and the family; wept every evening over Sara, and beat her brains every morning over "the Creation of the World," whilst the good parents watched ever observantly over them all.

No one, however, enjoyed the present circumstances of the family so much as Henrik. After he had succeeded in inducing his sisters to use more lively exercise, he devoted himself more exclusively to his favourite studies, history and philosophy. Often he took his book and wandered with it whole days in the country, but every evening at seven he punctually joined the family circle, and was there the merriest of the merry.

"We live now right happily," said 1 one

evening in confidential discourse with his mother; "and I, for my part, never enjoyed life so much. I feel now that my studies will really mend, and that something can be made of me. And when I have studied for a whole day, and that not fruitlessly either, and then come of an evening to you and my sisters, and see all here so friendly, so bright and cheerful, life seems so agreeable! I feel myself so happy, and almost wish it might always remain as it is now!"

"Ah, yes!" answered the mother, "if we could always keep you with us, my Henrik! But I know that won't do, you must soon leave us again; and then, when you have finished your studies, you must have your own house."

"And then, mother, you shall come to me!" This had been years before, and still was Henrik's favourite theme, and the mother listened willingly to it.

Several poems which Henrik wrote about this time seemed to indicate the most decided poetical talent, and gave his mother and sisters the greatest delight, whilst they excited, at the same time, great attention among the friends of the family. The Judge alone looked on gloomily.

"You will spoil him," exclaimed he one evening to his wife and daughters, "if you make him fancy that he is something extraordinary, before he is in any thing out of the common way. I confess that his poetizing is very much against my wish. When one is a man, one should have something much more important to do than to sigh, and sing about this and that future life. If he were likely to be a Thorild,\* or any other of our greatest poets—but I see no signs of that! and this poetasterism, this literary idleness, which perpetually either lifts young people above the clouds or places them under the earth, so that for pure cloud and dust they are unable to see the good noble gifts of actual life—I would the devil had it! The direction which Henrik is now taking grieves me seriously. I had rejoiced myself so in the thought of his being a first-rate miner—in his being instrumental in turning to good account our mines, our woods and streams, those noblest foundations of Sweden's wealth, and to which it was worth while devoting a good head; and now, instead of that, he hangs his on one side; sits with a pen in his hand, and rhymes 'face' and 'grace,' 'heart' and 'smart.' It is quite contrary to my feelings! I wish Sternhok would come here soon. Now there's a fellow! he will turn out something first-rate! I wish he were coming soon; perhaps he might influence Henrik, and induce him to give up this verse-making, which, perhaps, at bottom, is only vanity."

Elise and the daughters were silent. For a considerable time now, Elise had accustomed herself to silence when her husband grumbled. But often—whenever it was necessary—she would return to the subject of his discontent at a time when he was calm, and then talk it over with him; and this line of tactics succeeded admirably. She made use of them on the present occasion.

"Ernst," said she to him in the evening, "it grieves me that you are so displeased with Henrik's poetical bent. Ah! it has delighted me so much, precisely because I fancied that it is real, and that in this case it may be as useful

as any other can be. Still I never will encourage any thing in him which is opposed to your wishes."

"My Elise," returned he mildly, "manage this affair according to your own convictions and conscience. It is very probable that you are right, and that I am wrong. All that I beseech of you is, that you watch over yourself, in order that affection to your first-born may not mislead you to mistake for excellence what is only mediocre, and his little attempts for masterpieces. Henrik may be, if he can, a distinguished poet and literary man; but he must not as yet imagine himself anything: above all things, he must not suppose it possible to be a distinguished man in any profession without preparing himself by serious labour, and without first of all becoming a thinking being. If he were this, I promise you that I should rejoice over my son, let him be what profession he would—a worker in thought, or a worker in mountains. And for this very reason one must be careful not to value too highly these poetical blossoms. If vanity remains in him he never will covet serious renown in any thing."

"You are right, Ernst," said his wife, with all the cordiality of inward conviction.

Henrik also longed earnestly for Sternhok's arrival. He wished to show him his work; he longed to measure his new historical and philosophical knowledge against that of his friend; he longed, in one word, to be esteemed by him; for Henrik's gentle and affectionate nature had always felt itself powerfully attracted by the energetic and, as one may say, metallic nature of the other, and ever since the years of their boyhood had the esteem and friendship of Sternhok been the goal of Henrik's endeavours, and of his warm, although till now unattainable, wishes. Sternhok had hitherto always behaved towards Henrik with a certain friendly indifference, never as a companion and friend.

Sternhok came. He was received by the whole family with the greatest cordiality, but by no one with a warmer heart than Henrik.

There was even externally the greatest dissimilarity between these two young men. Henrik was remarkable for extraordinary, almost feminine, beauty; his figure was noble but slender, and his glance glowing though somewhat dreamy. Sternhok, some years Henrik's senior, had become early a man. All with him was muscular, firm, and powerful; his countenance was intelligent without being handsome, and a star, as it were, gleamed in his clear, decided eye; such a star as is often prophetic of fate, and over whose path fortunate stars keep watch.

Some days after Sternhok's arrival Henrik became greatly changed. He had become quiet, and there was an air of depression on his countenance. Sternhok now, as he had always done, did not appear unfriendly to Henrik, but still paid little attention to him. He occupied himself very busily, partly with trying chemical experiments with Jacobi and the ladies, and partly in the evening, and even into the night, in making astronomical observations with his excellent telescope. One of the beaming stars to which the observations of the young astronomer were industriously directed, was called afterward in the family Sternhok's star. All gathered themselves around the interesting and well-informed young man. The Judge took the greatest delight in his conversation, and asserted before

\* Thomas Thorild, born 1752, died 1806, an eminent Swedish poet.

and family more than once his pleasure in him, and the hopes which the nation itself might have of him. The young student of mining was a favourite with the Judge also, because, besides his extraordinary knowledge, he behaved always with the greatest respect towards older and more experienced persons.

"See, Henrik," said his father to him one day, after a conversation with Sternbok, "what I call poetry, real poetry, it is this—to tame the rivers, and to compel their wild falls to produce wealth and comfort, while woods are felled on their banks and corn-fields cultivated; human dwellings spring up, and cheerful activity and joyful voices enliven the country. Look! that may be called a beautiful creation!"

Henrik was silent.

"But," said Gabriele, with all her natural refinement, "to be happy in these homes, they must be able to read a pleasant book or to sing a beautiful song, else their lives, spite of all their water-falls, would be very dry!"

The Judge smiled, kissed his little daughter, and tears of delight filled his eyes.

Henrik, in the mean time, had gone into another room, and seated himself at the window. His mother followed him.

"How do you feel, my Henrik?" said she, affectionately, gently taking away the hand which shaded his eyes. His hand was concealing his tears. "My good, good youth!" exclaimed she, her eyes also overflowing with tears, and throwing her arms around him; "Now see!" began she consolingly, "you should not distress yourself when your father speaks in a somewhat one-sided manner. You know perfectly well how infinitely good and just he is, and that if he be only once convinced of the genuineness of your poetic talent, he will be quite contented. He is only now afraid of your stopping short in mediocrity. He would be pleased and delighted if you obtained honour in your own peculiar way."

"Ah!" said Henrik, "if I only knew whether or not I had a peculiar way—a peculiar vocation. But since Sternbok has been here, and I have talked with him, everything, both externally and internally, seems altered. Sternbok has shown me how very little I know of what I supposed myself to know a great deal, and what bungling my work is! I see it now perfectly, and it distresses me. How strong-minded and powerful Sternbok is! I wish I were able to resemble him! But it is impossible, I feel myself such a mere nothing beside him! And yet, when I am alone either with my books, or out in the free air with the trees, the rocks, the waters, the winds around me, and with heaven above, thoughts arise in me, feelings take possession of me, nameless sweet feelings, and then expressions and words speak in me which affect me deeply, and give me inexpressible delight; then all that is great and good in humanity is so present with me; then I have a foretaste of harmony in everything, of God in everything; and it seems to me as if words thronged themselves to my lips to sing forth the gloriousness of what I perceive. In such moments I feel something great within me, and I fancy that my songs would find an echo in every heart. Yes, it is thus, that I feel sometimes; but when I see Sternbok, all is vanished, and I feel so little, so poor, I am compelled to believe that I am a dreamer and a fool!"

"My good youth," said the mother, "you mistake yourself. Your gifts and Sternbok's are so dissimilar: but if you employ your talents with

sincerity and earnestness, they will in their turn bring forth fruit. I confess to you, Henrik, that it was, and still is, one of my most lively wishes that one of my children might distinguish themselves in the fields of literature. Literature has furnished to me my most beautiful enjoyments, and in my younger years I myself was not without my ambition in this way. I see in you my own powers more richly blossoming. I myself bloom forth in them, my Henrik, and in my hopes of you. Ah! might I live to the day in which I saw you honoured by your native land; in which I saw your father proud of his son, and I myself able to gladden my heart with the fruit of your mind, your work—O then I would gladly die!"

Enthusiastic fire flamed in Henrik's looks, and on his cheeks, as while, embracing his mother, he said, "No, you shall live, mother, to be honoured on account of your son. He promises that you shall have joy in him!"

The sunbeam which just then streamed into the room fell upon Henrik's beautiful hair, which shone like gold. The mother saw it—saw silently a prophesying in it, and a sunbright smile diffused itself over her countenance.

Petrea read the "Magic Ring." She ought properly to have read it aloud to the family circle in an evening, and then its dangerous magic would have been decreased; but she read it beforehand, privately to herself during the night, and it drew her into the bewildering magic circle. She thought of nothing, dreamed of nothing, but wonderful adventures; wonderfully beautiful ladies, and wonderfully brave heroes! She was herself always one of them, worshipped or worshipping: now combating, cross in hand, against witches and dragons; now wandering in dreamy moonlight among lilies in the Lady Minnetrost's castle. It seemed as if the chaotic confusion of Petrea's brain had here taken shape and stature, and she now took possession with redoubled force of the phantasy world, which once before, under the guise of the wood-god, had carried away her childish mind and conducted her into false tracks; and it was so even now; for while she moved night and day in a dream-world in which she luxuriated to exultation, in magnificent and wonderful scenes, in which she herself always played a part, she got on but lamentably in real and everyday life. The head in which so many splendid pictures and grand schemes were agitating, looked generally something like a bundle of flax; she never noticed the holes and specks in her dress, nor her ragged stockings and trodden-down shoes; she forgot all her little, everyday business, and whatever she had in her hand, she either lost or dropped.

She had besides, a passion for cracking almonds. "A passion," Louise said, "as expensive as it was noisy, and which never was stronger than when she went about under the influence of the magic ring; and that perpetual crack, crack, which was heard wherever she went, and the almond shells on which people trod, or which hung to the sleeve of whoever came to the window, were anything but agreeable."

Whenever Petrea was deservedly reproved or admonished for these things, she fell out of the clouds, or rather out of her heaven, down to the earth, which seemed to her scarcely anything else than a heap of nettles and brambles, and very gladly indeed would she have bought

with ten years of her life, one year of the magic power of the "Magic Ring," together with beauty, magic charms, power, and such-like things, which she did not possess, except in her dreams.

Petrea's life was a cleft between an ideal and a real world, of both of which she knew nothing truly, and which on that account became amalgamated for the first time in her soul. Rivers of tears flowed into the separating gulf, while she now complained of circumstances, and now of her ownself, for being the cause of what she endured.

It was at this time that, partly at the wish of the parents, and partly also out of his own kind-heartedness, Jacobi began seriously to occupy himself with Petrea; and he occupied her mind in such a manner as strengthened and practised her thinking powers, whereby the fermentation in her feelings and imagination was in some measure abated. "All this was indescribably beneficial to her, and it would have been still more so had not the teacher been too—but we will leave the secret to future years.

The Judge received one day a large letter out of Stockholm, which, after he had read, he silently laid before his wife. It came from the highest quarter, contained most honourable and flattering praise of the services of Judge Frank, of which the government had long been observant, and now offered him elevation to the highest regal court.

When Elise had finished the letter she looked up inquiringly to her husband, who stood beside her. "What think you of it, Ernst?" asked she, with a constrained and uneasy glance.

The Judge walked more quickly up and down the room, as was his custom when any thing excited him. "I cannot feel indifferent," said he; "I am affected by this mark of confidence in my sovereign. I have long expected this occurrence, but I feel, I see that I cannot leave my present sphere of operation. My activity is suited to it; I know that I am of service here, and the confidence of the Sheriff gives me unrestrained power to work according to my ability and views. It is possible that he, instead of me, may get the credit of the good which is done in the province; but, in God's name, let it be so! I know that what is good and beneficial is actually done, and that is enough; but there is a great deal which is only begun which must be completed, and a great deal, an infinite great deal remains yet to be done. I cannot leave a half-finished work—I cannot and I will not! One must complete one's work, else it is good for nothing! And I know that here I am—but I am talking only of myself. Tell me, Elise, what you wish; what you would like."

"Let us remain here!" said Elise, giving her hand to her husband, and seating herself beside him. "I know that you would have no pleasure in a higher rank, in a larger income, if you on that account must leave a sphere where you feel yourself in your place, and where you can work according to the desire of your own heart, and where you are surrounded by persons who esteem and love you! No; let us remain here!"

"But you, you, Elise," said he, "speak of yourself, not of me."

"Yes, you!" answered she, with the smile of a happy heart, "that is not so easy to do—for you see all that belongs to the one is so interwoven with what belongs to the other. But I will tell you something about myself. I looked

at myself this morning in the glass—no satirical looks, my love: and it seemed to me as if I appeared strong and healthy. I thought of you, thought how good and kind you were, and how, whilst I had walked by your side, I had been strengthened both in body and mind; how I must still love you more and more, and how we had become happier and happier together. I thought of your activity, so rich in blessing both for home and for the general good; thought on the children, how healthy and good they are, and how their characters have unfolded so happily under our hands. I thought of our new house which you have built so comfortable and convenient for us all, and just then the sun shone cheerfully into my little, beloved boudoir, and I felt myself so fortunate in my lot! I thanked God for it and for you! I would willingly live and die in this sphere—in this house. Let us then remain here."

"God bless you for these words, Elise!" said he. "But the children: the children! Our decision will influence their future; we must also hear what they have got to say; we must lay the matter before them: not that I fear their having, if they were aware of our mode of reasoning, any wish different to ours, but at all events they must have a voice in the business. Come, Elise! I shall have no rest till it is all talked over, and decided."

When the Judge laid the affair before the family council, it occasioned a great surprise; on which a general silence ensued, and attractive visions began to swarm before the eyes of the young people, not exactly of the highest Court of Judicature, but of the seat of the same—of the Capital. Louise looked almost like a Counsellor of Justice herself. But when her father had made known his and his wife's feelings on the subject, he read in their tearful eyes gratitude for the confidence he had placed in them, and the most entire acquiescence with his will.

No one spoke, however, till "the little one"—the father had not said to her, "go out for a while, Gabriele dear;" "let her stop with us," he said on the contrary, "she is a prudent little girl!" No one spoke till Gabriele threw her arms about her mother's neck, and exclaimed, "Ah, don't let us go away from here—here we are so happy!"

This exclamation was echoed by all.

"Well, then, here we remain, in God's name!" said the Judge, rising up and extending his arms, with tears in his eyes, towards the beloved circle. "Here we remain, children! But this shall not prevent your seeing Stockholm, and enjoying its pleasures! I thank God, my children, that you are happy here; it makes me so too, I assure you!"

On this day, for the first time for long, Leonore dined with the family. Everybody rejoiced on that account; and as her countenance had a brighter and more kindly expression than common, everybody thought her pretty. Eva, who had directed and assisted her toilette, rejoiced over her from the bottom of her heart.

"Don't you see, Leonore," said she, pointing up to heaven, where light blue openings were visible between clouds, which for the greater part of the day had poured down rain, "don't you see it is clearing up, Leonore, and then we will go out together and gather flowers and fruit." And as she said this her blue eyes

beamed with kindness and the enjoyment of life.

"What, in all the world, are these doing here?" asked Henrik, as he saw his mother's shoes standing in the window, in the pale sunshine; "they ought to be warmed, I fancy, and the sun has no desire to come out and do his duty. No, in this case, I shall undertake to be sun!"

"That you are to me, my summer-child!" said the mother, smiling affectionately as she saw Henrik had placed her shoes under his waistcoat, to warm them on his breast.

"Cross elements, my dear Louise!" exclaimed Jacobi, "yet it will be very lovely weather! Should we not take a little walk? You come with us. You look most charming—but, in heaven's name, not in the Court-preacher!"

## PART II.

### CHAPTER I.

LEONORE TO EVA.

"And are you coming home? Come really home soon, dear Eva? Ah! I am so happy, so joyful on that account, and yet a little anxious: but don't mind that; come, only come, and all will be right! When I can only look into your eyes, I feel that all will be clear. Your good eyes! Gabriele and I call them 'our blue ones.' How long it is that I have not seen you—two long years! I cannot conceive, dear Eva, how I have lived so long without seeing you; but then it is true that we have not been in reality separated. I have accompanied you into the great world; I have been with you to balls and concerts; I have enjoyed with you your pleasures and the homage which has been paid to you. Ah! what joy for me that I have learned to love you! Since then I have lived two-fold, and felt myself so rich in you! And now you are coming back, and then, shall we be as happy as before?"

"Forgive, forgive this note of interrogation! But sometimes a disquiet overcomes me. You speak so much of the great world, of joys, and enjoyments, which—it is not in home to afford you. And your grand new acquaintance—ah, Eva! let them be ever so agreeable and interesting, it cannot be that they love as we do, as I do! And then this Major R——! I am afraid of him, Eva. It appears to me the most natural thing in the world that he should love you, but—ah, Eva! it grieves me that you should feel such affection for him. My dear, good Eva, attach yourself not too closely to him before—but I distress you, and that I will not. Come, only come to us; we have so much to say to you, so much to hear from you!"

"I fancy you will find the house yet more agreeable than formerly; we have added many little decorations to it. You will again take breakfast with us—that comfortable meal, and my best beloved time; and tea with us—your favourite hour, in which we were assembled for a merry evening, and were often quite wild. This morning I took out your breakfast-cup, and kissed that part of the edge on which the gold was worn off.

"We will again read books together, and think about and talk about them together. We will again go out together and enjoy all the freshness and quiet of the woods. And would it not be a blessed thing to wander thus calmly through life, endeavouring to improve ourselves, and to make all those around us happier; to admire the works of God, and humbly to thank Him for all that he has given to us and others? Should we not then have lived and flourished enough on earth? Truly I know that a life quiet as this might not satisfy every one; neither can it accord with all seasons of life. Storms will come; even I have had my time of unrest, of suffering, and of combat. But, thank God! that is now past, and the sensibility which destroyed my peace is now become as a light to my path; it has extended my world; it has made me better; and now that I no longer covet to enjoy the greater and stronger pleasures of life, I learn now, each passing day, to prize yet higher the treasures which surround quiet every-day life. O, no one can be happy on earth till he has learned the worth of little things, and to attend to them! When once he has learned this, he may make each day not only happy, but find in it cause of thankfulness. But he must have peace—peace both within himself and without himself; for peace is the sun in which every dewdrop of life glitters!"

"Would that I could but call back peace into a heart which—but I must prepare you for a change, for a great void in the house. You will not find Petrea here. You know the state of things which so much distressed me for some time. It would not do to let it go on any longer either for Louise or Jacobi's sake, or yet for her own, and therefore Petrea must go, otherwise they all would have become unhappy. She herself saw it; and as we had tidings of Jacobi's speedy arrival here, she opened her heart to her parents. It was noble and right of her, and they were as good and prudent as ever; and now our father is gone with her to his friend Bishop B. May God preserve her, and give her peace! I shed many tears over her; but I hope all may turn out well. Her lively heart has a fresh-flowing fountain of health in it; and certainly her residence in the country, which she likes so much, new circumstances, new interests——"

"I was interrupted: Jacobi is come! It is a good thing that Petrea is now whiling away her time in the shades of Furdal; good for her poor heart, and good too for the betrothed pair, who otherwise could not have ventured to have been happy in their presence. But now they are entirely so.

"Now, after six years' long waiting, sighing, and hoping, Jacobi sees himself approaching the goal of his wishes—marriage and a parsonage! And the person who helps him to all this, to say nothing of his own individual deserts, is his beloved patron the excellent Excellence D. Through his influence two important landed-proprietors in the parish of Great T. have been induced to give their votes to Jacobi, who, though yet young, has been proposed; and thus he will receive one of the largest and most beautiful livings in the bishoprick, and Louise will become a greatly honoured pastor's wife—'provost's wife' she herself says prophetically.

"The only but in this happiness is, that it will

remove Jacobi and Louise so far from us. Their highest wish had been to obtain the rural appointment near this city; and thus we might, in that case, have maintained our family unbroken, even though Louise had left her home; but—'but,' says our good, sensible 'eldest,' with a sigh, 'all things cannot be perfect here on earth.'

"The day of nomination falls early in the spring; and Jacobi, who must enter upon his office immediately after his appointment, wishes to celebrate his marriage at Whitsuntide, in order that he may conduct his young wife into his shepherd's hut along flower bestrewn-paths, and by the song of the lark. Mrs. Gunilla jestingly beseeches of him not to become too nomadic: however, this is certain, that no living being has more interest about cows and calves, sheep and poultry, than Louise.

"The future married couple are getting their whole household in order beforehand; and Gabriele heartily amuses herself with such fragments of their entertaining conversation as reach her ear, while they sit on the sofa in the library talking of love and economy. But it is not talking *alone* that they do, for Jacobi's heart is full of warm human love; and as to him, so has our father imparted to all his children somewhat of his love for the general good, although Gabriele maintains that her portion thereof is as yet very small.

"It gives me great pleasure to see the betrothed go out to make purchases, and then to see them return so cordially well pleased with all they have bought. Louise discovers something so unsurpassably excellent in every thing with which she furnishes herself, whether it be an earthen or a silver vessel. When I look at these two, like a pair of birds carrying together straws to their nest, and twittering over them, I cannot help thinking that it must be a greater piece of good fortune to come to the possession of a humbly supplied habitation which one has furnished oneself, than to that of a great and rich one for which other people have cared. One is, in the first place, so well acquainted with, so on thee-and-thou terms, with one's things; and certainly nobody in this world can be more so than Louise with hers.

"We are all of us now working most actively for the wedding, but still our father does not look with altogether friendly eyes on an occasion which will withdraw a daughter from his beloved circle. He would so gladly keep us all with him. Apropos! we have a scheme for him which will make him happy in his old age. You remember the great piece of building-land overgrown with bushes, which the people had not understanding enough either to build upon or to give up to us, this we intend—but we will talk about it mouth to mouth. Petrea has infected us all, even "our eldest," with her desire for great undertakings; and then—truly it is a joy to be able to labour for the happiness of those who have laboured for us so affectionately and unwearyingly.

"Now something about friends and acquaintances.

"All friends and acquaintance ask much after you. Mr. Munter wrangles because you do not come, all the time he breakfasts with us (generally on Wednesday and Saturday mornings), and

while he abuses our rusks, out notwithstanding devours a great quantity of them. For some time he has appeared to me to have become more amiable than formerly; his temper is milder, his heart always was mild. He is the friend and physician of all the poor. A short time ago he bought a little villa, a mile distant from the city; it is to be the comfort of his age, and is to be called 'The Old Man's Rose'—does not that sound comfortable!

"Annette P. is very unhappy with her coarse sister-in-law. She does not complain; but look, complexion, nay, even her whole being, indicate the deepest discontent with life; we must attract her to us, and endeavour to make her happier.

"Here comes Gabriele, and insists upon it that I should leave some room for her scrawl. A bold request! But then who says no to her? Not I, and therefore I must make a short ending.

"If a certain Baron Rutger L. be introduced to you when you return, do not imagine that he is deranged, although he sometimes seems as if he were so. He is the son of one of my father's friends; and as he is to be educated by my father for a civil post, he is boarded in our family. He is a kind of '*diamond brute*,' and requires polishing in more senses than one; in the mean time I fancy his wild temper is in a fair way of being tamed. One word from our mother makes impression upon him; and he is actually more regardful of the ungracious demeanour of our little lady, than of the moral preaching of our eldest. He is just nineteen. Old Brigitta is quite afraid of him, and will hardly trust herself to pass him lest he should leap over her. Oh, how happy she, like every body else, will be to see you back again! she fears lest you should get married, and stop 'in the hole,' as she calls Stockholm.

"Henrik will remain with us over Christmas, but you must come and help to enliven him; he is not so joyous as formerly. I fancy that the misunderstanding between him and Sternbök distresses him. Ah! why would not these two understand one another! For the rest, many things are now at stake for Henrik; God grant that all may go well, both on his account and my mother's!

"We shall not see Petrea again till after Louise's marriage. When shall we all be again all together at home! Sarah! ah! it is now above four years since we heard any thing of her, and all inquiry and search after her has been in vain. Perhaps she lives no longer! I have wept many tears over her; oh! if she should return! I feel that we should be happier together than formerly; there was much that was good and noble in her, but she was misled—I hear my mother's light steps, and that predicts that she has something good for me—

"Ah yes! she has! she has a letter from my Eva! You cannot fix the day of your return, and that is very sad—but you come soon! You love Stockholm; so do I also; I could embrace Stockholm for that reason.

"I am now at the very edge of my paper. Gabriele has bespoken the other side. I leave you now, in order to write to her who left us with tears, but who, as I cordially hope, will return to us with smiles."

FROM GABRIELE.

*In the Morning.*

"I could not write last evening, and am now up before the sun in order to tell you that nothing can console me for Petrea's absence, excepting your return. We are all of us terribly longing after 'our rose.' I know very well who beside your own family longs for this same thing.

"I must tell you that a little friendship has been got up between Mr. Munter and me. All this came about in the fields, for he is never particularly polite within doors, whilst in a walk, the beautiful side of his character always comes out. Petrea and I have taken such long excursions with him, and then he was mild and lively; then he botanised with us, told of the natural families in the vegetable kingdom, and related the particular life and history of many plants. Do you know it is the most agreeable thing in the world to know something of all this; one feels oneself on such familiar terms with these vegetable families. Ah! how often when I feel thus am I made aware how indescribably rich and glorious life is and I fancy that every one must live happily on earth who has only eyes and senses awakened to all that is glorious therein, and then I can sing like a bird for pure life-enjoyment. In the mean time Mr. Munter and I cultivate flowers in the house quite enthusiastically, and intend at Christmas to make presents of both red-and-white lilies; but, indeed, I have almost a mind to cry that the nose of my Petrea cannot smell them.

"But I must come to an end, for you must know that occasionally I have undertaken to have a watchful eye over the breakfast-table, and therefore I go now to look after it. Bergstrom has fortunately done all this, so that I have nothing now to do; next I must go and look after my moss-rose, and see whether a new bud has yet made its appearance: then I shall go and see after mamma; one glance must I give through the window to the leaves in the garden, which nod a farewell to me before they fall from the twigs; and to the sun also which now rises bright and beaming, must I send a glance—a beam from the sun of my eyes and out of the depth of my thankful heart; and therefore that I may be able, for the best well being of the community to attend to all these important matters, I must say to you, farewell! to you who are so dear to me."

## CHAPTER XXVII.

PETREA TO LEONORE.

*From the Inn in D——.*

"It is evening, and my father is gone out in order to make arrangements for our to-morrow's voyage. I am alone; the mist rises thick without, before the dirty inn-windows; my eyes also are misty; my heart is heavy and full, I must converse with you.

"O Leonore! the bitter step has thus been taken—I am separated from my own family, from my own home; and not soon shall I see again their mild glances, or hear your consoling voice! and all this—because I have not deserved—because I have destroyed the peace of my

home! Yes, Leonore! in vain will you endeavour to excuse me, and reconcile me with myself! I know that I am criminal—that I have desired, that I have wished, at least, for a moment—oh, I would now press the hem of Louise's garment to my lips, and exclaim, 'Forgive, forgive! I have passed judgment on myself—I have banished myself; I fly—fly in order no more to disturb your happiness or his!'

"I was a cloud in their heaven; what should the cloud do there? May the wind disperse it! O Leonore, it is an indescribably bitter feeling for a heart which burns with gratitude to be able to do nothing more for the object of its love than to keep itself at a distance, to make itself into nothing! But rather that—rather a million times hide myself in the bosom of the earth, than give sorrow either to him or to her! Truly, if thereby I could win anything for them; if I could moulder to dust like a grain of corn, and then shoot forth for them into plentiful blessing—that would be sweet and precious, Leonore! People extol all those who are able to die for love, for honour, for religion, for high and noble ends, and wherefore? Because it is, indeed, a mercy from God to be able so to die—it is life in death!

"I know a life which is death—which, endured through long clinging years, would be a burden to itself, and a joy to no one. O how bitter! Wherefore must the craving after happiness, after enjoyment, burn like an eternal thirst in the human soul, if the assuaging fountain, Tantalus like—!

"Leonore, my eyes burn, my head aches, and my heart is wildly tempest! I am not good—I am not submissive—my soul is a chaos—a little earth on forehead and breast, that might be good for me.

*On board the Steam-boat.*

"Thanks, Leonore, thanks for your pillow; it has really been an ear-comfort for me.\* Yesterday I thought that I was in the direct way to become ill. I shivered; I burned; my head ached fearfully: I felt as if torn to pieces. But when I laid my head upon your little pillow, when my ear rested upon the delicate cover which you had ornamented with such exquisite needlework, then it seemed to me as if your spirit whispered to me out of it; a repose came over me; all that was bad vanished so quickly, so wonderfully! I slept calmly; I was quite astonished when they woke me in the morning to feel that, bodily, I was quite well, and mentally like one cured. All this has been done by your pillow, Leonore.

"It is related in the Acts of the Apostles that they brought the sick and laid them in the way on which the holy men went, that at least their shadows might fall upon them, and make them sound. I have faith in the power of such a remedy; yes, the good, the holy, impart somewhat of their life, of their strength, to all that belong to them: I have found that to-night.

"We went on board. The 'Sea-Witch' thundered and flew over the sea. I knew that she conveyed me away from you all, and leaning over the bulwarks I wept. I felt then a pair of arms tenderly and gently surrounding me—they were my father's! He wrapped a warm

\* Poor Petrea makes a little pun here. In Swedish, *Gra-*

cloak around me, and leaning on his breast, I raised my head. The morning was clear; white flame-like clouds chased by the morning wind flew across the deep blue; the waves beat foaming against the vessel; green meadows, autumnally beautiful parks extended themselves on either side of us; space opened itself. I stood with my face turned towards the wind and space—let the sea-spray wet my lips and my eyelids, a soft shudder passed through me, and I felt that life was beautiful. Yes, in the morning hour, filled with its beaming-light, in this pure fresh wind, I felt the evil demons of my soul retreat, and disperse themselves like mist and vapour. I drank in the morning winds; I opened my heart to life; I might also have opened my arms to them, and at the same time to all my beloved ones, that thus I might have expressed to them the quiet prediction of my heart, that love to them will heal me, will afford me strength some time or other to give them joy.

*"The second day on board."*

"I should like to know whether a deep heart-grief would resist the influence of a long voyage. There is something wonderfully strengthening, something renovating in this life—this voyaging, this fresh wind. It chases the dust from the eyes of the soul; one sees oneself and others more accurately, and gets removed from one's old self. One journeys in order to stand upon a new shore, and amid new connections. One begins, as it were, anew.

"We had a storm yesterday, and with the exception of my father, I was the only passenger who remained well, and on this account I could help the sufferers. It is true it was not without its discomforts; it is true that I reeled about sometimes with a glass of water, and sometimes with a glass of drops in the hand; but I saw many a laughable scene—many an odd trait of human nature. I laughed, made my own remarks, forgot myself, and became friendly with all mankind. Certainly it would be a very good thing for me to be maidservant on board a steamboat.

"Towards evening, the storm, as well within as without the vessel, abated itself. I sat solitary on deck till midnight. The waves still foamed around the agreeably rocking vessel; the wind whistled in the rigging; and the full moon, heralded by one bright little star, rose from the sea, and diffused her mild wondrous light over its dark expanse. It was infinitely glorious! Nameless thoughts and feelings arose in me, full of love and melancholy, and yet at the same time elevating and strengthening; a certain longing after that for which I knew no name. I desired I knew not what.

"But I fear and know that which I do not desire. I fear the quiet measured life into which I am about again to enter—conventionalities, forms, social life, all this cramps my soul together, and makes it inclined to excesses. Instead of sitting in select society, and drinking tea in 'high life,' would I rather roam about the world in Viking expeditions; rather eat locusts with John the Baptist in the wilderness, and go hither and thither in a garment of camel's hair;

and after all such apparel as this must be very convenient in comparison with our patchwork toilette. Manifold are the changing scenes of life, and how shall I find my way, and where shall I find my place in the magic circle of the world. Forgive me, Leonore, that I talk so much about myself. Thou good one, thou hast spoiled me in this respect.

"We reach Furdal to-day at noon.

*Furdal.*

"Here are we on land; I would that I were at sea! I come even now from the company-room, and in the company-room I always suffer shipwreck. An evil genius always makes me say or do something there unbecoming. This evening I entangled the reel of the Bishop's lady, and told a stupid anecdote about a relation of hers. I wished to be witty, and I succeeded badly, as I always do.

"They are very neat people here. The Bishop is a small, pale man, with something angelic in voice and expression, but—he will not have much time to bestow on me; he lives in his books and his official duties, and moreover, he is almost always in the city; and his lady, who remains here perpetually, has very delicate health; but I will wait upon her, and read aloud to her, and that will give me pleasure. I only hope she may endure me.

"Both husband and wife were amiable towards my father's daughter, but I very well believe that they did not find me very loveable. Intolerably hot, too, was their detestable company-room, and I was tanned with the wind, and as red as a peony. Such things as these are enough to make one a little desperate; and then it is depressing, everlastingly to displease exactly where one wishes most to please!

"I have unpacked the trunk which you all so carefully packed for me; and now new and newly repaired articles of clothing flew into my arms one after another. O sisters! it was you who have thus brought my toilette in order for the whole winter! How good you are! I recognised Louise's hand again. Oh, I must weep, my beloved ones!—my home!

*Some days later.*

"The pine-trees rustle cool and still. I have been out;—mountains, woods, solitude with nature—glorious!

"O Leonore, I will begin a new life; I will die to my ancient self, to vanity, to error, to self-love. Every flattering token of remembrance—notes, keepsakes—be they from man or woman, I have destroyed. I send you herewith a little sum of money, which I received for ornamental matters and some of my own manufactures, which I sold. Buy something with it which will give pleasure to Louise and Jacobi; but do not let them surmise, I earnestly beseech you, that it comes from Petrea. If I could only sell myself for a respectable price, and make them rich, then—

"I shall have a deal of time for myself here, and I know how I shall employ it. I will go out a great deal. I will wander through wood and field, in storm, snow, and every kind of weather, till I am, at least, bodily weary. Perhaps then it may be calmer in the soul! I desire no longer to be happy. What does it mat-

gott means a pillow, and brought what is good for the ear; but we cannot transfer this into English.

ter if one is not happy, if one is only pure and good! Were the probation-day of life only not so long! Leonore, my good angel, pray for me!

"May all be happy!

"Greet all tenderly from your

"PETREA."

"P.S.—My nose makes its compliments to Gabriele, and goes in the accompanying picture to pay her a visit. She must not imagine that I am cast down. I send also a little ballad or romance; the wood sung it to me last evening, and every harmonious sound which life in my soul sings, must go home. O how I love you all!"

### CHAPTER III.

#### A CONVERSATION.

JACOB had left. October was come, with its storms and its long twilight, which is so dark and heavy for all such as have it not cheered by kindly glances and bright thoughts.

One evening as Henrik came down to tea, he was observed to look uncommonly pale, and in answer to the inquiry of his sisters as to the cause, he replied that he had headache, and added half in jest, half in earnest, that it would be very beautiful to be once freed from this heavy body—it was so sadly in one's way!

"How you talk!" said Louise, "at all events it is right to treat it well, and rationally; not to go sitting up all night, and studying, so that one has headache all day!"

"Thank your majesty, most submissively, for the moral," said Henrik; "but if my body will not serve my soul, but will subject it, I have a very great desire to contend with it and to quarrel with it."

"The butterfly becomes matured in the chrysalis," said Gabriele smiling sweetly, while she strewed rose-leaves upon some chrysalises which were to sleep through the winter on her flower-stand.

"Ah, yes," replied Henrik; "but how heavily does not the shell press down upon the wings of the butterfly. The earthly chrysalis weighs upon me! What would not the soul accomplish! How could it not live and enjoy, were it not for this! In certain bright moments, what do we not feel and think! what brilliancy in conception! what god-like warmth of feeling in the heart! One could press the whole world to one's bosom at such a time, seeing with a glance through all, and penetrating all as with fire! O, there is, then, an abundance, a clearness! Yes, if our Lord himself came to me at such a moment, I should reach forth my hand to him and say, 'Good day, brother!'"

"Dear Henrik," said Louise, somewhat angrily, "now I think you do not rightly know what you say."

"Yes," continued he, without appearing to regard the interruption, "so can one feel, but only for a moment; in the next, the chrysalis closes heavily again its earthly dust-mantle around our being, and we are stupified and sleep, and sink deep below that which we so lately were. Then one sees in books nothing but printed words, and in one's soul one finds neither feeling nor thought, and towards man, for whom, so shortly before, the very heart seemed

to burn, one feels one's self stiff and disinclined. Ah, it were enough to make one fall into despair!"

"It would be far better," said Louise, "that such people went to sleep, and then they would get rid of headache and heaviness."

"But," said Henrik, smiling, "that is a sorrowful remedy according to my notions. It is horrible to require so much sleep. How can any one who is a seven-sleeper become great? 'Les hommes puissans veillent et veulent,' says Balzac with reason, and because my miserable heavy nature requires so much sleep, so certainly shall I never turn out great in any way. Besides, this entrancement, this glorification produces such wakeful moments in the soul, that one feels poor and stripped when they are extinguished. Ah! I can very well comprehend how so many make use of external excitement to recall or to prolong them, and that they endeavour through the fire of wine to wake again the fire of the soul."

"Then," said Louise, "you comprehend something which is very bad and irrational. They are precisely such excitements as these that we have to thank for their being so many miserable men, and so many drunkards in Sweden that one can scarcely venture to go out in the streets for them!"

"I do not defend it, dear Louise," said Henrik, gently smiling at the zeal of his sister, "but I can understand it, and in certain cases I can excuse it. Life is often felt to be so heavy, and the moments of inspiration give a fullness to existence; they are like lightning flashes out of the eternal life!"

"And so they certainly are," said Leonore, who had listened attentively to her brother, and whose mild eyes had become moist by his words; "and life will certainly," continued she, "feel thus clear, thus full, when we shall have become ever entirely freed from the chrysalis; not from the bonds of the body only, but of the soul also; and perhaps these moments are given to us here on earth to allure us up to the Father's house, and to let us feel its air."

"A beautiful thought, Leonore," said her brother. "Thus these gleams of light are truly revelations of our inward-actual, here-yet-en-slaved life. Good God! how glorious that—but ah! the long, long moments of darkness, what are they?"

"Trials of patience, times of preparation," replied Leonore, tenderly smiling. "Besides, the bright moments come again and gladden us with their light, and that so much the more frequently, the farther one advances in perfection. But one must, at the same time, learn to have patience with one's self, Henrik, and here in this life to wait for one's self."

"You have spoken a true word, sister, and I must kiss your hand for it," said Henrik. "Ah, yes, if—"

"Be now a little less sensible and æsthetic," exclaimed 'our eldest,' "and come here and drink a cup of tea. See here, Henrik, a cup of strong warm tea will do your head good; but this evening and to-morrow morning you must take a table-spoonful of my elixir."

"From that defend us all, ye good—*Vi ringrasia carissima sorella!*" said Henrik. "But, but charming Gabriele! a drop of port wine in

the tea would make it more powerful, without turning me into one of those miserable beings of whom Louise is so afraid. Thanks, sister dear. *Fermes les yeux, O Mahomet!*" and with an obeisance before Louise, Henrik conveyed the cup to his lips.

Later in the evening Henrik stood in one of the windows looking out into the moonlight. Leonore went up to him and looked into his face with that mild, humbly questioning glance to which the heart so willingly opened itself, and which was peculiar to her.

"You are so pale, Henrik," said she, disquieted.

"It is extraordinary," said he, half laughing at himself, do you see, Leonore, how the tops of the fir-trees there in the church-yard lift themselves and beckon? I cannot conceive why, but this nodding and beckoning distresses me wonderfully; I feel it in my very heart."

"That comes naturally enough, Henrik," returned she, "because you are not well. Shall we not go out a little? It is such a lovely moon-shine. The fresh air will perhaps do you good."

"Will you go with me, Leonore?" said he. "Yes, that is a good idea."

Gabriele found herself rather poorly, and called her brother and sister Somojedes, Laplanders, Esquimaux, and such like, who would go wandering about in the middle of a winter's night. Nevertheless, these two went forth jestingly and merrily arm in arm.

"Is it not too windy for you?" asked Henrik, while he endeavoured carefully to shield his sister from the wind.

"The wind is not cold," replied Leonore, "and it is particularly charming to me to walk by your side, while it roars around us, and while the snow-flakes dance about in the moon-shine like little Kobolds."

"Nay, you feel then like me!" said Henrik, "With you, sisters, I am ever calm and happy; but I don't know how it is, but now for sometime other people often plague and irritate me—"

"Ah, Henrik," remarked Leonore, "is not that somehow your own fault?"

"Are you thinking of Sternhok, Leonore?" asked he.

"Yes."

"So am I," continued he, "and perhaps you are right; yes, I will willingly concede that I have often been unjust towards him, and unreasonably violent, but he has excited me to it. Why has he made me so often oppressively feel his superiority—so often taken away from me my own joy in my own endeavours, and almost always treated me with coldness and depreciation."

Leonore made no answer; the moonlight lit a quiet tear in her eye, and Henrik continued with increasing violence—

"I could have loved him so much! He had, through the originality of his character, his strength, and his whole individuality, a great influence, a great power over me; but he has misused it; he has treated me severely, precisely in the instances in which I approached him nearest. He has sung from him the devotion which I cherished for him. I will tell you the whole truth, Leonore, and how this has happened between us. You know that in the University, about three years ago, a sort of literary

society of young men gathered themselves about me. Perhaps they esteemed my literary talents too highly, and might mislead me,—I could almost believe so myself, but I was the favourite in the day in the circle in which my life moved; perhaps on that account I became presumptuous; perhaps a tone of pretension betrayed itself in me, and a false, one-sided direction was visible in the poems which I then published; nevertheless, these poems made some little noise in the world. Shortly, however, after their appearance, a criticism on them came out, which made a yet greater noise, on account of its power, its severity, and also its satirical wit. Its acrimony spared neither my worth nor my character as a poet, and it produced almost universally a re-action against me. It appeared to me severe and one-sided; and even now, at this moment, it appears to me not otherwise, although I can now see its justice much better than at the time.

"The anonymous author of the critique upon me was Sternhok, and he did not in the slightest deny it. He considered it as being much less directed against me personally, than against the increasing influence of the party of which I was a sort of chief. Even before this I had begun to withdraw myself from his power, which I always felt to be oppressive; and this new blow did not, by any means, tend to reunite us. His severe criticism had made me observant of my faults; but yet I do not know whether it would have produced any other effect than pain, had I not at this time returned home to you; and at home, through the beneficial influence of my own family, a new strength and a purer direction had been aroused in me. That was the time in which my father, with indescribable goodness, and in complot with you all, sold the half of his library to furnish me with the means of foreign travel. Yes, you have called forth a new being in me; and all my poems, and all my writings, are now designed to prove to you that I am not unworthy of you. Ah, yes! I love you warmly and deeply—but it is all over with Sternhok; the love which I cherished for him has changed itself into bitterness."

"Ah, Henrik, Henrik, do not let it be so!" said Leonore. "Sternhok is indeed a noble, a good man, even if, at the same time, too severe. But really he loves you as well as we, but you two will not understand one another; and Henrik, the last time you were really unjust to him—you seemed as if you could hardly bear him."

"I hardly can, Leonore," said he. "It is a feeling stronger than myself. I don't know what evil spirit it is which now, for some time, has set itself firmly in my heart; but there it is steadfastly rooted; and if I am aware only of Sternhok's presence, it is as if a sharp sword passed through me—before him my heart contracts itself; and if he only touch me, I feel as if burning lead went through my veins."

"Henrik! dearest Henrik!" exclaimed Leonore with pain, "it is really terrible! Ah! make only the attempt with yourself; conquer your feelings, and extend the hand of reconciliation to him."

"It is too late for that, Leonore," said Henrik. "Yes, if it were necessary for him, it would be easy; but what does he trouble himself about me! He never loved me, and never

esteemed either my efforts or my ability. And perhaps it may be with some justice that he does not think so very highly of my talents. What have I done! And sometimes it seems to me, even in the future, that I never shall do any thing great; that my powers are limited, and that my spring-time is past. Sternhok's, on the contrary, is yet to come; he belongs to that class which mounts slowly, but on that account all the more steadily. I see now, much better than I did formerly, how far he stands beyond me, and how much higher he will rise—and this knowledge is martyrdom to me."

"But wherefore," pleaded Leonore, "these dark thoughts and feelings, dear Henrik, when your future appears fuller of hope than ever before! Your beautiful poetry; your prize essay, which is certain to bring you honour; the prospect of an advantageous post, a sphere of action which will be dear to you—all this, which in a few months will so animate your heart—why has it at this time so lost its power over you?"

"I cannot tell," replied he; "but for some time now I have been, and am much changed; I have no faith in my good fortune; it seems to me as if all my beautiful hopes will vanish like a dream."

"And even if it were so," said Leonore questioning, with humility and tenderness, "could you not find happiness and peace at home; in the occupation of your beloved studies; in the life with us, who love you solely, and for your own sake!"

Henrik pressed his sister's arm to his side, but answered nothing; and a violent passing gust of wind compelled him to stand still for a moment.

"Horrible weather!" said he, wrapping his cloak round his sister at the same time.

"But this is your favourite weather," remarked she jestingly.

"Was, you should say," returned he; "now I do not like it, perhaps because it produces a feeling in me which distresses me." With these words he took his sister's hand and laid it on his heart. His heart beat wildly and strongly; its beating was almost audible.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Leonore alarmed, "Henrik, what is this!—is it often thus?"

"Only occasionally;—I have had it now for some time," replied he; "but don't be uneasy on this account; and, above all things, say nothing to my mother or Gabriele about it. I have spoken with Munter on the subject; he has prescribed for me, and does not think it of much consequence. To-day I have had it without intermission, and perhaps I am from that cause somewhat hypochondriacal. Forgive me, dear Leonore, that I have teased you about it. I am much better and livelier now; this little walk has done me good,—if you only don't get cold, Leonore, or you would certainly be punished, or at all events be threatened with Louise's elixir. But does there not drive a travelling carriage towards our door, exactly as if it would stop there? Can it be Eva! The carriage stops—it is certainly Eva!"

"Eva! Eva!" exclaimed Leonore, with cordial delight; and both brother and sister ran so quickly to the gate that she was received into their arms as she dismounted from the carriage.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

EVA.

Among the agreeable circumstances which occur in a happy home, may certainly be reckoned the return to its bosom of one of its beloved members. So returns the bee to the safe hive with her harvest of honey, after her flight abroad over the meadows of the earth. How much is there not mutually to relate, to hear, to see, and to enjoy! Every cloud in the heaven of home vanishes then, all is sunshine and joy; and it must be bad indeed, if they do not find one another lovelier and improved, since every thing goes on right here, every advancing foot-step in life must tend in a certain manner to improvement.

Bright, indeed, did Eva's return make the hours of sunshine in the Frank family! The mutual love which demonstrated itself in embraces, smiles, tears, laughter, sweet words of greeting, and a thousand tokens of joy and tenderness, made the first hours vanish in a lively intoxication, and then, when all had become quieter and they looked nearer about them, all looks and thoughts gathered themselves still about Eva with rapture; her beauty seemed now in its full bloom, and a captivating life seemed to prevail in her looks, in her behaviour, in her every motion, which hitherto had not been seen. Her dress of the most modern fashion, a certain development and style about her, a bewitching ease of manner, all evinced the elegant circles of the capital, and exerted their magic over her friends and charmed them all, but especially Gabriele, who followed her beautiful sister with beaming looks.

Bergström gave way to his feelings in the kitchen and exclaimed, "Mamselle Eva is quite divine!" Never had the blond Ulla so entirely agreed with him before.

Leonore was the only one who regarded Eva with a tender, yet at the same time troubled eye. She saw a something worldly in Eva's exterior demeanour, which was a presage to her that a great and not happy change had taken place in her beloved sister. Nor was it long before Leonore's foreboding proved itself to be right. Eva had not been many hours in the house before it was plainly visible that domestic affairs had but little interest for her, and that parents and family and friends were not to her all that they had been before.

Eva's soul was entirely occupied by one object, which laid claim to all her thoughts and feelings, and this was Major R—. His handsome person, his brilliant talents; his amiability, his love; the parties in which she had met him, the balls in which she had danced with him; the occasions on which they had played parts together—in short, all the romantic unfoldings of their connexion, were the pictures which now alone lived in her heart, and danced around her fancy, now heated by worldly happiness.

The grave expression of her father's countenance, as he heard her first mention the Major, prevented her during this first evening from repeating his name.

But when afterwards she was alone with her sisters, when the sweet hour of talk came, which between dear friends, on such occasions, gene-

ally extends itself from night till morning, Eva gave free course to all with which her soul was filled, and related to her sisters at large her romance of the last year, in which several rival lovers figured, but of which Major R— was the hero. Nor was it without self-satisfaction that Eva represented herself as the worshipped and conquering heroine amid a crowd of rival ladies. Her soul was so occupied by all these circumstances; her mind was so excited, that she did not observe the embarrassment of her sisters during her relation; she saw neither their disquiet, their constrained smiles, nor their occasionally depressed looks.

Nor was it till when, with eyes beaming with joy, she confided to them that Major R— would soon come to the city, where he had relatives; that he would spend the Christmas with them, and then ask her hand from her parents, that the veil fell from her eyes. Louise expressed herself strongly against Major R—, wondered at her sister, and lamented that she could endure such a man; it was not, she said, what she had expected from her. Eva, very much wounded, defended the Major with warmth, and talked of intolerance and prejudice. In consequence of this, Louise's indignation was increased; Gabriele began to weep, and Louise bore her company; she seemed to look upon Eva as on one lost. Leonore was calmer; she spoke not one word which could wound her sister, but sighed deeply, and looked with quiet grief upon the beloved but misguided sister; and then seeing what a tragical turn the conversation was taking, said, with all that expression of calm sincerity so peculiarly her own:

"Do not let us this evening speak farther on this subject; do not let us disturb our joy. We have now Eva with us at home, and shall have time enough to talk and to think—and then all will be cleared up. Is it not quite for the best that we sleep on this affair! Eva must be weary after her journey, and 'our blue-eyed one' must not weep on this first evening."

Leonore's advice was taken, and with a mutual 'forgive,' Louise, Eva, and Gabriele embrace and separate for the night. Leonore was happy to be alone with Eva, and listened undisturbedly through the whole night to her relations. The good Leonore!

Major Victor R. was universally known as one of those who make sport with female hearts, and Judge Frank regarded sport of this kind with a severity very uncommon among his sex, especially where, as was the case in this instance, selfishness, and not thoughtlessness, led to it. The Major, ten years before this time, had married a young and rich girl connected with the Judge's family; and the only fault of the young wife, then sixteen, had been that of loving her husband too tenderly—nay, even in adoring one who repaid her love with relentless severity and faithlessness, under which the poor Amelia drooped, and, in the second year of her marriage, died; but not without having bequeathed to the unworthy husband all the property over which she had any control.

These were the very means by which R. now was enabled to pursue his brilliant and reckless career. He had been several times betrothed, but had broken off the affair again without the smallest regard to the reputation or to the feel-

ings of the girl, upon whom, by this means, he had cast a stain—nay, indeed, he secretly regarded it as an honour to himself to make such victims, and to cause hearts to bleed for him—that cooled the burning thirst of his self-love.

The world did justice to his agreeable and splendid talents; but the noble of his own sex, as well as of the other, esteemed him but very lightly, inasmuch as they considered him a person without true worth. The thoughts of a union between this man and his beloved daughter occasioned a storm in the bosom of the Judge.

Such was the information regarding the man whom she loved that met Eva on her return home. Everybody was unanimously against him. What Eva spoke in his excuse produced no effect; what she said of his true and deep devotion to her, evidently nobody credited; and over her own love, which had made the world so beautiful, which had produced the most delicious feelings in her breast, and had opened to her a heaven of happiness, people mourned and wept, and regarded as a misfortune. Wounded to the inmost of her soul, Eva drew herself back, as it were, from her own family, and accused them to herself of selfishness and unreasonableness. Louise, perhaps, deserved somewhat of this reproach; but Leonore was pure, pure as the angel of heaven; still Leonore mourned over Eva's love, and on that account Eva closed her heart against her also.

The variance, which in consequence of all this existed between Eva and her family, became only yet greater when Major R. arrived, shortly after her, at the city. He was a tall handsome man, of perhaps five-and-thirty; of a haughty, but somewhat trifling exterior; his countenance was gay and blooming, and his look clear and bold. Great practice in the world, and an inimitable ease and confidence, gave to his demeanour and conversation that irresistible power which these qualities exercise so greatly in society.

On his visit to the Franks, the Judge and he exchanged some glances, in which both read that neither could endure the other. The Major, however, let nothing of all this be seen, was perfectly candid and gay; and while he directed his conversation especially to Elise, spoke scarcely one word to Eva, though he looked much at her. After the first stiff salutation, the Judge went again into his study, for the very appearance of this man was painful to him. Leonore was polite, nay, almost friendly to him, for she would willingly have loved one whom Eva loved. Assessor Munter was present during this visit; but when he had seen, for a few minutes, the glances which the Major cast upon Eva, and their magic influence over her, and had observed and had read her whole heart in a timid glance which she raised to her beloved, he withdrew silently and hastily.

The Major came but seldom to the house, for the eye of the Judge appeared to have the power of keeping him at a distance; on the contrary, he managed it so that he saw her almost daily out of the house. He met her when she went out, and accompanied her home from church. Invitations came; sledging-parties and balls were arranged; and Eva, who formerly was so well pleased with home, who had often given up

the pleasures of the world for the domestic evening circle, Eva appeared to find nothing now pleasing at home, appeared only to be able to live in those circles and those pleasures in which Major R. shone, and where she could see herself distinguished by him. Precisely therefore on account of these rencontres of the two, the family went as little as possible into society. Still, notwithstanding all this, Eva's wishes upon the whole were favoured. Leonora accompanied her faithfully wherever she wished. The Judge was gloomy and disturbed in temper; the mother was mild and accommodating; and as to Eva, she was in a high degree sensitive; whilst whatever concerned her love, or seemed to oppose her wishes in the slightest degree, brought her to tears and hysterical sobs, and her friends became ever more and more aware how violent and exclusive her love was to Major R. The mere glimpse of him, the sound of his steps, the tone of his voice, shook her whole frame. All earlier affectionate relationships had lost their power over her heart.

It not infrequently happens that people, whether it arises from physical or moral causes, become wonderfully unlike themselves. Irritability, violence, indiscretion, and unkindness, suddenly reveal themselves in a hitherto gentle and amiable character, and as if by a magic-stroke, a beautiful form has been transformed into a witch. It requires a great deal, under such circumstances, to keep friends warm and unchanged. A great demand of goodness, a great demand of clearness of vision, is made from any one when, under these circumstances, he is required to remain true in the same love, to persevere in the same faith, to wait patiently for the time when the magic shall lose its power, when the changed one shall come back again; and yet he, all the time, be able only to present himself by quiet prayers, mild looks, and affectionate care! I say *great purity of vision*, because the true friend never loses sight of the heavenly image of his friend; but sees it through every veil of casualty, even when it is concealed from all, nay even from the faulty one's self! He has faith in it; he loves it; he lives for it, and says, "Wait! have patience! it will go over, and then he (or she) comes back again!" And whoever has such a friend, comes back indeed!

So stood the quiet, affectionate Leonora, on the side of her altered sister.

All this time Henrik was beneficial to his whole family, and appeared to have regained all his former amiable animation, in order therewith to scare every disturbing sensation from the bosom of home. He accompanied his family, more than he had ever done before, into society, and had always a watchful eye on his sister and the Major.

Before long the Major declared himself, and asked for Eva's hand. Her parents had prepared themselves for this event, and had decided on their line of conduct. They intended not to make their child unhappy by a decided negative to the wishes of her heart; but they had determined to demand a year of trial both from her and her lover, during which time they should have no intercourse with each other, should exchange no letters, and should consider themselves as free from every mutual obligation; and that then again after this interval of time, if they

two, the Major and Eva, still wished it, the question of their union might again be brought forward. This middle path had been proposed by Elise, who, through a progressively inward, and more perfect fulfilment of duties, had acquired an ever-increasing power over her husband, and thus induced him to accede to it, at the same time that she endeavoured to infuse into him the hope which she herself cherished, namely, either that Eva, during the time of probation, would discover the unworthiness of the Major, and won over by the wishes and the tenderness of her family, would conquer her love, or on the other hand, that the Major, ennobled by love and constant to her, would become worthy of her. It was one of the favourite axioms of the Judge, that every man had the power of improving himself, and he willingly conceded that for this end there existed no more powerful means than a virtuous love.

The Judge now talked energetically yet tenderly with his daughter; explaining clearly to her the terms of this connexion, without concealing from her how bitter to him had been, and still was, the thought of this union, and appealed to her own sense and reason whether too much had been required in this prescribed time of trial.

Eva shed many tears; but deeply affected by the goodness of her parents, consented to their wishes, and promised, though not without pain, to fulfil them. The Judge wrote to the Major, who had made his declaration by letter, a candid and noble, but by no means sugared, answer; wherein he required from him, as a man of honour, that he should by no means whatever induce Eva to swerve from the promises which she had made to her parents, and by this means disturb her hitherto so happy connexion with her own family. This letter, which the father allowed his daughter to read, and which occasioned her fresh tears, whilst she in vain endeavoured to persuade him to remove expressions which she considered too severe, but which he, on the contrary, considered too mild, was dispatched the same day, and all was again quieter.

Probably Eva would strictly have adhered to the wishes of her parents, which they endeavoured to make pleasant to her by much kindness, had not a letter from the Major been conveyed to her on the next evening, which quite excited and unhinged her again. He complained violently therein of her father's unreasonableness, injustice, and tyranny; and spoke, in the most passionate terms, of his love, of his unbounded sufferings, and of his despair. The consequence of this letter was, that Eva was ill—but more so, however, in mind than body—and that she demanded to have an interview with Assessor Munter.

The friend and physician of the house came immediately to her.

"Do you love me?" was Eva's first question when they were alone.

"Do I love you, Eva?" answered he, and looking at her with an expression of eye which must have moved any heart to tenderness that had been otherwise occupied than hers was.

"If you love me, if you desire that I should not be really ill," continued Eva, speaking with quickness and great warmth, "you must convey this letter to Major R., and bring his answer back

into my hands. My father is set against him, everybody is set against him; nobody knows him as well as I do! I am in a state of mind which will drive me to despair, if you have not compassion on me! But you must be my friend in secret.—You will not? If you love me you must take this letter and —

"Desire all things from me, Eva," interrupted he, "but not this! and precisely because you are so dear to me. This man in fact is not worthy of you; he does not deserve —"

"Not a word about him!" interrupted Eva, with warmth: "I know him better than you all—I alone know him; but you all are his enemies, and enemies to my happiness. Once again I pray you—pray you with tears! Is it then so much that I desire from you? My benefactor, my friend, will you not grant this prayer of your Eva?"

"Let me speak with your father," said he.

"On this subject! No, no! impossible!" exclaimed she.

"Then, Eva, I must refuse your prayer. It gives me more pain than I can express to refuse you anything in this world; but I will not stain my hand in this affair. I will not be a means of your unhappiness. Farewell!"

"Stop," cried Eva, "and hear me! What is it that you fear for me?"

"Everything from a man of R.'s character."

"You mistake him, and you mistake me," returned she.

"I know him, and I know you," said he, "and on that account I would rather go into fire than convey letters between him and you. This is my last word."

"You will not!" exclaimed she; "then you love me not, and I have not a friend in this world!"

"Eva, Eva, do not say so! you sin against yourself. You know not—ask everything from me—ask my life—ah, through you, life has already lost its worth for me!—ask—"

"Empty words!" interrupted Eva, and turned impatiently away. "I desire nothing more from you, Mr. Munter! Pardon me that I have given you so much trouble!"

Munter looked at her for some moments in silence, laid his hand hastily on his heart as if he had a pain there, and went out more bowed than commonly.

Not long after this, an unexpected ray of light gladdened the painful condition of affairs between Eva and her family. She was calmer. The Major removed from the city into the country, to pass the Christmas with a relation of his there; and on the same day Eva came down into the library at the customary hour of tea, after she had passed several days in her own room. Every one received her with joy. Her father went towards her with open arms, called her sweet names, placed her on the sofa by her mother, and took her tea to her herself: a lover could not have been more tender or more attentive to her. One might see that Eva was not different to these marks of affection, and that yet she did not receive them altogether with joy. A burning red alternated with paleness on her cheek, and at times it seemed that a tear, a repentant tear filled her eyes.

From this time, however, the old state of feeling, and the old quiet, returned in part to the

bosom of the family. Nobody named the Major; and as, when spring-time comes, the grass grows and the leaves burst forth, although the heaven is yet dark, and many a northern blast yet lingers in the air—so did affectionate feelings and joyful hours spring up again in the family of the Franks, from the spontaneous vernal spirit which reigned there.

You might have seen the mother there, like the heart of the family, taking part in all that went forward, making every one so cheerful and comfortable, as she moved about here and there, so rich in grace and joy and consolation! Wherever she came, there came with her a something pleasant or animating, either in word or deed; and yet all this time she was very far from being herself calm. Care for her daughter was accompanied by anxiety on account of Henrik's prospects and happiness. She understood, better than any one else, his feelings, his wishes, and his thoughts; and on this account glances of friendly understanding were often exchanged between them, and from this cause also was it that on those days when the post came in from Stockholm, she became paler and paler the nearer post-time came—for it perhaps might bring with it important news for Henrik.

"My dear Elise," said the Judge, jesting affectionately, "to what purpose is all this uneasiness, this incomprehensible anxiety! I grant that it would be a happiness to us all, and a prize of good luck, if Henrik could obtain the solicited situation—but if he did not get it—what then! he can get another in a little while. And his poem—suppose it should now and never more be regarded as a masterpiece, and should not obtain the prize—now, in heaven's name! what does it matter! He would perhaps, from the very circumstance of his having less fortune as a poet, be only the more practical man, and I confess that would not mortify me. And I shall wish the poem to the place where pepper grows if you are to become pale and nervous on its account! Promise me now next post-day to be reasonable, and not to look like the waning moon, else I promise you that I shall be downright angry, and will keep the whole post-bag to myself!"

To his children the father spoke thus: "Have you really neither genius or spirit of invention enough to divert and occupy your mother on the unfortunate post-day! Henrik, it depends upon you whether she be calm or not; and if you do not convince her that, let your luck in the world be whatever it may, you can bear it like a man, I must tell you that you have not deserved all the tenderness which she has shown you!"

Henrik coloured deeply, and the Judge continued, "and you, Gabriele! I shall never call you my clever girl again, if you do not make a riddle against the next post-day which shall so occupy your mother that she shall forget all the rest!"

The following post-day was an exceedingly merry one. Never before had more interesting topics of conversation been brought forward by Henrik; never before had the mother been so completely seduced into the discussions of the young people. At the very moment when the post-hour arrived, she was deeply busied in solving a riddle, which Henrik and Gabriele endeavoured to make only the more intricate by their fun and jokes, whilst they were pretending to assist her in the discovery.

The riddle ran as follows :

Raging war and tumult  
Am I never nigh;  
And from rain and tempest,  
To far woods I fly.  
In cold, worldly bosoms  
My deep grave is made,  
And from conflagration  
Death has me affrayed.  
No one e'er can find me  
In the dragon ghouls;  
I have no abiding,  
Save where freedom blooms.  
My morning sun ariseth,  
Light o'er mind to fling;  
O'er love's throbbing bosom  
Rests my downy wing!  
Like our Lord in heaven,  
I am ever there;  
And like him of children  
Have I daily care.  
What though I may sever  
From thee now and then,  
I forget thee never—  
I come back again!  
In the morning's brightness,  
Dear one, if thou miss me,  
With the sweetest of kisses  
Come I back and kiss thee!

This riddle, which it must be confessed was by no means one of Gabriele's best, gave rise to a fund of amusement, and occasioned the maddest propositions on Henrik's part. The mother, however, did not allow herself to be misled; but examined, whilst she endeavoured to overpower the voices of her joking children,

"The riddle is—"

What the riddle was, the reader may see by the title of our next chapter.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### HAPPINESS.

"HAPPINESS!" repeated the Judge, as he entered the room at the same moment, with letters and newspapers in his hand.

"I fancy you have been busying yourselves here with prophesying," said he: "Gabriele, my child, you shall have your reward for it—read this aloud to your mother!" laying a newspaper before her.

Gabriele began to read,—but threw the paper hastily down, gave a spring for joy, clapped her hands and exclaimed,

"Henrik's poetry has won the highest prize!"

"And here, Henrik," said the father, "are letters—you are nominated to—" The voice of the Judge was drowned in the general outbreak of joy. Henrik lay in the arms of his mother, surrounded by his sisters, who, amid all their jubilation, had tearful eyes.

The Judge walked up and down the room with long strides; at length he paused before the happy group, and exclaimed,

"Nay, my son! let me also have a little bit! Elise—my thanks to thee that thou hast given him to me—and thou, boy, come here—I must tell thee—" but not one word could he tell him.

The father, speechless from inward emotion, embraced his son, and returned in the same manner the affectionate demonstration of his daughters.

Many private letters from Stockholm contained flattering words and joyful congratulations to the young poet. All Henrik's friends seemed to accord in one song of triumph.

There was almost too much happiness for one time.

During the first moment of this news the joy was calm and mingled with emotion; afterward, however, it was lively, and shot forth like rockets in a thousand directions. Everything was in motion to celebrate the day and its hero; and while the father of the family set about to mix a bowl—for he would that the whole house should drink Henrik's health—the others laid plans for a journey to Stockholm. The whole family must be witnesses of Henrik's receiving the great gold medal—they must be present on the day of his triumph. Eva recovered almost her entire liveliness as she described a similar festival which she had witnessed in the Swedish Academy.

Henrik talked a deal about Stockholm; he longed to be able to show his mother and sisters the beautiful capital. How they would be delighted with the gallery of mineralogy—how they would be charmed with the theatres! how they would see and hear the lovely *Demoiselle Hogquist* and the captivating *Jenny Lind*!—and then the castle!—the promenades—the prospects—the churches—the beautiful statues in the public places—Henrik would have been almost ready to have overthrown some of them—Oh, there was so much that was beautiful and delightful to see in Stockholm!

The mother smiled in joy over—the occasion of the journey to Scotland; the father said "yes" to everything; the countenances of the young people beamed forth happiness; the bowl was fragrant with good luck.

The young Baron L., who liked Henrik extremely, and who liked still more every lively excitement to every uproar, was possessed by a regular phrenzy to celebrate the day. He waltzed with everybody;—*Louise* might not sit still; "the little lady" must allow herself to be twirled about; but the truth was that in her joy she was about as wild for dancing as he was himself—the very Judge himself must waltz with him; and at last he waltzed with chairs and tables, whilst the fire of the punch was not very much calculated to abate his vivacious spirits.

It was very hard for the Judge that he was compelled on this very day to leave home, but pressing business obliged him to do so. He must make a journey that same evening, which would detain him from home three or four days, and although he left his family in the full bloom of their joy and prosperity, the short separation appeared to him more painful than common.

After he had taken his leave he returned—a circumstance very unusual with him—to the room again; embraced his wife yet a second time, flourished about with his daughters in his wolf-skin cloak as if out of liveliness, and then went out hastily, giving to the young Baron, who, in his wild joy had fallen upon his wolf-skin like a dog, a tolerably heavy cuff. A few minutes afterwards, as he cast from his sledge a glance and a hand-greeting to his wife and daughters at the library window, they saw with astonishment that his eyes were full of tears.

But the joy of the present, and the promises of the future, filled the hearts of those who remained behind to overflowing, and the evening passed amid gaiety and pleasure.

Baron L. drank punch with the domestics till both he and they were quite wrong in the head, and all *Louise's* good moral preaching was like so

\* *Emilie Hogquist* and *Jenny Lind* are two great ornaments of the Stockholm theatre; the first an actress, second a singer.

many water-drops on the fire. Henrik was nobly gay, and the beaming expression of his animated, beautiful head, reminded the beholder of an Apollo.

"Where now are all your gloomy forebodings?" whispered Leonore tenderly joyful; "you look to me as if you could even embrace Stern-hok."

"The whole world!" returned Henrik, clasping his sister to his breast, "I am so happy!"

And yet there was one person in the house who was happier than Henrik, and that was his mother. When she looked on the beautiful, glorified countenance of her son, and thought of that which he was and what he would become; when she thought on the laurels which would engarland his beloved head, on the future which awaited her favourite, her summer child—Oh! then bloomed the high summer of maternal joy in her breast, and she revelled in a nameless happiness—a happiness so great that she was almost anxious, because it appeared to her too great to be borne on earth!

And yet for all that—and we say it with grateful joy—the earth can bear a great degree of happiness; can bear it for long without its bringing with it a curse or a disappointment. It is in stillness and in retirement where this good fortune blooms the best, and on that account the world knows little of it, and has little faith in it. But, thank God! it may be abundantly found in all times and in all countries; and it is—we whisper this to the blessed ones in order that we may rejoice with them—it is of extremely rare occurrence when it happens in actual life, as, for the sake of effect, it happens in books, that a strong current of happiness carries along with it unhappiness as in a drag-rope.

## CHAPTER VI.

### UNHAPPINESS.

NIGHT succeeded the joyful evening, and the members of the Frank family lay deep in the arms of sleep, when suddenly, at the hour of midnight, they were awake by the cry of "fire! fire!"

The house was on fire, and smoke and flames met them at every turn; for the conflagration spread with incredible speed. An inconceivable confusion succeeded: one sought for another; one called on another—mother, and children, and domestics!

Only half-dressed, and without the means of saving the least thing, the inhabitants of the house assembled themselves in the market-place, where an innumerable crowd of people streamed together, and began to work the fire engines; whilst church bells tolled violently, and the alarm drums were beaten wildly and dully up and down the streets. Henrik dragged with him the young Baron L., who was speechless and much injured by the fire.

The mother cast a wild searching look around among her children, and suddenly exclaiming "Gabriele!" threw herself with a thrilling cry of anguish into the burning house. A circle of people hastily surrounded the daughters, in order to prevent their following her, and at the same moment two men broke forth from them, and hastened with the speed of lightning after her. The one was her beautiful, now more than ever beautiful, son. The other resembled one of the Cyclops, as art has represented them at work in

their subterranean smithies, excepting that he had two eyes, which in this moment flashed forth flames, as if bidding defiance to those with which he was about to combat. Both vanished amid the conflagration.

A moment's silence ensued: the alarm drums ceased to beat; the people scarcely breathed; the daughters wrung their hands silently, and the fire-bell called anxiously to the ineffectual engine-showers, for the flames rose higher and higher.

All at once a shout was sent from the mass of the people; all hearts beat joyfully, for the mother was borne in the arms of her son from amid the flames, which stretched forth their hissing tongues towards her!—and—now another shout of exultation! The modern Cyclop, in one word Mr. Munter, stood in the window of the second story, and, amid the whirlwind of smoke, was seen a white form, which he pressed to his bosom. A ladder was quickly raised, and Jeremias Munter, blackened and singed, but nevertheless happy, laid the fainting but unhurt Gabriele in the arms of her mother and sisters.

After this, he and Henrik returned to the burning house, from which they were fortunate enough to save the desk containing the Judge's most valuable papers. A few trifles, but of no great importance, were also saved. But this was all. The house, which was of wood, spite of every effort to save it, was burned to the ground, but, as it stood detached, without communicating the fire to any other.

When Henrik, enfeebled with his exertions, returned to his family, he found them all quartered in the small dwelling of the Assessor, which also lay in the market place; while he seemed to have multiplied himself into ten persons, in order to provide his guests with whatever they required; and his old housekeeper, what with the fire, and what with so many guests, who were to be provided for in that simply-supplied establishment, was almost crazed. But the good master of the house had help at hand for every body: he prepared coffee, he made beds, and seemed altogether to forget his own somewhat severe personal injuries by the fire. He joked about himself and his affairs at the same time that he wiped tears from his eyes, which he could not but shed over the misfortunes of his friends. Affectionate and determined, he provided for every thing and for every one; whilst Louise and Leonore assisted him with quiet resolution.

"Wilt thou be reasonable, coffee-pot, and not boil over, since thou hast to provide coffee for ladies!" said the Assessor in jesting anger. "Here, Miss Leonore, are drops for the mother and Eva. Sister Louise, be so good as to take my whole storeroom in hand; and you, young sir," said he to Henrik, as he seized him suddenly by the arm, and gazed sharply into his face, "come you with me, for I must take you rather particularly in hand."

There was indeed not a moment to lose; a violent effusion of blood from the chest, placed the young man's life in momentary danger. Munter tore off his coat, and opened a vein at the very moment in which he lost all consciousness.

"Now then a tea-kettle!" said the doctor, as Henrik breathed again, "how can people be so foolish when they are such—clever fellows! Nay now all danger for the time is over. Death has been playing his jokes with us to-night! Now, like polite knights, let us be again in at-

tendence on the ladies. Wait, I must just have a little water for my face, that I need not kook any more than is necessary, like 'the Knight of the Rueful Countenance!'"

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE CONSEQUENCES.

THE sun of the next morning shone brightly on the glistening snow-covered roofs round the market-place, and dyed the smoke clouds, which rose slowly from the ruins of the burnt-down house, with the most gorgeous tints of purple, gold, and sulphur-blue, whilst hundreds of little sparrows raked and picked about in the ash-flakes which were scattered over the snow in the market-place and churchyard, with exulting twitterings.

Both mother and daughters looked with tearful eyes towards the smoking place, where had so lately stood their dearly-beloved home; but yet no one gave themselves up to sorrow. Eva alone wept much, but that from a cause of grief concealed in her own heart. She knew that Major R. had passed the night in the city, and yet for all that she had not seen him.

With the morning came much bustle and a crowd of people into the dwelling of the Assessor. Families came who offered to the roofless household both shelter and entertainment; young girls came with their clothes; servants came with theirs for the servants of the family; elegant services of furniture were sent in; the baker sent baskets full of bread; the brewer beer; another sent wine, and so on. It was a scene in social life of the most beautiful description, and which showed how greatly esteemed and beloved the Franks were.

Mrs. Gunilla came so good and zealous, ready to contend with anybody who would contend with her, to convey her old friends in her carriage to the dwelling which she had prepared for them in all haste. The Assessor did not strive with her, but saw, in silence, his guests depart, and with a tear in his eye looked after the carriage which carried Eva away from his house. The house seemed now so dark and desolate to him.

On the evening of this same day the father returned into his family circle, and pressed them all to his breast with tears of joy—yes, tears of joy, for all were left to him!

A few days after this he wrote thus to one of his friends—

"Before this occurrence, I knew not how much I possessed in my wife and children; knew not that I had so many good friends and neighbours. I thank God, who has given me such a wife, such children, and such friends! These last have supplied, may over-supplied all the necessities of my family. I shall begin in spring to rebuild my house on the old foundation.

"How the fire was occasioned, I know not, and do not trouble myself to discover. The misfortune has happened, and may serve as a warning for the future, and that is enough. My house has not become impoverished in love, even though it may be so in worldly goods, and that sustains and heals all. The Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord!"

Probably the Judge would listen to no conjectures respecting the origin of the fire. We will

venture, however, not the less on that account to give our conjectures—thus, it is very probable that the fire had its origin in the chamber of the young Baron L., and that also he, in his scarcely half sober state, might have been the occasion of it. Probably he himself regarded the affair in this light—but this however is certain, that this event, in connexion with the behaviour of the Franks towards him, occasioned a great change in the temper and character of this young man. His father came for him shortly after this, and took him to consult a celebrated oculist in Copenhagen, in consequence of his eyes having suffered severely in the fire.

Our eyes will see him again, only at a much later period of our history.

The daughters of the house busied themselves earnestly with the already-spoken-of plans for themselves, that they might lighten the anxieties of their parents in their adverse circumstances, and that without being burdensome to anybody else. Eva wished at first to receive an invitation to a country-seat in the neighbourhood, not far from that where Major R. was at present. Axelholm opened itself, heart, arms, main-building and wings, for the members of the Frank family; there were wanting no opportunities for colonization; but the Judge besought his children so earnestly to decline all these, and for the present to remain altogether.

"In a few months," said he, "perhaps in spring, you can do what you like; but now—let us remain together. I must have you all around me, in order to feel that I really possess you all. I cannot bear the thoughts of losing any one of you at present."

The thought of parting appeared likewise soon to weigh heavily upon him. Henrik, since the night of the conflagration, had scarcely had a moment free from suffering; a violent, incessant beating of the heart had remained since then, and the pain of this was accompanied by dangerous attacks of spasms, which, notwithstanding all remedies, appeared rather to increase than otherwise. This disturbed the Judge so much the more, as now, more than ever, he loved and valued his son. Since the night of the fire it might be said that, for the first time, affection was warm between father and son.

The Mahomedan says beautifully, that when the angel of death approaches, the shadow of his wings falls upon him from a distance. From the beginning of his illness Henrik's soul appeared to be darkened by unfriendly shadows, and the first serious outbreak of disease revealed itself in depression and gloom. Oh! it was not easy for the young man, richly gifted as he was with whatever could beautify life on earth, standing as he did at the commencement of a path where fresh laurels and the roses of love beckoned to him, it was not easy to turn his glance from a future like this, to listen to the words which night and day his beating heart whispered to him: "Thou wilt descend to thy grave! nor will I cease knocking till the door of the tomb opens to thee!"

But to a mind like Henrik's the step from darkness to light was not wide. There was that something in his soul which enables man to say to the Lord of life and earth—

The dreaded judgment-day in thine own hand is written—  
We kiss it; bow our heads, and silently submit.

Henrick had one day a long conversation with

his skillful and anxious physician Munter, who when he left him had tears in his eyes; but over Henrik's countenance, on the contrary, when he returned to his family, although he was paler than usual, was a peculiarly mild and solemn repose, which seemed to diffuse itself through his whole being. From this moment his temper of mind was changed; he was now mild and calm, yet at the same time more joyous and amiable than ever. His eyes had an indescribable clearness and beauty; the shadow had passed away from his soul altogether.

But deeper and deeper lay the shadow over one person, who from the beginning of Henrik's illness was no longer like herself—and that was Henrik's mother. It is true that she worked and spoke as formerly, but a knowing anguish lived in her; she appeared absent from the passing business of life; and every occupation which had not reference, in some way or other, to her son, was indifferent or painful to her. The daughters kept carefully from her any thing which might be disturbing to her mind. She devoted herself almost exclusively to her son; and many hours full of rich enjoyment were spent by these two, who soon, perhaps—must separate for so long!

Every strong mental excitement was interdicted to Henrik; his very illness would not admit of it. He must renounce his beloved studies: but his living spirit, which could not sleep, refreshed itself at the youthful fountains of art. He occupied himself much with the works of a poet who, during his short life, had suffered much and sung much also, and from amid whose crown of thorns the loveliest "Lilies of Sharon" had blossomed. The works of Stagnelius\* were his favourite reading. He himself composed many songs, and his mother sang them to him during the long winter evenings. According to his opinion, his mother sang better than his sisters; and he rejoiced himself in the pure strength which triumphantly exalted him in this poet above the anguish and fever of life.

It was observed that about this time he often turned the conversation, in the presence of his mother, to the brighter side of death. It seemed as if he wished to prepare her gradually for the possibly near separation, and to deprive it beforehand of its bitterness. Elise had formerly loved conversations of this kind; had loved whatever tended to diffuse light over the darker scenes of life: but now she always grew paler when the subject was introduced; uneasiness expressed itself in her eyes, and she endeavoured, with a kind of terror, to put an end to it.

One evening as the family, together with Mr. Munter, were assembled in the confidential hour of twilight, they began to speak about dreams, and then about death. Henrik mentioned the ancient comparison of sleep and death, which he said he considered less striking as regarded its unconsciousness than its resemblance in the awaking.

"And in what do you especially consider this resemblance to consist?" asked Leonore.

"In the perfect retention and re-animation of consciousness, of memory, of the whole condition of the soul," replied he, "which is experienced in the morning after the dark night."

\* Eric Stagnelius, who was born in 1792, and died in 1822, would have been, it is probable, had a longer life been granted to him, one of the most distinguished poets of the age. His poems, epic, dramatic, and lyric, fill three volumes. "Liljer i Skara"—Lilies of Sharon, is the general title of his lyrics.

"Good," said the Assessor, "and possible; but what can we know about it?"

"All that revelation has made known to us," replied Henrik with an animated look: "do we really need any stronger light on this subject than that afforded us by one of our own race, who was dead and yet rose again from the grave, and who exhibited himself after this sleep in the dark dwelling with precisely the same dispositions, the same friendships, and with the most perfect remembrance of the least as well as the greatest events of his earthly existence? What a clear, what a friendly light has not this circumstance diffused around the dark gates of the tomb! It has united the two worlds! it has thrown a bridge over the gloomy deep; it enables the drooping wanderer to approach it without horror; it enables him to say to his friends on the evening of life, 'Good night!' with the same calmness with which he can speak those words to them on the evening of the day."

An arm was thrown convulsively round Henrik, and the voice of his mother whispered, in a tone of despair, to him, "You must not leave us, Henrik! you must not!" and with these words she sank unconscious on his breast.

From this evening Henrik never again introduced in the presence of his mother a subject which was so painful to her. He sought to calm and cheer her, and his sisters helped him truly in the same work. They now had less desire than ever to leave home and to mingle in society generally; yet notwithstanding they did so occasionally, because their brother wished it, and it enabled them to have something to tell at home, which could entertain and enliven both him and his mother. These reports were generally made in Henrik's room, and how heartily did they not laugh there! Ah! in a cordially united family, care may take firm footing for one moment and in the very next be chased away! Eva appeared, during this time to forget her own trouble, that she also might be a flower in the garland of comfort and tenderness which was bound around the favourite of the family; the Judge too, tore himself more frequently than hitherto from his occupations, and united himself to the family circle.

A more attractive sick chamber than Henrik's can hardly be imagined, and that he himself felt. Enfeebled by the influence of disease, his beautiful eyes often became filled with tears from slight causes, and he would exclaim "I am happy—too happy! What a blessedness to be able to live! That is happiness! that is the summer of the soul! Even now, amid my sufferings, I feel myself made through you so rich, so happy!" and then he would stretch forth his hands to those of his mother or his sisters, and press them to his lips or to his bosom.

In a while, an interval of amendment occurred, and he suffered much less; a sentiment of joy diffused itself through the house, and Henrik himself appeared at times to entertain hopes of life. He could now go out again and inhale the fresh winter air—his favourite air. The Judge often accompanied him, and it was beautiful to see the powerful, vigorous father supporting with his arm the pale but handsome son, whenever his steps became weary; to see him curbing his own peculiarly hasty movements, and conducting him slowly homewards—it was beautiful to see the expression in the countenance of each.

People talk a great deal about the beauty of

maternal love—paternal love has perhaps something yet more beautiful and affecting in it; and it is my opinion that he who has had the happiness of experiencing the careful culture of a loving, yet at the same time upright father, can, with fuller feeling and with more inward understanding than any other, lift his heart to heaven in that universal prayer of the human race, "Our Father which art in heaven!"

Several weeks passed on, and a lady who was an intimate friend of the family was about to undertake a journey with her daughter to the city where Petrea was visiting, and desired greatly to take Gabriele with her, who was the dearest friend of the young Amalie. Gabriele would very gladly have embraced the opportunity of visiting her beloved sister, and of seeing at the same time something of the world, but now when Henrik was ill, she could not think about it; she was quite resolved not to separate herself from him. He, on the contrary, was zealously bent upon it, and wished greatly that she should make this journey, which would be so extremely agreeable to her.

"Don't you see," said he, "that Gabriele sits here and makes herself pale with looking at me, and that is so utterly unnecessary, especially now I am so much better, and when I certainly in a little time shall be quite well again. Journey, journey away, dear Gabriel, I beseech you! You shall cheer us in the mean time with your letters, and when at Easter you return with Petrea you will no longer have an ailing suffering brother, for I will manage it so that I will be quite well by that time!"

She was talked to also on other sides, especially by the young, lively Amalie, and at length she was over persuaded; was made to believe, that for the present all danger for her brother was passed, and she commenced the journey with a merry jest on her lips, but with tears in her eyes.

This was the first flight of "our little lady" from home.

Not a word was heard from Major R.; and although Eva continued reserved towards her own family, she appeared to be so much calmer than formerly that they all began to be quite easy on her account. The Judge, who in consequence of her behaviour evinced towards her a grateful tenderness, and endeavoured to gratify her slightest wishes, gave his consent that in the early commencement of spring she should go to M——s. He hoped that by that time the Major would be far removed from the country; but it was not long before a painful discovery was made.

On a dark evening at the beginning of March, two persons stood in deep but low discourse under a tree in St. Mary's churchyard.

"How childish you are Eva!" said the one, "with your fears and your doubts! and how pusillanious in your love. If you would learn, & vely angel! how true love speaks, listen to me,

*"Pourquoi fit on l'amour, si son pouvoir n'affronte,  
Et la vie et la mort, et la haine et la honte!  
Je ne demande, je ne veux pas savoir  
Si rien a de ton cœur terni le pur miroir:  
Je t'aime! ta le sais! Que l'importe tout le reste!"*

"O Victor," answered the trembling voice of Eva, "my fault is not the having too little love for you. Ah, I feel indeed, and I evince it in my conduct, that my love to you is greater than my love for father, mother, sisters, or all the world! And yet I know that it is wrong; my heart raises itself against me—but I cannot resist your power."

"On that account am I called Victor, my angel," said he; "heaven itself has sanctioned my power—and your Victor am I also, my sweet Eva; is it not so?"

"Ah! only too much so," sighed Eva. "But now, Victor, spare my weakness; do not desire to see me again till I go in spring in a month's time to M——s. Do not desire—"

"Demand no such promises from Victor, Eva," said he; "he will not bind himself so! but you—you must do what your Victor wills, else he cannot believe that you love him. What—you will refuse to take a few steps only in order to gladden your eyes and your heart—in order to see and to hear him; in truth you do not love him!"

"Ah, I love you, I adore you," returned Eva; "I could endure anything on your account—even the pangs of my own conscience; but my parents, my brother and sisters! they are so good, so excellent—Ah! Yet sometimes the love which I have for them contends with the love which I have for you. Do not string the bow too tightly, Victor! And now, farewell, beloved! In a month's time you will see me, your Eva, again in M——s."

"Stop!" said he, "do you think you are to leave me in that way! Where is my ring?"

"On my heart," returned she, "day and night it rests there—farewell, let me go!"

"Say once more that you love me above every thing in this world!" said he, "that you belong only to me!"

"Only to you! farewell!" and with these words Eva tore herself away from him, and hastened with flying feet, like one terrified, across the churchyard, and the Major followed her slowly. A dark form stepped at that moment hastily forward, as if it had arisen from one of the graves, and met the Major face to face. It seemed to him as if a cold wind passed through his heart, for the form, tall and silent, and at that dark hour, and in the churchyard, had something in it ominous and spectre-like, and as it had evidently advanced to him with design, he paused suddenly, and asked sharply, "Who are you?"

"Eva's father!" replied a suppressed but powerful voice, and by the up-flaring light of a lamp which the wind drove towards them, the Major saw the eyes of the Judge riveted upon him with a wrathful and threatening expression. His heart sank for a moment, but in the next, he spoke with all his accustomed haughty levity.

"Now there is no necessity for me," said he, "to watch longer after her; and so saying he turned hastily aside, and vanished in the darkness.

The Judge followed his daughter without near-her. When he came home, such a deep and painful grief lay on his brow as had never been observed there before.

For the first time in his life the powerful head of the Judge seemed actually bowed.

At this time Sternbok came to the city quite unexpectedly. He had heard of the misfortune which had befallen the Franks, as well as the part which Henrik acted on this occasion, and of the illness which was the consequence of it, and he came now in order to see him before he travelled abroad. This visit, which had occasioned Sternbok to diverge as much as sixty English miles out of his way, surprised and deeply affected Henrik, who, as he entered the room, met

with the most candid expression of cordial devotion. Sternhok seized his outstretched hand, and a sudden paleness overspread his manly countenance as he remarked the change a few weeks' illness had made in Henrik's appearance.

"It is beautiful of you to come to me—my thanks for it, Sternhok!" said Henrik from his heart, "otherwise," continued he, "you would probably have seen me no more in this world; and I have wished so much to say one word to you before we separated thus."

Both were silent for some minutes.

"What would you say to me, Henrik?" at length asked Sternhok, while an extraordinary emotion was depicted in his countenance.

"I would thank you," returned Henrik cordially, "thank you for your severity towards me, and tell you how sincerely I now acknowledge it to have been just, and wholesome for me also. I would thank you, because by that means you have been a more real friend, and I am now perfectly convinced how honestly and well you have acted towards me. This impression, this remembrance of our acquaintance, is the only one which I will take away with me when I leave this world. You have not been able to love me, but that was my own fault. I have sorrowed over the knowledge of that, but now I have submitted to it. In the mean time it would be very pleasant to me to know that my faults—that my late behaviour towards you, had not left behind it too repulsive an impression—it would be very pleasant for me to believe that you were able to think kindly of me when I am no more!"

A deep crimson flamed on Sternhok's countenance, and his eyes glistened as he replied, "Henrik, I feel more than ever in this moment that I have not shown justice towards you. Several later circumstances have opened my eyes, and now—Henrik, can you give me your friendship! mine you have for ever!"

"O this is a happy moment!" said Henrik, with increasing emotion, "through my whole life I have longed for it, and now for the first time it is given me—now when—"

"But why," said Sternhok warmly, "why speak so positively about your death? I will hope and believe that your condition is not so dangerous. Let me consult a celebrated foreign physician on your case—or better still, make the journey with me, and put yourself under the care of Dr. K—. He is celebrated for his treatment of diseases of the heart; let me conduct you to him; certainly you can and will recover!"

Henrik shook his head mournfully: "There lies his work," said he, pointing to an open book, "and from it I know all concerning my own condition. Do you see, Nils Gabriel," continued he, with a beautiful smile, as he placed his arm on the shoulder of his friend and pointed with his other towards heaven, gazing on him the while with eyes that seemed larger than ever—"for towards death the eyes increase in size and brilliancy—"do you see," said he, "there wanders your star. It ascends! for certain a bright path lies before; but when it beams upon your renown it will look down upon my grave! I have no doubt whatever on this point. Some time ago this thought was bitter to me; it is so now no more! When the knowledge depresses me that I have accomplished so very little on earth, I will endeavour to console myself with the conviction that you will be able to do so much more, and that either in this world or the next I shall rejoice over your usefulness and your happiness!"

Sternhok answered not a word; large tears rolled down his cheeks, and he pressed Henrik warmly to his breast.

On Henrik's account he endeavoured to give the conversation a calmer turn, but the heart of his poor friend swelled high, and it was now too full of life and feeling to find rest in anything but the communication of these.

The connexion between the two young men seemed now different to what it had ever been before. It was Henrik who now led the conversation, and Sternhok who followed him, and listened to him with attention and the most unequivocal sympathy, whilst the young man gave such free scope to his thoughts and presentiments as he had never ventured to do before in the presence of the severe critic. But the truth is, there belongs to a dweller on the borders of the kingdom of death a peculiar rank, a peculiar worth, and man believes that the whispering of spirits from the mysterious land reaches the ear which bows itself to them—on this account the wise and the strong of earth listen silently like disciples, and piously like little children, to the precepts which are breathed forth from dying lips.

The entrance of the Judge gave another turn to the conversation, which Sternhok soon led to Henrik's last works. He directed his discourse principally to the Judge, and spoke of them with all the ability of a real connoisseur, and with such entire and cordial praise as surprised Henrik as much as it cheered him.

It is a very great pleasure to hear oneself praised, and well praised too, by a person whom one highly esteems, and particularly when, at the same time, the person is commonly niggardly of his praise. Henrik experienced at that moment this feeling in its highest degree; and this pleasure was accompanied by the yet greater pleasure of seeing himself understood, and in such a manner by Sternhok as made himself more clear to himself. In this moment he seemed, now for the first time, to comprehend in a perfectly intelligible manner his own talents, and what he wished to do, and what he was able to do. The fountain of life swelled forth strongly in his breast.

"You make me well again, Nils Gabriel!" exclaimed he; "you give me new life. I will recover; recover in order again to live, in order to work better and more confidently than I have hitherto done. As yet I have done nothing; but now, now I could—I feel new life in me—I have never yet felt myself so well as now! Certainly I shall now recover, or indeed—is the best wine reserved for me till the last?"

The evening sped on agreeably, and with animation in the family circle. The blessed angels of heaven were not more beautiful or more joyous than Henrik. He joked with his mother and sisters, nay, even with Sternhok, in the gayest manner, and was one of the liveliest who partook of the citron-soufflé which Louise served up for supper, and which she herself had helped to prepare, and of which she was not a little proud. Yes, indeed, she was almost ready to believe that it was this which had given new life to Henrik, and the power of which she considered to be wonderfully operative. But ah!—

At the very moment when Henrik jested with Louise on this very subject, he was seized by the most violent suffering.

This suffering continued uninterruptedly for three days, and deprived the sick young man of consciousness; whilst it seemed to be leading

him quickly to that bound which mercy has set to human sufferings. On the second day after this paroxysm Henrik was seized with desire for change of resting-place, which may be commonly regarded as the sign that the soul is preparing for its great change of abode. The Judge himself bore his son in his arms from room to room, and from bed to bed. No sleep visited the eyes of his family during these terrible days; whilst his mother, with eyes tearless and full of anguish riveted upon her son, followed him from room to room, and from bed to bed; now hanging over his pillow, now seated at the foot of his bed, and smiling tenderly upon him when he appeared to know her, and articulating his name in a low and almost inaudible voice.

On the evening of the third day the poor youth regained his consciousness. He recognised his family again, and spoke kindly to them. He saw that they were pale and weary, and besought them incessantly to go to rest. The Assessor, who was present, united earnestly in this request, and assured them that, according to all appearances, Henrik would now enjoy an easy sleep, and that he himself would watch by him through the night. The father and daughters retired to rest; but when they endeavoured to persuade the mother, she only waved with her hand, whilst a mournful smile seemed to say, "it is of no use whatever to talk to me about it."

"I may remain with you, Henrik!" said she, beseechingly.

He smiled, took her hand, and laid it on his breast; and in the same moment closing his eyes, a calm refreshing sleep stole over him. The Assessor sat silently beside them, and observed them both: it was not long, however, before he was obliged to leave them, being summoned suddenly to some one who was dangerously ill. He left them with the promise to return in the course of the night. Munter was called in the city the night-physician, because there was no one like him who appeared earnestly willing to give his help by night as by day.

The mother breathed deeply when she saw herself alone with her son. She folded her hands, and raised her eyes to heaven with an expression which through the whole of the foregoing days had been foreign to them. It was no longer restless, almost murmuring anxiety; it was a mournful, yet at the same time, deep, perfect, nay, almost loving resignation. She bent over her son, and spoke in a low voice out of the depths of her affectionate heart.

"Go, my sweet boy, go! I will no longer hold thee back, since it is painful to thee! May the deliverer come! Thy mother will no longer contend with him to retain thee! May he come and make an end of thy sufferings! I—will then be satisfied! Go, then, my first-born, my summer-child; and if there may never more come a summer to the heart of thy mother—still go! that thou mayst have rest! Did I make thy cradle sweet, my child! so would I not embitter by my lamentations thy death-bed! Blessed be thou! Blessed be He also who gave thee to me, and who now takes thee from me to a better home! Some time, my son, I shall come to thee; go thou beforehand, my child! Thou art weary; so weary! Thy last wandering was heavy to thee; now thou wilt rest. Come thou good deliverer, come thou beloved death, and give rest to his heart; but easily, easily. Let him not suffer more—let him not endure more. Never did he give care to his parents—"

At this moment Henrik opened his eyes and fixed them calmly and full of expression on his mother.

"Thank God!" said he, "I feel no more pain." "Thanks and praise be given to God, my child!" said she.

Mother and son looked on each other with deep and cheerful love! they understood each other perfectly.

"When I am no more," said he, with a faint and broken voice, "then—tell it to Gabriele prudently; she has such tender feelings—and she is not strong. Do not tell it to her on a day—when it is cold and dull—but—on a day—when the sun shines warm—when all things look bright and kindly—then, then tell her—that I am gone first to greet her—and tell her from me—that it is not difficult—to die!—that there is a sun on the other side—"

He ceased, but with a loving smile on his lips, and his eyes closed their lids as from very weariness.

Presently afterward he spoke again, but in a very low voice. "Sing me something, mother," said he, "I shall then sleep more calmly, 'They knock, I come!'"

These words were the beginning of a song which Henrik had himself written, and set to music some time before, during a night of suffering.

The genius of poetry seemed to have deserted him during the latter part of his illness; this was painful to him, but his mind remained the same, and the spirit of poetry lived still in the hymn which his mother now, at his request, sang in a trembling voice:

They knock! I come! yet ere on the way  
To the night of the grave I am pressing;  
Thou Angel of Death, give me yet one lay—  
One hymn of thanksgiving and blessing.  
Have thanks, O Father! in heaven high,  
For thy gift, all gifts exceeding;  
For life! and that grieved or glad I could fly  
To thee, nor find thee unheeding.

Oh thanks for life, and thanks too for death,  
The bound of all trouble and aching;  
How bitter! yet sweet 'tis to yield our breath  
When thine is the heart of the dying!

By our path of trial thou plantest still  
Thy lilies of consolation;  
But the loveliest of all to do thy will—  
Be it done in resignation!

Farewell, lovely earth, on whose bosom I lay;  
Farewell, all ye dear friends, mourning;  
Farewell, and forgive all the faults of my day;  
My heart now in death is burning!

"It is burning!" repeated Henrik in a voice of suffering. "It is terrible! Mother! mother!" said he, looking at her with a restless glare.

"Your mother is here!" said she, tending over him.

"Ah! then all is right!" said he again, calmly. "Sing, my mother," added he, again closing his eyes, "I am weary."

She sang,

We part! but in parting our steps we bend  
Alone towards that glorious morrow,  
Where friend no more shall part from friend,  
Where none knoweth heartache or sorrow!  
Farewell! all is dark to my failing sight,  
Your loved forms from my faint gaze rending,  
'Tis dark, but oh! far beyond the night  
I see light o'er the darkness ascending!

"Oh! if you only knew how serene it is! It is divine!" said the dying one, as he stretched forth his arms, and then dropped them again.

A change passed over the countenance of the young man; death had touched his heart gently,

and its pulsations ceased. At the same moment a wonderful inspiration animated the mother; her eyes beamed brightly, and never before had her voice so beautiful, so clear a tone as while she sang,

Thouallest O Father! with glad accord  
come! Ye dear ones we sever!  
Now the pang is past! now behold I the Lord—  
Praise be thine, O Eternal, forever!

Judge Frank was awoke out of his uneasy sleep by the song, whose tone seemed to have a something supernatural in it. A few moments passed before he could convince himself that the voice which he heard was really that of his wife.

He hastened with indescribable anxiety to the sick room; Elise yet sung the last verse as he entered, and, casting his eyes on her countenance, he exclaimed, "My God!" and clasped his hands together.

The song ceased: a dreadful consciousness thrust itself like a sword through the heart of the mother. She saw before her the corpse of her son, and with a faint cry of horror she sank, as if lifeless, upon the bed of death.

## CHAPTER VIII.

ELISE TO CECILIA.

*Two months later.*

"WHEN I last wrote to you, my Cecilia, it was winter. Winter, severe and icy, had also gathered itself about my heart—my life's joy was wrapped in his winding-sheet, and it seemed to me as if no more spring could bloom, no more life could exist; and that I should never again have the heart to write a cheerful or hopeful word. And now—now it is spring! The lark sings again the ascension-song of the earth; the May-sun diffuses his warming beam through my chamber, and the grass becomes already green upon the grave of my first-born, my favourite! And—O Lord! thou who smitest, thou also healest, and I will praise thee for every affliction which thou sendest becomest good if it be only received with patience. And if thou concealst thyself for a season, thou revealest thyself yet soon again, kinder and more glorious than before! For a little while and we see thee not, and again for a little while and we see thee, and our hearts rejoice and drink strength and enjoyment out of the cup which thou, Almighty One, hast filled. Yes, everything in life becomes good, if that life be only spent in God!

"But in those dark winter hours it was often gloomy and tumultuous within me. Ah, Cecilia, I was not willing that he should die! He was my only son, my first-born child. I suffered most at his birth; I sang most beside his cradle; my heart leaped up first and highest with maternal joy at his childish play. He was my summer-child, born in the midsummer of nature and of my life, and my strength, and, then, he was so full of life, so beautiful, so good! No, I was not willing that he should have died; and as the time drew nearer and nearer, and I saw that it must be—then it was dark in me. But the last night—Oh, it was a most wonderful night! then it was quite otherwise. Do you know, Cecilia, that I sung gayly, triumphantly, by the deathbed of my first-born! Now I cannot comprehend it. But this night—he had the foregoing day suffered much, and his

sufferings had reconciled me to his death; they abated as death approached, and he besought of me, as he had often done in the years of his childhood, to sing him to sleep. I sang—I was able to sing. He received pleasure from the song and strength also, and with a heavenly smile, while heavenly pictures seemed to float before his eyes, he said, 'Ah, it is divine!' and I sang better and ever clearer. I saw his eyes change themselves, his breath became suspended, and I knew that then was the moment of separation between soul and body—between me and him! but I did not then feel it, and I sang on. It seemed to me as if the song sustained the spirit and raised it to heaven. In that moment I was happy; for even I, as well as he, was exalted above every earthly pain.

"The exclamation of my name awoke me from my blessed dream, and I saw the dead body of my son—after this I saw nothing more.

"There was a long, deep stupor, from which when I recovered I felt a heart beating against my temples. I raised my eyes and saw my husband; my head was resting on his breast, and with the tenderest words he was calling me back to life; my daughters stood around me weeping, and kissing my hands and my clothes; I also wept, and then I felt better; it was then morning, and the dawn came into my chamber. I threw my arms round my husband's neck, and said, 'Ernst, love me! I will endeavour—'

"I could say no more, but he understood me, thanked me warmly, and pressed me close to his bosom.

"I did endeavour to be calm, and with God's help I succeeded. For several hours of the day I lay still on my bed, while Eva, whose voice is remarkably sweet, read aloud to me. I got up for tea, and endeavoured to be as usual; my husband and my daughters supported me, and all was peace and love.

"But when the day was ended, and Ernst and I were alone in our chamber, a fear of the night, of bed, and a sleepless pillow, seized hold of me; I therefore seated myself on the sofa, and prayed Ernst to read to me, for I longed for the consolations of the Gospel. He seated himself by me and read; but the words, although spoken by his manly, firm voice, passed at this time impressionless over my inward sense. I understood nothing, and all within me was dark and vacant. All at once, some one knocked softly at the door, and Ernst, not a little astonished, said, 'Come in;' the door was opened, and Eva entered. She was very pale, and appeared excited, but yet, at the same time, firm and determined. She approached us softly, and, sinking down on her knees between us, took our hands between hers. I would have raised her, but Ernst held me back, and said, mildly but gravely, 'Let her alone!'

"My father, my mother!" said Eva, with humbling voice, 'I have given you uneasiness—pardon me! I have grieved you—I will not do it again. Ah! I will not now lay a stone on your burden. See, how disobedient I have been—this ring, and these letters, I have received against your will and against my promises, from Major R. I will now send them back. See here! read what I have written to him; our acquaintance is for ever broken! Pardon me, that I have chosen these hours to busy you with my affairs, but I feared my own weakness when the force of this hour shall have passed. Oh, my parents! I feel, I know that he is not worthy to be your

son! But I have been, as it were, bewitched—I have loved him beyond measure. Ah, I love him still—nay! do not weep, mother—you shall never again shed a tear of grief over me—you have wept already enough on my account. Since Henrik's death everything in me is changed—fear not for me, I will conquer this, and will become your obedient, your happy child; only require not from me that I should give my hand to another—never will I marry, never belong to another! But for you, my parents, will I live, and with you be happy! Here, my father, take this, and send it back to him whom I will no more see! And—oh, love me! love me!

"Tears bedewed the face which she bowed down to her father's knee. Never had she looked so lovely, so attractive! Ernst was greatly affected; he raised his hand as if in blessing upon her head, which he raised, and said—

"When you were born, Eva, you lay as if dead; in my arms you first opened your eyes to the light, and I thanked God—but I thank him manifold more for you in this moment, in which I see in you the joy and blessing of our age—in which you have been able to combat with your own heart, and to do that which is right! God bless you! God reward you!

"He held her for a long time to his bosom, and his tears wetted her forehead. I also clasped her in my arms, and let her feel my love and my gratitude, and then, with a look which beamed through tears, she left us.

"We called her 'our blessed child' at that time, for she had blessed us with a great consolation. She had raised again our sunken hearts.

"Ernst went to the window and looked silently into the star-lighted night; I followed him, and my glance accompanied his, which in this moment was so beautiful and bright, and laying his arm around me he spoke thus:

"It is good—it is so intended—and that is the essential thing! He is gone! What more? We must all go; all, sooner or later! He might not perfect his work; but he stood ready, ready in will and ability when he was called to the higher work-place! Lord and Master, thou hast taken the disciple to thyself—well for him that he was ready! That is the most important for us all!

"Ernst's words and state of mind produced great effect upon me. Peace returned to my spirit. In the stillness of the night I did not sleep, but I rested on his bosom. It was calm around me and in me, and in the secret of my soul I wished that it might ever remain so, that no more day might dawn upon me, and no more sun shine upon my weary, painful eyes.

"How the days creep on! On occasions of great grief it always appears as if time stood still. All things appear to stand still, or slowly and painfully to roll on, in dark circles; but it is not so! Hours and days go on in an interminable chain; they rise and sink like the waves of the sea; and carry along with them the vessel of our life: carry it from the islands of joy it is true, but carry it also away from the rocky shores of grief. Hours came for me in which no consolation could appease my heart, in which I in vain combated with myself, and said; 'Now I will read, and then pray, and then sleep!' but yet anguish would not leave me, but followed me still, when I read, prevented me from prayer, and chased away sleep; yes, many such hours have been, but they too are gone; some such may perhaps come yet but I know also that they

too will go. The tenderness of my husband and of my children—the peace of home; the many pleasures within it; the relief of tears; the eternal consolations of the Eternal Word—all these have refreshed and strengthened my soul. It is now much, much better. And then—he died pure and spotless, the youth with the clear glance and the warm heart! He stood, as his father said, ready to go into the higher world. Oh! more than ever have I acknowledged, in the midst of my deep pain, that there is pain more bitter than this; for many a living son is greater grief to his mother than mine—the good one there, under the green mound!

"We have planted fir-trees and poplars around the grave, and often will it be decorated with fresh flowers. No dark grief abides by the grave of the friendly youth. Henrik's sisters mourn for him deep and still—perhaps Gabriele mourns him most of all. One sees it not by day, for she is generally gay as formerly; a little song, a gay jest, a little adornment of the house, all goes on just as before to enliven the spirits of her sisters. But in the night, when all rest in their beds, she is heard weeping, often so painfully—it is a dew of love on the grave of her brother; but then every morning is the eye again bright and smiling.

"On the first tidings of our loss Jacobi hastened to us, and took from Ernst and me in this time of heavy grief all care upon himself, and was to us as the tenderest of sons. Alas! he was obliged very soon to leave us, but the occasion for this was the most joyful. He is about to be nominated for the living of T—; and this promotion, which puts him in the condition soon to marry, affords him also a respectable income, and a sphere of action agreeable to his wishes and accordant with his abilities, and altogether makes him unspeakably happy. Louise also looks forward towards this union and establishment for life with quiet satisfaction, and that, I believe, as much on account of her family as for herself.

"The family affection appears, through the late misfortune, to have received a new accession: my daughters are more amiable than ever in their quiet care to sweeten the lives of their parents. Mrs. Gunilla has been like a mother to me and mine during this time; and many dear evidences of sympathy, from several of the best and noblest in Sweden, have been given to Henrik's parents;—the young poet's pure glory has brightened his house of mourning. 'It is beautiful to have died as he has died,' says our good Assessor, who does not very readily find any thing beautiful in this world.

"And I, Cecilia, should I shut my heart against so many occasions for joy and gratitude, and sit with my sorrow in darkness? O no! I will gladden the human circle in which I live; I will open my heart to the gospel of life and of nature; I will seize hold on the moments, and the good which they bring. No friendly glance, no spring-breeze, shall pass over me unenjoyed or unacknowledged; out of every flower will I suck a drop of honey, and out of every passing hour a drop of eternal life.

"And then—I know it truly—be my life long or short, bear it a joyful or a gloomy colour,

The day will never endure so long  
But at length the evening cometh.

The evening in which I may go home—home to my son, my summer-child! And then—O then, shall I perhaps acknowledge the truth of that

prophetic word which has so often animated my soul: 'For behold I create new heavens and a new earth; and the former shall not be remembered nor come into mind. But be ye glad and rejoice forever in that which I create.'

"I have wept much whilst I have written this, but my heart has peace. It is now late. I will creep in to my Ernst, and I feel that I shall sleep calmly by his side.

"Good night, my Cecilia."

## CHAPTER IX.

### NEW ADVERSITIES.

It was afternoon. The sisters were busily quilting Louise's bridal bed-cover; because, at the end of May, as was determined in the family council, she was to be married. The coverlet was of green silk, and a broad wreath of leafy branches formed its border. This pattern had occasioned a great deal of care and deliberation; but now, also, what joy did it not give rise to, and what ever-enduring admiration of the tasteful, the distinguished, the indescribably good effect which it produced, especially when seen from one side! Gabriele, to be sure, would have made sundry little objections relative to the connexion of the leaves, but Louise would not allow that there was any weight in them: "The border," said she, "is altogether charming!"

Gabriele had placed a full-blown monthly rose in the light locks of the bride, and had arranged with peculiar grace, around the platted hair at the back of her head, the green rose-leaves like a garland. The effect was lovely, as at this time the sunlight fell upon her head, and her countenance had more than ordinary charm; the cheeks a higher colour; the eyes a clearer blue, as they were often raised from the green rose-wreath and directed towards the window: Jacobi, the new pastor, was expected that evening.

Gabriele went up to her mother, and besought her to notice how well Louise looked, and the rose, how becoming it was to her! The mother kissed her, but forgot to notice Louise in looking on the peculiarly lovely face of "the little lady."

The industrious up-and-down picking of the needles accompanied the joyful conversation of the sisters.

Now they talked about the management of the living; now about the school; now about milk, and now about cheese. They settled about household matters; about meal-times; the arrangement of the table, and such like. In many things, Louise intended to follow the example of home; in others, she should do differently. "People must advance with the age," she meant there to be great hospitality in the parsonage-house—that was Jacobi's pleasure. Some one of her own family she hoped to have always with her; an especial wing should be built for beloved guests. She would go every Sunday to church, to hear her husband preach or sing the service. If the old wives came to the parsonage with eggs or other little presents, they should always be well entertained and encouraged to come again. All sick-people should be regaled with her elixir, and all misdoers

should be more or less reproved by her. She would encourage all, to the very best of her power, to read, to be industrious, to go to church, and to plant trees. Every Sunday several worthy peasants should be invited to dine at the parsonage with their wives. If the ladies of the Captain and the Steward came to visit her, the tea-kettle should be immediately set on and the card-table prepared. Every young peasant girl should live in service a whole year at the parsonage before she was married, in order to learn how to work and how to behave herself.—N.B. This would be wages enough for her. At all marriages the Pastor and his wife would always be present, the same at christenings; they would extend their hand in sponsorship over the youth, that all might grow up in good-breeding and the fear of God. At Midsummer and in harvest-time there should be a dance and great merry-making at the parsonage for the people—but without brandy; for the rest, nothing should be wanting:

None she forgets, the mistress of the feast,  
The beer flows free, the bunch of keys it jingles,  
And, without pause, goes on the stormy dance!

Work should be found for all beggars at the Parsonage, and then food; for lazy vagabonds a passing lecture, and then—march! And thus, by degrees, would preparation be made for the Golden Age.

Ah! ruin to the golden plans and to the golden age which she planned! Two letters which were delivered to Louise put a sudden end to them all! One of the letters from Jacobi, was very short, and said only that the parsonage was quite gone from him; but that Louise would not blame him on that account, as soon as she understood the whole affair.

"I long for you inexpressibly," continued Jacobi, "but I must postpone my arrival in H. in order to pay my respects to his Excellence D., who is detained in P. from an attack of gout, which seized him on his journey from Copenhagen to Stockholm. But by the 6th of May I hope certainly to be with you. I have new plans, and I long to lay down all my feelings and all my thoughts on your true breast, my Louise! I will no longer wait and seek. Since fortune perpetually runs out of my way, I will now take a leap and catch it, and in so doing trust in Heaven, in you, and lastly also—on myself. But you must give me your hand. If you will do that, beloved, I shall soon be yours, much happier than now, and eternally,

"Your tenderly devoted,

"J. JACOB."

The other letter was from an unknown hand—evidently a woman's hand, and was as follows:

"Do not hate me, although I have stood in the way of your happiness. Do not hate me—for I bless you and the noble man with whom you have united your fate. He is my benefactor, and the benefactor of my husband and my children. Oh, these children whose future he has made sure, they will now call on heaven to give a double measure of happiness to him and you for that which he has so nobly renounced. The object of my writing is to obtain your forgiveness, and to pour forth the feelings of a grateful heart to those who can best reward my

benefactor. Will you be pleased on this account to listen to the short, but uninteresting relation of a condition, which, at the same time, is as common as it is mournful!

"Perhaps Mr. Jacobi may at some time or other have mentioned my husband to you, for he was for several years his teacher, and both were much attached to each other. My husband held the office of schoolmaster in W., with honour, for twenty years. His small income, misfortunes which befall us, a quick succession of children, made our condition more oppressive from year to year, and increased the debt which from the very time when we settled down first, we were obliged to incur. My husband sought after a pastoral cure, but he could have recourse to none of those arts which are now so almost universally helpful, and which often conduct the hunter after fortune, and the mean-spirited, rather than the deserving, to the goal of their wishes; he was too simple for that, too modest, and perhaps too proud.

"During the long course of years he had seen just hopes deceived, and from year to year the condition of his family became more and more melancholy. Sickness had diminished his ability to work, and the fear of not being able to pay his debts gnawed into his health, which was not strong, and the prospect—of his nine unprovided-for children! I know I should deeply affect your heart, if I were to paint to you the picture of this family contending with want; but my tears would blot my writing. Jacobi can do it—he has seen it, he has understood it—for this picture which I had so carefully concealed from every other eye—this pale, family misery I revealed to him, for I was in despair!

"The name of my husband stood on the list of candidates for the living of T—. He had threefold the legally-demanded requisites of Jacobi, and was, over and above, known and beloved by the parish; all the peasants capable of voting, openly declared their intention of choosing him. Two great landed proprietors, however, had the ultimate decision: Count D. and Mr. B. the proprietor of the mines, could, if they two were agreed, they two alone, elect the pastor. They also acknowledged the esteem in which they held my husband, and declared themselves willing to unite in the general choice.

"For the first time in many years did we venture to look up to a brighter future. Presently, however, we learned that a powerful patron of Mr. Jacobi had turned the whole scale in his favour, and that it would be soon decided—the two great proprietors had promised their votes to him, and our condition was more hopeless than ever.

"The day of nomination approached. I did not venture to speak with my strictly conscientious husband of the design which I cherished. I had heard much said of Jacobi's excellent character. I was a distracted wife and mother. I sought out Jacobi, and spoke to him out of the depths of my heart, spoke to his sense of right—to his sense of honour; I showed him how the affair stood for us before he disturbed it, by means which could not be justly called honourable. I feared that my words were bitter, but all the more angel-like was it in Jacobi to hear me with calmness. I pictured to him our adverse circumstances; told him

how he might save us from misery, and sought him to do it.

"My prayer at first was almost wild, and in the beginning Jacobi seemed almost to think it so, but he heard me out; he let me conduct him to the house of his former teacher, saw the consuming anxiety depicted on his pale emaciated countenance—saw that I had exaggerated nothing—he wept, pressed my hand with a word of consolation, and went out hastily.

"The day of nomination came. Jacobi renounced all claims. My husband was elected to the living in T—. Good God! how it sounded in our ears and in our hearts! For a long time we could not believe it. After fifteen years of deceived hopes we hardly dared to believe in such happiness. I longed to embrace the knees of my benefactor, but he was already far distant from us. A few friendly lines came from him, which reconciled my husband to his happiness and Jacobi's renunciation, and which made the measure of his noble behaviour full. I have not yet been able to thank him; but you, his amiable bride, say to him—"

We omit the outpourings which closed this letter; they proceeded from a warm, noble heart, overflowing with happiness and gratitude.

The needles fell from the fingers of the sisters, as the mother, at Louise's request, read this letter aloud, and astonishment, sympathy, and a kind of admiring pleasure might be read in their looks. They all gazed one on the other with silent and tearful eyes.

Gabriele was the first who broke silence; "So then, we shall keep our Louise with us yet longer," said she, gaily, while she embraced her; and all united cordially in the idea.

"But," sighed Leonore, "it is rather a pity, on account of our wedding and personage; we had got all so beautifully arranged."

Louise shed a few quiet tears, but evidently not merely over the disappointed expectation. Later in the evening, the mother talked with her, and endeavoured to discover what were her feelings under these adverse circumstances.

Louise replied with all her customary candour, that at first it had fallen very heavily upon her. "I had now," continued she, "fixed my thoughts so much on an early union with Jacobi, I saw so much in my new condition which would be good and joyful for us all. But though this is now—and perhaps for ever, at an end, yet I do not exactly know if I wish it otherwise; Jacobi has behaved so properly, so nobly, I feel that I now prize him higher, and love him more than ever!"

It was difficult to the Judge not to be more cheerful than common this evening. He was inexpressibly affectionate towards his eldest daughter; he was charmed with the way in which she bore her fate, and it seemed to him as if she had grown considerably.

On the following day they quietly went on again with the quilting of the bed-cover while Gabrielle read aloud; and thus "the childhood of Eric Meuvad" diverted with its refreshing magic power all thoughts from the personage and its lost paradise to the rich middle age of Denmark, and to its young king Eric.

## CHAPTER X.

## NEW VIEWS AND NEW SCHEMES.

Jacobi was come; Gabriele complained jestingly to her mother, "that the brother-in-law-elect had almost overturned her, the little sister-in-law-elect, in order to fly to his Louise."

Louise received Jacobi with more than customary cordiality; so did the whole family. What Jacobi had lost in worldly wealth he seemed to have won in the esteem and love of his friends, and it was the secret desire of all to indemnify him, as it were, for the loss of the parsonage. Jacobi on this subject had also his own peculiar views; and after he had refreshed himself with the food that he so much loved, which Louise served up to him in abundance, and after he had had a conference of probably three hours' length with her, the result of the same was laid before the parents, who looked on the new views thus opened to them, not without surprise and disquiet.

It was Jacobi's wish and intention now immediately to celebrate his marriage with Louise, and afterwards to go to Stockholm, where he thought of commencing a school for boys. To those who knew that all Jacobi's savings amounted to a very inconsiderable capital; that his yearly income was only fifty crowns; that he had displeased his only influential patron; that his bride brought him no dowry; and thus that he had nothing on which to calculate excepting his own ability to work—to all those then who knew thus much, this sudden establishment had some resemblance to one of those romances with their "*diner de mon cœur, et souper de mon âme*," which is considered in our days to be so infinitely insipid.

But Jacobi, who had already arranged and well considered his plans, laid them with decision and candour before the parents, and besought their consent that he might as soon as possible be able to call Louise his wife. Elise gasped for breath; the Judge made sundry objections, but for every one of these Jacobi had a reasonable and well-devised refutation.

"Are Jacobi's plans yours also, Louise?" asked the Judge, after a momentary silence; "are you both agreed?"

Louise and Jacobi extended a hand to each other; looked on each other and then on the father, with tearful yet with calm and assured eyes.

"You are no longer children," continued the father; "you know what you are undertaking. But have you well considered?"

Both assented that they had. Already, before there had been any expectation of the living, they had thought on this plan.

"It is a fatiguing life that you are stepping into," continued the Judge, seriously, "and not the least so for you, Louise. The result of your husband's undertaking will depend for the greatest part on you. Will you joyfully, and without complaint, endure what it will bring with it; will you, from your heart, take part in his day's work?"

"Yes, that I will!" replied Louise with entire and hearty confidence.

"And you, Jacobi," continued he, with unsteady voice, "will you be father and mother and sisters to her? Will you promise me that

she neither now, nor in the future, so far as in you lies, shall miss the paternal home?"

"God help me! so certainly as I will exert myself to effect it, she shall not!" answered Jacobi, with emotion, and gave his hand to the Judge.

"Go then, children," exclaimed he, "and ask the blessing of your mother—mine you shall have," and with tearful eyes he clasped them in his arms.

Elise followed the example of her husband. She felt now that Louise and Jacobi's firm devotion to each other; their willingness to work; and their characters, so excellent, and beyond this, so well suited to each other, were more secure pledges of happiness than the greatest worldly treasure. With respect to the time of the marriage, however, she made serious objections. All that the parents could give to their daughter was a tolerably handsome outfit, and this could not by any possibility be so speedily prepared. Louise took her mother's view of the question, and Jacobi saw himself although reluctantly, compelled to agree that he should remain as at first arranged, namely, for the second day in Whitsuntide, which in this year fell at the end of May.

After this the betrothed hastened to the sisters to communicate to them the new views and schemes. There was many an Oh! and Ah! of astonishment; many a cordial embrace, and then, of course, what industry in the oak-leaf garland!

But as the mother at the usual time came in, she saw plainly that "the little lady" was somewhat impatient towards the brother-in-law-elect, and but little edified by his plans.

From that kind of sympathy which exists between minds, even when not a single word is spoken, especially between persons who are dear to each other, the dissatisfaction of Gabriele took possession also of the mother, who began to discover that Jacobi's plans were more and more idle and dangerous. Thus when Jacobi, not long afterwards, sought to have a  *tête-à-tête*  with her, in order to talk about his and Louise's plans, she could not help saying that the more she thought about the undertaking the more foolish did it appear to be.

To which Jacobi answered gaily, "Heaven is the guardian of all fools!"

Elise recollected at that moment how it had fared with a person with whom she was acquainted, who hoped for this guardianship in an undertaking that in most respects resembled Jacobi's, yet nothing had prevented all his affairs from going wrong altogether, and at length ending in bankruptcy and misery. Elise related this to Jacobi.

"Have you not read, mother," replied he, "a wise observation which stands at the end of a certain medical work?"

"No," said she; "what observation is it?"

"That what cured the shoemaker killed the tailor," said Jacobi.

Elise could not help laughing, and called him a conceited shoemaker. Jacobi laughed too, kissed Elise's hand, and then hastened to mingle in the group of young people, who assembled themselves round the tea table to see and to pass judgment on an extraordinary kind of tea-bread wherewith Louise would welcome

her bridegroom, and which, according to her opinion, besides the freshest freshness, was possessed of many wonderful qualities.

Whilst at tea, the mother whispered slyly into Louise's ear as Jacobi put sugar into his tea, "My dear child, there will be a deal of sugar used in your house—your husband will not be frugal."

Louise whispered back again, "But he will not grumble because too much sugar is used in the house. So let him take it then, let him take it!"

Both laughed.

Later in the evening, as the mother saw Jacobi dance the gallopade with Louise and Gabriele, whilst he made all happy with his joy, and his eyes beamed with life and goodness, she thought to herself—even virtue has her carelessness; and she was well satisfied with his plans.

One day Jacobi related the particulars of his audience with the excellence D., at P., to Louise and her mother; his relation was as follows:

"When I came up into the saloon the Bishop N. was coming backwards, with low bows, out of the chamber of his Excellence. Within a powerful voice was heard speaking polite and jocular words, and immediately afterwards his Excellence himself, with his foot wrapped in a woollen sock, accompanied the Bishop out. The lofty figure, clothed now in a dark green morning coat, seemed to me more imposing than ever. He swung a stick in his hand, upon which a grey parrot was sitting, which, while it strove to maintain its balance, screamed with all its might after the Bishop, 'Adieu to thee! adieu to thee!'

"The sunshine which was diffused over the expressive countenance of his Excellence as he came out of his room, vanished the moment he saw me (I had already informed him by letter of the use I had made of his goodness), and a severe repulsive glance was the only greeting which I received. When the Bishop at length, accompanied by the parting salutations of the parrot, had left, his Excellence motioned the servants out, and riveted upon me his strong, bright, grey eyes, and with an actually oppressive look inquired short and sharp, 'What want you, Sir?'

"I had never seen him behave thus to me before, and whilst I endeavoured to overcome a really choking sensation, I answered, 'I would thank you for the goodness which—'

"Which you have thrown away as if it were a very trifle," interrupted his Excellence. 'You must have a confounded many livings at command I think. You can perhaps throw such away on all sides.'

"He spoke these words in a hard ironical tone. I conjured him to hear me; and laid before him shortly, but with the utmost clearness, the reasons which had compelled me to give up the good fortune which his favour had procured for me. I concluded by saying, that the only consolation which I had for my loss, and the danger of having displeased my benefactor, was the feeling that I had done my duty and acted according to my conscience, and the persuasion that I had acted right.

"You have acted like a fool!" interrupted

his Excellence with violence, 'like a regular bedlamite have you behaved yourself! Things like this, sir, may do in romance, but in actual life they serve to no other purpose than to make their actors and all that belong to them beggars. But you have unpardonably compromised me! The thousand! you should have thought over all these things and these feelings before you had obtained my recommendation! Can I know of all supplicants with poverty, merits, and nine children? On your account in this business I have written letters; given dinners; made fine speeches; paid compliments in order to silence other claimants. I obtained for you that living, one of the best in the whole bishoprick, and now you have given it away as if it were a —. It is really too bad! Don't come any more to me; and don't mix me up again in your concerns, that I say to you! I shall for the future meddle in nothing of the kind. Don't you ask me ever again for any thing!'

"I was wounded, but still more distressed than wounded, and said, 'The only thing which I shall ask from you, and shall ask for till I obtain it, is the forgiveness of your Excellence! My error in this affair was great; but after I had seen it, there was nothing for me to do but to retrieve it as well as lay in my power, and then to bear the consequences, even though they be as bitter as I now find them. Never again shall I make any claim to your goodness—you have already done more than enough for me. My intention is now to try if I cannot maintain myself by my own powers as teacher. I intend to establish a school for boys in Stockholm, whither I shall travel as soon as—'

"Attempt, and travel, and do whatever you like!" interrupted his Excellence. 'I don't trouble myself about it. I have occupied myself in your affairs for the last time! If I were together for you ten livings, you would give all away the next moment, to the first, best poor devil that prayed you for them, with his full complement of wife and ten children!'

"Lundholm, wash me the glass! I never drink out of a glass from which a Bishop has drunk!'

"His Excellence had already turned his back upon me, and went again into his chamber cursing his gout, without the slightest parting word to me. The parrot, however, on the contrary turned itself about on the stick, and cried out with all his might, 'Adieu to thee! adieu to thee!'

"With this greeting, perhaps the last in the house of his Excellence, I retired; but not without, I must confess, stopping a few moments on the steps and wetting the stones with my tears. It was not the loss of a powerful patron which gave me so much pain, but—I had so admired this man, I had loved him with such an actual devotion; I looked up to him as to one of the noblest and most distinguished of men. He also seemed really to like me—at least I thought so, and now all at once he was so changed, so stern towards me, and as it seemed to me so unreasonable. It actually gave me pain to find so little that was noble in him, so little that was just! These were my feelings in those first bitter moments. When

I came to think over the whole event more calmly, I could almost believe that he had received beforehand an unjust representation of the whole affair, and that I encountered him while under its influence. Over and above, he had reason to be dissatisfied with the whole thing, and then just at that moment a fit of the gout seized him! I have written to him from this place, and I feel it impossible to give up the hope of seeing his sentiments mollified towards me."

Louise, however, did not think so favourably of his sentiments; thought Jacobi quite too indulgent, and was altogether irritated against his Excellence.

"It is quite the best not to trouble oneself about him," said she.

Jacobi smiled. "Poor Excellence!" said he.

## CHAPTER XI.

### A RELAPSE.

WHILST May wrote its romance in leaves and life; whilst Jacobi and Louise wrote many sweet chapters of theirs in kisses; whilst all in the house was in motion on account of the marriage, and joy and mirth sprang up to life like butterflies in the spring sun, one glance was ever darker, one cheek ever paler, and that was Eva's.

People say commonly that love is a game for the man, and a life's-business for the woman. If there be truth in this, it may arise from this cause, that practical life makes commonly too great a demand on the thoughts and activity of the man for him to have much time to spend on love, whilst on the contrary the woman is too much occupied with herself to have the power of withdrawing herself from the pangs of love (may the Chamberlain's lady forgive us talking so much about man and woman! It has not been our lot here in the world to scour either a room or a kettle, though, to speak the truth, we do not consider ourselves incapable of so doing).

Eva found nothing in her peaceful home which was powerful enough to abstract her from the thoughts and feelings which for so long had been the dearest to her heart. The warm breezes of spring, so full of love, fanned up that glimmering fire; so did also that innocent life of the betrothed, so full of cordiality and happiness; so did also a yet more poisonous wind. One piece of news which this spring brought was the betrothal of Major R. with one of the beauties of the capital, a former rival of Eva—news which caused a deep wound to her heart. She wished to conceal, she wished to veil what was yet remaining of a love which no one had favoured, and over which she could not now do other than blush; she had determined never again to burden and grieve her family with her weakness, her sorrows; she would not disturb the peace, the cheerfulness, which now again began to reign in the family, after the misfortunes which had shaken it, but under the endeavour to bear her burden alone, her not strong spirit gave way. She withdrew more and more from the family circle; became ever more silent and reserved, sought for solitude, and was unwilling to have her solitude disturbed by any

one. She even was reserved before Leonore, although she, like a good angel, stood by her side, resting her soft eyes upon her with a tender disquiet, endeavouring to remove from her every annoyance, taking upon herself every painful occupation, and evincing towards her all that anxious care which a mother shews to a sick child. Eva permitted all this, and was daily more and more consumed by her untold mental sufferings. The engrossing cares which at this time occupied the family, prevented almost every one from paying attention to Eva's state of mind, and thus she was often left to herself.

For several of the last evenings Eva had gone down into her own chamber directly after tea—for in their present dwelling some of the daughters occupied the ground-floor—and on the plea of headache had excused herself from again returning to her family during the evening. It was a principle of the parents never to make use of any other means of compulsion with their children, now that they were grown up, than love, be it in great things or in small. But then love had a great power in this family; and as the daughters knew that it was the highest delight of their father to see them all round him in an evening, it became a principle with them neither to let temper nor any other unnecessary cause keep them away. As now, however, this was the third evening on which Eva had been absent, the father became uneasy, and the mother went down to her, whilst the rest of the family and some friends who were with them were performing a little concert together. But Eva was not to be found in her chamber, and the mother was hastening back again, full of disquiet, when she met Ulla, who was going to make the beds.

"Where is Eva?" asked she, with apparent indifference.

Ulla started, was red and then pale, and answered hesitatingly, "She is—gone out—I fancy."

"Where is she gone?" asked Elise, suddenly uneasy.

"I fancy—to the grave of the young master," returned Ulla.

"To the grave!—so late! Has she gone there or several evenings?" inquired the mother.

"This is now the third evening," said Ulla: "Ah, best, gracious lady, it goes really to my heart—it is not justly right there!"

"What is not justly right, Ulla?"

"That Mamselle Eva goes out to the grave so late, and does not come back again till it has struck ten, and that she will be so much alone," returned Ulla. "Yesterday Mamselle Leonore even cried, and begged of her not to go, or to allow her to go with her. But Mamselle Eva would not let her, but said she would not go, and that Mamselle Leonore should go up stairs, and leave her alone; but as soon as Mamselle Leonore had left her she went out for all that, with only a thin kerchief over her head. And this evening she is gone out also. Ah! it must be a great grief which consumes her, for she gets paler every day!"

Greatly disturbed by what she had heard, Elise hastened to seek her husband. She found him deeply engaged over his books and papers, but he left all the moment he saw the troubled countenance of his wife. She related to him

what she had heard from Ulla, and informed him that it was her intention to go now immediately to the churchyard.

"I will go with you," said the Judge, "only tell Louise to defer supper for us till we come back; I fancy nobody will miss us, they are so occupied by their music."

No sooner said than done. The husband and wife went out together; it was half-past nine in the middle of May, but the air was cold, and a damp mist fell.

"Good heavens!" said the Judge softly, "she'll get her death of cold if she stops in the churchyard so late, and in air like this!"

As they approached the churchyard, they saw that a female form passed hastily through the gate. It was not Eva, for she sat on the grave of her brother; she sat there immovable upon the earth, and resembled a ghost. The churchyard was, with this exception, deserted. The figure which had entered before them, softly approached the grave, and remained standing at the distance of a few paces.

"Eva!" said a beseeching mournful voice; it was Leonore. The parents remained standing behind some thick-leaved fir-trees. On precisely the same spot had the father stood once before, and listened to a conversation of a very different kind.

"Eva!" repeated Leonore, with an expression of the most heartfelt tenderness.

"What do you want with me, Leonore?" asked Eva, impatiently, but without moving. "I have already prayed you to let me alone."

"Ah! I cannot leave you, dear Eva!" replied her sister, "why do you sit her on the ground, on this cold, wet evening. Oh, come home with me!"

"Do you go home, Leonore! this air is not proper for you! Go home to the happy, and be merry with them," returned Eva.

"Do you not remember," tenderly pleaded Leonore, "how I once, many years ago, was sick both in body and mind? Do you know who it was then that left the gay in order to comfort me? I prayed her to leave me—but she went not from me—neither will I now go away from you."

"Ah, go! leave me alone!" repeated Eva, "I stand now alone in the world!"

"Eva, you distress me!" said her sister. "you know that there is no one in this world that I love like you: I mourned so much when you left us—the house without you seemed empty, but I consoled myself with the thought that Eva will soon come back again. You came, and I was so joyful, for I believed that we should be so happy together. But I have seen since how little consequence I am to you! still I love you as much as ever, and if you think that I have not sympathized in your sorrows, that I have not wept with you and for you, you do me certainly injustice! Ah, Eva, many a night, when you have believed perhaps that I lay in sweet sleep, have I sat at your door, and listened how you wept, and have wept for you, and prayed for you, but I did not dare to come in to you because I imagined your heart to be closed to me!" And so saying, Leonore wept bitterly.

"You are right, Leonore," answered Eva, "much has become closed in me which once

was open. This feeling, this love for him—Oh, it has swallowed up my whole soul! For some time I believed I should be able to conquer it—but now I believe so no longer—"

"Do you repent of your renunciation?" asked Leonore; "it was so noble of you! Would you yet be united to him?"

"No, no! the time for that is gone by," said Eva. "I would rather die than that; but you see, Leonore, I loved him so—I have tasted love, and have felt how rapturous, how divine life might be!—Oh, Leonore, the bright warm summer-day is not more unlike this misty evening hour, than the life which I lived for a season is unlike the future which now lies before me!"

"It seems so to you now, Eva—you think so now," answered her sister; "but let a little time pass over, and you will see that it will be quite otherwise; that the painful feelings will subside, and life will clear up itself before you. Think only how it has already afforded you pleasure to look up to heaven when the clouds separated themselves, and you said, 'see how bright it will be! how beautiful the heaven is!' and your blue eyes beamed with joy and peace, because it was so. Believe me, Eva, the good time will come again, in which you will then look up to heaven, and feel thus joyful and thus gay!"

"Never!" exclaimed Eva, weeping; "Oh, never will that time return! Then I was innocent, and from that cause I saw heaven above me become clear—now so much that is bad, so much that is impure has stained my soul—stains it yet!—O Leonore, if you only knew all that I have felt for some time you would never love me again! Would you believe it that Louise's innocent happiness has infused bitterness into my soul; that the gaiety which has again begun to exist in the family has made me feel bitterness towards my own family—my own beloved ones! Oh, I could detest myself! I have chastised myself with the severest words—I have prayed with bitter tears, and yet—"

"Dear Eva, you must have patience with yourself," said Leonora, "you will not—"

"Ah, I am already weary of myself, of my life!" hastily interrupted Eva; "I am like some one who has already travelled far, who is already spent, but who must still go on, and can never come to his journey's end. It seems to me as if I should be a burden to all who belong to me; and when I have seen you all so happy, so gay one with another, I have felt my heart and my head burn with bitterness; then have I been obliged to go out—out into the cold evening dew, and I have longed to repose in the earth upon which it fell—I have longed to be able to hide myself from every one—deep, deep in the grave below!"

"But from me," said Leonore, "you will not be able to hide yourself; nor to go from me, since where you go there will I follow. Oh, what were life to me if you were to leave it in despair! You would not go alone to the grave, Eva. I would follow you there; and if you will not allow that I sit by your side, I will seat myself on the churchyard wall, that the same evening damps which penetrate you may penetrate me also; that the same night wind which chills your bosom may chill mine; that I may

be laid by your side and in the same grave with you. And willingly would I die for you, if—you will not live for me, and for the many who love you so much. We will try all things to make you happier. God will help us, and the day will come in which all the bitter things of this time will seem like a dream, and when all the great and beautiful feelings, and all the agreeable impressions of life will again revive in you. You will again become innocent—nay, become more, because virtue is a higher, a glorified innocence. O Eva, if he whose dust reposes beneath us, if his spirit invisibly float around us—if he who was better and purer than all of us, could make his voice audible to us at this moment, he would certainly join with me in the prayer—“O Eva, live—live for those who love thee.” Mortal life, with all its anguish and its joy, is soon past; and then it is so beautiful that our life should have caused joy to one another on earth; it causes joy in heaven. The great Comforter of all affliction will not turn from thee; only do not thou turn from Him! Have patience; tarry out your time. Peace comes, comes certainly—”

The words ceased; both sisters had clasped their arms round each other, and mingled their tears. Eva's head rested on Leonore's shoulder as she, after a long pause, spoke in a feeble voice:

“Say no more, Leonore; I will do what you wish. Take me; make of me what you will; I am too weak to sustain myself at this moment—support me; I will go with you; you are my good angel.”

Other guardian angels approached just then, and clasped the sisters in a tender embrace. Conducted by them, Eva returned home. She was altogether submissive and affectionate, and besought earnestly for forgiveness from all. She was very much excited by the scenes which had just occurred, drank a composing draught which her mother administered, and then listened to Leonore, who read to her, as she lay in bed, till she fell asleep.

The Judge paced up and down his chamber uneasily that night, and spoke thus to his wife, who lay in bed.

“A journey to the baths, and that in company with you, would be quite the best thing for her. But I don't know how I can do without you; and more than that, where the money is to come from. We have had great losses, and see still great expenses before us: in the first place Louise's marriage; and then, without a little money in hand, we cannot let our girls go from home; and the rebuilding of our house. But we must borrow more money; I see no other way. Eva must be saved, her mind must be enlivened and her body strengthened let it cost what it may. I must see and borrow—”

“It is not necessary, Ernst,” said Elise; and the Judge, making a sudden pause, gazed at her with astonishment; while she, half raising herself in bed, looked at him with a countenance beaming with joy. “Come,” continued she, “and I will recollect something to your memory which occurred fifteen years ago.”

“What sort of a history can that be?” said he, smiling gaily, while he seated himself on the bed, and took the hand which Elise extended to him.

“Fifteen-and-twenty years ago,” began she.

“Fifteen-and-twenty years!” interrupted he, “heaven help me, you promised to go no farther back than fifteen.”

“Patience, my love; this is part the first of my story. Do you not remember, then,” said she, “how, fifteen-and-twenty years ago, at the commencement of our married life, you made plans for a journey into the beautiful native land of your mother? I see now, Ernst, that you remember it. And how we should wander there you planned, and enjoy our freedom and God's lovely nature; you were so joyful in the prospect of this; but then came adversity, and cares, and children, and never-ending labour for you, so that our Norwegian journey retreated more and more into the background. Nevertheless, it remained like a point of light to you in the future; but now for some time you seem to have forgotten it; for you have given up all your own pleasures in labouring for your family; have forsaken all your own enjoyments, your own plans, for your own sphere of activity and your home. But I have not forgotten the Norwegian journey, and in fifteen years have obtained the means of its accomplishment.”

“In fifteen years! what do you mean!” asked he.

“Now I am arrived,” she answered, “at part the second of my history. Do you still remember, Ernst, that fifteen years ago we were not so happy as we are now? You have forgotten! Well, so much the better; I scarcely remember it myself any more, for the expansive mind of love has grown over the black scar. What I, however, know is, that at that time I was not so properly at home in actual life, and did not rightly understand all the good that it offered me, and that to console myself on that account I wrote a romance. But now it happened that by reason of my romance characters I neglected my duties to my lord and husband, for the gentlemen are decidedly unskilled in serving themselves—

“Very polite!” interposed the Judge, smiling.

“Be content!” continued she, “now it happened that one evening his tea and my romance came into collision—a horrible story followed. But I made a vow in my heart that one of these days the two rivals should become reconciled. Now you see my manuscript—you had the goodness to call it rubbish—I sent to a very enlightened man, a man of distinguished taste and judgment, and thus it befell, he found taste in the rubbish; and, what say you to it? paid me a pretty little sum for permission to bring it before the world. Do not look so grave, Ernst; I have never again taken up the pen to write romances; my own family has found me enough to do; and besides, I never again could wish to do anything which was not pleasant to you. You have displaced all rivals, do you see! But this one I decided should be the means of your taking the Norwegian journey. The little sum of two hundred crowns banco which it produced me have I placed in the savings' bank for this purpose, and in fifteen years it has so much augmented itself that it will perfectly accomplish that object; and if ever the time for its employment will come, it is now. The desire for travelling is gone from me—I covet now only rest. But you and—”

"And you think," said the Judge, "that I shall take your——"

"O Ernst! why should you not?" exclaimed she; "if you could but know what joy the thought of this has prepared for me! The money, which from year to year increased, in order to give you pleasure, has been to me like a treasure of hidden delight, which has many a time strengthened and animated my soul! Make me only perfectly happy by allowing yourself to have enjoyment from it. Take it, my Ernst, and make yourself pleasure with it, this summer; I pray you to do so on account of our children. Take Eva with you, and if possible Leonore also. Nothing would refresh Eva's soul more than such a journey with you and Leonore in a magnificent and beautiful country. The money can be obtained in a month's time, and a few month's leave of absence cannot possibly be denied to one who has spent more than thirty years in incessant service for the state; and when Louise and her husband have left us, and spring and nature are in their very loveliest, then you shall set out; you shall be refreshed after so many years of painful labour, and the wounded heart of our sick child shall be healed."

## CHAPTER XII.

### PLANS AND COUNTER PLANS.

EVA entered her father's study the next morning. He immediately left his work, received her with the greatest tenderness, drew her to his side on the sofa, and placing one arm round her waist, took her hand in his and inquired, with a searching glance, "Do you want anything from me, my child? Can I do anything for you? Tell me!"

Encouraged by this kindness, Eva described the state of her mind to her father, and explained how she wished to commence an active life in order to overcome her weakness, and to regain strength and quiet. The situation of teacher in a girl's school in the city was vacant, and she wished immediately to take it, but only for the summer, during which time she and Leonore would prepare themselves to open a school in autumn. It was a plan of which they had long thought, and which would afford them a useful and independent life. Eva besought the acquiescence of her father to this proposition.

"Leonore and I," continued she, "have this morning talked a deal on the subject; we hope that with the counsel and countenance upon which we may reckon, to be able to make it succeed. Ah, father! I am become quite anxious about it on account of my own weakness. I must speedily resort to external means, that I may overcome it. I will become active; I will work; and while thus employed, I shall forget the past and myself, and only live for the happiness of those who love me, and to whom I have caused so much trouble."

"My child! my dear child, you are right; you do rightly!" said the father, deeply affected, and clasping his daughter in his arms; "your wish shall be granted, and whatever is in my power will I do to forward your plans. What a many institutions for education will

there not proceed from our house! But there is no harm at all in that—there are no more useful institutions on the face of the earth! One reservation, however, I must make from your and Leonore's determination. You may dedicate the autumn and winter to your school—but the summer you must devote to your father; and Madame B. may find a teacher—where she can, only not from my family—for I am not now in a condition to find her one."

"Ah, father," said she, "every unemployed hour is a burden to me!"

"We will bear the burden together, my child," interrupted her father, "Leonore, I, and you, in our wanderings towards the west. In a few weeks I am thinking of undertaking a journey, after which I have longed for these many years; I will visit the beautiful native land of my mother; will you, Eva, breathe this fresh mountain air with me? I should have very little pleasure in the journey alone; but in company with you and Leonore it will make me young again! Our heads are become bowed, my child, but in God's beautiful nature we will lift them up again! You will go with me—is it not so? Good! Come then with me to your mother, for it is she alone who has managed this journey!"

With an arm round the waist of his daughter the Judge now went to his wife; they found Leonore with her; nor was ever a quartet of Mozart's more harmonious than that which was now performed among them.

Eva was uncommonly animated all day, but in the evening she was in a burning fever. A feeling of anxiety went through the whole family; they feared that a new grave was about to be opened, and disquiet was painted on all countenances. Eva, demanded, with a fervour, which was not without its feverish excitement, that the Assessor should be fetched. He came immediately.

"Forgive me!" exclaimed Eva, extending her hand to him, I have been so ungrateful to you! But my heart was so disordered that it was quite changed; but it will recover itself again. Leonore has given it health. I am very ill now; my hands burn, my head aches! Give me my little work-box—that I may hold it between my hands—that I may lean my head upon it—else I shall be no better! You, my friend, will cure me that I may again make my family happy!"

The Assessor dried his tears. As Eva leaned her head on the work-box, she talked earnestly, but not quite coherently, of the plans for the future.

"Very good, very good," said the physician, interrupting her; I too will be of the establishment; I will give instructions in botany to the whole swarm of girls, and between us we will drive them out into the woods and into the fields, that we may see them learn all that is beautiful in the world. But now, Eva, you must not talk any more—but you must empty this glass."

Eva took the composing draught willingly, and was soon calmer. She was the most obedient and amiable of patients, and showed a confidence in her old friend which penetrated his heart. He would have sat night and day by her bed.

Eva's sickness was a violent fever, which confined her to her bed for nearly three weeks, and occasioned her family great uneasiness. This sickness was, however, very beneficial for herself and for the health of her mind; but still more beneficial was the infinite love with which she saw herself encompassed on all sides.

One day in the beginning of her convalescence, as she sat up and saw herself surrounded by all the comforts which love and home could gather about a beloved sufferer, she said to Leonore as she leaned upon her, "Ah, who would not be willing to live when they see themselves so beloved."

In the mean time Louise's wedding-day was approaching nearer.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### A SURPRISE.

THREE days before the wedding a grand travelling-carriage drawn by four horses rolled through the streets of the city of X., and from the prodigious clatter which it made drew all the inhabitants to their windows.

"Did you see, dear sister," cried the general-shopkeeper Madame Saur to Madame Bask, the wife of the postmaster, "the grand travelling-carriage that has just gone by! Did you see the sweet youth that sat on the left and looked so genteel, with his snow-white neck and open shirt-collar! Lawk! how he looked at me—so sweet as he was! How like a real prince he looked!"

"Dear sister!" answered the postmistress, "then you did not see the gentleman who sat on the right! He was a grand gentleman, that I can positively assert! He sat so stately leaning back in the carriage, and so wrapped up in grand furs that one could not see the least bit of his face. Positively it was something grand!"

"I got a shimmer of the youth," said the grey-brown handed and visaged Annette P. as she glanced up from her coarse sewing, with such a look as probably a captive who has glanced out of his prison into a freer and more beautiful state of existence; "he looked so calm, with large blue eyes, out of the plate-glass windows of the carriage! as pure and grave he looked as one of God's angels!"

"Ay! we know to be sure how the angels look!" said the postmistress snubbingly, and with a severe glance at Annette; "but that's absolutely all one! Yet I should like to know what grantees they are. I should not be a bit surprised if it were his royal highness or gracious crown-prince, who with his eldest son is travelling *incondito* through the country."

"Dear sister says what is true," returned Madame Saur. "Yes it must be so! for he looked like a regular prince, the dear youth, as he sat there and glanced at me through the window; really, he smiled at me!"

"Nay, my ladies, we've got some genteel strangers in the city!" exclaimed Mr. Alderman Nyberg as he came into the room.

"Have they stopped here!" cried both ladies at once.

"My wife saw the carriage draw up and——"

"Nay, heaven defend us! Mr. Alderman

what are you thinking about that you don't make a stir in the city and send a deputation to wait upon them! For goodness sake let the city-council come together!"

"How! What! Who?" asked the Alderman, opening wide his grey eyes like some one just awoke out of sleep; "Can it indeed——"

"Yes, very likely his royal highness himself in his own proper person—possibly his majesty!"

"Gracious heavens!" said the Alderman, and looked as if the town-house had fallen.

"But speed off in all the world's name; and run and look about you, and don't stand here staring like a dead figure!" exclaimed the Postmistress quite hoarse, while she shook up and down her great mass of humanity on the creaking sofa. "Dear sister, cannot you also get on your legs a little, and Annette too, instead of sitting there humdrumming with her sewing, out of which nothing comes. Annette run quick, and see what it is all about—but come back in an instant-minute and tell me, poor soul, whom our Lord has smitten with calamity and sickness—nay, nay, march pancake!"

The alderman ran; dear sister Saur ran; Mamselle Annette ran; we ran also, dear reader, in order to see a large-made gentleman somewhat in years, and a youth of eleven, of slender figure and noble appearance, dismount from the travelling-carriage. It was Excellence D. and his youngest son.

They alighted and went into the house of the Franks. His Excellence entered the drawing-room without suffering himself to be announced, and introduced, himself to Elise, who though surprised by the visit of the unexpected stranger, received him with all her accustomed graceful self-possession; lamenting the absence of her husband, and thinking to herself that Jacobi had not in the least exceeded the truth in his description of the person of his Excellence.

His Excellence was now in the most brilliant of humours, and discovered, as by sudden revelation, that he and Elise were related; called her "my cousin" all the time, and said the handsomest things to her of her family, of whom he had heard so much, but more especially of a certain young man on whom he set the highest value. Further he said, that however much he must rejoice in having made the personal acquaintance of his cousin, still he must confess that his visit at this time had particular reference to the young man of whom he had spoken; and with this he inquired after Jacobi.

Jacobi was sent for and came quickly, but not without evident emotion in his countenance. Excellence D. approached him, extended his hand cheerfully, and said, "I rejoice to see you; my cursed gout has not quite left me; but I could not pass so near the city without going a little out of my way in order to wish you happiness on your approaching marriage, and also to mention an affair—but you must introduce me to your bride."

Jacobi did it with glowing eyes. His Excellence took Louise's hand, and said, "I congratulate you on your happiness, on being about to have one of the most estimable of men for your husband!" And with these words he riveted a friendly penetrating glance upon her, and then kissed her hand. Louise blushed deeply, and

looked happier than when she agreed to her own proposition of not troubling herself about his Excellence.

Upon the other daughters also who were present, his keen eyes were fixed with a look which seemed rather to search into soul than body, and rested with evident satisfaction on the beautifully blushing Gabriele.

"I also have had a daughter," said he slowly, "an only one—but she was taken from me!"

A melancholy feeling seemed to have gained possession of him, but he shook it quickly from him, stood up and went to Jacobi, to whom he talked in a loud and friendly voice.

"My best Jacobi," said he, "you told me the last time we were together that you thought of opening a school for boys at Stockholm. I am pleased with it, for I have proved that your ability as teacher and guide of youth is of no ordinary kind. I wish to introduce to you a pupil, my little boy. You will confer upon me a real pleasure if you will be able to receive him in two months, at which time I must undertake a journey abroad, which perhaps may detain me long, and would wish to know that during this my absence my son was in good hands. I wish that he should remain under your care at least two or three years. You will easily feel that I should not place in your hands him who is dearest to me in the world. If I had not the most perfect confidence in you, and therefore I give you no prescribed directions concerning him. And if prayers can obtain motherly regard," continued he, turning to Louise, "I would direct myself with them to you. Take good care of my boy—he has no longer a mother!"

Louise drew the boy hastily to her, embraced him and kissed him with warmth. A smile as of sunshine diffused itself over the countenance of the father, and certainly no words which Louise could have spoken would have satisfied him more than this silent but intelligent answer of the heart. Jacobi stood there with tears in his eyes; he could not bring forth many words, but his Excellence understood him, and shook him cordially by the hand.

"May we not have the horses taken out? Will not your Excellence have the goodness to stay to dine with us?" were the beseeching questions which were repeated around him.

But however willing his Excellence would have been to do it, it was impossible. He had promised to dine at Strö with Count Y., eighteen miles distant from the city.

"But breakfast! a little breakfast at least! It should be served in a moment. The young Count Axel would certainly be glad of a little breakfast!" asserted Louise with friendly confidence, who seemed already to have taken under her protection the future pupil of her husband.

The young Count Axel did not say no; and the father, whose behaviour became every moment more cordial and gay, said that a little breakfast in such company would eat excellently.

Bergström prepared with rapture and burning zeal the table for the lofty guest, who in the mean time chatted with evident satisfaction with Elise and Jacobi, directing often also his conversation to Louise, as if insensibly, to test her; and from their inmost hearts did both mother and bridegroom rejoice that with her

calm understanding she could stand the test as well.

Gabriele entertaining the young Count Axel, in one of the windows by listening to the repeater of his new gold watch, which set the grave and naturally silent boy at liberty to lead the entertainment in another way; and Gabriele, who entered into all his ideas, wondered very much over the wonderful properties of the watch, and let it repeat, over and over again, whilst her lovely and lively smiles, and her merry words, called forth more and more the confidence of the young Axel.

Breakfast was ready; was brought in by the happy Bergström; was eaten and praised by his Excellence, who was a connoisseur; a description of the capitally preserved anchovies was particularly desired from Louise; and then her health and that of her bridegroom were drank in Madeira.

Towards the conclusion of the breakfast the Judge came home. The trait of independence, bordering on pride, which sometimes revealed itself in Judge Frank's demeanour, and perhaps at the very time of his respectful but simple greeting of his Excellence, called forth in him also a momentary glimpse of height. But this pride soon vanished from both sides. These two men knew and valued each other mutually, and it was not long before they were so deeply engrossed by conversation, that his Excellence forgot his journey, not for one only, but for two hours.

"I lament over Strö and its dinner," said his Excellence, preparing to take his departure; "how they must have waited there! But we could not possibly help it."

After his Excellence had departed, he left behind him a bright impression on all the family of Franks, not one of whom did not feel animated in a beneficial manner by his behaviour and his words. Jacobi in his joy made a high *cara-chai*, and embracing Louise said, "Now, Louise, what say you to the man? And we have got a pupil that will draw at least twenty after him!"

Louise was perfectly reconciled to his Excellence. From this day forth Bergström began a new era; whatever happened in the family was either before or after the visit of his Excellence.

"Ah, then, my goodness! that it should be Excellence D.!" said the dear sister Bask to the dear sister Saur.

"Yes, just think! That he should come solely, and for no other purpose, than to visit the Franks, and breakfast there, and stop several hours there! He is a cousin of the Judge's lady."

"Her cousin? Bah! no more her cousin than I am the king's cousin, positively not!"

"Yes, yes! or why else should he have called her 'my gracious cousin!' And one must confess that there is something refined and genteel about her—and such hands as she has have I never seen!"

"Hum! There's no art in looking genteel and having beautiful hands, when one goes about the house like a foolish thing, washing one's hands in rose-water, and all the livelong day doing not one sensible act. That I know well enough!"

"Yes, yes! they who will be of any use in their house cannot keep such hands, and sit the whole day and read romances! I should like to know how it would have gone with the blessed Saur's baking business—to which at last he added the grocery—if I had been a genteel lady! Not at all, because I should not have done it. Dear sister, know that I once had my whims—yes, and a turn for scribbling and writing. Yes, so help me Heaven! if it had not been for my little bit of sound sense, which shewed me my folly in time, I might have become a regularly learned lady, another—what do you call her!—Madame de Stael! But when I married the late Saur I determined to give up all that foolishness, and do honour to the baking; and now I have quite let my little talent slip away from me, so that it is as good as buried. But on that account I am, to be sure, no fitting company for the Franks—think only!—and shall be only less and less so, if they are always climbing higher and higher."

"Let them climb as high as they will, I don't intend to make obeisances before them, that I can promise them! that I absolutely will not! It vexes me enough that Annette is so mad after them. Before one is aware of it, they will be taking her away from me, skin and hair; and that's my thanks for all I have lavished upon her! But I'll tell the gentry that I'm positively determined to make no compliments to them or to their Excellencies, and that one person is just as good as another! Positively I'll tell them that!"

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### THE EVENING BEFORE THE WEDDING.

"God bless the little ones! But when one considers how little of a rarity children are in this world, one has only to open one's mouth to say so, and people are all up in arms and make such a stir and such an ado about their little ones! Heart's-dearest! People may call them angels as much as ever they will, but I would willingly have my knees free from them! But worst of all is it with the first child in a family! Oh, it is a happiness and a miracle, and cannot be enough overloaded with caresses and presents from father and mother, and aunts and cousins, all the world over. Does it scream and roar, then it is a budding genius; is it silent, then it is a philosopher, in its oracle: and scarcely is it eight days old but it understands Swedish, and almost German also. And—it bites, the sweet angel!—it has got a tooth! It bites properly. Ah, it is divine! Then comes the second child:—it is by far less wonderful already; its cry and its teeth are not half so extraordinary. The third comes:—it is all over with miracles now! the aunts begin to shake their heads and say, "no lack of heirs in the house! Nay, nay! may there be only enough to feed them all. After this comes a fourth, and a fifth, and a sixth—yes, then people's wits are set in full play! The parents resign themselves, but the friends defend themselves! Heart's-dearest, what is to become of it! The house full of children, a whole half dozen! Poor Mrs. This and This—it makes one quite weak both in body and mind only to think of it! Yes,

yes, my friends, people don't put these things down in romances, but it goes on in this way in real life! Yes!"

It was the Chamberlain's lady who preached this little sermon, in the zeal of her spirit, to the young couple who the next day were to be man and wife. She ate on this evening Whitsuntide-porridge\* with the Franks, and all the while gave sundry lessons for the future. Jacobi laughed heartily over the history of the children, and endeavoured to catch Louise's eye; but this was fixed upon the Postillion, which she was arranging with a very important and grave aspect. The Judge and Elise looked smilingly on each other, and extended to each other their hands.

The state of feeling in the family, for the rest of the evening, was quite rose-coloured. Letters had been received from Petrea which gave contentment to all her friends, and Eva sat in the family circle with returning, although as yet, pale roses on her cheeks. The Judge sat between Eva and Leonore, laying out on the map the plan of the summer tour. They would visit Thistedalen, Ringeriget, and Thellemarken, and would go through Trondheim to Norrland, where people go to salute the midnight sun.

Gabriele looked after her flowers, and watered the myrtle tree from which next morning she would break off sprays wherewith to weave a crown and garland for Louise. Jacobi sat near the mother, and seemed to have much to say to her; what it was, however, nobody heard, but he often conveyed her hand to his lips, and seemed as if he were thanking her for his life's happiness. He looked gentle and happy. Every thing was prepared for the morrow, so that this evening would be spent in quiet.

According to Jacobi's wish the marriage was to take place in the church, and after this they were all to dine *en famille*. In the evening, however, a large company was to be assembled in the S. saloon, which with its adjoining garden had been hired for the purpose. This was according to the wish of the father, who desired that for the last time, perhaps for many years, his daughter should collect around her, all her acquaintance and friends, and thus should show to them, at the same time, welcome politeness. He himself, with the help of Jacobi and Leonore, who was everybody's assistant, had taken upon himself the arrangement of this evening's festival, that his wife might not be fatigued and disturbed by it.

At supper the betrothed sat side by side, and Jacobi behaved sometimes as if he would purposely seize upon his bride's plate as well as his own, which gave rise to many dignified looks, to setting-to-rights again, and a deal of merriment besides.

Later in the evening, when they all went to rest, Louise found her toilette-table covered with presents from bridegroom, parents, sisters, and friends. A great deal of work was from Petrea. These gifts awakened in Louise mingled feelings of joy and pain, and as she hastened yet once again to embrace the beloved ones from whom she was about so soon to separate,

\* There is some new kind of porridge for almost every week in the year in Sweden, with which the table is most religiously served.

many mutual tears were shed. But evening dew is prophetic of a bright morrow—that was the case here.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE WEDDING-DAY.

The sun shone bright and warm on that morning of Whit-Monday. Flowers and leaves glistened in the morning dew; the birds sang; the bells of the city rang festively and gaily; the myrtle-crown was ready woven early, and the mother and Leonore were present at the toilette of the bride. They expected that Jacobi would make his appearance in the highest state of elegance, and hoped that his appearance would not dim that of the bride. Louise's sisters made her appearance on this occasion of more importance than she herself did. Gabriele dressed her hair—she possessed an actual talent for this art—half-blown rose-buds were placed in the myrtle wreath; and what with one, and what with another little innocent art of the toilette, a most happy effect was produced. Louise looked particularly well in her simple, tasteful, bridal dress—for the greatest part, the work of her own skilful hands—and the content, and the beautiful repose which diffused itself over her countenance, spread a glorification over all.

"You look so pale to-day in your white dress, my little Eva," said Leonore, as she helped her to dress—"you must have something pink on your neck, else our bride will be anxious when she sees you."

"As you will, Leonore! I can put this handkerchief on, that it may give a little reflected colour to my cheek. I will not distress any one."

When the festally-arrayed family assembled for breakfast they presented a beautiful appearance. The family father, however, looked more gloomy than gay; and as Jacobi entered they saw, with astonishment, that his toilette was considerably negligent. He had been out; his hair was in disorder, and he evidently was in an excited state of mind; but he was handsome for all that. He kissed his bride tenderly on hand and lips, and gave her a nosegay of beautiful wild-flowers, and several splendidly bound books,—the sermons of Franzen and Wallin, which gift was very valuable, and was received by "our sensible" and sermon-loving Louise with the greatest pleasure.

After breakfast Jacobi hastened to arrange his toilette, and then they all went to church. The weather was uncommonly beautiful, and crowds of festally-dressed people thronged about, in part to hear the Provost, who was to preach that day, but principally to see the bridal pair.

It was an agreeable surprise to the family when at the entrance of the churchyard many young girls began to strew flowers before the bridal couple the whole way to the church-door. The church also was decorated with flowers and foliage.

When the Judge took the hand of his daughter in the church, she perceived that his was cold, and that it trembled. She looked at him, and read in his countenance the disquiet with which his soul laboured.

"My father," said she to him, "I feel so calm, so happy!"

"Then I am so too, my child," said he, pressing her hand, and after this moment his demeanor was calm and decided as usual.

Jacobi both before and after the ceremony was excited in the highest degree; he wept much. Louise, on the contrary, was externally quite calm. She looked rather pale but her eyes were bright and almost joyous; an altogether unusual contrast in a bridal pair.

On their return from the church a little circumstance occurred which gave pleasure to all, but more especially to the Judge. As they went past the remains of the burnt-down house, they saw a great swarm of bees suddenly mount up from the trees of the garden; it flew several times round the market-place as if seeking for a habitation, and at last turning back, struck directly down among the ruins of the former kitchen fire-place; it seemed as if it had selected the hearth for its abiding home. This was regarded as the happiest omen, and no sooner had the Judge conducted his daughter home, than he returned in order to remove his bees to a convenient resting-place; Gabriele following him with a treatise on the management of bees in her hand.

When Louise was again locked in the arms of her mother—the mother and Eva had remained at home—she was seized by a slight trembling fit which lasted several hours, but which was unobserved by all except her mother; and through the whole of the day she continued graver than common. Jacobi on the contrary, after his fit of weeping was over, and he had embraced everybody, and kissed his bride on lips, hair, hand, and foot, was seized with a real desire of dancing with the whole world. He was so wildly joyous and happy, and at the same time so amiable, that he imparted his state of mind to everybody else.

At half-past four in the afternoon they assembled themselves in the garden, where the time was passed in the most agreeable manner, with music, walking about, entertainment and eating of ices and fruit, to which also the Almighty added the brightest heaven and the calmest air. Later in the evening they danced in the great saloon; no lady could sit still, and scarcely a gentleman stand; all must dance! When the company wished to go across the garden to the eating-room, they perceived that it had rained considerably, and that it still dropped; this occasioned a great commotion among the ladies, because all the wrapping shawls and cloaks were on the other side; they had quite forgotten to bring them over in the fine weather. But it was, according to popular belief in Sweden, fortunate that rain-drops should fall on the crown of the bride—but at the same time it was also against all sense of prudence and propriety that she should wet her shoes. And then all the other ladies! They must have the wrapping things fetched to this side!

"I will provide for it!" said Jacobi, and with these words seized his astonished bride in his arms and carried her across the garden. What he whispered in her ear during this journey we know not, but this far we can say, that this action set Jacobi very high in the favour of the ladies.

The new-married pair spent several days after the wedding under the paternal roof, and joyful days they were, only rather too much given up to dissipation, for all friends and acquaintance would see and entertain the two young people. Mrs. Gunilla gave them a dinner, in which she communicated to them that she should, at the same time with them, journey to Stockholm, where important affairs would oblige her to stay a considerable time. However much it grieved Elise to lose so excellent and almost motherly a friend, she rejoiced very much over what Louise and Jacobi would win thereby. Louise and Mrs. Gunilla, it is true, had not perfectly harmonized together, because each would instruct the other; but Jacobi and she agreed all the better, and she had already invited the young people to dine with her as often as they would in Stockholm.

In the hour of parting she spoke thus to Elise and her husband with tears in her eyes: "Who knows when we may meet again? The old woman is in years—is not of much more use in the world—na, na! God will care for her as he has hitherto done! And listen," continued she with an arch, roguish air, "don't be uneasy on account of the young folks; I shall see that it all goes on right there. I invite myself as sponsor to the first child. Perhaps we shall meet then! Yes, yes, I have a presentiment that we shall see one another again in Stockholm! Nay! now farewell, dear Elise! God bless you, my kind friend, and make all go well with you! Think of the old woman sometimes! Adieu!"

After the trouble of the packing was over—we mean packing Louise's things, of course—and the still sorrow of parting, quiet returned back into the house, and was only agreeably interrupted by preparations for the journey to the West. The Judge seemed at this time to be young again, and an increased union of heart shewed itself between him and his wife. So wear away, sometimes, the most beautiful summer days, even after the autumn has made advances into the year. From what cause is this? God knows.

The invisible genius of our history leads us at this moment far from the home of peace to a distant shore, in order to give us a glimpse into the subject of our next chapter

## CHAPTER XVI.

### A SICK CHAMBER.

If the sun shine on the head of the crucified, if a bird lifts up its joyous song in presence of a broken heart, it seems to us cruel. But beautiful is the unconscious irony of nature in comparison with that which exists in human circumstances. We have here an example of this before us. See these sparkling false diamonds, this red gauze finery, these ruins of theatrical ornament. They seem to mock the misery of the room about which they are strewn. In that wretched room is want of light; want, not only of all the comforts of life, but also of its most necessary things. And yet—where could they be more useful than here?

Forlorn, upon a miserable bed, lay a woman, who appeared to have seen better days; still is

she handsome, although passion and suffering seem early to have wasted her yet young countenance. Fever burned on the sunken cheek and in the dark eye, and her lips moved themselves wildly; but no one was there to refresh with friendly hand the dry lips and the hot brow: no cooling fever-draught stood near her bed. Two new-born babes lay weeping near the mother. Uneasy phantoms seemed to agitate the unhappy one: sometimes she raised herself in the bed with gestures, but sunk back again powerless; whilst her pale convulsed, and wandering lips spoke from the depths of her torn heart the following incoherent words:

"It is a bitter, bitter path! but I must, must fly for help! My strength is broken—I can do nothing—the children cry to be heard, hungry, half-naked! Parents! sisters! help!"

"It is night—the wind is cold—I freeze! The waves swell and swell—they drive a wreck ashore—they strike on the rocks—ah! wherefore did it not go down in the storm on the open sea? And thou, thou who art the cause of all, thou sittest by and lookest coldly on me! Miserable egotist! Dost thou bear a heart in thy breast? The temple is dashed to pieces, and thou that hast ruined, treadest upon its ruins!

"Hush! is it she? Is it my foster-mother which comes here so soft and low? It becomes bright! She will lay her warm hands on my little children, and wrap them in the warm coverlet—"

*There sits a dove so fair and white  
All on the lily spray.*

Is it she? No! it is the moon, which rises palely out of black clouds. How coldly she looks on my misery! Away, away!

"Sisters, I thirst! Will no one give me a drop of water? Have you all, all left me? It is so strange in my head. Perhaps I shall become mad if I thirst much longer. It is dark—I am afraid! I am afraid of the dark bird! If it come again it will begin to rend my heart; but if I am ever again strong I will kill it—with my own hands will I murder it! Day and night a wick burns in my heart; its name is Hate, and the oil that supplies it is bitterness!

"When shall I be strong again? Do you see how he has misused me; has fettered me to the sick-bed? Do you hear the children cry?—the children which, through the abuse of the father, have come into the world before their time, and now will die? Give nourishment to the children, for the mercy of God, sisters! Let me die, but help the children!"

"Help me up, I must dress myself! Here, with my handsome attire! haste! To-night I must appear anew before the public, and be admired; must hear the clapping of hands and bravos; must see garlands showered before my feet! See you, sisters; it is so glorious! It is a real burst of joy! See how I glitter—how I beam forth! Listen to the tempest of applause! How it thunders! But wherefore is it again silent? wherefore is it now again so still?—still and dark as the grave? It was a short joy!

"Do not look so sternly upon me, foster-father! Your stern look penetrates me. Give me your hand, that I may lay it on my burning brow. You turn from me! You go! Oh!

"I will not die! I am so young, have so much strength of life in my soul!"

"Who saves me? There come foaming waves!—or are they your white arms, sisters, which you stretch out towards me? Do you see what I see, like gray misty ghosts wandering on the corpse coast? Do you hear the noise? It is death—it is the dark bird which comes!—now I must fly—fly—or die!"

With a violent effort the delirious woman rose from the bed—took a few steps, and then fell down as if lifeless. Her head struck against the bedstead, and a stream of blood rushed forth.

At this moment a tall man habited in black entered the room softly; light locks surrounded the noble but somewhat aged head; the mild, serious expression of the countenance, and the affectionate look of the blue eyes shewed, still more than the dress, whose servant he was. A lady, who was not handsome, but whose countenance bore the stamp of beauty of the soul, like her husband's, followed him. With a look of the deepest compassion this couple surveyed the room, and then drew near the sick-bed.

"Merciful heaven!" whispered they, "we are come too late! The children are dead—and so is the mother!"

Let us now turn our eyes away from this dark picture that they may rest upon a brighter one.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### A LANDSCAPE.

On one of the heights of the Bofrine Mountains we see three travellers—an elderly man and two young ladies. He seemed neither afraid of trouble for himself nor for them; he seemed as if he were accustomed to it and could play with it. But he does all so affectionately; he goes before them so friendly and kind, reaches out his hand and encourages them to yet another effort, and they would then enjoy the magnificent view; they would then be able to rest, and would get refreshment at the mountain hut above them! The daughters follow him smiling, and overcome weakness and weariness for his sake! Now they are above on the heights—and well are they rewarded for all the labour of climbing up there! The earth lies below so rich, with its hills and valleys, dark woods, fruitful plains—and there, in the far distance, sea and heaven unite themselves in majestic repose!

With an exclamation of rapture the father extended his arms towards the magnificent prospect; and the mountain wind—not keen here, but mild from the breath of spring, agreeably cooled the cheeks of the wanderers.

The father went to the hut to obtain milk for himself and his daughters, and in the mean time one of the daughters rested upon a moss-covered stone and supported herself against a rock. Almond-scented Linnea formed a garland around her feet, and the joyous singing-birds ascended from the valley. The sister who stood near her and against whom she leaned her lovely head, whilst the wind played in her brown tresses, looked on the comfortable dwellings which gleamed forth below from amid green trees and beside clear waters and her affectionate but un-

impassioned heart rejoiced itself over the scene which seemed to say to her, "Here may one live calmly and happily!" At that moment she heard her name spoken by a loving voice; it was Eva's, who, while she pointed with hand and eye towards heaven, when the clouds began to divide themselves, and stripes of blue light gleamed forth like friendly eyes, "Seest thou, Leonore," said she, gently smiling, "it will be bright!"

"Will it be bright? Ah, thank God!" whispered Leonore in reply, with eyes full of joyful tears, as she laid her cheek against the brow of her sister.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### UPS AND DOWNS.

WHEN a new swarm is ready in a hive to attempt its own flight, warning voices may be heard on still evenings in the little state, calling forth, "Out! out!"

People have interpreted it to be the old queen bee, which thus warns the young ones forth into the world to fashion their own kingdom. I should rather imagine it to be the young ones who in this manner sing forth their longing. But let it be with them as it may, certain it is that in the human hive, home, a similar cry sometimes makes itself heard. Then also there, when the young swarm is become strong with the honey and wax of home, it finds the home too narrow and longs to get abroad. This is common to all homes; but it is peculiar to the good and happy home, that the same voice which exclaims, "Out! out!" exclaims afterwards yet more animatedly, "In! in!"

So was it in the home of the Franks.

The period to which we must now cast our eyes conducts us several years beyond the time when we saw father and daughters on the heights of the Bofrine Mountains, and shews us our Petrea returned home after a long absence.

The mother, Petrea, and Gabriele, are deep in a conversation which appears to interest them all three in a very lively manner, and the mild voice of the mother is heard saying—

"You may freely decide for yourself, my good child, that you know perfectly well; but as you describe Mr. M., and with the feelings, or more properly speaking the want of feeling which you have for him, I can never believe that you will be happy with him, and I cannot therefore advise this marriage. See, here are some almonds in the shell, my dear girl! We have not forgotten so soon your love for them—I set the basket before you!"

"And the Countess Solstrale," said the lively Gabriele archly, "has herself spoken for her nephew, and invited you to her house. Very polite and handsome of her! And you, Petrea, no longer covet this exaltation?"

"Ah, no, Gabriele!" answered Petrea, "this childish desire is long past; it is another kind of exaltation than this that I pine for."

"And this is called?" asked Gabriele, with a light in her lovely eyes which shewed that she very well knew what, however she had not pronounced in words.

"I do not know what I should call it; but there lives and moves here a longing difficult to describe," said Petrea, laying her hand upon her breast, and with eyes full of tears, "Oh, if"

could only rise upwards to light—to a higher, freer life!"

"You do not wish to die?" said Gabriele warmly, "not that I now fear death. Since Henrik has trod this path, I feel so entirely different to what I used to do. Heaven is come quite near to the grave. To die is to me to go to him, and to his home. But I am yet so happy to be living here with my family, and you, my Petrea, must feel so too. Ah! life on earth with those that we love may indeed be so beautiful!"

"So I think; and so I feel, Gabriele," replied Petrea, "and more so than ever when I am at home, and with my own family. On that account I will gladly live on the earth, at least till I am more perfect. But I must have a sense of this life having in it a certain activity, by which I may arrive at the consciousness of that which lives within me—there moves in me a fettered spirit, which longs after freedom!"

"Extraordinary!" said Gabriele, half displeased, "how unlike people are one to another. I, for my part, feel not the least desire for activity. I, unworthy mortal, would much rather do nothing!" and so saying she leaned her pretty head with half-shut eyes against her mother, who looked on her with an expression that seemed to say, "Live only; that is enough for thee!"

Petrea continued: "When I have read or heard of people who have lived and laboured for some great object, for some development of human nature, who have dedicated all their thoughts and powers to this purpose, and have been able to suffer and to die for it; oh! then I have wept for burning desire that it also might be granted to me to spend and to sacrifice my life. I have looked around me, have listened after such an occasion, have waited and called upon it; but ah! the world goes past me on its own way—nobody and nothing has need of me."

Petrea both wept and laughed as she spoke, and with smiles and tears also did both Gabriele and the mother listen to her; and she continued—

"As there was now an opportunity for my marrying, I thought that here was sphere in which I might be active—But ah! I feel clearly that it is not the right one for me, neither is it the one for which I am suitable—especially with a husband whose tastes and feelings are so different to mine."

"But, my good girl," said the mother, disconcerted, "how came it, then, that he could imagine you sympathised so well together; it seems from his letter that he makes himself quite sure of your consent."

"Ah!" replied Petrea, blushing, and not without embarrassment, "there was reason for that, and it was partly his fault and partly mine. In the country where I met him, he was quite left to himself; nobody troubled themselves about him; he had ennui, and for that reason I began to find pleasure for him."

"Very noble," said Gabriele, smiling.

"Not quite so much so as you think," replied Petrea, again blushing, "because—at first I wished really to find pleasure for him, and then also a little for myself. Yes, the truth is this, that I—had nothing to do, and while I busied myself about Mr. M., I did not think it so very much amiss to busy him a little about me; and for this reason I entered into his amusements, which turned upon all sorts of petty, social title-

tattle; for this reason I preserved apricots for him, and sang to him in an evening, 'Welcome, O Moon!' and let him think if he would that he was the moon. Mother, Gabriele, forgive me, I know how little edification there is in all this, it is quite too—but you cannot believe how dangerous it is to be idle, when one has an active spirit within one, and an object before one that—You laugh! nay, the affair is not worth anything more, for it is anything but tragic—yet it might become so, if on account of any of my sins I were to punish myself by marrying Mr. M. I should be of no worth for him, excepting as housekeeper and plaything, and this would not succeed in the long run; for the rest he does not love me—cannot love me seriously, and would certainly easily console himself for my refusal."

"Then let him console himself, and do not think any farther on the affair!" cried Gabriele, with animation.

"I am of Gabriele's opinion," said the mother, "for to marry merely to be married; merely to obtain a settlement, an establishment, and all that, is wrong; and moreover with your family relationships the most unnecessary thing in the world. You know, my dear child, that we have enough for ourselves and for you, and a sphere of action suitable for you will present itself in time. Your father will soon return home, and then we can talk with him on the subject. He will assist us directly in the best way."

"I had, indeed, presentiments," said Petrea with a sigh, "and hopes, and dreams perhaps—of a way, of an activity which would have made me useful and happy according to my own abilities. I make now much humbler demands on life than formerly; I have much less opinion of myself than I had—but oh! if I might only ally myself, as the least atom of light, to the beams which penetrate humanity at the same time that they animate the soul of man, I would thank God and esteem myself happy! I have made an attempt—you know, mother and Gabriele—to express in a book somewhat of that which has lived in me and which still lives; you know that I have sent the manuscript to an enlightened printer for his judgment, and also—if his judgment be favourable—that he should publish it. If this should succeed, if a sphere of action should open itself to me in this way, oh! then some time or other I might become a more useful and happy being, should give pleasure to my connexions, and —"

Petrea was here interrupted by the arrival of a large packet directed to herself. A shuddering apprehension went through her; her heart beat violently as she broke the seal, and—recognised her own manuscripts. The enlightened, intelligent printer sent them back to her, accompanied by a little note, containing the unpleasant tidings that he would not offer the merest trifle for the book, neither could he undertake the printing of it at his own cost.

"Then this path is also closed against me!" said Petrea, bowing her head to her hand that nobody might see how deeply she felt this. Thus then she had deceived herself regarding her talents and her ability. But now that this way also was closed against her—what should she undertake? Marriage with Mr. M. began again to haunt her brain. She stumbled about in the dark.

Gabriele would not allow, however, that the path of literature was closed against her; she was extremely excited against the printer. "He was certainly," she said, "a man without taste."

"Ah!" said Petrea, readily smiling, "I also will gladly flatter myself with that belief, and that if the book could only be printed, then we soon—but that is not to be thought of!"

Gabriele thought it was quite worth while to think about it, and did not doubt but that means might be found, some time or other, to make the gentleman printer make a long face about it one of these days.

The mother agreed; spoke of the return of her husband, who she said would set all right: "keep only quietly with us, Petrea, calmly, and don't be uneasy about the means for bringing out your book; they will be found without difficulty, if we only give ourselves time."

"And here," added Gabriele, "you shall have as much quiet as you desire. If you would like to spend the whole day in reading and writing, I will take care that nobody disturbs you. I will attend to all your friends and acquaintance, if it be needful, to insure your quiet. I will only come in to you to tell you when breakfast is ready and when dinner; and on the post-day, I'll only come at the post hour and knock at your door, and take your letters and send them off. And in the evening then—then we may see you amongst us—you cannot believe how welcome you will be! Ah! certainly you will feel yourself happy among those who love you so much! And your book! we will send it out into the world, and it too shall succeed!"

Loving voices! domestic voices in happy families, what adversity, what suffering is there which cannot be comforted by you!

Petrea felt their healing balsam. She wept tears of love and gratitude. An hour afterwards, much calmer in mind, she stood at the window, and noticed the scene without. Christmas was at hand, and every thing was in lively motion, in order to celebrate the beautiful festival joyously. The shops were ornamented, and people made purchases. A little bird came and sat on the window, looked up to Petrea, twittered joyfully, and flew away. A lively sentiment passed through Petrea's heart.

"Thou art happy, little bird," thought she; "so many beings are happy. My mishap grieves no one, hurts no one. Wherefore, then, should it depress me? The world is large, and its Creator rich and good. If this path will not succeed for me, what then? I will find out another."

In the evening she was cheerful with her family. But when night came, and she was alone; when the external world presented no longer its changing pictures; when loving, sweet voices no more allured her out of herself—then anguish and disquiet returned to her breast. In no condition to sleep, and urged by irresistible curiosity, she sat herself down sighingly to go through her unlucky manuscripts. She found many pencil-marks, notes of interrogation, and traces of the thumb on the margin, which plainly proved that the reader had gone through the manuscript with a censorious hand, and had had satisfaction in passing his judgment of "good for nothing!"

Ah! Petrea had built so many plans for herself and her family upon this, which was now good for nothing; had founded upon it so many hopes for her ascent upwards. Was nothing now to come out of them all?

Petrea read; she acknowledged the justice of many marginal marks, but she found, more and more, that the greater part of them had reference to single expressions, and other trifles. Petrea read and read, and was involuntarily captivated

by that which she read. Her heart swelled, her eyes glowed, and suddenly animated by that feeling which (we say it *sans comparaison*) gave courage to Correggio, and which comforted Galileo, she raised herself, and struck her hand upon the manuscript with the exclamation, "It is good for something after all!"

Animated to the depths of her heart, she ran to Gabriele, and laughing, embraced her with the words "You shall see that, one of these days I'll ascend upwards yet."

## PART III

### CHAPTER I.

#### PETREA TO IDA.

*From my Hermitage in the Garret.*

"ILLUSIONS! Illusions!" you cry over all joys, all faith, all love in life. I shout back with all my might over your own words, 'Illusions! Illusions!' All depends upon what we fix our faith and our affections. Must the beauty of love and worth of life be at an end to woman when her first spring, her bloom of love, her moments of romance, are past? No, do not believe that, Ida. Nothing in this world is such an illusion as this belief. Life is rich; its tree blossoms eternally, because it is nourished by immortal fountains. It bears dissimilar fruits, various in colour and glory, but all beautiful; let us undervalue none of them, for all of them are capable of producing plants of eternal life.

"Youthful love—the beaming passion-flower of earth! Who will belie its captivating beauty, who will not thank the Creator that he gave it to the children of earth! But ah! I will exclaim to all those who drink of its nectar, and to those who must do without it—'There are flowers which are as noble as this, and which are less in danger than it of being paled by the frosts of the earth—flowers from whose chalices also you may suck life from the life of the Eternal!'"

"Ah! if we only understood how near to us Providence has placed the fountains of our happiness—if we had only understood this from the days of our childhood upwards, acted upon it, and profited by it, our lives would then seldom lead through dry wildernesses! Happy are those children whose eyes are early opened by parents and home to the rich activity of life. They will then experience what sweetness and joy and peace can flow out of family relationships, out of the heart-felt union between brothers and sisters, between parents and children; and they will experience how these relations, carefully cherished in youth, will become blessings for our maturer years.

"You pray me to speak of my home and my family. But when I begin with this subject, who can say, Ida, whether I shall know how to leave off! This subject is so rich to me, so dear—and yet how weak will not my description be, how lifeless in comparison with the reality!

"The dwelling-house—which may be said to have the same relation to home as the body has to the soul—arisen now out of its ashes, stands on the same place on which, twelve years ago, it was burnt down. I wish you had been with

me yesterday in the library at breakfast. It was Leonore's birth-day, and the family had occasioned her a surprise by a little gift which was exactly according to her taste—ornament combined with convenience. It was an insignificant gift—wherefore then did it give us all so much pleasure? wherefore were there sweet tears in her pious eyes, and in ours also? We were all so still, and yet we felt that we were very happy—happy because we mutually loved one another, and mutually pleased one another so much. The sun shone at that time into the room—and see, Ida! this sunbeam which shines day by day into the house is the best image of its state; it is that which chases hence all darkness, and turns all shadows into the glorification of its light!

"I will now, lively Ida, talk to you some little about the daughters of the house, and in order that you may not find my picture too sentimental, I will introduce first to you, 'Honour to whom honour is due!'

'OUR ELDEST,'

Well known for industry, morality, moral lecturing, cathedral airs, and many good properties. She married eleven years ago upon a much smaller than common capital of worldly wealth; but both she and her husband knew how to turn their pound to account, and so, by degrees, their house, under her careful hands, came to be what people call a well-to-do house.

Eight wild Jacobins during this time sprung up in the house without bringing about any revolution in it, so good were the morals which they drew in with the mother's milk. I call them the 'Berserkers,' because when I last saw them they were perfect little monsters of strength and swiftness, and because we shall rely upon their prowess to overturn certain planks—of which more anon—on which account I will inspire them and their mother beforehand with a certain old gothic ambition.

"So now! After the married couple had kept school eleven years, he instructing the boys in history, Latin, and such like, and she washing, combing, and moralizing the same, and, in fact, becoming a mother to many a motherless boy, it pleased the mercy of the Almighty to call them—not directly to heaven, but through his angel the Consistorium to the pastoral care of the rural parish adjoining this city—the highest goal of their wishes ever since they began to have wishes one with another. Their approaching journey here has given rise to great pleasure—it is hard to say in which of the two families the greatest. Thus then Louise will become a pastor's wife—perhaps soon also a provost's, and then she arrives at the desired situation in which she can impart moral lectures with power—of which sister Petrea might have the benefit of a good part, and pay it back with interest.

"But the moral lectures of our eldest have a much milder spirit than formerly, which is owing to the influence of Jacobii; for it has occurred in their case, as in the case of many another happily-married couple, they have ennobled one another; and it is a common saying in our family, that she without him would not have become what she now is, neither would he have been without her what he now is.

"The Rose of the Family, the daughter Eva, had once in her life a great sorrow—a bitter conflict; but she came forth victorious. True it is that an angel stood by her side and assisted her. Since then she has lived for the joy of her family and her friends, beautiful and amiable and happy, and has from time to time rejected lovers. I said that an angel stood beside her in the bitter conflict. There was a time when this angel was an ugly, uncomfortable girl, a trouble to herself, and properly beloved by none. But there is no one in the family who is more beloved or more in favour than she is. Never, through the power of God, did there take place a greater change than in her. Now it gives one pleasure to look at her and to be near her. Her features, it is true, have not improved themselves, nor has her complexion become particularly red-and-white; but she has become lovely, lovely from the heartfelt expression of affection and intelligence—beautiful from the quiet, unpretending grace of her whole being. Her only pretension is that she will serve all and help all; and thus has she inclined every one, by degrees, to her, and she is become the heart, the peace of the house; and, for herself, she has struck deep root down into the family, and is become happy through all these charms. She has attached herself, in the closest manner, to her sister Eva, and these two could not live separated from each other.

"You know the undertaking which these two sisters, while yet young, commenced together. You know also how well it succeeded; how it obtained confidence and stability, and how it won universal respect for its conductors, and how also, after a course of ten years—independent of this institution—they had realized a moderate income; so that they can, if they are so disposed, retire from it, and it will still continue to prosper under the direction of Annette H., who was taken as assistant from the beginning, and who in respect of character and ability has proved herself a person of rare worth. The name of the sisters Frank stood estimably at the head of this useful establishment; but it is a question whether it would have prospered to such an extent, whether it would have developed itself so beautifully and well without the assistance of a person who, however, has carefully concealed his activity from the eye of the public, and whose name, for that reason, was never praised. Without Assessor Munter's unwearied care and assistance—so say the sisters—the undertaking could never have gone forward. What a wonderful affectionate constancy lies in the soul of this man! He has been, and is still, the benefactor of our family; but if you would see and hear him exasperated, tell him so, and see how he quarrels with all thanks to himself. The whole city is now deploring that it is about to loose him. He is going to reside on his estate in the country, for it is impossible that he could sustain much longer the way in which he is at present overworked. His health has for some time evidently declined, and we rejoice that he can now take some rest, by which he may regain new strength. We all love him from our hearts—but I forget that I was to write about the daughters of the family.

"There is a peculiar little world in the house—a world into which nothing bad can enter—

where live flowers, birds, and Gabriele. The morning would lose its sweetest charms, if during the same Gabriele's birds and flowers did not play a part, and the evening twilight would be duskier if it were not enlivened by Gabriele's guitar and songs. Her flower-stand has extended itself by degrees into an orangery—not large to be sure, but yet large enough to shelter a beautiful vine, which is now covered with grapes, and many beautiful and rare plants also, so as to present to the family a little Italy, where they may enjoy all the charms of the south, in the midst of a northern winter. A covered way leads from the dwelling-house down into the orangery, and it is generally there that in winter they take their afternoon coffee. The aviary is removed thither; and there upon a table covered with a green cloth, lie works on botany, together with the writings of the Swedish gardening society, which often contain such interesting articles. There stand two comfortable armed chairs, on which the most magnificent birds and flowers are worked, you can easily imagine for whom. There my mother sits gladly, and reads or looks at her 'little lady' (she never grows out of this appellation) as she tends her flowers in the sun, or plays with her tame birds. One may say, in fact, that Gabriele strews the evening of her mother's days with flowers.

"A man dear to the Swedish heart has said, 'that the grand natural feature of northern life is a conquered winter,' and this applies equally to life individually, to family life, and to that of individual persons. It so readily freezes and grows stiff, snow so readily falls upon the heart; and winter makes his power felt as much within as without the house. In order to keep it warm within, in order that life may flourish and bloom, it is needful to preserve the holy fire ever burning. Love must not turn to ashes and die out; if it do, then all is labour and heaviness, and one may as well do nothing but—sleep. But if fire be borrowed from heaven, this will not happen; then will house and heart be warm, and life bloom incessantly, and a thousand causes will become rich sources of joy to all. If it be so within the house—then may it snow without—then, winter, thou mayst do thy worst!

"But I return to Gabriele, whose lively wit and joyous temper, united to her affectionate and innocent heart, make her deservedly the favourite of her parents, and the joy of every one. She asserts continually her own good-for-nothingness, her uselessness, and incorrigible love to a sweet '*far niente*,' but nobody is of her opinion in this respect, for nobody can do without her, and one sees that when it is necessary, she can be as decided and as able as any one need be. It is now some time since Gabriele made any charades. I almost fancy that the cause of this is a certain Baron Rudger L., who was suspected for a long time of having set fire to a house, and who now is suspected of a design of setting fire to a heart, and who with certain words and glances has put all sorts of whims into her head—I will not say heart.

"And so then we have nothing bad to say of 'this here Petrea,' as one of the friends of the house calls her. This Petrea has had all kind of botherations in the world: in the first place with her own nose, with which she could not

get into conceit, and then with various other things, as well within her as without her, and for a long time it seemed as if her own world would never come forth out of chaos.

"It has, however. With eyes full of grateful tears I will dare to say this, and some time I may perhaps more fully explain how this has been done. And blessed be the home which has turned back her wandering steps, has healed the wounds of her heart, and has offered her a peaceful haven, an affectionate defence, where she has time to rest after the storms, and to collect and to know herself. Without this home, without this influence, Petrea certainly might have become a witch, and not, as now, a tolerably reasonable person.

"You know my present activity, which, while it conducts me deeper into life, discovers to me more beauty, more poetry than I had ever conceived of it in the dreams of my youth. Not merely from this cause, although greatly owing to it, a spring has begun to blossom for me on the other side of my thirty years, which, were it ever to wither, would be from my own fault. And if even still a painful tear may be shed over past errors or present faults; if the longing after what is yet unattainably better, purer, and brighter, may occasion many a pang,—what matters it? What matter if the eye-water burn, so that the eye only become clear! if heaven humiliate, so that it only draws us upwards!

"One of Petrea's means of happiness is, to require very few of the temporal things of earth. She regards such things as nearly related to the family of illusions, and will, on that account, have as little as possible to do with them. And thus has she also the means of obtaining for herself many a hearty and enduring pleasure. I will not, however, be answerable for her not very soon being taken by a frenzy of giving a feast up in her garret, and thereby producing all kinds of illusions; such, for example, as the eating little cakes, the favourite illusion of my mother, and citron-soufflé, the almost perfect earthly felicity of 'our eldest,' in which a reconciliation shall with the frenzy-feast might be proposed to her beloved 'eldest.'

"If you would make a *summa summarum* of Petrea's state, it stands thus: that which was once a fountain of disquiet in her is now become a fountain of quiet. She believes in the truth of life. She does not allow her peace to be disturbed by accidental troubles, be they from within or from without; she calls them mist-clouds, passing storms, after which the sun will come forth again. And should her little garret tumble to pieces one of these days, she would regard even that as a passing misfortune, and hold herself ready, in all humility, to mount up yet a little higher.

"But enough of Petrea and her future ascension. One other daughter still dwelt in the family, and her lovely image lives still in the remembrance of all, but a mourning veil hangs over it; for she left home, but not in peace. She was not happy, and for many years her life is wrapped in darkness. People think that she is dead; her friends have long believed so, and mourned her as such; but one among them believes it not. I do not believe that she is dead. I have a strong presentiment that she will re-

turn; and it would gladden me to show her how dear she is to me. I have built plans for her future with us, and I expect her continually, or else a token where I may be able to find her; and be it in Greenland or in Arabia Deserta whence her voice calls me, I will find out a way to her.

"I would that I could now describe to you the aged pair, to whom all in the house look up with love and reverence, who soon will have been a wedded couple forty years, and who appear no longer able to live the one without the other—but my pen is too weak for that. I will only venture upon a slight outline sketch. My father is nearly seventy years old—but do you think he indulges himself with rest? He would be extremely displeased if he were to sleep any later in a morning than usual: he rises every morning at six, it being deeply impressed upon him to lose as little of life as possible. It is unpleasant to him that his declining sight compels him now to less activity. He likes that we should read aloud to him in an evening, and that—romances. My mother smilingly takes credit to herself for having seduced him to this kind of reading; and he confesses, with smiles, that it is really useful for old people, because it contributes to preserve the heart young. For the rest, he is in all respects equally, perhaps more, good, more noble-hearted than ever; and from that cause he is to us equally respect-inspiring and dear. O Ida, it is a happy feeling to be able intrinsically to honour and love those who have given us life!

"And now must I, with a bleeding heart, throw a mournful shadow over the bright picture of the house, and that shadow comes at the same time from a beautiful image—from my mother! I fear, I fear she is on the way to leave us! Her strength has been declining for two years. She has no decided malady, but she becomes visibly weaker and feebler, and no remedy, as yet, has shown itself availing for her. They talk now of the air of next spring—of Selzer-water, and a summer-journey; my father would travel to the world's end with her; they hope with certainty that she will recover; she hopes so herself, and says she would gladly live with us—that she is happy with us,—yet nevertheless there is a something about her, and even in her smiles, that tells me that she herself does not cherish full faith in the hope which she expresses. Ah! when I see daily her still paler countenance; the unearthly expression in her gentle features—when I perceive her ever-slower gait, as she moves about, still arranging the house and preparing little gratifications for her family; then comes the thought to me that she perhaps will soon leave us, and it sometimes is difficult to repress my tears.

"But why should I thus despair? Why not hope like all the rest? Ah, I will hope, and particularly for the sake of him who, without her, could no more be joyful on earth. For the present, she is stronger and livelier than she has been for a long time. The arrival of Louise and her family have contributed to this, as also another day of joy which is approaching, and which has properly reference to my father. She goes about now with such joy of heart, with the almanac in her hand, and prepares every thing, and thinks of every thing for the joyful festival.

My father has long wished to possess a particular piece of building land which adjoins our little garden, in order to lay it out for a great and general advantage; but he has sacrificed so much for his children, that he has nothing remaining wherewith to carry out his favourite plan. His children in the mean time have, during the last twelve years, laid by a sum together, and now have latterly borrowed what was wanting for the purchase of the land. On the father's seventieth birth-day, therefore, with the joint help of the 'Berserkers,' will the wooden fence be pulled down, and the genius of the new place, represented by the graceful figure of Gabriels, will deliver over to him the purchase-deed, which is made out in his name. How happy he will be! Oh, it makes us all happy to think of it! How he will clear away, and dig, and plant! and how it will gladden and refresh his old age. May he live so long that the trees which he plants may shake their leafy branches over his head, and may their rustling foretell to him the blessing, which his posterity to the third and fourth generations will pronounce upon his activity.

"I would speak of the circle of friends which ever enclosed our home most cordially, of the new Governor Sternhok and his wife, whom we like so much, and whose removal here was particularly welcome to my father, who almost sees a son in him. I would speak also of the servants of the house, who are yet more friends than servants—but I fear extending my letter to too great a length.

"Perhaps you blame me secretly for painting my pictures in colours too uniformly bright; perhaps you will ask, 'Come there then not into this house those little knocks, disturbances, rubs, overhastinesses, stupidities, procrastinations, losses, and whatever those spiritual mosquitoes may be called, which occasion by their stings irritation, unquiet, and vexation, and whose visits the very happiest families cannot avoid?'

"Yes, certainly. They come, but they vanish as quickly as they come, and never leave a poisonous sting behind, because a universal remedy is employed against them, which is called 'Forgive, forgive, amend!' and which, the earlier applied the better, and which makes also the visits of these fiends of rarer occurrence; they come, indeed, in pure and mild atmospheres never properly forth.

"Would you, dearest Ida, be convinced of the truth of the picture, come here and see for yourself. We should all like it so much. Come, and let our house provide for you the diversionment, perhaps also the rest which is so needful to your heart. Come, and believe me, Ida, when one observes the world from somewhat of an elevation—as, for instance, a garret—one sees illusions like mist, passing over the earth, but above it heaven vaulting itself in eternal brightness."

## CHAPTER II.

### A MORNING HOUR.

"Good morning!" said Jeremias Munter, as with his pocket full of books, he entered Petrea's garret, which was distinguished from all other

rooms merely by its perfect simplicity and its lack of all ornament. A glass containing beautiful flowers was its only luxury.

"Oh, you are heartily welcome!" exclaimed Petrea, as she looked with beaming eyes on her visitor and on his valuable appendages.

"Yes, to-day," said he, "I am of opinion that I am welcome! Here's a treat for Miss Petrea. Here, and here, and here!"

So saying, the Assessor laid one book after another upon the table, naming, at the same time, their contents. They belonged to that class of books, which open new worlds to the eye of reflecting minds. Petrea took them up with a delight which can only be understood by such as have sought and thirsted after the same fountains of joy, and who have found them. The Assessor rejoiced quietly in her delight, as she looked through the books and talked about them.

"How good, how cordially good of you," said Petrea, "to think about me. But you must see that I also have expected you to-day;" and with eyes that beamed with the most heartfelt satisfaction, she took out of a cupboard two fine china plates, on one of which lay cakes of light wheaten bread, and on the other piled up the most magnificent grapes reposing amid a garland of their own leaves, which were tastefully arranged in various shades against the golden border of the plate. These Petrea placed upon a little table in the window, so that the sun shone upon them.

The Assessor regarded them with the eye of a Dutch fruit painter, and appeared to rejoice himself over a beautiful picture after his own manner.

"You must not only look at your breakfast, but you must eat it," said the lively Petrea; "the bread is home-baked, and—Eva has arranged the grapes on the plate and brought them up here."

"Eva!" said he, "now, she could not know that I was coming here to-day!"

"And precisely because she thought so as well as me, would she provide your breakfast;" with these words Petrea looked archly at the Assessor, who did not conceal a pleasurable sensation—broke off a little grape, seated himself, and—said nothing.

Petrea turned herself to her books: "Oh," said she, "why is life so short, when there is such an infinite deal to learn! Yet this is not right, and it evidences ignorance to imagine the time of learning limited; besides, this remark about the shortness of time and the length of art proceeds from the heathen writer Hippocrates. But let us praise God for the hope, for the certainty, that we may be scholars to all eternity. Ah, Mr. Munter, I rejoice myself heartily over the industrial spirit of our age! It will make it easy for the masses to clothe and feed themselves, and then will they begin also to live for mind. For true is that sentiment, which is about two thousand years old, 'When common needs are satisfied, man turns himself to what is more universal and exalted.' Thus, when the great week of the world is past, the Sabbath will commence, in which a people of quiet worshippers will spread themselves over the earth, no more striving after decaying treasures, but seeking after those which are eternal;

a people whose life will be to observe, to comprehend, and to adore, revering their Creator in spirit and in truth. Then comes the day of which the angels sang 'Peace on earth!'"

"Peace on earth!" repeated Jeremias, in a slow and melancholy voice, "when comes it? It must first enter into the heart; and there, there live so many demons, so much disquiet and painful longing—but what—what is amiss now?"

"Ah, my God!" exclaimed Petrea wildly, "she lives! she lives!"

"What! her? who lives? No, really, Petrea, all is not right with you," said the Assessor, rising.

"See! see!" cried Petrea, trembling with emotion, and showing to the Assessor a torn piece of paper, "see, this lay in the book!"

"Well, what then? It is indeed torn from a sepia picture—a hand strewn roses on a grave, I believe. Have I not seen this somewhere already?"

"Yes, certainly; yes, certainly! It is the girl by the rose-bush which I, as a child, gave to Sara! Sara lives! see, here has she written!"

The back of the picture seemed to have been scrawled over by a child's hand; but in one vacant spot stood these words, in Sara's own remarkably beautiful handwriting.

"No rose on Sara's grave!  
Oh Petrea! if thou know'st—"

The sentence was unfinished, whilst several drops seemed to prove that it had been closed by tears.

"Extraordinary!" said the Assessor: "these books which I purchased yesterday were bought in U. Could she be there? But—"

"Certainly! certainly she is there," exclaimed Petrea, "look at the book in which the picture lay—see, on the first page is the name, Sara Schwartz—although it has been erased. Oh! certainly she is in U., or there we can obtain intelligence of her! Oh, Sara, my poor Sara! She lives, but perhaps in want, in sorrow! I will be with her to-day if she be in U."

"That, Miss Petrea will hardly manage," said the Assessor, "unless she can fly. It is one hundred and two (English) miles from here to U."

"Alas, that my father should at this time be absent, should have the carriage with him; otherwise he would have gone with me! But he has an old chaise, I will take it—"

"Very pretty, indeed," returned he, "for a lady to be travelling alone in an old chaise, especially when the roads are spoiled with rain; and see what masses of cloud are coming up with the south wind—you'll have soaking rain the whole day through in the chaise."

"And if it rain pokers," interrupted Petrea, warmly, "I must go. O heaven! she was indeed my sister, she is so yet, and she shall not call on me in vain! I will run down to my mother in this moment and—" Petrea took her bonnet and cloak in her hand.

"Calm yourself a little, Miss Petrea," he said. "I tell you, you could not travel in this way. The chaise would not hold together. Alas, I have tried it myself—you could not go in it!"

"Now then," exclaimed Petrea determinately, "I will go; and if I cannot go I'll creep—but go I will!"

"Is that then your firm determination?"

"My firm and my last."

"Well, then, I must creep with you!" said the Assessor, smiling, "if it be only to see how it goes with you. I'll go home now, but will be back in an hour's time. Promise me only to have patience for so long, and not without me to set off—creep off, I should say!"

The Assessor vanished, and Petrea hastened down to her mother and sisters.

But before her communications and consultations were at an end, a light travelling carriage drew up at the door. The Assessor alighted from it, came in, and offered Petrea his arm. Soon again was he seated in the carriage, Petrea by his side, and was protesting vehemently against the bag of provisions, and the bottle of wine, which Leonore thrust in, spite of his protestations, and so away they went.

### CHAPTER III.

#### ADVENTURES.

It was now the second time in their life that the Assessor and Petrea were out together in such a manner, and now as before it seemed as if no favourable star would light their journey, for scarcely had they set out when it began to rain, and clouds as heavy and dark as lead gathered together above their heads. It is rather depressing when in answer to the inquiring glances which one casts upwards at the commencement of an important journey, to be met by a heaven like this. Other omens also little less fortunate added themselves; the horses pranced about as if they were unwilling to go farther, and an owl took upon itself to attend the carriage, set itself on the tree-branches and points of the palings by the wayside, and then on the coming up of the carriage flew a little farther, there to await its coming up at a little distance.

As the travellers entered a wood, where on account of the deep road they were compelled to travel slowly, they saw on the right hand a little black-gray old woman step forth, as ugly, witch, and Kobold-like in appearance as an old woman ever can be. She stared at the travellers for a moment, and then vanished among the trunks of the trees.

The Assessor shuddered involuntarily at the sight of her, and remarked; "What a difference is there between woman and woman—the loveliest upon earth and the most horrible is yet—woman!"

After he had seen the old witch he became almost gloomy. Perhaps in the mean time the owl vanished with her; perhaps, because "birds of a feather flock together."

Yet it may be that I am calumniating all this time the little old mother in the most sinful manner; she may be the most good-tempered woman in the world.

All this time Petrea sate silent, for however enlightened and unprejudiced people may be, they never can perfectly free themselves from the impression of certain circumstances, such as presentiments, omens, apparitions, and forebodings, which, like owls on noiseless wings, have flown through the world ever since the time of Adam, when they first shouted their ominous

"hu! hu!" People know that Hobbs, who denied the resurrection in the warmest manner, never could sleep in the neighbourhood of a room in which there had been a corpse. Petrea, who had not the least resemblance in the world to Hobbs, was not inclined to gainsay anything within the range of probability. Her temperament naturally inclined her to superstition; and like most people who sit still a great deal, she felt always, at the commencement of a journey a degree of disquiet as to how it would go on. But on this day, under the leaden heaven, and the influence of discomfiting forebodings, this unquiet amounted to actual presentiment of evil; whether this had reference to Sara or to herself, she knew not, but she was disposed to imagine the latter, and asked herself, as she often had done, whether she were prepared for any occasion which might separate her for ever from all those whom she loved on earth. By this means Petrea most livingly discovered—discovered almost with horror, how strongly she was fettered to her earthly existence, how dear life had become to her.

All human souls have their heights, but then they have also their morasses, their pits (I will not speak of abysses, because many souls are too shallow to have these). A frequent mounting upwards, or a most constant abode upon these heights, is the stipulated condition of man's proximity to heaven. Petrea's soul was an uneven ground, as is the case with most people; but there existed in her nature, as we have before seen, a most determined desire to ascend upwards; and at this time, in which she found her affections too much bound to earthly things, she strove earnestly to ascend up to one of those heights where every limited attraction vanishes before more extended views, and where every fettered affection will become free, and will revive in what is loftier. The attempt succeeded, succeeded by making her feel that whatever was most valuable in this life was intimately connected with that life which only first begins when this ends. Her lively imagination called forth, one after another, a great variety of scenes of misfortune and death; and she felt that in the moment before she resigned life, her heart would be able to raise itself with the words, "God be praised in all eternity."

With this feeling, and convinced by it that her present undertaking was good and necessary, whatever its consequences might be, Petrea's heart became light and free. She turned herself with lively words and looks to her travelling companion, and drew him, by degrees, into a conversation which was so interesting to them both, that they forgot weather and ways, forebodings, evil omens, and preparation for death. The journey prospered as well as any autumn journey could prosper. Not a trace of danger met them by the way. The wind slumbered in the woods; and in the public-houses they only heard one and another sleepy peasant open his mouth with a "devil take me!"

In the afternoon of the following day our travellers arrived, happily, at U. Petrea scarcely allowed herself time to take any refreshments before she commenced her inquiries. The result of all her and the Assessor's labours we give shortly thus:

It soon became beyond a doubt to them that

Sara, together with a little daughter, had been in the city, and had resided in the very inn in which Petrea and the Assessor now were, although they travelled under a foreign name. She was described as being in the highest degree weak and sickly; and, as might be expected in her circumstances, it appeared that she had besought the host to sell some books for her, which he had done. One of these books it was which, with its forgotten mark, had fallen into the hand of Petrea. Sara, on account of her debility, had been compelled to remain several days in that place, but she had been gone from there probably a week; and they saw by the Day-book\* that it had been her intention to proceed thence to an inn which lay on the road to Petrea's native place; not, however, on the road by which they had travelled to U., but upon one which was shorter, although much worse.

Sara then also was on her way home, yes, perhaps, might be there already. This thought was an indescribable consolation for Petrea's heart, which, from the account she had received of Sara's condition, was anxious in the highest degree. But when she thought on the long time which had passed since Sara's journey from the city, she was filled with anxiety, and feared that Sara might be ill upon the road.

Willingly would Petrea have turned back again on the same evening to seek out traces of Sara; but care for her old friend prevented her from doing more than speaking of it. The Assessor, indeed, found himself unwell, and required rest. The cold and wet weather had operated prejudicially upon him, both mind and body. It was adopted as unquestionable that they could not continue the journey till the following morning.

The Assessor had told Petrea that this was his birthday, and perhaps it was this thought which caused him to be uncommonly melancholy the whole day. Petrea, who was infinitely desirous of cheering him, hastened, whilst he was gone out to seek an acquaintance, to prepare a little festival for his return.

With flowers and foliage which Petrea obtained, heaven knows how!—but when people are resolutely bent on anything they find out the means to do it—with these then, with lights, a good fire, with a table covered with his favourite dishes and such like, although in a somewhat disagreeable public-house room, such a picture of comfort and pleasantness was presented as the Assessor much loved.

Fathers and mothers, and all the members of happy families, are accustomed to birthday festivals, flower-garlands, and well-covered tables; but nobody had celebrated the birthday of the Assessor during his solitary wandering; he had not been indulged with those little flower-surprises of life—if one may so call them; hence it happened that he entered from the dark, wet street into this festal room with an exclamation of astonishment and heartfelt pleasure.

Petrea, on her part, was inexpressibly cordial, and was quite happy when she saw the pains

which she had taken to entertain her old friend succeed so well. The two spent a pleasant evening together. They made each other mutually acquainted with the evil omens and the impressions which they had occasioned, and bantered one another a little thereon; but decided positively that such fore-tokenings for the most part—betoken nothing at all.

As they separated for the night the Assessor pressed Petrea's hand with the assurance that very rarely had a day given him such a joyous evening. Grateful for these words, and grateful for the hope of soon finding again the lost and wept friend of her youth, Petrea went to rest, but the Assessor remained up late—midnight saw him still writing.

Man and woman! There is a deal, especially in romances, said about man and woman, as of separate beings. However that may be, human beings are they both—and as human beings, as morally sentient and thinking creatures, they influence one another for life. Their ways and manners, their gifts, are different; and it is this very difference which, by mutual benefits, and mutual endeavours to sweeten life to one another, produces what is so beautiful and so perfect.

The clearest sun brightened the following morning; but the eyes of the Assessor were troubled, as if they had enjoyed but little repose. Whilst he and Petrea were breakfasting, he was called out to inspect something relative to the carriage.

Was it now the hereditary sin of mother Eve, or was it any other cause which induced Petrea at this moment to approach the table on which the Assessor's money lay, together with papers ready to be put into a travelling writing-case. Enough! she did it—she did, certainly what no upright reader will pardon her for doing, quickly ran her eyes over one of the papers which seemed just lately to have received from the pen impressions of thought, and—took it. Shortly afterwards the Assessor entered, and as it was somewhat late, he hastily put together his papers, and they set off on their journey.

The weather was glorious, and Petrea rejoiced like—nay, even more than a child, over the objects which met her eyes, and which, after the rain, stood in the bright sunshine, as if in the glory of a festive-day. The world was to her now more than ever a magic ring; not the perplexing, half-heathenish, but the purely Christian, in which every thing, every moment has its signification, even as every dewdrop receives its beaming point of light from the splendour of the sun. Autumn was, above all, Petrea's favourite season, and its abundance now made her soul overflow with joyful thoughts. It is the time in which the earth gives a feast to all her children, and joyous and changing scenes were represented by the way-sides. Here the corn-field raised to heaven its golden sheaves, and the harvesters sang; there, around the purple berries of the service-tree circled beautiful flocks of the twittering silktails; round the solitary huts, the flowering potatoe-fields told that the fruit was ripe, and merry little barefooted children sprang into the wood to gather bilberries. Petrea thanked heaven in her heart for all the innocent joys of earth. She thought of her home, of her parents, of her sisters, of Sara, who would soon again be one of their circle, and of how she

\* A Day-book (Dagbok) is kept at every inn in Sweden. The name of every traveller who takes thence horses, and the name of the next town to which he proceeds, are entered in it; and thus, when on the trace, nothing could be easier than to discover such a traveller. The Day-book is renewed each month.—M. H.

(Petrea) would cherish her, and care for her, and reconcile her to life and happiness. In this blessed, beautiful morning hour, all thoughts clothed themselves in light. Petrea felt quite happy, and the joke which she thought of playing on her friend the Assessor, with the stolen piece of paper, contributed not a little to screw up her life's spirit to greater liveliness. "From the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh," and Petrea involuntarily influenced her travelling companion so far that they both amused themselves with bombarding little children on the waysides with apples and pears, whereby they were not at all terrified.

They had now taken the same road upon which Sara travelled, and in the first inn at which they stopped, their hopes were strengthened; for Sara had been there, and had taken thence a horse to the next public-house.\* All was on the way toward home. So continued it also at the three following stations; but at the fifth, they suddenly lost all traces of her. No one there had seen a traveller answering to her description, nor was her name to be found in the Travellers' Day-book. New and great uneasiness for Petrea! After some deliberation, she and the Assessor determined to return to the public-house whence they were just come, in order to discover clearly in what direction Sara had gone thence.

In the mean time the evening had come on, and the sun was descending as our friends were passing through one of the gloomiest woods in Sweden, and one in such ill-report that not long ago a writer speaking of it, said, "the forest shrouds memories as awful as itself, and monuments of murder stand by the wayside. Probably the mantle of the mountains falls not now in such thick folds as formerly, but yet there still are valleys where the stroke of the axe has never yet been heard, and rocky ranges which have never yet been smitten by the rays of the sun."

"Here two men murdered the one the other," said the postillion, with the gayest air in the world, whilst the carriage stopped to give the horses breath, on account of the heaviness of the road, and as he spoke he pointed with his whip to a heap of twigs and pieces of wood which lay to the left of the road, directly before the travellers, and which presented a repulsive aspect. It is customary for every passer-by to throw a stone or a piece of wood upon such a blood-stained spot, and thus the monument of murder grows under the continued curse of society. Thus it now stands there, hateful and repulsive amid the beautiful fir-trees, and it seemed as if the earth had given forth the ugliest of its mis-shaped boughs, and the most distorted of its twisted roots, wherewith to build up the heap. From the very midst of this abomination, however, a wild-rose had sprung forth and shot upwards its living twigs from among the dry boughs, whilst, like fresh blood-drops above the pile, shone its red berries illuminated by the sun, which now in its descent threw a path of light over the broad road.

\* In Sweden, every traveller, be he poor or rich, must provide himself with his vehicle; he can hire nothing but horses from one station to another. It must not be imagined that Sara travelled with any state—most probably from what occurs afterwards, in a rude sort of peasant's car.—M. H.

"When this wild-rose is full of flowers," said Jeremias, as he regarded it with his expressive glance, "it must awaken the thought, that what the state condemns with justice, a Higher Power can cover with the roses of his love."

The sun withdrew his beams. The carriage set itself again in motion, but at the very moment when the horses passed the heap, they shied so violently that the carriage was backed into a ditch and overturned.

"Farewell life!" cried Petrea, internally; but before she herself knew how, she was out of the carriage, and found herself standing not at all the worse upon the soft heather. With the Assessor, however, it did not fare so well; a severe blow on the right leg made it impossible for him to support himself on it without great suffering. His old servant, who had acted as coachman on the journey, lay in a fainting fit at a few paces from him, bleeding profusely from a wound in the head, while the little post-boy stood by his horses and cried. Time and situation were not the most agreeable. The post-boy said that at about three quarters of a mile (English) there lay a peasant's hut in the wood by the road side; but it was impossible to induce him to run there, or under any condition to leave his horses.

"Let us wait," said the Assessor, patiently and calmly, "probably somebody will soon come by from whom we can beg assistance." They waited, but nobody came, and every moment the shades became darker; it seemed as if people avoided this horrible wood at this hour. Petrea, full of anxiety for her old friend, if he must remain much longer on the damp ground, and in the increasing coolness of evening, determined with herself what she would do. She wrapped up the Assessor and his old servant in every article of clothing of which she could gain possession, amongst which was her own cloak, rejoicing that this was unobserved by her friend, and then said to him decidedly, "now I go myself to obtain help! I shall soon be back again!" And without regarding the prohibitions, prayers, and threats with which he endeavoured to recall her, she ran quickly away in the direction of the hut, as the post-boy had described it. She hastened forward with quick steps, endeavouring to remove all thoughts of personal danger, and only to strengthen herself by the hope of procuring speedy help for her friend.

The haste with which she went compelled her after some time to stand still to recover breath. The quick motion which set her blood in rapid circulation, the freshness of the air, the beautiful and magnificent repose of the wood, diffused through her, almost in opposition to her own will and heart, an irresistible feeling of satisfaction and pleasure, which however quickly left her as she heard a something crackling in the wood. What could it be? perhaps an animal! Petrea held her panting breath. It crackled; it whistled; there were people in the wood! However bold, or more properly speaking rash, Petrea might be at certain moments, her heart now drew itself together, when she thought on her solitary, defenceless situation, and on the scenes of horror for which this wood was so fearfully renowned. Beyond this, she was now no longer in those years when one stands in life on a flying foot, careless and presumptuous;

she had planted herself firmly in life; had her own quiet room; her peaceful sphere of activity, which she now loved more than the most brilliant adventures in the world; it was not therefore to be wondered at, that she recoiled tremblingly from the unlovely and hateful which is at home by the road sides.

Petrea listened with a strongly beating heart; the rustling came nearer and nearer; for one moment she thought of concealing herself on the opposite side of the way, but in the next she boldly demanded "Who is there?"

All was still. Petrea strained her eyes to discover some one in the direction of the sound, but in vain: the wood was thick, and it had become quite dark. Once again, exclaimed Petrea, "If any one be there, let him come to the help of unfortunate travellers!"

Even the heart of robbers, thought she, would be mollified by confidence; and prayers for help might remove thoughts of murder. The rustling in the wood began afresh, and now were heard the voices of—children. An indescribable sensation of joy went through Petrea's heart. A whole army, with Napoleon at their head, could not at this moment have given that feeling of security and protection which came from those children's voices; and soon came issuing from the wood two little barefooted human-creatures, a boy and a girl, who stared on Petrea with astonishment. She quickly made herself acquainted with them, and they promised to conduct her to the cottage, which lay at a little distance. On their way they gave Petrea bilberries out of their full birch-wood measure, and related to her that the reason of their being out so late was, that they had been looking for the cow which was lost in the wood; that they should have driven her home, but had not been able to find her; which greatly troubled the little ten-years-old girl, because, she said, the sick lady could not have any milk that evening.

While Petrea, led by her little guardian-angels, wandered through the wood—we will make a little flight, and relate what had occurred there a few days before.

A few days before, a travelling-car drove along this road, in which sat a lady and little girl. As they came in sight of a small cottage, which with its blossoming potatoe-field, looked friendly in the wood, the lady said to the peasant boy who drove, "I cannot go further! Stop! I must rest!" She dismounted, and crawled with his help to the cottage, and besought the old woman whom she found there for a glass of water, and permission to rest upon the bed for a moment. The voice which prayed for this was almost inaudible, and the countenance deathly pale. The little girl sobbed and cried bitterly. Scarcely had the poor invalid laid herself upon the humble and hardly clean bed, when she fell into a deep stupor from which she did not revive for three hours.

On her return to consciousness she found that the peasant had taken her things into the cottage; taken his horse out of the car and left her. The invalid made several ineffectual attempts during three days to leave the bed, but scarcely had she taken a few steps when she sunk back upon it; her lips trembled, and bitter tears flowed over her pale cheeks. The fourth day she lay quite still; but in the afternoon besought the old woman to procure her an honest and safe person, who, for a suitable sum would conduct the little girl to a

place which would be made known to him by a letter that would be given with her. The old woman proposed her brother's son as a good man, and one to be relied on for this purpose, and promised in compliance with the prayer of the sick woman to seek him out that same day and speak with him; but as he lived at a considerable distance, she feared that she should only be able to return late in the evening. After she was gone, the invalid took paper and a lead pencil, and with a weak and trembling hand wrote as follows:

"I cannot arrive—I feel it! I sink before I reach the haven. Oh, foster-parents, good sisters, have mercy on my little one, my child, who knocks at your door, and will deliver to you, my humble, my last prayer! Give to her a warm home, when I am resting in my cold one! See, how good she looks! Look at her young countenance, and see that she is acquainted with want—she is not like her mother! I fancy her mild features resemble hers whose name she bears, and whose angelic image never has left my soul.

Foster-mother, foster-father! good sisters! I had much to say, but can say only little! Forgive me! Forgive me the grief which I have occasioned you? Greatly have I erred, but greatly also have I suffered. A wanderer have I been on the earth, and have had nowhere a home since I left your blessed roof! My way has been through the desert; a burning simoom has scorched, has consumed my cheek—

"About to leave the world in which I have erred so greatly and suffered so much, I call now for your blessing. Oh, let me tell you that that Sara which you once called daughter and sister is yet not wholly unworthy! She is sunk deep, but she has endeavoured to raise herself; and your forms, like good angels, have floated around the path of her improvement.

"It will do your noble hearts good to know that she dies now repentant, but hopeful—she has fixed her humble hope upon the Father of Mercy.

"The hand of mercy cherished on earth the days of my childhood—later, it has lifted my dying head, and has poured into my heart a new and a better life; it has conducted me to hope in the mercy of heaven. Foster-father, thou who wast His image to me on earth—gentle foster-mother, whose voice perhaps could yet call forth life in this cold breast—have mercy on my child—call it your child!

"It never was my intention to come, as a burden, into your house. No; I wished only to conduct my child to your door—to see it open to her, and then to go forth—go forth quietly and die. But I shall not reach so far! God guide the fatherless and the motherless to you?

"And now farewell! I can write no more—it becomes dark before my eyes. I write these last words upon my knees. Parents, sisters, take my child to you! May it make you some time forget the errors of its mother! Pardon all my faults! I complain of no one.

"God reward you and be merciful to me!

"SARA."

Sara folded her letter hastily, sealed it and directed it, and then, enfeebled by the excitement, sank down beside her sleeping child, kissed her softly, and whispered, "for the last time!" Her feet and hands were like ice; she felt this icy coldness run through all her veins, and diffuse itself over her whole body; her limbs stiffened;

and it seemed to her as if a cold wind blew into her face.

"It is death!" thought Sara; "my death-bed is lonesome and miserable; yet—I have deserved no better. Her consciousness became ever darker; but in the depths of her soul combated still the last, perhaps the noblest powers of life—suffering and prayer. At length they too also became benumbed, but not for long, for new impressions waked suddenly the slumbering life.

It appeared to Sara as if angel voices had spoken and repeated her name, tender hands had rubbed her stiffened limbs with electrical fire; her feet were pressed to a bosom that beat strongly; hot drops fell upon them and thawed the icy coldness. She felt a heart throbbing against hers, and the wind of death upon her face vanished before warm summer breath, kisses, tears. Oh! was it a dream? But the dream became ever more living and clear. Life, loving, affectionate, warm life, contended with death, and was the victor! "Sara, Sara!" cried a voice full of love and anxiety, and Sara opened her eyes, and said, "Oh! Petrea, is it you?"

Yes, indeed, it was our poor Petrea, whose distress at Sara's condition, and whose joy over her now returning life, can neither of them be described. Sara took Petrea's hand, and conveyed it to her lips, and the humility of this action, so unlike the former Sara, penetrated Petrea's heart.

"Give me something to drink," prayed Sara with feeble voice. Petrea looked around for some refreshing liquid, but there was nothing to be found in the cottage excepting a jug containing a little muddy water; not a drop of milk, and the cow was lost in the wood! Petrea would have given her heart's blood for a few drops of wine, for she saw that Sara was ready to die from feebleness. And now, with feelings which are not to be told, must she give Sara to drink from the muddy water, in which, however, to make it more refreshing, she bruised some bilberries. Sarah thanked her for it as if it had been nectar.

"Is there any where in this neighbourhood a place where one can meet with people, and obtain the means of life?" asked Petrea from her little guide.

The little guide knew of none excepting in the village, and in the public-house there they could obtain every thing, "whatever they wished," said the child; to be sure it was a good way there, but she knew a footpath through the wood by which they might soon reach it.

Petrea did not stop thinking for a moment; and after she had encouraged Sara to courage and hope, she set out most speedily with the little nimble maiden on the way to the village.

The girl went first: her white head-kerchief guided Petrea through the duskiness of the wood. But the footway which the girl trode so lightly and securely, was an actual way of trial for Petrea. Now and then fragments of her clothes were left hanging on the thick bushes; now a branch which shot outwards seized her bonnet and struck it flat; now she went stumbling over tree-roots and stones, which, on account of the darkness and the speed of her flight, she could not avoid, and now bats flew into her face. In vain did the wood now elevate itself more majestically than ever around her; in vain did the stars kindle their lights, and send their beams into the deep gullies of the wood; in vain sang the water-falls in the quiet evening as they fell from the rocks. Petrea had now no thought for the beauty

of nature; and the lights which sparkled from the village, were to her a more welcome sight than all the suns and stars in the firmament.

And more lights than common streamed in pale beams through the misty windows of the public-house as Petrea came up to it. All was fermentation within it as in a beehive; violins were playing; the *polka* was being danced; women's gowns swung round; the walls hung with steam round about; iron-heeled shoes beat upon the floor, and the dust flew up to the ceiling. After Petrea had sought in vain for somebody outside the dancing-room, she was compelled to go in, and then she saw instantly that there was a wedding. The gilded crown on the head of the bride waved and trembled amid the attacks and the defence of the contending parties, for it was precisely the hot moment of the Swedish peasant wedding, in which, as it is said, the crown is danced off the head of the bride. The married women were endeavouring to vanquish and take captive the bride, while the girls were, on their part, doing their utmost to defend and hold her back. In the other half of the great room, however, all went on more noisily and more violently still, for there the married men strove to dance the bridegroom from the unmarried ones, and they pulled and tore and pushed unmercifully, amid shouts and laughter, while the *polka* went on its whirling measure.

It would be almost at the peril of her life that a delicate lady should enter into such a tumult; but Petrea feared in this moment no other danger than that of not being able to make herself heard in this wild uproar. She called and demanded to speak with the host; but her voice was perfectly swallowed up in the universal din. She then quickly turned herself, amid the contending and round-about-swinging groups, to the two musicians, who were scraping upon their fiddles with a sort of frenzy, and beating time with their feet. Petrea caught hold of one of them by the arm, and prayed him in God's name to leave off for a moment, for that her business was of life and death. But they paid not the slightest attention to her; they heard not what she said; they played, and the others danced with fury.

"That is very mad!" thought Petrea, "but I will be madder still!" and so thinking, she threw down upon the musicians a table which stood near them covered with bottles and glasses. With this crash, the music was suddenly still. The pause in the music astonished the dancers; they looked around them. Petrea took advantage of this moment, went into the crowd, and called for the host. The host, who was celebrating his daughter's wedding, came forward; he was a fat, somewhat puffy man, who evidently had taken a glass too much.

Petrea related summarily what had happened; prayed for people to assist at the carriage, and for some wine and fine bread for an individual. She spoke with warmth and determination; but nevertheless the host demurred, and the crowd, half intoxicated with drink and dancing, regarded her with a distrustful look. "The mad lady!" "It is the mad lady!" "No, no, it is not!" "Yes it is!"

And we must confess that Petrea's excited appearance, and the condition of her toilette after the fatigues of her wandering, gave some occasion for her being taken for a little crazy; this, and the circumstance of her being mistaken for another person, may explain the disinclination

to afford her assistance, which otherwise does not belong to the character of the Swedish peasant.

Again Petrea exhorted host and peasant to contribute their help, and promised befitting reward.

The host set himself now in a commanding attitude, cleared his throat, and spoke with a self-satisfied air.

"Yes, yes," said he, "that's all right-good and handsome, but I should like to see something of this befitting reward before I put myself out of the way about overturned carriages. In the end, may be, one shall find neither one nor the other. One cannot believe everything that people say!"

Petrea recollected with uneasiness that she had no money with her; she however let nothing of that be seen, but replied calmly and collectedly, "You shall receive money when you come to the carriage. But for heaven's sake, follow me immediately, every moment's delay may cost a life!"

The men looked undecidedly one on another; but no one stirred from the place; a dull murmur ran through the crowd. Almost in despair, Petrea clasped her hands together and exclaimed, whilst tears streamed from her eyes, "Are you Christians, and yet can hear that fellow-creatures are in danger without hastening to help them?"

She mentioned the name and office of her father, and then went from prayers to threats.

Whilst all this was going on in the house, something was going on at the door, of which, in all speed, we will give a glimpse.

There drew up at the inn-door, a travelling-calaish, accompanied by a small Holstein carriage in which sat four boys, the eldest of whom, probably ten years of age, and who, evidently greatly to his satisfaction, had managed with his own hands a pair of thin travelling horses. From the coach-box of the calaish sprang nimbly a somewhat stout, jovial-looking gentleman, and out of the carriage came, one after another, other four little boys, with so many packets and bundles as was perfectly wonderful: among all these moved a rather thin lady of a good and gay appearance, who took with her own hands all the things out of the carriage and gave them into the care of a maid and the eldest of the eight boys; the youngest sat in the arms of his father.

"Can you yet hold something, Jacob?" asked the lady from one of the boys, who stood there loaded up to the very chin. "Yes, with my nose," replied he merrily; "nay, nay, dear mother, not the whole provision-basket—that's quite impossible!"

The mother laughed, and instead of the provision-basket, two or three books were put under the protection of the little nose.

"Take care of the bottles, young ones!" exhorted the mother, "and count them exactly; there should be ten of them. Adam, don't stand there with your mouth open, but hold fast and think about what you have in your hand, and what you are doing! Take good care of the bottle of mother's elixir! What a noise is there within! Does nobody come out? Come here my young ones! Adam, wait for David, wait! Jonathan, here! Jacob, Solomon, where are you? Shem and Seth, keep quiet!"

This was the moment when, by the opening of the door of the dancing-room, they became aware of the arrival of the travellers, and when the host

hastened out to receive them. Many followed him, and among the rest Petrea, who quickly interrupted her address to the peasants, in order, through the interposition of the travellers, as she hoped, to obtain speedier help.

"Oh! pardon me," cried she, in a voice which showed her agitation of mind; "I know not, it is true, who you are" (and the darkness prevented her from seeing it), "but I hope you are Christians, and I beseech of you, for heaven's sake—

"Whose voice is that?" interrupted a cheerful, well-toned, manly voice.

"Who speaks?" exclaimed Petrea in astonishment.

A few words were exchanged, and suddenly the names "Petrea! Jacobi! Louise!" flew exultingly from the lips of the three, and they locked one another in a heartfelt and affectionate embrace.

"Aunt Petrea! Aunt Petrea!" cried the eight boys in jubilation, and hopped around her.

Petrea wept for joy that she had not alone met with good Christians, but had hit upon her most Christian brother-in-law and Court-preacher, and upon "our eldest," who, with her hopeful offspring "the Berserkers," were upon their journey to the paternal house and the new paragonage.

A few minutes afterwards the carriage containing Petrea, Louise, and Jacobi, accompanied by peasants on horseback, drove away at full gallop into the wood, into whose gullies, as well as into Petrea's imploring eyes, the half-moon, which now ascended, poured its comfortable light.

We leave Petrea now with her relatives, who, on their homeward journey, fell in with her at the right moment to save her from a situation in the highest degree painful. We are perfectly sure that the Assessor received speedy assistance; that Sara was regaled with wine as well as with Louise's elixir; that Petrea's heart was comforted, and her toilette brought into order; and in confirmation of this our assurance we will quote the following lines from a letter of Louise, which on the next day was sent off home.

"I am quite convinced that Sara, with careful attention, befitting diet, and above all, by being surrounded with kindness, may be called back to life and health. But for the present she is so weak that it is impossible to think of her travelling under several days. And in any case, I doubt if she will come with us, unless my father come to fetch her. She says that she will not be a burden to our family. Ah! now it is a pleasure to open house and heart to her. She is so changed! And her child is—a little angel! For the Assessor it might be necessary on account of his leg that he go the city; but he will not leave Sara, who requires his help so greatly (his servant is out of all danger). Petrea, spite of all fatigues and adventures, is quite superb. She and Jacobi enliven us all. As things now stand we cannot fix decidedly the day of our arrival; but if Sara continue to improve, as appearances promise, Jacobi sets out to-morrow with the children to you. It is so dear with them all here in the public-house. God grant that we may all soon meet again in our beloved home!"

An hour after the receipt of this letter the Judge set off with such haste as if his life were concerned. He journeyed from home to the forest-village; we, on the contrary, reverse the journey, and betake ourselves from the public-house to home.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE HOME.

LILIES were blossoming in the house on the beautiful morning of the twentieth of September. They seemed to shoot up of themselves under Gabriele's feet. The mother, white herself as a lily, went about softly in her fine morning-dress with a cloth in her hand wiping away from mirror or table the smallest particle of dust. A higher expression of joy than common animated her countenance; a fine crimson tinged her otherwise pale cheeks, and the lips moved themselves involuntarily as if they would speak loving and joyful words.

Bergstrom adorned ante-room and steps with foliage and splendid flowers, so that they represented a continuation of garlands along the white walls; and not a little delighted was he with his own taste, which Gabriele did not, at all, omit to praise. But although an unusually great deal of occupation pervaded the house this morning, still it was nevertheless unusually quiet; people only spoke in low voices, and when the least noise was made the mother said, "Hush! hush!"

The cause of this was, that the lost but again-found child slept in the house of her parents.

Sara had arrived there the evening before, and we have passed over this scene, for the great change in her, and her shaken condition had made it sorrowful; yet we wish indeed that the feeling reader had seen the manly tears which flowed down the cheeks of the Judge, as he laid the found-again daughter on the bosom of her mother! We should like to have shown him the unfortunate one, as she rested with her hands crossed over her breast, on the snow-white couch, over which the mother herself had laid the fine coverlet; have shown him how she looked upon the child whose bed stood near her own; upon the beloved ones, who full of affection surrounded her—and then up to heaven, without being able to utter one word! And how glad should we have been could we have seen the Jacobian pair this evening in the paternal home, and how there sate eating, round them, Adam and Jacob, the twin brothers of Jonathan and David, ditto Shem and Seth, with Solomon and little Alfred. They were well-trained children, and looked particularly well, all dressed alike, in a blouse of dark stuff, over which fell back the white shirt collar, leaving free the throat with its lively tint of health, whilst the slender waist was girded with a narrow belt of white leather. Such was the light troop of "the Berserkers."

But we return to our bright morning hour. Eva and Leonore were in the garden, and gathered with their own hands some select apples and pears, which were to ornament the dinner table. They were still glittering with dew, and for the last time the sun bathed them with purple by the song of the bulfinch. The sisters had spoken of Sara; of the little Elise, whom they would educate; of Jacobi—and their conversation was cheerful; then they went to other subjects.

"And to-day," said Leonore, "your last answer goes to Colonel R.—your last, no! And you feel quite satisfied that it should be so?"

"Yes, quite!" returned Eva, "how the heart changes! I cannot now conceive how I once loved him!"

It is extraordinary how he should still solicit your hand, and this after so long a separation.

He must have loved you much more than any of the others to whom he made court."

"I do not think so, but—ah, Leonore! do you see the beautiful apple there? It is quite bright. Can you reach it? No? Yes, if you climb on this bough."

"Must I give myself so much trouble?" asked Leonore; "that is indeed shocking! Well, but I must try, only catch me if I should fall!"

The sisters were here interrupted by Petrea, whose appearance showed that she had something interesting to communicate.

"See, Eva," said she, giving to her a written piece of paper, "here you have something for morning-reading. Now you must convince yourself of something of which till now you would not believe. And I shall call you a stock, a stone, an automaton without heart and soul, if you do not—yes, smile! You will not laugh when you have read it. Leonore! come dear Leonore, you must read it also, you will give me credit for being right. Read, sisters, read!"

The sisters read the following remarks in the handwriting of the Assessor.

"Happy is the lonely and the lowly! He may ripen and refresh himself in peace!" Beautiful words, and what is better, true.

"The foundling has proved their truth. He was sick at heart, and sinned; but he belonged to the lowly and to the unnoticed, and so he could be alone; alone in the fresh, quiet wood, alone with the Great Physician, who only can heal the wounds of the heart—and it is become better with him.

"Now I begin to understand the Great Physician, and the regimen which he has prescribed for me. I feared the gangrene selfishness, and would drink of the nectar of love; but he said, 'Not this draught, but that of self-denial—it is more purifying.'

"I have drunk it. I have loved her for twenty years without pretension and without hope.

"To-day I have passed my three-and-sixtieth year; the increasing pain in my side commands me to leave the steps of the patients, and tells me that I have not many more paces to count till I reach my grave. May it be permitted to me to live the remainder of my days more exclusively for her!

"At the 'Old Man's Rose' will I live for her—for it stands in my will that it belongs to her, to her, Eva Frank.

"I will beautify this country-seat for her. I will plant there beautiful trees and flowers for her; vines and roses will I bring there. Old age will some time seize on her, wither her, and consume her. But then, 'the rose of age' will bloom for her, and the odour of my love bless her, when the ugly old man wanders on the earth no more. She will take her sisters to her there, there hear the songs of the birds, and see the glory of the sun upon the lovely objects of nature.

"I will repose on these thoughts during the solitary months or years that I must pass there. Truly, many a day will be heavy to me; the long evening solitary; truly, it were good to have there a beloved and gentle companion, to whom one might say each day 'Good morning, the sun is beautiful;' or in whose eyes—if it

\* From the Book of the Rose (Torarösen's Bok), this is the general title of a collection of romances, novels, and dramas, by Almqvist, an intellectual, and at the same time one of the most fertile of the living Swedish writers.

were not so—one could see a better sun;—a companion with whom one could enjoy books, nature—all that God has given us of good; whose hand, in the last heavy hour one could press, and to whom one could say, 'Good night! we meet again—to-morrow—with love itself—with God!'

"But—but—the foundling shall find no home upon earth!

"Now, he will soon find another home, and will say to the master there, 'Father, have mercy on my rose!' and to the habitation of men will he say, 'Wearisome wast thou to me, O world, but yet receive my thanks for the good which thou hast given me!'"

When the sisters had ceased to read, several bright tears lay upon the paper, and shone in the light of the sun. Leonore dried her eyes, and turning herself to Petrea, inquired, "But Petrea, how came this paper into your hands?"

"Did I not think you would ask!" said Petrea. "You should not ask such difficult questions, Leonore. Nay, now Eva's eyes are inquiring too—and so grave. Do you think that Mr. Munter has put it into my hands? Nay, he must be freed from that suspicion even at my expense. You want to know how I came by this paper? Well then—I stole it—stole it on our journey—on the very morning after it was written."

"But Petrea! but Petrea!"

"Yes, you good ones! it is too late now to cry, 'But, Petrea!' now you know the Assessor's secret; and you—may your consciences command you, mine is hardened—you may start before my act, and be horrified; I don't ask about it. The whole world may excommunicate me—I don't trouble myself!—Eva! Leonore! Sisters!"

"Dearest Petrea," returned Eva, "this is after all no surprise to me: I have long been aware of these sentiments; I have reflected deeply and seriously on what will be best to do—and this shall be the end of all plots and surprises we will all of us join in making his future home happy; he shall never feel the weight of solitude, nor the greater weight of believing himself unbeloved."

Petrea laid an arm round the neck of each sister, kissed them, smiling with a tear in her eye, and vanished.

Somewhat later in the morning we find Eva and Gabriele on a visit at the beautiful parsonage-house immediately in the vicinity of the city, where Mrs. Louise is in full commotion with all her goods and chatties, whilst the little Jacobis rioted with father and grand-father over fields and meadows. The little four-years-old Alfred, an uncommonly lively and amiable child, is alone with the mother at home; he pays especial court to Gabriele, and believing that he must entertain her, he brings out his Noah's Ark to introduce to her, in his low, clear, young voice, Ham and Hamina, Shem and Shemina, Japhet and Japhetina.

After all how-do-ye-dos between the sisters had been answered, Gabriele loosened the paper from a basket which Ulla had brought in, and asked Louise to be pleased to accept some roast veal and patties. "We thought," said she, "that you would need something fresh, after the journey, before you get your store-room in order. Just taste a patty! they are filled with mince-

meat, and I assure you are baked since the Flood."

"Really!" replied Louise laughing, "they are delicate too! See, there's one for you, my little manikin; but another time don't come and set yourself forward and look so hungry! Thanks! thanks, dear sister! Ah, how charming that we are come again into your neighbourhood! How fresh and happy you all look! And Petrea! how advantageously she has altered; she is come to have something quiet and sensible about her; she has outgrown her nose, and dresses herself neatly; she is just like other people now. And see—here I have a warm, wadded morning-dress for her, that will keep her warm up in her garret; is it not superb? And it cost only ten thalers courant."

"O, extraordinary—out of the common way! Quite unheard of!" said they, "is it not so?—why it is a piece of clothing for a whole life!"

"What a beautiful collar Eva has on! I really believe she is grown handsomer," said Louise. "You were, and are still the rose of the family, Eva; you look quite young, and are grown stout. I, for my part, cannot boast of that; but how can anybody grow stout when they have eight children to work for! Do you know sisters, that in the last week before I left Stockholm, I cut out a hundred and six shirts! I hope I can meet with a good seamstress here at home; look at my finger, it is quite hard and horny with sewing. God bless the children! one has one's trouble with them. But tell me how is it with our mother? They have always been writing to me that she was better—and yet I find her terribly gone off; it really grieves me to see her. What does Mr. Munter say?"

"Oh," replied Gabriele warmly, "he says that she will recover. There is really no danger; she improves every day."

Eva did not look so hopeful as Gabriele, and her eyes were filled with tears as she said, "When, autumn and winter are only over, I hope that the spring—"

"And do you know," interrupted Louise with animation, "what I have been thinking of? In the spring she shall come to us and try the milk cure; she shall occupy this room, with the view towards the beautiful birch grove, and shall enjoy the country air, and all the good things which the country affords, and which I can obtain for her—certainly this will do her good. Don't you think that she will then recover? Don't you think that it is a bright idea of mine?"

The sisters thought that really it was bright, and Louise continued:

"Now I must show you what I have brought for her. Do you see these two damask breakfast cloths, and these six breakfast napkins?—all spun in the house. I have had merely to pay for the weaving. Now, how do they please you?"

"O excellently! excellently!" said one sister.

"How very handsome! How welcome they will be!" said the other.

"And you must see what I have bought for my father—ah, Jacobi has it in his carpet-bag—one thing lies here and another there—but you will see it, you will see it."

"What an inundation of things!" said Gabriele, laughing. "One can see, however, that there is no shortness of money."

\* About ten shillings English. But then ten shillings of English money have a very different amount of value in Sweden and England.—M. H.

"Thank God!" said Louise, "all is comfortable in that respect, though you may very well believe that it was difficult enough at first; but we began by regulating the mouths according to the dishes. Ever since I married I have had the management of the money. I am my husband's treasurer; he gives over to me whatever comes in, and he receives from me what he wants, and in this way all has gone right. Thank God, when people love one another all does go right! I am happier than I deserve to be, with such a good, excellent husband, and such well-disposed children. If our little girl, our little Louise, had but lived! Ah, it was a happiness when she was born, after the eight boys; and then for two years she was our greatest delight. Jacobi almost worshipped her; he would sit for whole hours beside her cradle, and was perfectly happy if he only had her on his knee. But she was inexpressibly amiable—so good, so clever, so quiet, an actual little angel! Ah! it was hard to lose her. Jacobi grieved as I have never seen a man grieve; but his happy temperament and his piety came to his help. She has now been dead above a year. Ah! never shall I forget my little girl!"

Louise's tears flowed abundantly; the sisters could not help weeping with her. But Louise soon collected herself again, and said, while she wiped her eyes, "Now we have also anxiety with little David's ankles; but there is no perfect happiness in this world, and we have no right to expect it. Pardon me that I have troubled you; and now let us speak of something else, while I get my things a little in order. Tell me something about our acquaintance—*aunt Evelina is well?*"

"Yes, and sits as grandmother of five nephews at Axelholm, beloved and honoured by all. It is a very sweet family that she sees about her, and she has the happiest old age."

"That is pleasant to hear. But she really deserved to be loved and honoured. Is her Karle also married?"

"Ah, no! Karle is dead! and this has been her greatest sorrow; they were so happy together."

"Ah, thou Heaven! Is she dead? Ah, yes, now I remember you wrote to me that she was dead—Look at this dress, sisters—a present from my dear husband; is it not handsome? and then quite modern. Yes, yes, dear Gabriele, you need not make such an ambiguous face: it is very handsome, and quite in the fashion, that I can assure you. But, *à propos*, how is the Court-Precacher? Exists still in a new form, does it? Now that is good! I'll put it on this afternoon on purpose to horrify Jacobi, and tell him that for the future I intend to wear it in honour of his nomination to the office of court-preacher."

All laughed.

"But tell me," continued Louise, "how will our 'great astonishment' go on? how have you arranged it?"

"In this manner," returned one of the sisters. "We shall all meet for a great coffee-drinking in the garden, and during this we shall lead the conversation in a natural sort of way to the piece of ground on the other side of the fence, and then peep through the cracks in it, and then express that usual wish that this fence might come down. And then, at this signal, your eight boys, Louise, are to fall on the fence and—"

"How can you think," said Louise—"to be sure my boys are nimble and strong, but it would require the power of Berserkers to—"

"Don't be alarmed," answered the sisters laughing, "the fence is sawn underneath, and stands only so firm that a few pushes will produce the effect—the thing is not difficult. Besides, we'll all run to the attack, if it be needful."

"O heaven help us! if it be only so, my young ones will soon manage the business—and *à propos*! I have a few bottles of select white sugar-beer with me, which would certainly please my father, and which will be exactly the right thing if we—as is customary on such occasions, have to drink healths."

During this conversation little Alfred had gone round ineffectually offering two kisses, and was just on the point of growing angry because his wares found no demand, when all at once, summoning resolution, he threw his arms round Gabriele's neck, and exclaimed, "Now I see really and thoroughly, that *aunt Gabriele* has need of a kiss!" And it was not *aunt Gabriele's* fault if the dear child was not convinced how wholly indispensable his gift was.

But Louise still turned over her things.—"Here," said she, "I have a waistcoat for Bergström, and here a neck-kerchief for Ulia, as well as this little brush with which to dust mirrors and tables. Is it not superb? And see, a little pair of bellows, and these trifles for Brigitta."

"Now the old woman," said the sisters, "will be happy! She is now and then out of humour, but a feast of coffee, and some little present, reconcile her with all the world; and to-day she will get both."

"And see," continued Louise, "how capitally these bellows blow: they can make the very worst wood burn—see how the dust flies!"

"Uh! one can be blown away oneself," said Gabriele laughing.

While the sisters were still occupied with cleaning and dusting, and Louise was admiring her own discoveries, the Judge came in, happy and warm.

"What a deal of business is going forward!" exclaimed he laughing. "I must congratulate you," said he, "Louise, your boys please me entirely. They are animated boys, with intellects all alive—but at the same time, obedient and polite. Little David is a regular hair-brain, and a magnificent lad—what a pity it is that he will be lame."

Louise crimsoned from heart-felt joy over the praise of her boys, and answered quickly to the lamentation over the little David, "You should hear father, what a talent he has for the violoncello; he will be a second Gehrman."

"Nay, that is good," returned the Judge, "such a talent as that is worth his two feet. But I have hardly had time to notice you properly yet, Louise. Heavens! its glorious that you are come again into our neighbourhood; now I think I shall be able to see you every day and you can also enjoy here the fresh air of the country. You have got thin, but I really think you have grown!"

Louise said laughingly, that the time for that was over with her.

The sisters also, among themselves, made their observations on Louise. They were rejoiced to see her; among all her things, so exactly herself again.

Handsome she certainly had not become—

*A sort of off-putting bear, resembling our pop or ginger beer; sweet and bitter at the same time.—M. H.*

but people cannot grow handsomer to all eternity. She looked well and she looked good, had no more of the cathedral about her; she was an excellent Provost's lady.

"We place ourselves now in Sara's chamber.

When a beloved and guiltless child returns, after sufferings overcome, to the bosom of parents into a beloved home, who can describe the sweet delight of its situation? The pure enjoyment of all the charms of home; the tenderness of the family; the resigning themselves to the heavenly feeling of being again at home? But the guilty—

We have seen a picture of the prodigal son which we shall never forget! It is the moment of reconciliation; the father opens his arms to the son; the son falls into them and hides his face. Deep compunction of the heart bows down his head, and over his pale cheek—the only part of his countenance which is visible, runs a tear—a tear of penitence and pain, which says everything. The golden ring may be placed upon his hand; the fatted calf may be killed and served up before him—he cannot feel gay or happy—embittering tears gush forth from the fountains of memory.

Thus was it with Sara, and exactly to that degree in which her heart was really purified and ennobled. As she woke out of a refreshing sleep in her new home, and saw near her, her child sleeping on the soft snow-white bed; as she saw all, by the streaming-in light of the morning sun so festally pure and fresh; as she saw how the faithful memory of affection had treasured up all her youthful predilections; as she saw her favourite flowers, the asters, standing upon the stove, in an alabaster vase; and as she thought how all this had been—and how it now was—she wept bitterly.

Petrea, who was reading in the window of Sara's room waiting for her awaking, stood now with cordial and consoling words near her bed.

"Oh, Petrea!" said Sara, taking her hand and pressing it to her breast, "let me speak with you. My heart is full. I feel as if I could tell you all, and you would understand me. I did not come here of my own will—your father brought me. He did not ask me—he took me like a child, and I obeyed like a child. I was weak; I thought soon to die; but this night under this roof has given me strength. I feel now that I shall live. Listen to me, Petrea, and stand by me, for as soon as my feet will carry me I must go away from here. I will not be a burden to this house. Stained and despised by the world, as I am, I will not pollute this sanctuary! Already have I read aversion towards me in Gabriele's look. Oh, my abode here would be a pain to myself! Might my innocent little one only remain in this blessed house. I must away from here! These charms of life; this abundance, they are not for me—they would wake anguish in my soul! Poverty and labour become me! I will away hence. I must!—but I will trouble nobody: I will not appear ungrateful. Help me, Petrea—think for me; what I should do and where I should go!"

"I have already thought," replied Petrea.

"Have you?" said Sara, joyfully surprised, and fixed upon her searchingly her large eyes.

"Come and divide my solitude," continued Petrea, in a cordial voice. "You know that I, although in the house of my parents, yet live for myself alone, and have the most perfect

freedom. Next to my room is another, a very simple but quiet room, which might be exactly according to your wishes. Come and dwell there. There you can live perfectly as you please; be alone, or see only me, till the quiet influence of calm days draw you into the innocent life of the family circle."

"Ah, Petrea," returned Sara, "you are good, but you cannot approach a person of ill-report, and you do not know—"

"Hush, hush," interrupted Petrea; "I know very well, because I see and hear you again. Oh, Sara, who am I that I should turn away from you! God sees into the heart, and he knows how weak and erring mine is, even if my outward life remain pure, and if circumstances and that which surrounds me have protected me, and have caused my conduct to be blameless. But I know myself, and I have no more earnest prayer to God than that: 'Forgive me my trespasses.' May I not pray by your side? Cannot we tread together the path which lies before us? Both of us have seen into many depths of life; both of us now look up humbly to the cheerful heaven. Give me your hand; you were always dear to me, and now, even as in the years of childhood do I feel drawn to you. Let us go, let us try together the path of life. My heart longs after you; and does not yours say to you that we are fit for one another, and that we can be happy together?"

"Should I be a burden to you?" said Sara: "were I but stronger, I would wait upon you; could I only win my bread by my hands, as in the latter years I have done; but now—"

"Now give yourself up to me blindly," said Petrea. "I have enough for us both. In a while, when we are stronger, we will help one another."

"Will not my wasted life—my bitter remembrances make my temper gloomy and me a burden?" asked Sara, "and do not dark spirits master those who have been so long in their power?"

"Penitence," said Petrea, "is a goddess—she protects the erring. And if a heathen can say this, how much more a Christian!—O, Sara! annihilating repentance itself—I know it—can become a strength for him, by which he can erect himself. It can raise up to new life; it can arouse a will which can conquer all things—it has raised me erect—it will do the same for you! You stand now in middle life—a long future is before you—you have an amiable child; have friends; have to live for eternal life! Live for these! and you will see how, by degrees, the night vanishes; the day ascends, and all arranges itself and becomes clear. Come, and let us two unitedly work at the most important business of life—improvement!"

Sara, at these words raised herself in the bed, and new beams were kindled in her eyes. "I will," said she; "Petrea, an angel speaks through you; your words strengthen and calm me wonderfully—I will begin anew—"

Petrea pressed Sara to her breast, and spoke warm and heartfelt "thanks," and then added softly, "and now be a good child, Sara!—all weak and sick people are children. Now, submit, calmly and resignedly, to be treated and guided like such a one; gladden by so doing, those who are around you, and who all wish

you well! We cannot think of any change before you are considerably better—it would trouble every one."

At this moment the door was opened, and the mother looked in inquiringly; she smiled so affectionately as she looked Sara in her arms. Leonore followed her; but as she saw Sara's excited state of mind, she went quickly back and returned with a plate covered with all kind of good things; and now cheerful and merry words emulated one another to divert the agitated one; old modes of speech were again reverted to, and old acquaintances renewed.

"Do you know Madame Folette again! She has been lately repaired. Can she have the honour of giving you a cup of coffee! There is your old cup with the stars; it was saved with Madame Folette from the fire, and the little one here with the rose-buds is allotted to our little Elise. You must really taste these rusks—they never were in the Ark—they came with the blushing morning out of the oven. Our 'little lady' has herself selected and filled the basket with the very best for you; you shall see whether these home-baked would not please even the Assessor;"—and so on.

In the mean time the little Elise had awoke, and looked with bright blue eyes up to great Elise, who bent down to her. They were really like each other, as often daughter's daughters and grandmothers are, and appeared to feel related already. When Sara saw her child in Elise's arms, tears of pure joy filled her eyes for the first time.

I do not know whether my lady-readers have nerves to stand by, while "the Berserkers" overthrow the garden-fence. I fancy not; and therefore, with my reader's permission, I make a little leap over the great event of the day—the thrown-down wooden fence, which fell so hastily that the Berserkers themselves tumbled all together over it,—and go into the new piece of land, where we shall find the family-party assembled, setting on a flower-decorated moss-seat, under a tall birch tree, which waved over them its crown, tinged already with autumnal yellow. The September sun, which was approaching its setting, illuminated the group, and gleamed through the alders on the brook, which softly murmuring among blue creeks, flowed round the new piece of land, and at once beautified and bounded it.

Tears shone in the eyes of the family-father; but he spoke not. To see himself the object of so much love; the thoughts on the future; on his favourite plan; fatherly joy and pride; gratitude towards his children—towards Heaven, all united themselves to fill his heart with the most pleasurable sensations which can bless a human bosom.

The mother, immediately after the great surprise, and the explosion of joy which followed it, had gone into the house with Eva and Leonore. Among those who remained behind, we see the friend of the family Jeremias Munter, who wore on the occasion the grimmest countenance in the world; the Baron L. who was no more the wild extravagant youth, but a man, and beyond this, a landed-proprietor, whose grave demeanour was beautified by a certain agreeable sobriety, particularly visible when he

spoke with Gabriele, at whose feet he was seated.

Louise handed about white-sugar beer, which nobody praised more highly than herself. She found that it had something unearthly in it, something positively exalting; but when Gabriele, immediately after she had drank a half glass, gave a spring upwards, "our eldest" became terrified, for such a strong working of her effervescing white-beer she had by no means expected. Nevertheless she was soon surrounded by the eight, who cried altogether, "Mother, may I have some beer!" "And I too!" "And I!" "And I too!" "And I!" "And I!" "Send a deal of foam for me, mamma dear!"

"Nay, nay, dear boys! people must not come clamouring and storming thus—you don't see that I or the father do so. Solomon must wait to the very last now. Patience is a good herb. There, you have it; now drink, but don't wet yourselves!"

After the little Jacobis had all enjoyed the foaming, elevating liquor, they became possessed by such a buoyant spirit of life, that Louise was obliged to command them to exhibit their mighty deeds at a distance. Hereupon they swarmed forth on journeys of discovery, and began to tumble head over heels round the place. David hobbled along with his little crutch over stock and stone, whilst Jonathan gathered for him all sorts of flowers, and plucked the bilberry plants, to which he pointed with his finger—little nosegays were then made out of them, with which they overwhelmed their aunts, especially Gabriele, their chosen friend and patron. The serious Adam, the eldest of the eight, a boy of exceedingly staid demeanour, sat quietly by the side of his grandfather, and appeared to consider himself one of the elderly people; the little Alfred hopped about his mother.

The Judge looked around him with an animated countenance; he planted alleys and hedges; set down benches and saw them filled with happy people, and communicated his plans to Jacobi.

Jeremias observed the scene with a bitter, melancholy, and to him, peculiar smile. As little David came limping up to him with the fragrant wood-flowers, he exclaimed suddenly, "Why not rather make here a botanic garden than a common park! Flowers are indeed the only pleasant thing here in the world, and because people go all about snuffing with the nose, it might be as well to provide them with something to smell at. A water-establishment also could be united with it, and thus something miserable might get washed away from the pitiable wretches here in this world."

The Judge seized on the idea with joy. "So we will," said he, "we will unite pleasure with profit. This undertaking will cost more than a simple public pleasure ground, but that need not prevent it. In this beautiful time of peace, and with the prospect of its long continuance, people may take works in hand, and hope to complete them, even if they should require a long time."

"And such works," said Jacobi, "operate ennoblingly on life in times of peace. Peace requires even as great a mass of power as war, but against another kind of foe. Every enne-

being of this earthly existence, everything which exalts the mind to a more intellectual life, is a battery directed against the commoner nature in man, and is a service done to humanity and one's native land."

"Bah!" cried Jeremias, with vexation, "humanity and native land! You have always large words in the mouth—if a fence is thrown down a bush planted, it is immediately called a benefit for one's native land. Plant your fields and throw down your fences, but let the native land rest in peace! for it troubles itself just as little about you, as you about it. For one's country and humanity!—that should sound very affecting—all mere talk!"

"No, now you are in fact too severe," said the Judge, smiling at the outbreak of his friend: "and I, as far as regards myself," continued he, gravely, but cheerfully, "wish that a clearer idea of one's country accompanied every step of human activity. If there be a love which is natural and reasonable, it is the love of one's country. Have I not to thank my country for everything that I have? Are they not its laws, its institutions, its spiritual life, which have developed by whole being, as man and as a citizen? And are they not the deeds of my fathers which have fashioned these; which have given them their power and their individual life! In fact, love and gratitude towards one's parents, is no greater duty than love and gratitude towards one's native land; and there is no one, be he man or woman, high or low, but who, according to his own relationships, can and must pay this holy debt. And this is exactly the significance of a christianly constituted state, that every one shall occupy with his pound so as to benefit, at the same time, both the individual and the community at large."

"Thus," added Petrea, "do the raindrops swell the brook, which pours its water into the river, and may, even though it be nameless, communicate benefit in its course."

"So it is, my dear child," said her father, and extended to her his hand.

"It is a gladdening thought," said Louise, with tearful eyes. "Pay attention, Adam, to what grandfather and aunt say, and keep it in your mind;—but don't open your mouth so wide; a whole frigate could sail into it."

At these words little Alfred began to laugh so shrilly and so heartily that all the elderly folks irresistibly bore him company. Adam laughed too; and at the sound of this peal of laughter came bounding forward from all ends and corners Shem and Seth, Jacob and Solomon, Jonathan and David, just as a flock of sparrows comes flying down over a handful of scattered corn. They came laughing because they heard laughter, and wished to be present at the entertainment.

In the mean time the sun had set, and the cool kobolds of evening began to wander over the place, as the family, amid the most cheerful talk, arose in order to return to the house. As they went into the city the ball on St. Mary's church glimmered like fire in the last beams of the sun, and the moon ascended like a pale but gentle countenance over the roof of their house. There was a something in this appearance which made a sorrowful impression on Gabriele. The star of the church tower

glittered over the grave of her brother, and the look of the moon made her involuntarily think on the pale, mild countenance of her mother. For the rest, the evening was so lovely, the blackbird sang among the alders by the brook, and the heaven lay clear and brightly blue over the earth, whilst the wind and every disturbing sound became more and more hushed.

Gabriele walked on, full of thought, and did not observe that Baron L. had approached her; they were almost walking together as he said, "I am very glad; it was very pleasant to me to see you all again so happy!"

"Ah, yes," answered Gabriele, "now we can all be together again. It is a great happiness that Louise and her family are come here."

"Perhaps," continued the Baron, "perhaps it might be audacity to disturb such a happily united life, and to wish to separate a daughter and sister from such a family—but if the trust—"

"Ah!" hastily interrupted Gabriele, "don't speak of disturbing anything, of changing anything—every thing is so good as it now is!"

He was silent, with an expression of sorrow.

"Let us all be happy together," said Gabriele, bashfully and cordially; "you will stop some time with us. It is so charming to have friends and sisters—this united life is so agreeable with them."

The Baron's countenance brightened. He seized Gabriele's hand, and would have said something, but she hastened from him to her father, whose arm she took.

Jacobi conducted Petrea; they were cheerful and confidential together, as happy brother and sister. She spoke of him, of her present happiness, and of the hope which made up her future. He took the liveliest interest in it, and spoke with her of his plans; of his domestic happiness; and with especial rapture of his boys; of their obedience to the slightest word of their parents; of their mutual affection to each other—and see—all this was Louise's work! And Louise's praises were sung forth in a harmonious duet—ever a sweet scent for "our eldest," who appeared however to listen to no one but her father.

They soon reached home. The mother stood with the silver ladle in her hand, and the most friendly smile on her lips, in the library, before a large steaming bowl of punch, and with look and voice bade the entering party welcome.

"My dear Elise," said the Judge embracing her, "you are become twenty years younger."

"Happiness makes one young," answered she, looking on him affectionately.

People seated themselves.

"Don't make so much noise children!" said Louise to her eight, seating herself with the little Elise on her knees; "can't you seat yourselves without so much noise and bustle?"

Jeremias Munter had placed himself in a corner, and was quiet, and seemed depressed.

Stillness pervaded the assembly; the glasses were filled, and the skat began.

No. 1, which the Judge proposed, was "for the old friend, Jeremias Munter, on this last evening which he spends with us as a townsman—and may blessings follow him to his new home!" which was drunk with the warmest evidences of affection, and with tearful eyes.

No. 2, which Jacobi spoke eloquently, was, "for the Parents; for their happiness and well-being," said he with emotion, "through which I, and so many others as well as I, will be blessed!"

No. 3, was drank to the prosperity of the new Pastor's family.

No. 4, for the new purchased land.

No. 5, for the old—ever-new Home.

No. 6, was "the health of all good children!" The eight seemed as if they could not return thanks enough.

Before long, the voice of Mother Louise was heard saying, "Nay, nay, children, you must not drink a drop more! What do you say, my little David! A thee-and-thou toast with Mr. Munter! No thank you greatly, my dear fellow, you can propose that another time! You have drunk to-day toasts enough—more perhaps than your little heads can carry."

"I beg for the boys," said the Assessor in his most friendly voice, "I will propose a skål, and they must drink it with me. Fill, yet once more, the glasses!—I propose a skål for peace! peace in our country, and peace in our homes! A skål for love and knowledge, which alone can make peace a blessing! A skål, in one word, for—Peace upon Earth!"

"Amen! amen!" cried Jacobi, drank off his glass and threw it behind him. Louise looked at her mother somewhat astonished, but the mother followed Jacobi's example; she too was carried away.

"All glasses to the ground after this skål!" cried the Judge, and sent his, cover and all, smashing on the floor. With an indescribable pleasure the little Jacobis threw their glasses up, and endeavoured to make the skål for Peace as noisy and tumultuous as possible.

We leave now the joyful circle, from which we have seen the mother softly steal away. We see her go into the boudoir, where, reposing in

comfortable quiet she writes the following lines to her friend and sister.

"I have left them now for a few minutes, in order to rest, and to say a few words to you, my Cecilia. Here it is good and quiet, and joyful voices—truly festival voices, echo to me here. The heart of my Ernst enjoys the highest pleasure, for he sees all his children happy around him. And the children—Cecilia, he has reason to be joyful over them and proud; they stand all around him, good and excellent human beings; they thank him that existence has been given to them, and that they have learned its worth; they are satisfied with their lot. The lost, and again-found-one has come home, in order to begin a new life, and her charming child is quite established on the knees of the grandfather."

"I hear Gabriele's guitar accompanied by a song. I fancy now they dance. Louise's eight boys make the floor shake. Jacobi's voice is heard above all. The good, ever-young man! I also should be joyful, for all in my house is peaceful and well-arranged. And I am so; my heart is full of thankfulness, but my body is weary—very weary."

"The fir trees on the grave wave and beckon me. I see their tops saluting me in the clear moonlight, and pointing upwards. Dost thou beckon me, my son! Dost thou call me to come home to thee! My first-born, my summer-child! Let me whisper to thee that this is my secret wish. The earth was friendly towards me; friendly was my home; when thou wast gone, my favourite! I began to follow. Perhaps the day of my departure is at hand. I feel in myself as if I were able to go to rest. And might a really bright and beautiful moment be enjoyed by me before my last sleep, I would yet once more press my husband's hand to my lips, look around me on earth with a blessing, and upwards towards heaven with gratitude, and say as now, out of the depths of my heart, 'Thank God for the home here, and for the home there!'"

THE END

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**THE PRESIDENT'S  
DAUGHTERS.**

**PART I.**

**BY FREDERIKA BREMER,**

**AUTHOR OF "THE HOME," "THE NEIGHBOURS," &c.**

**TRANSLATED**

**BY MARY HOWITT.**

**NEW-YORK:**

**PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS,  
No. 82 CLIFF-STREET.**

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**1844.**



## PREFACE BY THE TRANSLATOR.

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Circumstances render it necessary for me here to say, that the success of the previous translations has been sufficient to warrant me in proceeding with the whole series of Miss Bremer's works; for which purpose I have been for some time in personal communication with her. The next translation will therefore appear in due course.

Not the least singularity attending the publication of these translations is, that six years ago, a most accomplished friend of mine, then residing in Sweden, sent over to London a translation of one of these works, which was offered by influential friends to the principal publishers, but not one was found who would venture on the speculation. Not more than a few weeks before the decease of the late lamented John Murray, at an evening party he congratulated me, to use his own words, "on having rendered the public the real service of introducing these works to it;" adding, "Do you know (as I happened to) that six years ago one of them was offered to me and others, but we did not venture to engage in them, and I do not believe that we should any of us have ventured now? I congratulate you on your spirited conduct and knowledge of the English taste, in venturing not only to translate, but to publish."

Under these circumstances—that is, that Miss Bremer was both quite unknown to the English public before I introduced her, and that not a person could be found who dared to undertake the risk of publication, it has been—amusing shall I call it? that no sooner had I made the trial and em-

barked a considerable capital in the undertaking, than various persons wrote, even to my own publishers, to take the business of these translations out of my hands! Why do not numbers of that large class who live upon other people's ideas ever think of including in their prayers a petition for an idea of their own—especially as so many palpable and profitable fields still lie unoccupied? But if the majority of this class are to be pitied as the victims of pressing necessities, what shall we say to ladies of fortune, who, out of sheer idleness, ask to be allowed to hunt other people's literary hares?

Trusting to the kind and honorable feeling of the public, however, I shall still hope to escape being torn to pieces by the pack of idea hunters, and to be allowed time to execute such a complete translation of Miss Bremer's works as is worthy of the British public. It is no small gratification to me to receive, in a recent letter from the excellent authoress, this encouraging testimony: "I need not desire a better translator than you are, for your language is beautiful; full of life and *naïveté* when it is required, and of strength and feeling when these should be expressed. This cannot be said of the German translation: it has often twisted the sense; and I fear that the many errors of the press which are found in the Swedish books may also have embarrassed you."

It is my intention to improve any future editions of these translations by the latest emendations and corrections of the author

MARY HOWITT.

The Grange, Upper Clapton, August 2, 1862.



# LIFE IN SWEDEN.

## THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTERS.

### PART I.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### THE FIRST PRESENTATION.

With reading throw not time away,  
'Tis by our sex so little needed;  
But wilt thou read—make short, I pray,  
Lest that the dinner spoil unheeded.  
  
'Tis truth—a sage-philosopher  
Escape's not satire's sharpest stings;  
And our belle-lettres, I aver,  
Lie in our bracelets, gloves, and rings.

MADAME LENNGREN.

"And my dearest Mamselle Rönquist," added the President, persuasively and impressively, laying his hand on my arm, "remember particularly, for heaven's sake, no miracles of my girls—no miracles! I will not have them brilliant or vain ladies, nor learned, proud, and pedantic women; but simple, reasonable creatures, good wives and mothers—that is what I will have them to be! Accomplishments they may have for their own amusement and that of others; to hear virtuous I would much rather go to the concert and pay my dollar. As to reading, above all things, let them read no more than is just necessary for them to be able freely and easily to converse on the subjects most current in society. All reading beyond that, and all connoisseurship, are disadvantageous to a woman, and snatch her from the sphere in which alone she can gain esteem or benefit society. The late Frederika," continued he, while a tear rose in his eye, "my late wife, held as a principle in her daughters' education to concede something, certainly, to the capricious taste of the times in female education; but, on the other side, never to efface aught of the original form which she considered as appointed by the Creator for the existence and very being of woman, and that consists"—and the President laid a strong emphasis on every word—"in quiet domesticity, mildness, order, consideration for others, severity toward herself, industry, skillfulness, and the power of being agreeable in society as well as in the every-day life of home. Every kind of pomp and ostentation, all kinds of display before any species of public (now, heaven knows, so common among our women), were rejected by her; and she considered that a woman could, in her family circle alone, be happy as a good daughter, and tender wife and mother, pleasing to her Maker and useful to her fellow-creatures!"

To all this I listened with a sort of edification. I thought I ought to make some remarks upon it, but did not exactly know how.

"Certainly," I began, but the President interrupted me.

"If the late Frederika had lived," said he, "her daughters would have had in her the surest model on which to fashion themselves to perfection, but the Almighty determined otherwise! My best Mamselle," added he, with as much warmth as seriousness and kindness, "be that mother to them; impress on their young souls the lessons which she would have given them; guide them according to the excellent principles which were hers, and in which I shall feel it always my duty and pleasure to instruct you—give them that tenderness, that motherly care"—his emotion prevented his continuing, and he ended hastily by saying, "and you cannot demand anything which will be beyond their father's gratitude!"

I replied with emotion, and with all the earnestness I felt in my desire to be useful.

"The education of my two elder daughters," continued the President, "is nearly completed. Edla is twenty; Adelaide seventeen. They require now more than ever, at their entrance into the world, a guiding friend. My two little darlings, on the other hand, Nina and Mina, require to be taught everything from the A B C. They are all to-day gone to dine at my sister-in-law's, but I expect them home every moment. I long to introduce them to you."

At that very moment a carriage stopped at the door, and we saw the young ladies alight. The President rang hastily and ordered in candles, and it was with a mixed feeling of curiosity, interest, and anxiety that I awaited the entrance of my future pupils.

"Is she here! Is she here already!" I heard a young, sweet voice say in the dining-room, and shortly afterward the four young ladies entered in a row, preceded by a footman bearing lights.

The first was a tall, thin figure, with a remarkably plain countenance, and stiff and unpleasant demeanor. She curtsied coldly and reservedly, and was presented by her father as "Edla." "Adelaide" was then named, and a young, lovely creature approached me, and, beaming with smiles, blushing embraced me. I thought I had never seen anything more bewitching.

"Chickens! chickens! my little chickens, Nina and Mina!" now exclaimed the President, and lifted in his arms two of the sweetest little beings in the world. Light-haired, blue-eyed, rose-tipped, delicately formed were they; and so like each other, that in the beginning I could not possibly distinguish them. I was enchanted with these lovely little children, and desired

nothing more than to make acquaintance with them. The President did all that he could to bring this about, but they clung gravely and shyly to their sisters, till I hit upon making certain long-legged, stiff-armed figures, which I cut out of cards, mediators between us. At sight of these the little ones began, as it were, to thaw, and presently I was covered with their cards, their dolls, and their castles, as well as being informed, in confidence, that they thought my nose was very large.

In the mean time I paid attention to the President, who was confined with his two eldest daughters. Adelaide related to her father the events of the day—the dinner company and the dishes. Edla added a remark or two, and even sometimes upon her sister's words. The President marvelled much at the mixture of "chicken and cauliflower." For my part, I could not take my eyes from Adelaide; she struck me as indescribably beautiful and pleasing. Her countenance was more round than oval; the forehead high and finely arched; the nose small and exquisitely formed, while a pair of large blue eyes beamed with joy and good-heartedness, and the roses of health tinged both her lips and cheeks. Her smile, nay, her whole manner was such as we ascribe to a cherub. She was of middle height; her figure finely moulded and her carriage noble; her neck, her arms and hands, dazzlingly white, and of the most perfect form. Her head, which was adorned with rich chestnut-brown hair, she carried a little thrown back, which gave her an appearance of haughtiness, nay, almost of arrogance; nor was this contradicted by her manner, however softened that might be by an expression of sincere sweetness and good-will. Beside this brilliant figure her sister showed like a shadow, and I suspected that it was her own sense of this which made her so gloomy.

The President himself was of a noble and remarkable appearance. He was tall, somewhat inclined to corpulency, and seemed to regard his exterior as of great importance, and, as I soon observed, was no little enchanted with his own fine hands, which he willingly placed under people's observation. In parting for the night he took me aside and said, "My elder daughters have peculiarities of character; they both require to be guided with circumspection. Edla has a difficult temper; she gave my late wife much trouble, and does the same by me. But we will hope for the best. Seriousness, great seriousness, and great consideration, are requisite with her, Mamselle Rönquist."

"To-morrow," continued he, "there is a ball and supper, and charades, and I don't know what, at my brother-in-law's, Excellence G's. My daughters are going, and I hope, Mamselle Rönquist, you will be so good as to accompany them. My two little ones are to represent angels in a *tableau vivant*; for as they are too young to receive any pernicious effects from such an exhibition, I yielded to the pressure of treaties of my sister-in-law. And next night, my host Mamselle: good-night, my dear."

Adelaide sprang singing before me, and showed me the way to my new chamber, which was large and commodious. The two little ones and I were to occupy the same room, while those adjoining were appropriated to Edla and Adelaide.

Before we went to bed, Adelaide made me acquainted with some of the family relationships. She told me with a countenance beaming with joy, about her beautiful sister, Countess Augusta U., about her uncle Excellence G., and about the morrow's party. Afterward she spoke of her mother, and of her death; of how she had long looked forward to it, and had in consequence silently and sorrowfully arranged everything within her house and further family, and how good and patient she was; and as she told all this, her face was bathed in tears. Edla stood by with downcast eyes; no emotion exhibited itself in her countenance, and I might have believed her altogether indifferent had I not seen that the light trembled in her hand.

Finally, Adelaide embraced her little sisters, who drowsily hung around her neck, and then laying my pillow smooth and straight, she told me to sleep well, and particularly to remember my dreams. Her bewitching image seemed to smile upon me even in sleep; but when I awoke, I thought "what can it possibly be that weighs so on that poor Edla's soul!"

## CHAPTER II.

ANGELICA.

I SCARCELY know any feeling more agreeable than that which I experience on entering an elegant and well-lighted room, filled, but not overfilled, with handsome and well-dressed people. Yes, indeed, the greater the elegance and the more the magnificence the better, provided only that all is arranged in good taste, and without any appearance of either trouble or display. I experienced this feeling in a high degree as I entered the splendid saloon of his Excellence G.

After having presented me to the host and hostess, the President conducted me to a handsome woman, who was in conversation with a gentleman who stood beside her, whom he named as "My daughter, Countess Augusta U."

The young Countess—properly the President's step-daughter—was yet in deep mourning, having, as I was told by her, lost her husband a year ago. She saluted me politely, but with haughty condescension, and our civilities were soon at an end; and then, while she was occupied in conversing with some one who stood near her, I took the opportunity to survey the company. In the first place, my eye sought out my new pupils. Adelaide was surrounded with people, among whom I particularly remarked a young man, tall, fair, ruddy, and handsome, who moved first on this side of her, and then on the other, and had all the appearance of a person in love who wishes to make himself agreeable! I saw with some disquiet Adelaide's manner, which seemed to me not free from coquetry; but, after all, there was so much real joyousness in her eyes, so much natural animation in her gestures, that I remained uncertain whether there really was any cause for my fears. Edla had seated herself in a corner of the room; she spoke to no one, and no one spoke to her; she looked gloomy and reserved. The two lovely little ones were walking about hand in hand, receiving with genuine childish arrogance the universal tribute of flattery and caresses, and extending to

such as were to their taste their gracious hand to kiss.

My eyes next fell on the gentleman who had been speaking with Countess U., and who was now in conversation with Excellence G. When he was silent, a certain unbending severity seemed to be the predominant expression of his noble countenance; but when he spoke, a light and life seemed diffused over it. His figure was tall, and displayed both firmness and strength; and there was something of the Roman General in his bearing and demeanor. His dress was that of a civilian, but various ribbons and decorations showed that he was, or had been, military. I could not, with certainty, determine whether he was nearer thirty or forty. A comparison between him and his Excellence forced itself upon me: in his countenance lay that gravity which shows that the thoughts and the will are directed toward a fixed and determined aim; in that of his Excellence, on the contrary, the gravity which is often assumed to conceal the emptiness of thought and the imbecility of the will.

In the middle of the sofa sat, with the look of an empress, a lady dressed in blue velvet with a diadem of jewels beaming on her most beautiful forehead, the expression of whose fine and noble countenance seemed to be pride and melancholy. She gazed about her, as if she saw nothing worthy of her attention, and then gave to the men who surrounded her, a variety of commands and commissions; indeed, she seemed to have a particular pleasure in putting people in motion.

"Ah, Greta! sweet Greta!" said she to another lady who sat in the corner of the sofa, "where is my reticule?"

"My sweet friend!" replied the latter, "I beg to be excused looking for it—I am sitting here very comfortably."

Nevertheless, a minute afterward "the sweet Greta" went and sought for the missing reticule.

I was very curious to know the name of the beautiful lady, when at that very moment our polite hostess the Baroness G., came and seated herself beside me, and with much goodness named to me the surrounding company.

"That handsome woman with the diadem," said she, "is the Dowager Countess Natalie M., as rich as she is intellectual, and as intellectual as she is beautiful. The lady who is seated so comfortably in the corner of the sofa, with the Grecian profile and the large but finely moulded figure, is Miss Margarethe R., the cousin and very good friend of the Countess, and a most original and interesting person."

So continued the amiable Baroness for a long time, exhibiting some perfection or other in every individual of the assembly. I wished to ask her of the noble Roman, but he was not now in the room.

"But the most interesting person in my company for the evening," the Baroness went on to say, "is not here. She is a young girl called Angelica, another Angelica Kauffman; she is of a remote province, and will unquestionably excite great attention from her extraordinary talent in painting. She is to assist us this evening with our tableaux. My relation Baroness Palmin discovered her in a small provincial town, and has now taken her with

her to let her see a little of the world. Her father, it seems, is only a common painter, but the daughter——"

"Who is she? where does she come from? where is she?" asked Miss Greta, who, having left her comfortable sofa corner, approached us, and had heard the Baroness's last words.

"Here she is!" answered the Baroness, as she rose and left us to receive an elderly and somewhat oddly attired lady who had just entered, followed by a person whose appearance was so uncommon as to attract not only mine but the attention of the whole company. This was a young girl of probably eighteen, extremely slight and delicate, but of exceeding beauty. Her face was pale, but was literally, as one may say, lighted up by a pair of large dark eyes, which had in them all the beaming life and mysticism of the stars. She wore a simple white dress, and her light brown hair fell in curls round her neck, nor was there the slightest ornament or finery of any kind upon her.

"Ah!" exclaimed Miss Greta, half audibly, "a heroine of romance—an Amanda!"

Baroness Palmin, whose kind good-will was legible in her eyes, presented the young girl right and left. She, however, gravely and extraordinarily bowed her head only, proudly acknowledging greetings here and there, and then remained standing until Adelaide rose and invited her to sit by her. She did so, and then looked quietly round on the company with her large and darkly gleaming eyes. Scarcely was she seated when the Baroness Palmin was heard exclaiming—

"Ah, she is so clever! so clever! You should only just see her album. She has an album in which she draws everybody. Angelica, my sweet child, come and show us your album!"

Angelica rose, and while a slight color tinged her cheek, presented to her protectress the album which she held in her hand.

"Ah! it is really a most interesting album," continued the Baroness, as she turned over the pages; "come now, and explain to us what all these drawings mean."

Angelica stood still and silent, and seemed much distressed. An excitement, however, in the company at that moment, greatly to her relief, drew the general attention from her. The lady of the house came forward, with a note in her hand and a disturbed countenance.

"What shall we do!" said she, "we shall get no Galatea. Little Eva has fallen ill and cannot come. Good heavens! where, where shall we find a Galatea?" and so saying, her eyes went questioning round the room, and rested on Angelica, and then both she and Baroness Palmin began to entreat her to take upon herself little Eva's part.

The President, however, at this moment came suddenly up to me and whispered earnestly, "Cannot Adelaide—cannot Adelaide be Galatea?"

I felt as if from the clouds at a proposition apparently so in opposition to his and "the late Frederika's" principles;" but seeing that he was really in earnest, I merely answered; "I dare say she can;" and at the same moment the Baroness turned from the obstinately refusing Angelica to the President, to ask his daughter for the Galatea.

The thing was soon arranged. "It will be wonderful to be dead, and then again to be living," said Adelaide, "heaven grant that I may only keep my gravity!"

Her aunt carried her off triumphantly, and the Baroness Palmín called to the Roman, who had just now re-entered the room.

"Ah, Count Ralrick—Count Ralrick!" said she, "you who have travelled, and are a connoisseur, must see this *albus*! you can best understand its value."

He took the book; turned over its pages, and then gave it back, without either a word or look of approbation.

Angelica saw this, and colored deeply.

"Well, what says the Count? Is it not a charming *albus*," demanded the incorrigible Baroness Palmín, "and has she not wonderful talent!"

Angelica, who was at this moment called out of the room by the lady of the house to assist in robing the Galatea, did not hear the Count's reply.

"It is difficult from sketches," said he, "to form any judgment;" and then, after having asked some questions relative to Angelica, which the Baroness answered, again and again assuring him that she had uncommon genius, and drew charmingly! charmingly! he rose up and left her. Shortly afterward he seated himself by an elderly gentleman, whose countenance, full of worth and goodness, inspired confidence. I sat near enough to hear their conversation.

"Why, Alarik," said the gentleman, "were you so severe upon the Baroness's *albus*? Did you not see how painfully the poor girl blushed? It would have been so easy for you to say a kind word."

"Against my conscience, yee; and against the girl's best interests!" said the Count; "the drawings were below all criticism."

"That may be," returned the other, "but, nevertheless, she is a young and a poor girl, and all the hopes of her future life are founded on this talent."

"Precisely for that very reason," replied the Count, "one might, without its being blame-worthy, speak words of commendation to a mediocre amateur, but not so to any one whose whole well-being and whole usefulness in the world, must depend upon their advancing beyond the bounds of mediocrity. One cannot do society and the younger members of it, a greater disservice than by extolling, and praising, as is now so common, the humblest attempts in music, in poetry, and in painting. The artist must be great, he must be a genius, or he must remain no artist at all."

"Is not that too severe?" asked the other, "and may not works of art even of inferior merit give pleasure to the artist, as well as to the world in general?"

"The most exalted and the truest life of art," returned the Count, "is a middle link which should unite heaven and earth, the prototype and the reality. Our times seem to have forgotten this, and can only be reawakened to this truth by powerful spirits and by real works of art. I repeat it, say what you like to young amateurs who enliven the social circles with songs and music, and who adorn and cheer their home with pictures and verses—one branch of

art may be dedicated to the embellishment of domestic life—but do not encourage, by one single word, him who intends to present himself before the public, unless you are convinced that he is possessed of decided talent and real genius. If you do, you have only assisted in making one more unfortunate and useless being in the world. And a woman! What power, what perseverance, and, in addition, what good fortune must she not have, if she be able successfully to combat against the difficulties and hindrances which will meet her at every step in the path of art. Art is, for the mediocre-artist, a Tantalus-spring, which perpetually excites his thirst, and as perpetually flies his lips."

"And which at the same time robs him of his bread," added the other. "Yes, you are right; but this young Angelica has something in her eyes—"

"I grant it," conceded the Count, "her glance speaks a very different language to her drawings."

"And do not judge me by them!" said a low silver voice close behind them, and Angelica's light form disappeared among the guests, who now completely thronged the room.

At that moment his Excellence invited the company to move into the dining-room, where everything was ready for the representation of the tableaux, the first of which was to be a scene, "Pygmalion and Galatea," composed by Angelica, and enacted by a young and very promising artist, Mr. Hugo L.

### CHAPTER III.

#### GALATEA.

It required a considerable time before the company had taken their places; at length, however, all were arranged; all eyes were directed upon an elegant curtain, and an expectant silence reigned through the room.

The curtain rose, and Galatea was seen standing upon her pedestal. Pygmalion, with burning love, adored his work—his work, which had proceeded from the inmost sanctuary of his soul, the revelation of the god who dwelt there. There stands she before him—the beauty which his genius contemplated, the work of his hands, the soul of his soul—but motionless, cold, and silent. He had shaped this being, but she heard him, she understood him not. Pygmalion's heart burns for her. Should not such a love, should not the glowing breath of life, be powerful enough to penetrate the very marble's self? Would the creative power of the enamored artist be inefficient to cry "let there be light!" over this slumbering world! This cry, this cry of love, "Galatea! Galatea!" shall it not reach her heart? Pygmalion hopes and despairs by turns. Does not her mouth smile as his eye rests upon it in unutterable prayer! Does not her heart beat under his hand! Hush! does she not breathe?

But no! she breathes not, she smiles not, she answers not. She stands still and immovable, but inexpressibly beautiful and inexpressibly touching in her reposing life. It is Eden, over which no stormy winds have yet passed; it is Eve in the first moments of creation, before the breath of love has yet moved her heart! No pain, no joy, has yet found an entrance there;

no pulse of life yet beats! But how rich in promise does she not appear! The angel of life seems to stand so near—only a breath, and the image of divinity will breathe, and a world of goodness and beauty will come into being! The ideal will become the real.

Pygmalion calls on the gods.

"Immortal gods! in the moments when, in the holy ecstasies of devotion, my feelings raised themselves to you, and received a kindling from your glory, then was it that her image was born in my soul. I have shaped her as an image of you, and in her I now live. She is my nobler self; she is the divine part in me; she is my soul, my all! Holy gods! give her that life which proceeds from you alone. Gods! restore me to myself in her; else shall I, by this marble form in which my heart is hidden, languish and be consumed. O Gods! this creation has come from you, give it the power to acknowledge you and praise you!

"I am alone on the earth; I am my own no longer! *There* is my heart, my love; my prayer is there, with her—my other, my better self!

"See, how beautiful she is! Would not her smile glorify the earth! Would not her tears deprive pain and evil of their sting! Gods! consecrate to yourselves this temple! Infuse your spirit into it—the holy spirit of love! Give her life, give her bliss, and will not Galatea thank you!"

Pygmalion again approaches the statue; tears gleam in his eyes. Hope, doubt, love, despair, fill his soul at the same moment. Yet once again he lays his hand inquiringly on her heart; yet once again he exclaims, with the deepest tone of love, "Galatea!"

At the same moment a slight shudder passed through the marble image; the breath of life seemed hurrying through its limbs. The bosom heaved a gentle sigh. Galatea breathed; her eye moved; she laid her hand upon her heart. Thus stood she for one moment, as if collecting herself and listening to the wonderful movements of life. A bewitching smile parts her lips; an expression of blessed self-consciousness, of glad surprise, spreads itself over her countenance.

Supremely happy Pygmalion!

So I believe thought every one of the spectators at that moment when Galatea's eye slowly turned upon him, and the curtain fell. So thought certainly Count Alarik W. in particular, who, standing behind the Countess Augusta's chair, seemed perfectly lost in the contemplation of Galatea. At the moment when she respired, I saw his eye glance fire; he grew pale, and breathed deep; this was in vain that the Countess Augusta endeavored to distract his attention—he heard her not.

I had also another enchanted neighbor; but he was talkative in the same degree as Count Alarik was silent. This was the fair tall young man, who earlier in the evening had been so attentive to Adelaide. He twined the corner of his pocket-handkerchief, and exclaimed without intermission, "Heavens! how lovely she is! Is not she charming! is she not the sweetest creature on earth! Ah! I wish I were the fountains she stands on. Good heavens, how beautiful she is!"

Several other tableaux followed this, all

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which were universally admired. The two "little ones," who had to represent Raphael's angels, were at first somewhat indocile; but once reduced to order by kind words and promises of confections, they clasped together their little white hands, and after having turned their blue eyes first one way and then another, finally got them properly directed upward, and looked enchantingly.

After the representations were concluded the company returned to the drawing-rooms, emulating each other in the praise of what they had seen, adding occasionally a slight observation; and no sooner was the Baroness Palmin again in the drawing-room, than again began her introduction of Angelica, and her pressing upon every body the sketch-book, which she called variously, *album*, *albums*, and *alba*.

But now Adelaide sung, and every body listened to her beautiful voice, and her simple, expressive manner.

"That is song!" I heard Count Alarik say to some one; "that speaks to the soul; every single word is heard, and is pronounced with expression. And no affectation!"

Adelaide finished, and all gathered round her excepting Count Alarik, and he was conversing with Angelica.

Baroness Palmin, who saw this, and thought the moment too propitious to be lost, came again with assurances that Angelica was "so clever, that several professors had seen her *album*, and had admired it," etc. etc. Adelaide, however, who remarked Angelica's embarrassment, disengaged herself from those who surrounded her, and coming up to Angelica took her and said, "Come, come with me, and I will show you something beautiful," and so saying led her to another room. I followed them into a cabinet decorated with fine oil-paintings and living flowers.

"How beautiful you are!" exclaimed Angelica, stopping short and looking at Adelaide with an expression of joy and admiration.

"Do you think so! that is pleasant!" returned Adelaide, somewhat surprised, but with naïve and unaffected pleasure.

"And you are as good as you are beautiful. I must draw you," said Angelica.

"O, willingly!"

Paper and pencils lay on the table, and the drawing was begun instantly. Meantime some of the guests were assembling in the cabinet. The fair young man placed himself behind Angelica's chair, contemplating Adelaide, and expressing his admiration of her.

"Ah, she! the sweet, the heavenly creature! She is to be drawn; and I shall beg for the portrait; and I shall let it be engraved, and the whole world shall see how sweet and bewitching she is! And the whole world shall adore her! yes, yes, the whole world shall adore her just like me!"

"Be quiet, Otto," said Adelaide; "you interrupt us! Get away, dear Otto!"

I greatly wondered who "dear Otto" was. He retired to a little distance, but seemed every moment ready to fall on his knees.

A question arose in the company respecting one of the pictures, which represented a scene from the Grecian mythology, and which was praised by Count Alarik.

"I, for my part," said some one, "cannot help regretting that a great master should choose such a subject for his pencil. Should not the aim of art be to exalt what is morally good? and what good or ennobling impression can pictures of this kind excite! are they not rather, on the contrary, demoralizing!"

Count Alarik smiled thoughtfully. "The Greeks," said he, "took a lively and deep view of the relationship between the divine and nature. They felt that it was its property to incorporate itself with all creation, to pour life into all its different forms. It is this view which stands prominent in the Grecian mythology, which embodies itself in the creative arts, for which it is so rich a fountain; and with its influence on the fancy, the brightest era of the creative arts has passed."

Angelica started and looked up; her dark eyes flashed. After a moment's pause she continued her drawing.

"The letter kills, the spirit makes alive," said the Countess Augusta. "We see the former now, without being able to take hold on the latter, and this occasions such warped judgments."

"O Greece, Greece!" exclaimed a small gentleman with large aristocratic epaulettes.\* "It was the world of poetry and art; of all that was beautiful and heavenly. That day is passed, never again to return! How beautifully Schiller says this in his poem, 'The Gods of Greece!'"

I had already seen him in the beginning of the conversation, turning over the pages of a volume of Schiller which lay on the table, and now taking up the book, he read aloud "Die Götter Griechenlands." All heard him with pleasure, for he read well, though not without some affectation, and at all events the words of this great poet could not fail of making their impression.

"How beautiful, how perfect is not this expression, die entgötterte Natur," exclaimed the little man with the epaulettes, after he had ceased reading, "how strikingly does it not paint our present actual world! In the beautiful days of mythology all was life; a naiad was seen in every stream; the heart of Daphne beat under the rind of the laurel; the daughter of Tantalus was hidden by the stone; the rivulet was swollen by the tears of Calypso; a dryad concealed itself in every tree; genii laughed from the cups of every flower; all, all spoke of a celestial presence!

"And now, my most honoured company," continued he, after he had thus served us up a prose ragout of "Die Götter Griechenlands," "now, in our enlightened days, who thinks of seeing in a stone anything more than a stone; in a spring, anything more than good water for drinking or for cooking! The finest quality of a tree is its giving wood to light the fire; and of flowers, we think with pleasure only as they are fit to steep in brandy to cure wounds and such things with."

"A word or two on that head," said Miss Greta, laughing heartily: "brandy of lily of the valley is very excellent! It cured me lately of a wound!" and so saying, she showed a little

scar upon her plump, somewhat large, but beautifully formed hand. The whole company laughed. Count Alarik smiled again thoughtfully and looked at Angelica, who had risen from her seat, and whose countenance evinced an extraordinary emotion. "Hush!" said he, for she was about to speak, and the eyes of all followed the direction of his. Her large eyes gleamed forth, as if they sought to penetrate some deep mystery. She grew pale, and a slight shudder passed through her frame; at length, she looked up full and clearly on those around her, and said, with a voice wonderfully distinct and penetrating—"And has this spiritual world really vanished from nature! Do not the beneficent powers which are hidden in her productions clearly prove that Divinity is there, and speaks to man as in earlier times, even though he may sometimes forget the beauty of the gift in the uses which he extracts from it."

Count Alarik looked at her with a smile of satisfaction; the man with the epaulettes gaped in surprise, and Angelica continued in a voice, calm, yet full of inspiration—"The Divinity gives Himself in His works, incorporates Himself with them. O this must be an eternal truth! Is there any one among us who has not felt God in all his works, who has not read His words there! But God makes Himself known in the Christian Revelation otherwise than in the Grecian worship. As He gives Himself by the Word to the congregation, so does he give Himself by the sun to nature—man and flower drink at the same fountain of love!"

Angelica ceased, and seemed to collect herself; and then with a beaming smile she continued—

"When the sun from the height of heaven blesses and communicates to vegetation his light and warmth (for what he does not bless that has no strength,) he says, 'Take, and eat, for this is I.' But he does not give himself peace-meal in these innumerable hosties, but remains in heaven one and the same."

Angelica's eyes beamed at these words with a celestial joy; Count Alarik took her hand and pressed it; Hugo L\*\*\* smiled contemptuously.

"Charming!" cried his Excellence, with a half-suppressed yawn, "very fine sentiments!"

A confused murmur ran through the assembly. "Beautiful!" said some; "desperately overstretched!" said others, "desperately exalted!"

Countess Natalie M., who stood at the table just opposite to Angelica, bent over it, and offered her hand; tears shone in her beautiful eyes, and she warmly and affectionately said, "Thanks!" Miss Greta, on the contrary, looked fixedly on the young girl with a sharp and searching glance. A tear stood in Adelaide's eye, and a momentary paleness chased the roses from her cheek. The sketch of the portrait, which was now completed, was in Count Alarik's hand, and he contemplated it with undisturbed pleasure.

"You have not drawn in the album I have just seen!" said he to Angelica.

"Yes," she replied, "but three years ago; I was then a child; and my soul lay in bonds."

\* The Court dress of the Swedish nobles not in the service, is dark blue with large gold epaulettes, like those of a Colonel.—M. H.

\* This idea belongs to Franz Rader. See "Vierzig Sätze aus einem Religions-Essay."

"Why then take it about with you? why show it?" asked he.

"Baroness Palmrin——" said Angelica, blushing.

Count Alarik shrugged his shoulders. "This is excellent!" he said, as he compared the sketch with the original, who now hastily regained her beautiful color; "like, and sketched with freedom and grace——"

Adelaide nodded gaily to Angelica. At that moment supper was announced.

I was fortunate enough to have for my neighbor the gentleman who seemed to be an intimate acquaintance of Count Alarik; and I hoped from him to learn something more of this remarkable man. Nor did I deceive myself; he answered my questions most cheerfully and frankly.

"Count Alarik W.," said he, "is one of the most excellent and extraordinary men that I know. He served with distinguished bravery in the German war. When peace was made for Sweden, he retired from the army, and withdrew altogether from the world, devoting himself to science and philosophy, on an old family estate which had come to his hands in a ruinous condition and loaded with debt—don't busy yourself with the *bourillon*! Ah! I see you have cold milk—to satisfy the demands of needy creditors he sold whatever valuables he had inherited from his forefathers, and lived for many years in extremely narrow circumstances; nay, he was even, I believe, poor. Now, however, he has improved his lands; which, after all, are not large, and make no *Cresus* of him—O! oysters, oysters! thank heaven! and the most delicious grouse! this *à la dande* is the hostess's crown!—they say now that he is come out into the world again to look about for a rich wife; but I don't believe it."

"And why not?" asked I.

"Madeira or port wine, my most gracious!—He is not the man," continued my neighbor, as he filled his glass; "not that I think there is anything wrong in a man looking for money and a wife at the same time—I am just doing the same myself—but Alarik has his own notions. He is an uncommon and an excellent man—a true lion-nature, and I have only one thing against him; that he is too peculiar, too obstinate, and even severe to harshness against the weakness of others—poached eggs and mushrooms—a little weak. He thinks that the will, founded on sound principles, can govern the whole life in the smallest as well as in the greatest particulars. He knows no weakness in himself, no vacillating between wrong and right, and therefore he cannot pardon it in others."

"And is it always so easy," asked I, "and particularly as regards others, to decide what is wrong, and what is right?"

"Ask Alarik, ask Alarik," said he, "and he'll tell you. For my part, I think that to soften what is too hard in him, what is too stern, in short to make him quite perfect, there requires only one thing—tender lamb's cutlets with green peas, my most gracious!"

"Charming!—and this one thing is?"

"To love—to love a mild and amiable woman."

"Has he never loved?" asked I.

"Never! a misfortune which happened to his brother seems hitherto to have frightened him from love and marriage. His will, he says, makes science his mistress and wife. He has lived with her now a dozen years, and God knows if he have not found her a little wearisome, a little frosty—so at least I can conjecture. They say now, that he is to marry the President's step-daughter, Countess Augusta U. Well! she is handsome and extremely rich, and does not seem very much to hate him; but after all, I know a wife that would suit him better—cold pike with shrimp sauce—almost too salt—aj! aj!"

"And who then is it?" asked I.

"Just that good, beautiful angel to whom he is now talking."

I looked and saw Count Alarik leaning over Adelaide's chair; they were both laughing.

"Faith, a handsome couple!" continued my neighbor. "No, but this is pleasant! I have not seen him laugh so heartily since his brother's death. Now let us look a little at the rest of the good people here. What luxury in toilette and eating! our finances must suffer; we must be ruined, all and every one of us!—what is this again! Fowls with oyster sauce! for the second, third, fourth times, welcome ye oysters! One cannot live without oysters!—do you see that pale, fine countenance, expressive both of talent and goodness, and who contemplates that lovely Miss Adelaide with such sincere admiration! Can you believe that fortune and the world have done all they could to spoil her, and have not succeeded! She never ceases to forget herself for others. That young man standing behind her chair there seems to have very kind attentions toward her."

"Have you not remarked," inquired I, "that that inborn envy of each other's advantages, for which women have been so long and severely blamed, seems now to have entirely disappeared from society, especially among the young! They are really the first to give the meed of hearty admiration to any remarkably gifted one among them. The lily and the rose contend no longer, but paying mutual homage become fairer from that cause."

"Ah, certainly, certainly! No question the world becomes more and more moral. And there is aunt Gunilla in a turban, than which Mahomet could not have a finer! Twenty years ago a little girl who was fed on morning dew and parsley, and now a great lady—is it not quite wonderful that we mean quite a different thing when we say, 'a great lady,' to what we mean when we say, 'a great man!' she eats with a keen, connoisseur's tongue from every dish, and thinks meanwhile on her supper next week; I hope she will invite me!—pudding! That was a pity! No, I thank you!—Baroness B. is charmingly beautiful this evening—and her husband, as usual, jealous of that little fair gentleman, who certainly never thought of anything wrong, but who has become the man's *bleu noir*. Look at that betrothed pair who have flitted through the honeymoon before the bridal—hem! aj! aj! there, two servants came in contact! Preserve the roast!—I am sorry for that young woman, she tries to be gay, but is pale, and scarcely can eat, and that because her husband sits at the card-table, and

takes the food from the mouths of his children, or others, which is no better. Look at the Mamselles T., who are eating turkey and giggling! and their father, who swallows them with his eyes and thinks nothing on the whole earth so charming as his daughters. 'They are wonderful, wonderful,' he says. A happy family!—you will drink, I hope, a glass of negus! See, here we have an Etna! admire in this ice-cake, the power of art to unite cold and heat, and by means of the agreeable to destroy the appetite, which is such an especial means of health.—Look now how anxiously mamma yonder winks to her young daughter not to eat, and how dutifully she lays down the spoon which was just at her lips—such a daughter would just suit me. We have really a very fine collection of people—listen, what a noise and hum, just like a beehive when it is about to swarm! It is really wonderful, how people are capable of talking so incessantly.—The women really dress themselves well in our days, elegance without extravagance, an agreeable medium, with the exception of what regards arms, and that strikes both my eyes and my shoulders! But see the heads of the young ladies, how beautiful they are with their uncovered hair—may I help you to jelly? The pastry is certainly from Behrend's—this supper is something out of the common way—I am quite satisfied with it! Fine peaches! What pray! You prefer rennets. Well, it is better that every one's taste is not for the same thing. Now, do not be surprised that I help myself to so many sweatmeats—they are for my poor little children—whom I mean to have before ten years are over; one must be provident in one's days."

The supper came to an end, and we rose from the table. I hope that all the guests had been as well entertained as I.

Reader, inhabitant of Stockholm! thou hast been to suppers, and therefore knowest that when they are finished the company has no more rest; they do not seat themselves again in repose, but divide themselves into little groups, and stand about and converse together until the carriages and the moment of departure arrive. You therefore, without fear of being seduced into too long conversations, can follow me on a little flying visit round these gay groups, and then when we light on any drop of wisdom or liveliness—any of the honey-dew of life—we will pause and suck it out. What now may this good gentleman be discussing so fluently with these ladies—let us listen!

"Sacrifices, self-renunciation! Empty words; there is no self-renunciation! All that we do or say is done or said merely through self-interest. The highest, ay, the most Christian virtue, is nothing else than well-understood self-interest. The mainspring of all our actions, good or evil, is self-interest."

A lady whose countenance was remarkable for nothing excepting its paleness, and the expression of almost holy calmness which rested upon it, and beamed especially from a pair of light brown eyes, said with a gentle smile, 'One hears that you have never loved.'

"And what," demanded her opponent warmly, "what is love or friendship but self-interested passion! We love an object because it is

agreeable to us, because it gives us pleasure, and because we expect, by means of its tenderness and devotion, an increase of our own happiness."

The pale lady was silent a moment with downcast eyes, as if she provingly looked into her own heart; she then raised them again, moist but assured, and repeated, with a momentary blush, and in a tone of sincere conviction—  
"No, you have never loved!"

After this she made no further answers to the mass of proofs which were brought forward to establish the dominance of self-interest in this world.

Some young ladies have collected in the cabinet. The young, stout, richly-dressed Countess L. throws herself carelessly and contentedly into a cushioned chair. The youthful Mrs. T. stands before a mirror and arranges her curls.

Countess L. How warm it is! I am ready to die! What a charming easy chair! I shall soon get one of red silk, with fringes. Have you such a cushioned chair, Sophie?"

Mrs. T. No, I am poor—I!"

And a smile expressive of that happiness which is life's best riches passed with bewitching grace over her angelic countenance.

The noble and highly-gifted Excellence W—r relates an anecdote to Miss Greta. His story illustrates merely goodness, simple, unpretending goodness. Miss Greta listens with attention and delight, and when the speaker has finished, she says with delicacy and elegance—

"If genius and intellect always did honor to Virtue, she would then be called what she is—Excellence;" and so saying she slightly bows her head to the noble speaker.

Here pause we, my reader. The carriages roll up; the ladies curtsy, and the gentlemen bow. It is time for us to separate.

In the room where they put on their cloaks I saw the Countess Natalie hastily approach Angelica, and putting forth her white hand from the rich ermine lining of her cloak take that of the young girl. "We must meet again," she said; "come to me to-morrow, that we may talk further."

"I do not go out," said Angelica with some pride, "I have no time."

"In two days," said the Countess Natalie, taking her somewhat aside, "I am going into the country to my relation Excellence G., our host this evening; may I take you with me! He has a fine collection of works of art. Well, may I!"

Angelica looked at the engaging Countess undeterminedly and coldly. "My father," she said hesitatingly; "my time—"

"Alas! difficulties! So much the better. I like combating with difficulties. I shall win you. Expect me positively to-morrow;" and away she went.

"Has Angelica got her albus with her?" asked Baroness Palmuin anxiously, as she seated herself in the carriage. "Only think if it had been dropped in the street."

"Amen! Heaven grant it!" said Miss Gre-

ta yawning, as she threw herself into the corner of her coach.

My first question when I came home was, who the "dear Otto might be?"

"Otto!" exclaimed Adelaide; "young Otto, my cousin and my betrothed."

"Betrothed!" repeated I with astonishment.

"Yes, for long. We have grown up together, and we played as children at being lovers."

"Joke may become earnest," said the President significantly.

Adelaide did not reply, but bit her under lip, which afterward swelled like a cherry, as wilful as pretty.

Poor Edla returned as silent and sullen as she had gone out. I had not, during the whole evening, seen one gay or friendly expression on her countenance.

Next day, after an instruction of three hours' length on the educational principles of the late Presidenska, which I again heard with much edification, the President allowed me to have an insight into the position of the family.

"We shall," said he, "invite Count Alarik W. to our house, and endeavor to make it agreeable to him. Augusta will be here a great deal; she is yet too young to receive a gentleman's visits alone, and I desire greatly a marriage between her and the Count. It would be a suitable match on either side, and I think that both of them are inclined for it. His character is as high as his name and rank, and his small fortune is no objection, since hers is so considerable."

"Adelaide," continued he, "will probably be before long Baroness G. Otto and she are suitable to each other in every respect. Adelaide requires a rich husband, for she has a taste for show and amusement, to which her beauty and her position in society entitle her. She would be quite unhappy in a narrow circle and with a contracted income. In the mean time I will not hurry matters; such things succeed best when they are left to themselves; I like cautious measures, *Mamselle Rönquist*. With patience and a little diplomacy one may make quite sure of guiding both people and things as one desires. My brother-in-law and I are neighbors in the country—in summer we often meet—the young folks pick flowers together, eat strawberries together, listen to the lark and the linnet—in autumn I think we shall have the marriage. In the mean time, whenever my sister-in-law desires Adelaide's society, I willingly let her accompany her into the world."

The President informed me also that in two days the birthday of the Baroness G. was to be celebrated. A fête was to be given at their country seat, a mile from the town, and he proposed to me that I should accompany his daughters, to which I willingly assented.

The appointed day came, and we set out. Adelaide was so gay, so lovely, so affectionate toward Edla, that she could not resist the influence of this young spring sun. She was during this little journey, in the fine, clear autumn weather, gayer and more friendly than I had ever seen her before.

As soon as we entered the magnificent castle of his Excellence G., we were received on the stairs by his Excellence himself and Otto, who, beside himself with joy, dropped on his

knees before Adelaide. After we had arranged our toilette in the chambers which were prepared for us, we were conducted by the Baroness down to the library, where the company were assembled for tea. There surrounded by books, by flowers, and pictures, Countess Augusta and Count Alarik were walking up and down, and conversing together. The President took his seat immediately by the side of his admired Countess Natalie, who listened to his politeness very inattentively, while Miss Greta sat half reclined in the corner of a sofa, looking at her beautiful nails, and casting now and then from her dark eyes searching glances at the various personages in the room. Silent, but with smiling lips and an inspired eye, Angelica, with the lightness of a sylph, flitted from statue to statue.

The birthday came, and with it a crowd of neighbors, congratulations and verses, a ball and an illumination. But it gives me now no pleasure to talk of birthdays—of verses so poor—of guests so insipid—of pleasures which fatigue, and of lamps which go out—it pleases me rather to stretch my wing (the gossequin!) to a higher flight, and talk a little about GENIUS.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### GENIUS.

This heavenly gift, with its pure ear, into which Heaven speaks its wonders; with its free melodious tongue, which without effort, with free natural facility reproduces them to the world.—*LUTHER FROM B—*.

ADJOINING the library was a rotunda, in which were collected statues and busts of artists and great geniuses. Here it was that Angelica passed her time when she could free herself from the company.

The Baroness, who willingly desired to make Angelica's talents subserve to the amusement of her guests, proposed one after another of them for her to draw, which, as she said, could be nothing but a pleasure to the young artist, as well as good exercise for her. Angelica obeyed coldly, made with incredible rapidity a number of beautiful portraits, but received all the praises and all the flatteries that were heaped upon her with the most perfect indifference: it was not in unfriendliness, nor in pride, nor contempt, for she was mild and gentle, but it was altogether indifference, and whenever she could disengage herself from the company she withdrew herself to the rotunda. Here she would have spent whole hours in the contemplation of those marble forms in which genius had immortalized genius. Sometimes she sat and read there, surrounded by the noble dead, who, though silent as the grave, yet spoke of life's deepest mysteries. Oftener, however, was she employed in copying them; and when she sat there with her pencil and her drawing book, the room might be full of people, they might be talking around her of what they would, she perceived nothing. One image, one thought always recurred in Angelica's sketches, as well as in her larger drawings, and that was the form of an angel. It seemed as if a supernatural beauty and holiness hovered for ever before her fancy, and as if she strove to express this her

contemplation. An inexpressible striving after the realizing of an ideal seemed to work within her. There were often great faults in her compositions, particularly in the drawing of the figures; but more expression, more beauty in looks and smiles, and above all, more life, might perhaps be looked for in vain in the works even of the greatest masters. Count Alarik was forced to concede this, and even at Adelaide's request to acknowledge traces of this life in the unfortunate "alpus" which he at first had treated so contemptuously.

Angelica was an extremely rare character. Silent, contemplative and reserved, she appeared to have eye and ear only for life. It required an effort for her to express herself in words. When any feeling or thought seized powerfully upon her, it was as if she were under the impulse of a spirit whose power she could not oppose; her whole being was shaken in such moments; she became pale, and whatever she spoke bore the impression of a deep inspiration. After such moments of excitement she not unfrequently burst into tears and was restless and exhausted. At such times it gave her pleasure to see Adelaide near her; and the contemplation of her beauty, together with the expression of joy and goodness in her young countenance, had the effect of calming and strengthening her.

One evening she sat in the rotunda at the feet of Linnæus, reading with an attention that proved her to be drawing life from the book. A moth deeply occupied by the same pursuit sat with powdery wings upon the margin of the page, and worked on Plato's Republic. Socrates looked down upon them from his high pedestal, and beside them smiled Hebe calm and unsorrowing. Socrates endeavours to lead his disciples nearer to the contemplation of good, and Adeimantis asks, "And yet thou dost not call it pleasure?"

Socrates replies, "Sin not! but contemplate yet nearer its image."

Wonderful thoughts rose with this in the soul of Angelica; presentiments which she could not comprehend. She looked up to the god-like forms in marble which surrounded her, but they struck her at that moment as pale and dumb. The room became narrow and suffocating; she opened the doors which led from the rotunda to the terrace, and contemplating the sea of fire in the west, where the sun was now calmly descending, let the cool evening wind play on her cheeks and her hair. She did not observe that a portion of the company had collected in the rotunda, that they looked at her with amazement, and wondered at the book which she had laid down open upon the knee of the great philosopher of nature.

"I cannot conceive what she can do with such a book," said some one; "will it teach her to paint better?"

"I really think it will," said Count Alarik smiling.

"I think I understand your meaning," said the Countess Natalie; "but is it not the fortunate prerogative of genius to know without being compelled to learn—to produce what is heavenly without searching after it? The genial artist creates the beautiful without even understanding it."

"But not without feeling it," answered Count Alarik, "deeply feeling it in his own soul. The artist does not labour like the bee—he knows what he does; his power is not that of instinct, but that of a waking, conscious spirit. He is not blind, he is *clair-voyant*."

"But precisely this spirit, is it not the immediate gift of heaven?" Is not this divine fire innate in the artist's soul, and has nothing to receive from the earth? Genius is baptized with fire—baptized to independent power, for ever drawing from the treasury of his own inward wealth, for ever creating like a god. It possesses life in itself, and is independent of all things."

"Not independent of all things," returned Count Alarik. "Even the heavenly flame must go out, if knowledge and love do not supply their nourishment. What is it that the artist endeavors to represent, when he understands his vocation and strives after the Highest? Is it not the fulness of life which is in spirit and in nature? But, in order to be fully possessed of this, and to be fully possessed by it, he must descend into it, and take it to himself. Is it not precisely because the seed mingles itself with the elements that it develops its inward world in growth and flower? Happy the young artist who is consecrated by philosophy to those mysteries which by mighty works he aims at revealing; happy if an ennobling love expands and warms his soul! His native land shall then listen with joy and thankfulness to his songs, or contemplate his pictures; and not, as now, justly lament that time brings forth merely buds, but no flowers; that so many beautiful lights are rekindled, and almost at the same moment again extinguished."

Count Alarik stepped back after he had spoken these words, and his eyes rested on Adelaide, who had brought in Angelica from the terrace.

Miss Greta shut the doors, speaking in a loud tone of ecstasies, and coughs and colds.

Angelica seated herself, and, with her head resting on her hand, regarded the speakers in turn.

"If love help to paint and poetise," said a gentleman of the company, "marriage is certain death to these talents. I assure you that as an unmarried man I made verses equal to Franzén and Tegnér; but now—wife and children, agriculture, rearing sheep, and heaven knows what—I assure you they dry up the richest vein."

Countess Natalie remarked dryly that both Franzén and Tegnér were married men, and held important civil offices.

"With regard to philosophy and Platonic love," said Hugo L., with his glowing and impure glance, "I shall take good care not to load and depress my fancy with these burdens. A glowing, free, and untrammelled fancy, this is the artist's true wealth. With this will he reach the one thing which is alone worth striving after. He can flatter the sensuality and the vanity of mankind, and win much—money!"

"Money!" exclaimed Countess Natalie, with astonishment and contempt.

"Means of enjoyment," said Hugo, smiling.

"I think," said an elderly lady with a mild countenance, "that God gave the fine arts to man in order to heighten his enjoyment of life."

and I do not see why one should seek a higher object for them. When I see in my room beautiful landscapes, charming family-pictures—when I see around me portraits of my children, or of friends whom I have loved and lost—then I value the artist, and thank God for the gift of the art."

"The creative art," said an old gentleman positively, "has no value in the long run for man, unless it reproduces his favourite objects. It is of value to you, gracious lady, when it gives portraits of your friends; I myself buy no pictures which do not represent horses; and my brother Gustavus will not look at a painting unless it offer him cheese, butter, bread, and a good glass of ale. Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

"Generally speaking," said another person, "the highest object of art should be faithfully to represent scenes of real life: in this way alone can art become useful and valuable to man, since in this way it has truth on its side, and the fancy is not bewildered by images of angels or devils, which only serve to make one fanatic or terrified at ghosts. Thus, success to the Flemish school!"

"For my part," said the rich von S., "I would not give two stivers for those who either paint life or put it into verse. I know a little about genius, having such a piece of goods for my son; and humbly give thanks for that—which is good for nothing."

"Perhaps exactly because it is such a piece of goods," whispered Miss Greta to Countess Natalie.

"But in truth," asked the Countess, "if art be so little, what, then, is genius?"

"A brilliant meteor," said a bright head,

"Why does the earth pay homage to it as a god?" asked some one.

"Man loves the light that dazzles him," said the Countess; "and I think, that after a calm examination it would be difficult to say, whether genius actually has been of any benefit to the world. The industrious citizen; the tranquil thinker; the good man, work more for the well-being of society at large than the most brilliant genius."

"We will look at this a little nearer," said the Countess Natalie; "let us inquire now what genius has done for the world and for mankind." With these words she looked at Angelica, and all eyes were at once turned on the young girl, who seemed to be influenced by an extraordinary emotion. She had risen from her seat, and went with gentle steps forward into the circle of people who had gathered round an altar of variegated marble, which occupied the centre of the rotunda, and upon which was placed the lute-player of Thorwaldsen. Her countenance became paler and paler; her eye gleamed darkly, a light shudder passed through her delicate frame, and she was obliged to support herself against the altars, where she stood for a moment, and appeared as if listening to words which were inaudible to other ears. All looked at her with astonishment, except Miss Greta, who turned away with an expression of displeasure, saying to herself, as she withdrew, "What purpose can this answer? I cannot endure such things—and yet I like the girl notwithstanding."

Count Alarik advanced to the young enthusi-

ast, and repeated with a voice which demanded an answer, Countess Natalie's question—"Tell us, Angelica, what does genius do for the world?"

Angelica looked at him; her eyes appeared larger than common, they glanced quickly round, her breast heaved, and her eyes filled with tears. Her soul was too full; she suffered, and was overcome by the mighty spirit within her. At length she spoke, but it was not calmly; her thoughts came lightning-like, and in broken, disordered phrases.

"It gives joy, joy to the world! joy to every human soul! Light in the past; strength in the present, and hope for the future!"

"Have you seen the graves and the ruins of the earth! Have you seen races of men and thrones disappear! seen how they who have performed heroic deeds and works of love have sunk into the silent grave; how ashes cover the magnificent temple; how mists lie dreamingly on the tombs of heroes; how all, all pass away from existence!"

"But who is he, that with a flaming glance dissipates the mist, and makes the dead rise again in renewed forms! The immortal bard, who preserves the memory of nations; who sings their combats; their victories; their wounds; their acquired treasures, and makes one period the inheritor of another! who makes us weep over the sorrows and rejoice at the glory of a thousand years ago! Clear dawn over a world else sunk in darkness—Genius, that art thou!"

"When Genius speaks, the breast of the people expands; it breathes higher and freer; actions of goodness and of bravery are through a thousand years the re-echo of his words. When Genius speaks the hearts of the people throb, and immortal words which lay there slumbering, awake. Mankind looks upward, recognises his nobler self, and becomes better, kinder, and happier!"

"And when a people bleed, when a deep wound has been given to its heart; when it seems as if its strength, its freedom, its noblest life must perish under the hand of the executioner, who is it that yet speaks of better days, that raises again the fallen eagle, and lets his eye turn toward that of the eternal sun! Comforter of the fallen, seer and prophet of the secrets of God, Genius, hail to thee!"

"Deep mists gather over the earth. There are autumn nights in which every star is hidden in heaven, in which the heart of man sickens at life, at himself, at all around him. No animating feeling dwells in his inmost soul; no tear is in his eye; wherever he turns is night—and the night is peopled with dark and hideous shadows—the very air which he breathes suffocates! But see! who lightens from the cloud and makes the night clear; and reveals the fair genii who who had hidden behind the cloud, and now beckon to him and smile? It is Genius—it is the great artist! His lightning-beam has touched the heart of the unhappy; he has wept and is comforted; yet one more beam, one more celestial vision, and he looks upward with strength and hope!"

"Who is it that glorifies nature! Who is it that understands her language, reads the quiet hymns of the flowers, and seizes upon thought

in the bird's song! Who is it that hears the spirits of the mountains and the floods; that hears the voice of the Almighty in the rolling thunder; in the murmuring forest, and interprets for man God's word in nature!

"Thou marvel, thou life in life, thou mighty hand that linkest time with eternity; ever renewing, ever producing power; thou who seest the path of the sun and the working of the heart of man; thou who searchest out the essence of the Divinity, and the life of the little flower—we comprehend thee not, but we know well whom thou art!

"Man fell—mind lost itself in dim dreams—but extend to him the jubilee of a higher existence, O then scattered traces are collected in a heavenly smile, the misty shadows of his dreams assume shape and coloring, and all his recollections stand forth to illumine—a beam of God's light—Genius smiles over the earth, and ennobles its dark reality.

"T is genius heaven's unclouded light beholds,  
And god-like visions to the world unfolds!"

At this moment a religious man stepped forward from the circle that surrounded Angelica. His face was young but pale, and its expression was severe. He spoke with a deep and serious voice.

"The earth," said he, "is the home of sin—the earth is the valley of tears. Wo to genius if it forget its own appropriate vocation, that of the voice of God to a fallen world; if it forget to depict to man his sin in lines of fire, and to admonish him to repentance and amendment. Wo to it, if like the serpent in nature it allure to joy and to deceitful pride; if it cry, 'peace!' where it should cry, 'humble yourselves and repent!' Oh what are we, indeed, that God should smile upon us! Sinners! sinners! Who can prefigure to himself what holy heaven is, without feeling the abyss in which he himself stands! There is only one subject for genius and art on earth—one only is there which is comfortable to man's condition here—the crucified Saviour!"

"Oh no! the Saviour has arisen!" exclaimed Angelica, with a transported smile; "joy, joy to the earth eternally! It is not pain, it is not anguish which makes free and reconciles—it is love, it is beauty! Depict heaven truly, and man will live for it. Place upon earth the image of a God, and man will love it, and approach nearer to the prototype!"

"It is pitiable, it is the mad folly of a fallen being," said the former speaker, "to imagine that he can comprehend the likeness of the hidden One, it is to tempt God!"

"But if he gives himself to man!" asked Angelica, with an inspired glance, "God suffered on the cross for sinners. He will not refuse to reveal his glory to such as draw near to him in pious adoration. Is not the vocation of genius, as well as art, that of a mediator! Phidias and Raphael, Milton and Tegnér, Handel and Mozart, have decreased the distance between heaven and earth! The vocation of genius is more important in this our time than any other. Who has not heard that in the hour of the Great Sacrifice the veil of the temple was rent asunder! Now the pious eye can penetrate the holy of holies, and it is given to the artist again and yet again to reveal God to the world! He ought to strive unpausingly after the highest; with love, with

labour, with prayer, with earthly and with heavenly strength! O grant to me for the labour of a whole life, only one moment of divine revelation, and only breath enough to declare it to the world—and I have lived enough!

"Blessed are they whom God's lightnings transpire!" continued Angelica, with increasing yet ever calmer inspiration. "Blessed they who give forth this lightning to the world, and then die! Who is the happy, the great, the enviable, on earth! Is it not he who gives to human nature that enlightened beauty which he drew from its breast; who, borne upward by his genius, ascends to heaven to fetch thence fire with which he will kindle the nations!

"A human life—a little human life—a life of a few years—and to live in this for an immortality—to breathe fire into the hearts of millions of human beings—a human life—so little and yet so vast! How wonderful! how glorious! How sweet the lot to live for a world and to die for the immortally beautiful on earth! Oh that it might be mine!"

Tears of ardent longing streamed down the now glowing cheeks of Angelica.

"Is it for renown?" asked Count Alarik, with a searching glance.

"And would this renown make you happier, Angelica!" inquired the elderly lady with the gentle countenance; "would it here make you more beloved by your friends! would you actually, with all this striving for millions, make one human being happier! O Angelica! is there, indeed, a nobler lot on earth, a lot which is more worthy to be striven after by a woman's heart, than that of being the whole and entire happiness of one being!"

Angelica looked first at one and then at the other of the speakers; a cloud dimmed her brow, but it quickly passed, and she said to Count Alarik, "No, not for the sake of renown. If I should ever succeed in producing a masterpiece, and time, or the hand of an enemy should efface my name from the picture, I would not complain if the work of my hand and of my spirit lived only for mankind."

To the elderly lady she said, with a low voice and look of humility, "I do not know whether I should be happy; I only know one thing, that I must obey the voice which requires from me that I should strive after the immortal in art. God must dispose my fate as He sees best!"

"And have you weighed," asked Count Alarik, advancing towards her, "all the difficulties of your path! General opinion, poverty, your sex, which prevents the acquisition of a grounded knowledge—all, all will retard your steps. Listen to wiser counsel, Angelica. Direct yourself according to the taste and the circumstances of the times. Do not strive to attain the ideal; paint portraits, little scenes out of every-day life, and you will become rich, will live tranquil, loved, and esteemed."

"I can endure hunger," said Angelica, looking at him calmly and fixedly; "and the censure of the world I do not hear; it would be overpowered by a mightier voice within my own breast. Striving after the highest only will I live!"

"And if you should fail! if you should be deceived in your powers?"

"Then may God be merciful to me, and let me die!"

"And wherefore this ambition! A less degree of perfection also gives joy, and the good and the beautiful live also in the humbler spheres of life, and there are they more accessible."

"The highest! the highest!" exclaimed Angelica; "I will live and die striving after the highest!"

"You have the true artist-soul," said Count Alarik, delighted, and clasping her slender waist, he lifted her standing upon the altar. The lute player sat with a heavenly smile at her feet, as if ready to sing her praises. A murmur of approbation and pleasure was heard from the bystanders.

## CHAPTER V.

### ADVENTURES.

Nature ordains both tears and smiles.  
To banish laughter were unwise  
When so much that's jocund one hears:  
And 'twere a crime to blind the eyes,  
When human sufferings ask for tears.

KELLOGG.

DANCING-MUSIC sounded in the great hall. Young Otto was storming through the countryside with Adelaide, while the Baroness and the President were hopping gently down the middle and back again, through cross-hands and promenade. His Excellence moved along with dignified elegance beside the beautiful and proud Countess Natalie, while with noble and simple grace Count Alarik and Countess Augusta went through the mazes of the dance. Angelica slipped unremarked from the ball-room, where at first she had entered with the rest. She experienced the same uneasy and violent emotions which were consequent on every uncommon expression of her feelings, and she sought therefore quiet and solitude. In the library all was still. The lamp had gone out, and the bright September moon shone in through the window, bathing the flowers and the statues with its mild bluish light. The hum and music from the dancing-room sounded distant and indistinct; and through an open window was heard the song of the cricket in the dewy grass, and soft perfumes arose and diffused themselves from the night-blowing violets on the terrace.

In this quiet world the storm in Angelica's soul gradually subsided into still and melancholy feeling. It was the heaving after the tempest. Her thoughts were not arranged; but a dim desire, a deep longing operated in her heart that she might repose herself on the bosom of a mother, or a female friend. Her heart was now so warm; she felt so intimately the want of tenderness; she kissed the moon-beam as it fell upon the flowers in her window, and looking up to the evening star, she said, "Oh that thou wert a genie, thou beautiful star, that by my prayers I might entice thee down from the vault of heaven; that I might kiss thy beaming forehead, and clasp thee to my heart!"

The star twinkled, unalterable, bright and friendly from the azure-dome.

"Thou tellest me," continued Angelica, "that thou art possessed of a better home, and thou art right!" She turned her eyes to the earth, which lay in the mild light of heaven, so beautiful, so tranquil, so consoling, so like a mother who opens her arms to her weary children.

Angelica felt this; her eyes filled with tears, and stretching forth her arms she said softly, "I am tired, I suffer! Oh that I might repose my head upon a mother's bosom, and slumbering for a moment, wake to redoubled life!"

"Let me be thy mother and thy friend! Rest upon me, I will support thee!" said an unusually sweet voice close to Angelica; and Countess Natalie seizing her hand pressed it between hers, and continued with tearful eyes, "Permit me only to love you, admirable young girl; leave to me the care of your life and your happiness!"

"Could the great even love the poor?" asked Angelica, withdrawing her hand, and with a look full of mistrust. "I have been told that they merely look coldly down upon them, as that star looks on us. I have been told that they merely out of self-interest occasionally elevate them to their own height, in order that by the splendour of God's gifts to an inferior they may increase their own happiness. I have been told that the bread they give is bitter; that for a few friendly words they demand the sacrifice of whole life—"

"Ah, think not so, Angelica!" interrupted the Countess; "this is only the language of bitter prejudice. Who can have poisoned your young beautiful soul with such a creed!"

"An early—a bitter experience," replied Angelica. "The lofty ones of the earth cannot understand what want, what suffering is! They know not how a noble nature feels in being compelled, like the worm of the earth, to crawl after its food, when it has not strength to suffer hunger!—to be compelled, for a few crumbs of bread, to flatter what they despise, or else to starve! Life moves around the wealthy with so much grace, so much pomp and beauty; they drink of the sweetest wine of existence, and dance under a delicious intoxication. They find nothing in themselves which permits them to understand the actual sufferings of the poor. They throw out corn with a liberal hand to the little sparrows; they take up the worm from the earth that it may lighten their rooms in dark evenings; but they love only themselves, they see mankind only in their own circles."

"How unjust you are, Angelica!" exclaimed Countess Natalie with noble indignation. "You describe the barbarous opinions of an age which is long passed. It is true, I will not deny it, that there is enjoyment in standing in a position in life above the multitude, and with a glance of kindly pride looking down on those who look up to us; yes, and there may be a great enjoyment found even in humbling others; yet there is a greater—"

"And what is that?"

"In humbling oneself. In bending the knee before a higher power; and feeling oneself, with all the splendor that the world can give, poor in comparison of him in whom the spirit of God abides. Ah, Angelica! that longing, that ardent desire toward a higher spirit may dwell even in the hearts of those who are surrounded by the world's wealth and show; and these, if a beam of God reveal itself, can willingly leave all, and resign all, only to worship and to follow."

Angelica stood silent and reserved; and with increasing emotion the Countess continued, "I

should not have ventured to approach you, Angelica; I could not have understood how to admire and love you if I had been one of those cold, weak beings whom you have described. From the first moment in which I saw and heard you, I longed most earnestly to become your friend—your sister; in truth, Angelica, I am not unworthy of you!"

Still the painter's daughter stood silent, and her eye passed over the landscape, now veiled in deep twilight.

"I have been weak," continued the Countess, "I have been vain, I have been dazzled by a worldly life, but I have never been its slave. I understood and I yearned after a higher excellence, but I never saw it in actuality till this moment; until this moment I never looked up to any human being."

Countess Natalie approached Angelica yet nearer, and spoke with touching sincerity.

"Do not reject me!" said she; "do not strike back my outstretched hand. Let me be your elder sister; let me be your motherly friend. I will accompany you where you will. Your interests shall become mine; your happiness shall be mine. I will be your strengthener and your supporter, and I will watch over your peace in the small events of life as well as in the great. You shall live entirely for art, and I will live entirely for you. I am rich, and alone in the world. God, until this moment, has given me nothing that I could love, nothing for which I could live with joy! Angelica, have I deceived myself?"

Still Angelica made no reply.

"I feel at this moment," said the Countess, "as if I could beg for friendship, if it is to be had by prayers—but I cannot compel your feelings; and if these are adverse to me, nothing that I can offer will avail. Angelica, your silence tells me that you cannot have confidence in me—that you cannot love me!"

"O, I can!" said Angelica, and turned her tearful eyes on the Countess; "I could have loved you from the first moment I saw you, but I feared—"

"What, what did you fear?"

"To be again deceived," returned Angelica; "to lose my independence without gaining a friend."

"And now, do you yet fear?" asked the Countess, as she again took Angelica's hand between hers. "Will you let me love you; will you leave in my hands the care for your life?"

Angelica looked at her with tearful eyes, but made no answer.

"I will not be pressing," said the Countess, "but I will return. Now say one kind word to me, one friendly *thou* before I go."

"Trallala, trallala!" sang the President, who entered now with a *chassé*; "my gracious Countess, the waltz has already commenced, and I have your promise."

"I shall keep it," answered the Countess, gave her hand to Angelica, and bearing from her lips the desired word, allowed herself to be conducted to the dance by the President, who

was this evening the least in the world captivated.

Angelica was deeply excited. She scarcely dared to believe that the so long desired friend had at length been given to her. She did not dare to cast a glance into the future that opened before her; she leant against a statue of Minerva, and cooled her burning cheek on the marble, while her tears flowed abundantly.

"Press not thy warm heart against the cold marble, beautiful girl! Let it be pressed to a heart which burns for thee!" said a voice, which Angelica recognised as belonging to Hugo L—, and catching her in his arms he clasped her to his bosom. Angelica endeavored to free herself with a cry of alarm.

"Visionary, with thy ideals!" said Hugo; "I will make you acquainted with the heaven of love, and—"

"Let such understandings alone, sir! They might bring you to a bad pass on earth," said a stern voice, as a tall black figure moved from behind the Minerva, and laid a heavy hand on Hugo's arm. It was Miss Greta: Angelica was free. Hugo stood ashamed and enraged.

"Remove yourself from this place, sir," said Miss Greta, imperiously; "and if you think proper to depart before to-morrow morning, I will undertake to make your compliments to their Excellences!"

"Do not give yourself the trouble, my lady," answered Hugo; "I prefer attending to my own business;" and with these words he withdrew, whistling.

"An impertinent being!" said Miss Greta. "But my Angelica," continued she, half jestingly and half displeased, "why will you go wandering about in the moonlight like a heroine of a romance! See now, do not take it so terribly! do not shake like an aspen leaf! Follow me, and calm yourself with a glass of orgeat; and don't, another time, go and lean against marble images, which only give one the ague, and cannot lift an arm to defend one if improper people come and want to kiss and make heavenly flights," and so saying, she took the trembling girl with her, and made her drink one glass of orgeat after another.

In the mean time I sat and delighted myself with Adelaide and her dancing. Life, grace, and joy beamed from her; she was the object of universal admiration and homage. She accepted the proofs of homage without arrogance, but as a due tribute, as something quite natural, and became more quiet exactly in proportion as the others became more lively. I saw with sincere delight that she was not the victim of flattery, although, as was but natural, it was pleasing to her.

It was with sorrow that I saw Edla sitting silent, and forgotten. She had not been engaged since the first dance, when the Baroness had obtained her a partner. I seated myself beside her, and endeavored to draw her into conversation; but she either made me no reply at all, or else only answered short and dryly. Soon afterward, I heard Adelaide say to Otto in a tone of reproof—

"Why has not Edla danced? You promised me to engage her."

"Heavens! I have asked, but she will not dance, she says."

\* It is almost needless to remark here, that *thou* and *theu* are used in Sweden and Germany in the intercourse of dear and dear friends. To make use of these pronouns is to acknowledge love or friendship.

"You ought to have begged and prayed so long that she should have said yes."

"My sweetest Adelaide, I cannot. It is not so uncommonly agreeable that I should beg for it."

"But you shall, Otto, if I wish it. Now go to her this minute, and don't leave off till you have made her promise to dance the next quadrille with you."

"Our dance! The dance that you have promised to me?"

"That very one! and after that you shall introduce Mr. S. to her."

"No, I thank you! I beg to dispense with all that. He says she is ugly and wearisome as —"

"Otto, Otto! how ill you speak! Go now, Otto, and do as I say. Wait! it is best that you dance two dances with Edla."

"Is not one enough?" asked Otto with a deplorable countenance.

"No; you must dance two."

"Ah thou most heavenly one! I must obey all that you command. But what shall I get for it, Adelaide! What shall I afterward get?"

"Hush! hush! it is so hateful to be selfish!"

"Shall I not get the flower that you have in your hair! shall I not get that afterward?"

"No! Go now, make haste Otto, they are tuning already."

"I will not go, unless you promise me that flower!"

"Thou shalt have it, obstinate being! Go now, only go!"

Count Alarik had his large eyes fixed on the cousins during their conversation, and when he saw Adelaide disengaged, he went and seated himself by her, and heard her, with singular satisfaction, refuse all invitations for the next dance. Their conversation speedily became lively, and his serious countenance lightened up the while as by an irresistible enchantment.

After this he talked long with Countess Natalie, and hearing them several times mention Angelica's name, and "journey to Rome," together with other words, led me judge that the Countess proposed taking the young artist to the birth-place of the arts, where she might unrestrainedly develop her powers.

Miss Greta, whom I had the honor of having for my neighbor, cast disquiet and displeased glances at the speakers. "Heaven knows," said she, "what they are concocting together, but I fear me it must be something indigestible!"

Among the guests was a lady from the neighborhood, who attracted every one's attention by her dancing. When she figured in the quadrille, she stretched forth one foot in the air while she hopped on the other, one might have thought that she designed to kick away her *vis-à-vis*. In addition to this she made such high *entre-chats*, such extraordinary leaps and springs, that her curls flew around her head like the snakes on the Furies. This personage excited indescribable amusement among the company, and looked all the more remarkable, as during her wild dancing she preserved an imperturbable gravity on her countenance, which was no longer youthful nor sprightly. Some said that she danced

in order to give herself exercise, and the gentlemen were at some pains that she should have it. Some said that she was storming a heart; others that she was a little insane. Those who were the most amused by her, were the young ladies, and they laughed continually and whispered among themselves. I was astonished, when between the dances I saw Adelaide with the skipping lady arm in arm leave the dancing-room. I stole softly after them, and unobserved, heard Adelaide say to her with the most charming candor, that her dancing was now very uncommon and excited much surprise; that it was now the fashion scarcely to do more than walk in dancing, and to this intimation she added a little dancing-lesson. The lady, who had hitherto been distracted by the large assembly, the lights, and the dancing, had paid no attention to anything around her, was now at the same moment embarrassed and grateful for Adelaide's instructions. But Adelaide was so earnest and serious, so well-meaning and sweet, that the embarrassment soon vanished; and then, while Adelaide rearranged her pupil's danced-down head-dress, she asked her very unceremoniously for more lessons, hoped for a nearer acquaintance, lamented over the difficulty of getting masters in the country, etc., etc.

Charming Adelaide! you know not how this proof of your good-heartedness and single-mindedness attracted my heart to you.

The company in the ball room were not a little surprised when they saw the recently stormy lady re-enter the dance like a totally different person, and move about as quietly as she had formerly been riotous. "It is witchcraft!" thought everybody; and Count Alarik directed a look on the lovely enchantress, which plainly showed that he understood very well how the matter stood. I could not deny myself the pleasure of relating this little scene to Miss Greta, who had been excessively amused with the eccentric dancer. I remarked on her delicate lips an expression of pleasure; which, however, she did not express, but merely said, "Adelaide had better take care, or she will have the lady sticking to her like a burr."

"How!" said I somewhat hastily, "if she for a little service win a person's entire devotion, should she not be glad and grateful! Ah, Miss Greta, is not the gift of the heart the most precious offering that fortune can make us?"

"My best Mameelle," replied Miss Greta, "that may all be very good and charmingly beautiful, and I wish you all the hearts in the world; but as far as I am concerned, I would rather have people altogether off my hands, I like much better to amuse myself with them."

"Well, well, Miss Greta," thought I, a little offended, "I certainly shall not trouble you with my friendship."

There was a young man among the guests who made himself remarkable in a very different way to the beforementioned lady, for he was as timorous as she was bold. Notwithstanding the uniform which he wore, he was so uncommonly embarrassed that he seemed not to know if he were to sit or to walk or to stand. It was a critical moment for him when almost every one seated themselves, and he alone was left standing before some young girls; and so much was he put out of countenance by the intelligent

glances which they cast the one at the other, that his hat fell from his trembling hand, and heaven knows if he would not have fallen himself had not Adelaide, by a quick movement made room for him between herself and one of her friends, and then addressing him by his name offered him the seat beside her. To dissipate his embarrassment, she began to talk to him with such affability and kindness, that the young ensign soon looked quite proud and happy.

Miss Greta observed all this, and an almost imperceptible but sarcastic smile played around her mouth. I looked at her inquiringly. "Adelaide," whispered she to me smilingly, "will soon have a lover: that young man thinks unquestionably that she is in love with him!"

Later in the evening, when the company began to take their departure in the beautiful moonlight, I heard Adelaide's dancing lady say, "Ah, where is my good friend Adelaide! I must bid her good night, else she will be angry with me."

"O ho! have you become such intimate friends!" asked her mamma.

"Yes to be sure. My stars!" and discovering Adelaide in the crowd he ran up to her exclaiming, "Ah, be so good and come and see us soon, my sweet young lady—and we may be *shoo* together, and good friends; is it not so! or else take care you will get into a scrape!"

So saying she held up her fore-finger threateningly, and then hurrying away in her short cloak, made again some extraordinary leaps.

Miss Greta, who heard and saw all, gave me a glance which said, "Well, and what did I say?" and at the same time she showed her teeth, beautiful and white as pearls.

Before he went to bed that same evening, the young ensign wrote thus to his dear brother.

"I amuse myself famously here, my dear Jack. Fine girls, Jack! very fine girls! and not at all cruel, at least toward certain people. Well, certain people have really luck with women. This evening at a ball at the G——'s, there was a certain young beauty—of whom no doubt I shall have hereafter more to relate—I say a certain young beauty made such advances toward me that I was a little embarrassed for her. I could not be rude; besides, she is lovely enough to soften any man; and if she be constant and steady—who knows! she might possibly be the right one among many. But I really am sorry for Lotta S., and Agatha B., and little Minchen—my poor Mincher! But, in heaven's name! one cannot marry all the handsome girls one meets. One cannot help being women's favourite.

"Good night, Jack; I am now going to lay myself to sleep, and dream of my fine girl, and that she calls me, as she did this evening, to come and sit beside her. The sweet creature!"

"Your ever attached brother, "C. S."

This note of which I obtained the knowledge in a singular manner, together with the dancing lady's conduct, showed me the misconception and mistakes with which much goodness and kind-heartedness might give rise to. I spoke to Adelaide on the subject.

She blushed and laughed; "one must risk something to gain something," she said. "They both however were saved from general ridicule, and I have not suffered much."

Hugo L. did not find it advisable to take his departure during the next morning; but Miss Greta's severe glance kept him in order, so that he did not venture to approach Angelica; to make up for it now, however, he seemed to have turned his devotions on Adelaide, which soon brought down upon him Count Alarik's argus eyes.

Miss Greta lay on a sofa and trimmed her nails with a little pair of tongs, and exactly as the clock struck twelve put on her five little gold watches, which her waiting woman handed to her silently and respectfully, when some one came to propose a walk to her with a part of the company.

"What is the use of it!" demanded Miss Greta, who was no great friend of walks and fine scenery. The weather was too warm, too cold; she had no wish for it, etc., etc. But they told her the weather was delicious, and that they should not go far; only just a little turn in the park; so at last she allowed herself to be persuaded. Count Alarik played billiards with Countess Augusta, and Adelaide and Countess Natalie were detained by his Excellence in the hot-house.

Miss Greta was not in the best humor in the world, and it did not particularly please her to find that her walking companion was Miss Pelan—called by her acquaintance Pelan, who was continually getting into ecstasies with everything that she saw. On her part, however, she had a great fancy for Miss Greta, who was by no means flattered by it.

"Gracious! how beautiful it is here!" exclaimed Miss Pelan "what masses of trees; what a variety of green! what a serene sky! Ah, dearest Miss Greta, is it not here like Eden?"

"I do not know; I never was there!" answered Miss Greta dryly.

Some of the company, but I know not who, turned the conversation on self-sacrifices. The greater number declared that nothing was easier than the performance of these so-much-exalted actions; that it was perfectly natural to give one's comfort for one's friends—nay, even for one's enemy. No one was more zealous about self-sacrifice than Miss Pelan. She declared that she should quite despise herself if she could hesitate even for a moment in *risking* her life to save that of her fellow-creature. "What is the body?" said she, "but a garment which sooner or later must be cast off!" and at this she shook herself; "should one hesitate a moment in exposing it to danger if a higher duty demanded it? Impossible! for me, at least, impossible!"

Miss Greta was the only one who said not a word.

We now came to a little opening. At the foot of a rock we saw a slender white figure lying under the trees among the flowers of the grass. We instantly recognized Angelica by her lovely hair; she slept with her head resting on her arm, and a book beside her. Every one exclaimed at the beautiful sight, and at the romance of it; they could fancy themselves in the fairest days of *pucey*, when the nymphs of the wood revealed themselves to mortals.

"I wish her joy of the many insects that will be crawling on her," said Miss Greta.

At this moment we heard a horrible roaring, and an infuriated bull, with fiery eyes and bloody muzzle, dashed through the brushwood towards the company on the very side Angelica lay. Everybody fled in haste and terror without thinking on Angelica, and nobody fled so hastily and sprang so desperately over stocks and stones as Miss Pelan; nay, indeed, she pushed aside her friend Miss Greta, and made a leap over Angelica, whom she must have mistaken for a block of wood. Miss Greta alone ran to Angelica, and called upon her to save herself. Angelica sprang up, light as a young roe, but, at the same moment, sprained her ankle, and could not advance another step. Pale as death she resealed herself on the grass.

"Run, for heaven's sake, fly!" exclaimed Miss Greta. "Are you bewitched? Quick, quick! make haste!"

"I cannot; I have sprained my foot!" said Angelica, in a trembling voice.

"Indeed! in the name of heaven!" said Miss Greta.

The bull now came upon them with full fury, and at that moment Miss Greta, becoming at once perfectly calm, placed herself between Angelica and the maddened animal, and took off her shawl, as she said to herself, "I cannot say that I should find it all pleasant to be tossed!"

The next instant the bull, with stooping head, dashed toward them, and with admirable presence of mind she threw her red shawl over his horns, so that he took a leap on the other side of Angelica, and, blinded and raging, hurried onward.

Fearless and calm, Miss Greta turned now to Angelica, who had fainted from pain, and, taking her like a child in her arms, carried her hastily into the wood. When she had gone some distance, and the roaring of the bull was no longer to be heard, she seated herself to rest with her burden upon a stone, and with moist eyes pressed the rescued girl to her breast, and kissed the soft, silky curls which shaded her brow. When she again set forward on her way she met Miss Pelan, who was running about the wood like a stray sheep. She had lost her way and was distracted with terror, and hurriedly inquired from Miss Greta which was the way back to the house. Miss Greta, however, instead of answering her, ordered her to assist in carrying Angelica; and Miss Pelan obeyed, complaining and trembling the while.

"We shall all three be killed," said she, mournfully.

"In heaven's name!" said Miss Greta, "we do our duty, and our Lord will take care of the rest."

"But I don't want to be gored!" exclaimed Miss Pelan, ready to run away.

"Stay where you are and follow me!" said Miss Greta, commandingly. "Ah! what are our bodies that we should hesitate to sacrifice them when our duty demands it? What is the body, Miss Pelan? A garment sooner or later to be cast off!" With this she laughed heartily, and could not deny herself every now and then during the way the pleasure of entertaining Pelan with her own fine phrases.

At length they reached home, and Angelica's accident occasioned the greatest commotion. Miss Pelan related to everybody, in the most

exaggerated manner, the dangers she had gone through. Miss Greta sent off a messenger for the doctor; and then, having with motherly care helped Angelica to bed, related the whole affair laconically, and with a deal of comic humor; laughed at it herself, and made every one laugh too, with the exception of Countess Natalie, who, pale and uneasy, sat by Angelica's pillow.

Miss Greta seemed to see with displeasure their growing intimacy, and one day she came with an air of great dissatisfaction out of Angelica's room, who was now a great deal better. "See there," said she, "now, they are going to set off to Rome, and they will come back again so cultivated, and with such exalted notions, that there will be no speaking to them. I hope, however, that old Plomgren, Angelica's father, will be sensible enough to refuse his consent."

The Countess Natalie, who, notwithstanding all her pride, was a little afraid of Miss Greta, and who was accustomed often to be governed by her determined will, took all possible pains to reconcile her to this journey to Rome, but in vain; all that she could gain was that, at last, Miss Greta only laughed at the expedition, instead of being angry about it.

We had now been nearly fourteen days at their Excellences, and the President began to be impatient for our departure. Countess Natalie M. was so occupied with Angelica, that she had no attention to spare for any one else; and the increasing interest which his daughters took in this extraordinary young girl began to make him uneasy.

"It is time that we depart," said he to me the evening before our journey, "else the girls may become as crazed as this Angelica. Genius may be a very good thing," added he, after a moment's pause; "but to step forward and make long speeches full of ahs! and to lay oneself in the way of bulls, this puts me in mind of a well-known proverb, 'One is no genius because one is not mad.'"

Later in the evening I sat in the drawing-room window, thinking over the words of the President, and what he really meant when he called Angelica "crazed." I thought on the great dissimilarity between human beings, and how very little they understand of life in each other. Angelica had excited a great interest even in me; and I endeavored to make clear to myself life in that young, ardent, and striving spirit. It appeared to me like nature itself at that moment. The heaven was covered with clouds, out of which, here and there, gleamed forth a star clear as Angelica's eyes; the horizon was wrapped in a thick haze, but now and then a bright flash of lightning shot up its wings of fire, and embraced the firmament. Thus endeavors Thought in the human soul to free itself; thus it lightens forth and sinks again into cloud; thus it flames up again in hours of darkness, illumines the midnight landscape, and meets the rosy hue of morning. These lightnings are the deep breathings of the soul in the oppressive atmosphere of earth! O Almighty Father! they are the attempts of the struggling spirit to approach thee!

At this moment I heard some one preluding on the organ in the library, and Angelica's deep contralto sounded clear and beautiful through

the silence. She sang with calm and clear inspiration :

"I thirst! Oh, give me of the swelling stream  
 While waters distant Eden's happy land,  
 Whose sacred waves like liquid silver gleam,  
 Where holy angels linger on the strand.  
 It is the fount of bright eternal youth,  
 Its source is that of wisdom and of truth!

I thirst! Oh fountain of Eternal Good,  
 Give life, give freshness to this fevered blood;  
 Give this sick bosom health, and strength, and ease;  
 Biot from mine eyes these searing fantasies.  
 Oh let me quench my burning thirst, and be  
 A heaven-reflecting mirror like to thee!

I thirst! O God! this ardent prayer thou hearest,  
 Who endless life within thy bosom bearest,  
 Give to my lips a drop in mercy kind—  
 In this vain world no healing draught they find;  
 Its tepid flood gives no relief to me,  
 I thirst for immortality and Thee!"

The song ceased. I had approached the library door, which stood open, and saw Angelica bend her head in her hands, while a sudden flash covered her with light.

"May it be a prophecy!" said I in my heart. A dark shadow moved in the library, and came straight toward me with a pocket-handkerchief before its eyes, and as some one pushed against me I recognized Miss Greta.

The President and his family were already in winter-quarters in town, when we received a flying visit from Countess Natalie and Angelica. They were on the point of setting out for Rome. It was affecting to see the Countess's tenderness and motherly care for Angelica. Angelica seemed to have that within her which prevented her giving her whole attachment to a human being, but still she looked happy.

We unanimously wished them a happy journey.\* The President, however, shook his head when they were gone, and said something about "throwing money away on the high road."

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE SWAN.

The swan the reedy lake along  
 Floats, rich in beauty and in song.—BORTIUS.

I SAW one day in spring a swan taking his morning bath. With easy, free, and graceful movements he threw the waves about, which, fresh and clear, glancing and foaming, danced around him, made the white down yet more dazzling, circled caressingly on his soft contour, and reflected in each drop their beautiful ruler, who now struck them with his wings and now lovingly sunk his head in their bosom. Sometimes he sunk altogether, and let the waves embrace above his head; then he appeared again, shook the silver bubbles from his plumage, and swam proudly and commandingly forward, while the water divided itself obediently, and its clear depths reflected his proud and lordly figure.

I observed this lovely image on a spring morning, by the song of the birds, by the murmur of the young leaves, which were opening to the wind. I saw it with sincere delight, yet by degrees it caused in me a deep melancholy. "This creature," thought I, "moves like a lord in his element; it closes around him only to heighten

the enjoyment of his life and reflect his beauty. What harmony, what freshness, what beauty in the relation between this being and its world! This creature—and man! Man in continual strife with his world, trammelled in all his movements, oppressed with the very air which he breathes; man, the lord of creation—and its slave!"

I thought and I suffered—I felt myself bound, and I knew myself a slave. Ah! I understood not then the law of reconciliation; I understood not then that man should regain the dominion over nature which he had lost in his fall; that he once again, like the swan, should move himself in his life's element in freedom and beauty.

But notwithstanding this, there are yet in this life beings who seem freed in a wonderful degree from the bondage of the law of nature, happy and fortunate beings, whom friendly powers seem to have protected from their birth. Adelaide was one of these! When I contemplated her life and her movements; when I watched her actions and her motions, I thought involuntarily of the swan. The same lightness, the same natural grace, the same instinctive, ever happy movements; the same careless, quiet self-possession, either in repose or action. She did everything easily and well; everything that she undertook succeeded, and everything was graceful, appropriate, and filled with the freshness of youth. She played and sang, as it were, her way through life. This led me to think farther, what then is grace other than that facility with which a being moves in its own world, and rules the phenomena of that world, or adapts itself to them not by a speculative, but by a natural, unsought, and unacquired power. Grace is, like beauty and genius, a god-parent-gift of heaven, and enchants like these, because through them heaven reveals itself. Adelaide received this gift; and no person, whether he were high or low, educated or uneducated, could live any time near her without feeling its influence. Even over animals she exercised a caressing, commanding, and extraordinary power.

Thus beautiful, thus pleasing, thus inexperienced in life and suffering; certain always to succeed and give pleasure; loved, caressed, and flattered; gifted too with a lively temperament, would it not have been a miracle had Adelaide not been somewhat presumptuous? And so she was; but there was even a charm in that. Angelica one day drew Adelaide playing with a lion, who tamely allowed himself to be bound by a garland of flowers which she held in her hand, he the while regarding her with a peculiar *lion-tenderness*. This was a happy picture of Adelaide's power, and of its operation on those whom she governed. Her presumption was full of joke and sport; it was the presumption of a being who knows his own power, but who never wishes to make bad use of it, and who never cares to use it in earnest. Her presumption was softened by her sincere good-heartedness; her unpretending simplicity; her self-forgetfulness; and her unceasing desire to make all satisfied, and to see every one joyous and happy. Her amiability, it is true, often approached to weakness; her joyous thoughtlessness, to levity; yet nevertheless she was no stranger to the most elevated feelings, the most noble seriousness, and to thoughts as high as pure. But these moments of a deeper life were rare and fleeting; she was too much the spoiled child of nature.

Adelaide was desirous of pleasing; she was

\* I beg my readers courteously to do the same, and not, this year at least, to expect to hear anything of the play-  
 actors.

desirous of pleasing all; but first and foremost those whom she loved; and in that I saw no harm. It was the natural expression of an affection nature, a real woman's soul.

There is commonly no distinction made between the desire of pleasing and coquetry, yet nevertheless there is a very essential difference. How repulsive, how displeasing is not the woman commonly, who is devoid of the wish to please; to the enlightened thinker perhaps, quite as disgusting as the coquette. The life of an affectionate being is to unite by a beneficent and agreeable impression all beings among themselves and with her—the true Christian woman will endeavor to be pleasing to all, and especially to those who are nearest to her. But then in all this she thinks not of herself; but of affording pleasure and satisfaction to others, and thus fulfilling the Creator's intention in her existence. She turns herself into a flower, but only in that degree which is right and proper in itself and pleasing to God and men. She follows by thus doing, the line of beauty which nature and a good education have drawn in her soul.

The coquettish woman on the contrary refers all to herself; the exterior of her character is selfishness and assurance. She will please, let it cost what it may; and overstepping the line of beauty in defiance of what is good and befitting, and sinking down into the sensual, empty attraction, loses by degrees her power, her charm, the esteem of the good, and the peace of her own breast—and the holy heaven of beauty closes its gates against her.

The noble desire of pleasing may degenerate into coquetry—coquetry is its caricature; but do we not see everywhere in life, that the white may become gray, the gray become darker and darker, till the color of innocence is altogether lost in black? The white, however, exists, and may lie spotless beside the black, even as truth may beam clear by the side of falsehood. There exists an innocent and amiable desire of pleasing; may every woman possess it, and cry shame upon its caricature.

Would Adelaide do this? Of this I was not certain. I feared that her fair character would degenerate in fashionable life, amid the flatteries and the pleasures to which she was exposed, and in which she appeared to find too much delight. I desired for her another place of residence than the capital, and above all things a different kind of husband to Otto. Count Alarik was always in my thoughts. What however is certain was, that with all her virtues and her faults, Adelaide was extremely lovable, and ere long she so completely won my heart that I loved her as if she had been my own child. She made my life happy through hers; it did my heart good when Adelaide came in, when I looked on her beauty and listened to her sweet voice, when the expression of her own innermost life tuned, so to say, the whole world to music; but then she was so good—so sincerely good! Beings like this, operate upon us like the sun and spring: is it a wonder that we love them? If she loved me I know not, and I did not seek to inquire. I have seen so much uneasiness, so much pain, nay, even so much bitterness and injustice in those who cherish the feeling, "am I to get nothing in return for what I give?" And what wouldst thou have me love? Thou fool; does not love give itself capriciously, not for service, not for gold, not for love and fidelity does it give itself—why, I leave in cleverer hands than mine

to determine. But it will always be the counsel given both by wisdom and goodness in this world where we wander in darkness, and so often blindly bestow our love; it will always be the best, I say, to give without demanding anything in return. Thus I did in Adelaide's case. She on the contrary, always accustomed to be loved and spoiled, received my tenderness and care as something quite natural, quite in the regular order of things; but it was pleasant to me that she did so.

I once mentioned to the President the resemblance which I found between Adelaide and the swan. It pleased him, and she was soon called both by him and the whole family "The Swan." Her dazzling fairness, her soft and beautiful figure, made this appellation particularly appropriate.

How amiable and gentle her nature was I had every day an opportunity of seeing in her behavior to Edla. This unhappy young creature seemed to have a bitter root in her heart, which shed gall over every object that surrounded her. She was for the most part silent and reserved; but what she did say was caustic, and what she did was unpleasing and unfriendly. Adelaide could not approach her with her beneficent warmth and affection, because Edla repelled all friendly advances; but Adelaide never replied to her sister's bitterness; she bore her ill-humor quietly, and if she knew anything that was agreeable to her she did it. Nevertheless she seemed almost to fear her, and rather to avoid any interference with her. This connection between the two sisters would have been quite inexplicable to me had they grown up together; but at the age of eight Edla had been sent from her father's house and placed in a school, whence she had only been recalled a year before the death of her mother, about two years before my entrance into the family.

I contemplated Edla narrowly, and discovered in her a deep and wounded sensibility. What she said often betrayed a conviction of injustice in the distribution of human lots, and great bitterness of mind in consequence. She seemed to feel deeply the human inability to avoid suffering and unfortunate fate; she considered this fate to be hers, and yet would not submit to it. She seized upon the discordances of life with a keen glance, and pondering on the nigardness of nature toward herself, her eye had become sick, and her heart wounded. The wounds she regarded as incurable, and she became reserved to the whole world; her lips never complained, and no one ever saw her shed a tear. It might be said that her whole life and temperament was a silent, bitter, and proud repining. She was irritable and sensitive, but shyness and pride prevented her exhibiting her wounded feelings, except by a contemptuous and bitter demeanor. Beneath all this however, there existed real power, deep feeling, love of truth, and extraordinary, though very much neglected, powers of mind. I felt a deep interest in her, and waiting till time and circumstances should show me how best a ray of light might be thrown into that darkened soul, I determined to follow her quietly, and endeavored to win her confidence by love. I was convinced that unreasonable severity and improper management had laid the foundation of her unfortunate temper.

Between Edla and her father there existed that coldness and distance which often arise between parents and children when they make

mutual exactions, and when no reconciling love steps as intercessor between.

"I gave thee life," says the father to the child; "I paid attention to thy childhood; thou eatest of my bread; thou art sheltered by my roof. I give thee freedom, and such pleasures as are suitable to thy years. Be grateful; obey my will; anticipate my wishes; live in order to make me happy."

"Make me happy," replies the child; "give to me that blessedness which my soul requires, and without which I cannot gladden thy life. I demanded not life from thee; but the life which thou hast given demands happiness. If thou wilt not give it, I despise thy first gift—it is to me a burden!"

And thus stand these unfortunates, exacting and complaining one of the other, and becoming bitterer and bitterer every day. O grant them, God, that an enlightened word, that a tone of love may come and change the false position—one of the bitterest and saddest on the earth—and bring heart to heart, annul all former strife, and show by mutual compliance the path to mutual joy!

Meanwhile I wondered how such a position could have arisen between Edla and a father on the whole as gentle and amiable in character as the President. But he seemed to me to have made it a rule to be always severe to Edla, and I much feared that the late President's principles had sown the first pernicious seed.

The President, in consequence, desired that his daughters should be governed as they were when they were children, and that they should have certain and fixed employments for every hour of the day. These employments were by no means adapted to the tastes and dispositions of the girls, but were to be followed in a slavish order, according to the system laid down for the day. At a certain time the young ladies were to play, at a certain time to draw, at another certain time to dance, to sew, to read, etc.

Adelaide, who had talent for almost everything, did all with ease and pleasure; and when she, as was often the case, gave herself a holiday, she could always bring forward a good reason, or else she laughed and caressed away all her father's displeasure. Not so Edla. She had no taste for any accomplishments; and as her progress was far behind Adelaide's, and as she could not, like Adelaide, play away a reproof, it became a duty for her to go regularly through these fruitless hours of study. She obeyed sullenly and without remark; worked without taste, worked ill, and received reproaches for it, which she took in silent bitterness. Adelaide was the favorite of her father, and of the whole house. No one loved Edla; she felt this, and became ever more and more shut up within herself. Neither did it seem to me good for Edla to accompany her beautiful sister into society, in which she stood beside her like a shade and a cipher; but as I did not yet know what there was better for Edla to do at home, I did not seek to counteract the President in this particular.

Edla, too, seemed to desire to go from home; but this rather from unrest and inward dissatisfaction than from any hope of enjoyment. I remarked with pleasure that she endured me to be near her, and did not repulse the friendliness I showed toward her. I hoped herefrom much good for the future, since if my heart was with Adelaide—and I could not help its being so—my thoughts, to make up for it, labored incessantly for Edla.

And now a few words about the little ones. They were beautiful; they were sweet; they were clever, even to mischief; slow in learning; very much given to experiments especially in physics; they were incessantly trying how far certain objects were combustible, and others not so; how far that which, when it was struck against stone, broke in pieces, would yet hold together when struck against wood; from how great a height a glass might be permitted to fall against the floor without its being broken, and so on—all which experiments made great havoc in the house, without making the little ones much more prudent; for, because of their beauty and their liveliness, they were spoiled by every one, and the President did not like that a serious word should be said to them. Their dearest enjoyment was to play with Adelaide, and nothing was more bewitching than to see these three together.

One, two, three, four women are here already described. Let us be gay, and make a great round among all the world's ladies who figure in the masquerade of life.

I had an old aunt who used often to say "we women," and thereupon held all manner of discourses on "us women," classifying and arranging us. I remember that at that time it was not particularly edifying to me, but this evening the expression "we women" came suddenly on my tongue; perhaps because my old aunt yet lives a little in me.

Until this our day, education, particularly in Sweden, has developed few individualities in women; and daughters not unfrequently leave the household oven like rolls of the same baking. The life and fate of women are in general too much controlled by exterior law for it to be permitted to them to shape themselves into forms of their own creation, and therefore it is much easier to divide women into classes than men.

Some among us there are to whom life has been a rough soil; they go through it without being loved, and, what is worse, without being able sincerely to love any one. The frostiness of the air around them chills the warmth in their breasts; they become bitter and hard; and as they can produce no flowers, they turn themselves into rods. They cannot leave virtue and beauty at peace, and they quarrel with beauty and weakness. Let us hope that by the light of a more friendly sun the tree of their life shall put forth new buds, and that they shall receive and give forth gladness.

Others there are, and they are many, whom nature has liberally provided for; they are good and amiable; they love virtue; but the world and temptation, unwise counsellors, and their own hearts' weakness, make them fall. The best heart becomes soiled by unworthy desires and low pleasures. Fallen angels! many are there among them who weep bitter tears over the grave of their own innocence, and these may one day arise in renewed virtue. Others there are who overlay its loss with flowers and mirth; over these weep the angels of heaven.

Many others are there also whom nature and fortune made for temptation, but friendly stars have kept watch over them. Their hearts were early attached by a pure love, and a protecting home closed around them like a Midsummer bower. Their joys and their sorrows are alike innocent, and all their intercourse with their fellow-creatures is peaceful. No one hates them, and, what is more tranquillizing, no one loves

them more or differently to what the Gospel permits. They live loved and honored, and general opinion call them patterns and examples. But these quietly happy ones, these untried ones, how often do they pass heavy judgments on those who, in an atmosphere different to their own, have frozen their hearts or scorched their wings. They fancy that they have a right to despise them; and yet it is possible, after all, that they are in no way superior to them, except in being happier.

Others also are there, thank God!—and my heart warms in thinking that I know and love such—who, neither step-children nor favorites of nature and fortune, (tempted or not tempted by life, resemble each other nevertheless in this, that they never let anything dim the celestial mirror in their souls. Pure themselves, and hating all evil, yet they pity and pardon those who sin. A heaven of pure compassion lies in their glance, and through it only does the guilty one read his judgment. Good, true, wise, patient, affectionate, they do not permit themselves to be disturbed by human weakness or severity; they go tranquilly on their way; they have a light within them that guides them, and that warmly, beneficently beams around them. They understand how to compassionate those sorrows they have themselves never felt; and when they suffer, they can yet smile joyfully on others. Like the bird of paradise, they hover onward over the earth without disfiguring their wings with the dust, and by their loveliness thus entice others to follow on their heavenward flight.

And now back again to — well I but I had nearly forgotten the fifth and most populous class of women, and thus, with them, nearly shut myself out of the creation. I do not know how better to designate them than as “the harmless.” We, its members, are as numerous as the potatoe, and come, like it, all over the world. We are the world’s household fare, and the world would go on badly without us. We fill the room, and yet deprive nobody of a place; we neutralize the warring elements of life, which without us would destroy one another. We are produced by the *juste milieu*, and this our element we seek to diffuse over the world. We call exultation folly, and Sappho a mad-woman. We go to church, and to the opera, and don’t wish to be much noticed. We take from life exactly what life will give us, and are contented; we put our houses in order, salt our meat according to established rule; speak moderately good or ill of our neighbor, think only as much as is necessary, and beat down the price of everything that is much praised or greatly in demand—in one word we are what are called “equal people;” and keep the world in equipoise. We sing best this good song,

“Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la, tra;!  
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la-lon!”

—To the worthy sisterhood in all humility this is dedicated. And now again, *volti subito* to the President.

## CHAPTER VII.

### HOURS AT HOME.

Many happy moments—many and  
Hast thou conducted through my narrow door;  
And all life’s blossoms open and fade,  
Just as they did before.

TRONER, “NEW-YEAR’S EVE.”

We sat at the dinner-table. The third dish, *fricandeau* with parsnips, was just dispatched,

and we had begun with the fourth—a substantial cheesecake, when the President made a little pause, drank a glass of wine, put aside his knife and fork, and leaning backward in his chair, said feelingly:

“How little man really requires to live; how little he requires to be content! It is wonderful!” and he became quite affected; “with one dish,” continued he, “one such cheesecake as this to my dinner every day, I could be perfectly satisfied.” I coughed a little. “Yes, I assure you!” continued he more energetically as he looked at me with an air of a little defiance, “I assure you it would be quite enough for me!”

I thought it a pity to take him out of an illusion which made him happy, and in which after the cheesecake he yet unconsciously swallowed three or four little tartlets.

The President became yet more pleased with his pleasure over his afternoon’s coffee and his glass of liquor. The little ones stood, one on each side, at his knee, and received now and then a spoonful of the Arabian drink.

“I do not ask much of life, Mamselle Rönquist,” said he; “to have everything comfortable for me and mine is my utmost desire; to be able to give my daughters a good education is my chief ambition—it will be the best inheritance I can give them. If people were less exacting of our Lord, and of each other, they would be happier!—What dost thou want, my little chick? more coffee? See then, my angel, a whole tea-spoonful more!—We should thank God for what we have, Mamselle Rönquist, and seek our means of enjoyment more in the internal than in the external, and everything would go on better. Is it not so, *bonne amie*?”

I could not help acknowledging that all this was exceedingly true.

“We are advancing now,” continued the President, “to a time of the year which really requires that people should bring something from their inward life to warm the outward. I hope that we all shall do our best, and I am then certain that we shall not congeal. With good children, and good friends, one’s home becomes always warm.”

I could not help casting a glance at the silent and clouded Edia.

“I hope in particular,” said the President, “that our winter evenings will be very pleasant. The evening is the flower of the day in this dark weather, and—” continued he gayly, “we shall not spare candles. My Adelaide will give us many a beautiful song; my little ones shall dance, and we shall all do our part to—my good *bonne amie* Rönquist, I hope that we shall be very happy together!”

### OUR EVENINGS.

These really were very agreeable. We passed them chiefly in a large drawing-room, furnished with the taste and the simple elegance which distinguished all the President’s arrangements. Visits were received two days in the week. Countess Augusta was with us, and before long Count Alarik W. became our everyday guest. Count Alarik soon obtained a great influence over us all. I do not know how it happened, but life had a higher interest when he was present. One felt that in his mind rich treasures lay concealed, and whatever we said or did, we always had an eye to him; what will he say? what will he think? how will he like this? He did not occasion fear in us, but certainly a sort

of respect. We were not perfectly easy in company with him, but certainly it was a sort of *genie* we would not willingly be without. Adelaide seemed the least under his influence of any of us. Her full, fresh, young life moved as before in self-possessed, unclouded security, and no one could remark in anything she did, a desire to attract attention—nothing certainly but a wish to arrange all comfortably for every one, and to contrive that everybody had exactly that which he would have wished for most. Count Alarik, on the contrary, as I plainly saw, had his eye upon her. He conversed principally with the President and the Countess Augusta, but his conversation was for Adelaide, and it provoked me that, on the whole, she so little understood how to attend to him. The tea; the children; the piano; a thousand little matters carried her here and there, and one would have thought to see her, that she already knew all that she required in life. On the contrary, perhaps, she enjoyed unconsciously to exercise a sort of power over "that proud man" as she called him; and when the severe expression of his countenance irresistibly gave way to one of gentleness and mildness as he spoke to her; when the seriousness of his features was suddenly changed into a beaming smile—the most beautiful I ever saw on manly lips—then Adelaide carried her young head higher, and her face shone with delight and life-enjoyment.

Edla was the only shade in these bright evenings, but even she brightened momentarily. The attention which the Count paid to her gave her great pleasure. His piercing glance was often fixed upon her; he understood how to turn the conversation so that she must take part in it, and drew her out by questions addressed to herself. I was surprised at the powerful thoughts which lay in her soul, at the same time that I was pained by the bitterness and misanthropy they often expressed. So young and so embittered; it was indeed melancholy!

Our least agreeable evenings were those when young Baron Otto visited us, for then Count Alarik lost his good humor, and we were not indemnified for his silence by Otto's conversation, which consisted chiefly of a continual praising of his fair cousin. Count Alarik sometimes jeered him rather sharply on the uniformity of his love-songs; but young Otto contented himself with looking cross at him, and continued to make an idol of Adelaide, who was always, at the same time, both friendly and unfriendly to him. If he talked long, she told him to leave off, or else to change the subject; if he were silent and out of humor, she went to him and joked and played with him till she made him gay again. My good reader, I assure thee, on my honor as a governess, that it was not coquetting; only the desire of a good and affectionate heart to see every one content.

It was also vexatious when the Baroness, Otto's mother, who passed her life in a continual whirl of dissipation, came and carried away Adelaide to some party, for then the pleasure of our evening was away, and Count Alarik by one means or another got away too. The Baroness was polite and agreeable in her manners, though in her conversation, like the Baron her son, she was somewhat uniform, although in another way; she repeated continually certain bold ideas which have been in everybody's mouth since the beginning of the world, and showed with all earnestness and zeal, that black was black, and water was water. But she was thoroughly good-

hearted, and had an affection for Adelaide which disposed me kindly toward her.

A person whom I never could rightly understand nor fathom was Countess Augusta. She had a finished worldly education, real acquirements, and a style of conducting herself with which no fault could be found. She embellished a room by her handsome and well-dressed person; she could make a conversation interesting; but I felt, I do not well know how, always a repugnance to her. I had no confidence in her. It seemed to me sometimes as if she were both cold-hearted and false. Sometimes, again, I thought I must be very wrong; and the esteem which Count Alarik seemed to have for her made me doubt the justice of my aversion. A suspicion that she was secretly envious of Adelaide's superior beauty and charms never left me; but then she had so much self-command, was so purposely reserved regarding her feelings, that I could never become certain in this particular. She showed much friendship for Adelaide, who loved her sincerely; still there existed no confidence between the sisters. Countess Augusta was ten years older than Adelaide, and had married the rich Count U. when Adelaide was but a child. Neither did her manners inspire confidence. She was more insinuating with Count Alarik than with any one else, yet she was polite to all. I could not, however, free myself from my prepossession against her, and in return she liked me very little.

I must say a word of the President—to present the company, and not the host, would be unmanly and unjust, particularly when, as here, the host is an important part of the company. The President's *bon ton*, polished manners, and real humanity, made him wonderfully agreeable in private life. The evenings were the favorite portions of his days, and he seldom permitted anything during them to put him out of humor. His conversation was agreeable, and bore testimony to his being a man of the world, and, what is better, his being a man of solid acquirements, and, what is best of all, his being a good and an honest man.

#### THE BIRTHDAY.

The President had reached his fifty-fifth year. His daughters went in the morning in procession to wish him joy, while I, with a pair of embroidered slippers in my hand, brought up the rear. The President's eyes were red when we came in, and the green silk curtain which hung before his wife's portrait was drawn somewhat aside; he seemed to have sat and contemplated it. The young ladies came forward each with some little gift, Edla had made a purse, Adelaide had worked a *sac-de-nuit*. Little Mina had written her first epistle, in which stood in huge letters that she wished her father a long life. Nina presented a drawing of her own composition, and of which I cannot resist giving a hasty description. It represented a house of a very peculiar style, and which I would not counsel any one to imitate. A lady a little higher than the house, the chimney of which finished where her head began, stood and gathered fruit from an extraordinary tree. In the top of the tree sits a bird (for the original picture still exists), which, certainly not without reason, considers the lady's head as a suitable morsel for his beak. The branch of the tree flies in the air over the house, the bird, and the lady. The President was much amused with this original composition. Certain bold lines in the drawing

gave us great hope of an in-dwelling genius in the little five-years-old artist.

"Who knows, who knows," said the President, "how far this may go? one begins with blunder-work, and ends with master-work. Who knows?"

I agreed with the President that no one really could know.

In the evening, independent of our usual everyday guests, his Excellence G., his lady, and young Otto, arrived. They also had presents for the President, and these both rich and costly. Otto availed himself of the opportunity to make presents to his cousins, evidently with the intention of inducing Adelaide to accept a beautiful Sevigné of precious stones, which the President procured him permission to fasten on her forehead, by means of a gold band which she wore round her head.

"Charming! charming!" cried they all, except Count Alarik, who looked on her with a darkened glance.

"Is it not beautiful? is it not charming?" demanded the enchanted Baroness from him. Count Alarik was silent. "Does it not become her? does she not seem made to wear jewels? Is she not inexpressibly beautiful in them?" she continued to ask.

"I do not think so," said Count Alarik dryly. And he was wrong; for Adelaide, whose she stood in the full light of the chandelier, and with the beaming ornament on her snow-white forehead, was really dazzling to look at.

"Jewels become Adelaide really delightfully," said Countess Augusta; "and it is no wonder that she is so fond of them."

Count Alarik's countenance darkened more and more.

"You are heavenly! you are enchanting!" said Otto, with clasped hands.

Adelaide had cast a glance at Count Alarik, and left the room unobserved; when she returned, however, the ornament was gone. There was a general exclamation; Otto was indignant, and insisted that she should resume it.

"It oppresses me, good Otto," said Adelaide; "it tickles my forehead."

"It oppresses you? Ah, you heavenly one! I wish—"

Heaven knows what he was about to say, but his mother interrupted him hastily, and said to Adelaide, "Listen, little angel! I have promised to go and show myself only for one minute at supper at the Counsellor of State's; do oblige me by accompanying me there. You are very well dressed as you are; I only put on Otto's little present, and they will all be enchanted with you. I would so willingly exhibit my sweet Adelaide. I will only stay a quarter of an hour—only ten minutes—and then we will return, and finish the evening here. Dear brother-in-law—best Wilhelm! you give your consent, don't you?"

"With pleasure," said the President, who played chess with his Excellence.

I became uneasy—I thought the thing began to look quite hazardous.

"Adelaide, my beautiful angel, you hear. Come, my sweetest child!" said the Baroness.

"Ah! she—the angel! the sweet, the heavenly creature! she will come!" said the happy Otto.

Adelaide stood by Count W. It is hard to understand what movement in his soul caused him to take her hand. Adelaide cast down her eyes, a burning blush passed over her cheeks, and she said with some confusion, "No; I come not! I cannot go with you!"

"You cannot come! Why cannot you come?" asked Otto angrily.

"Because I will not," said Adelaide, looking petulantly at him; "shall I not be permitted to do what I will?"

Otto looked a little startled but was silent.

"I thought, Adelaide," said the Baroness, somewhat offended, "that you would have wished to give me pleasure in such a trifle."

"My sweet, good aunt," exclaimed Adelaide, as she embraced and kissed her, "do not be angry! Another time—whenever you please—I will come; this evening I have no fancy for going out."

And now she overwhelmed the Baroness with caresses and good words; was so sincere, and so engaging, so amusing, that the Baroness, and even Otto, forgot both anger and supper; for, by all the best luck in the world, they had not remarked the cause that kept her back.

Count Alarik remained of the most brilliant humor, and we had a gay and lively evening.

#### VII.

One went out of the house and another came in, in an unintermitting stream on the Sunday evening. The lobby was crowded with servants; in the drawing-room the salutations and conversation were unceasing; my hand wearied in lifting the tea-pot, and for all the warmth and all the sugar I expended, I received no thanks; no, not so much as a smile. In the mean time, through love to my fellow-creatures, I submitted to

—my lot,

To sit doing good, and be forgot, strengthened therein by my interest in some of the visitors. It is not in all things the service which is difficult; it depends rather upon whom one serves. Mrs. N. who passed whole nights, even to four and five o'clock in the morning, in making tea for Dr. Johnson, had a noble post, and a useful occupation in life. Is it not so, my gentle readers? for ye well know—it is beautiful, it is glorious to serve what one loves, what one admires; be it my head or hand—it may be by giving away one's heart's blood, or quite simply in making tea—it is all the same—it only depends on time and opportunity. O yes! certainly it is very pleasant!

But to return to the visitors. Among them were Mrs. L. and her daughters. They were not rich, they were not young, they were not beautiful; they had none of the outward advantages which commonly make people remarked and sought in society, and nevertheless they spread an inexpressible charm in the company where they were. There was calm in their countenances, there was goodness, thought and life in their words; one felt that they were at peace with themselves and with life, and the pure atmosphere which they seemed to breathe diffused itself unconsciously to others. One felt well, one did not exactly know how; one was excited to think, and the most insignificant subjects of conversation were easily and unostentatiously turned to a higher interest. The gay and comic in Virika's temper and manners contrasted agreeably with the mild wisdom of her mother, and with the bright and more poetic character of her sister. They said no sweet things to each other, but it was easy to see that they must be happy with and through each other. And it is not precisely the variety of dispositions and capacities which, when souls are united by love, constitutes happiness in family life?

When these amiable women were gone, Count Alarik said :

"The impression made by personal beauty, is generally acknowledged; I am the last who would wish to deny the beneficent influence of beauty on the mind, its bewitching power on the heart. But what works equally with this, and deeper and more beneficially, are the qualities we have just had an opportunity of admiring in Mrs. L. and her daughters. That fine proportion in the development of the powers of the soul, that clear understanding, that precision and order in the expression and delivery of opinions which instantly make them comprehensible and clear, these make on me an impression equal to that of beauty, this coloring of the soul, it is true, reveals itself slower, but at the same time it is not so perishable as that of the body."

And so saying he looked at Adelaide, whose beautiful under-lip pouted pettishly.

"To be very beautiful is a temptation," continued Count Alarik. "One is so easily led in youth to think that in one's appearance one possesses a treasure, rich enough to give happiness to a whole life. The world moves so joyfully, so pleasantly for the young beauty, so that it is difficult for her to seize the seriousness of life."

"And why this seriousness, why must it be so important to seize it?" asked Adelaide.

"Because a human being is called to something more than being merely a flower or a butterfly; as such, it is possible to please, to charm, to call forth approbation; but never esteem, nor true love."

Adelaide looked oppressed, and tears rose to her eyes. "Life is so pleasant!" said she. "God has given us joy and life; why shall we not enjoy his gift? Ah, let us, let us be joyful!"

"Life has higher and weightier interests," said Count Alarik with deeper earnestness, "and which but ill agree with a thoughtless enjoyment of its passing pleasures."

"There are," said Countess Augusta, "weighty and important duties to be performed; man must not live for himself alone—"

"What do you mean, then," asked Adelaide earnestly, half anxious, half laughing, "with your importance and your duties? Is it something out of the Roman history that one must resemble, to be a human being? Must one follow a course of physics, or write treatises on political economy?"

Count Alarik contemplated her somewhat displeased, and Countess Augusta continued:

"The human creature shall, as I have just said, not live for self alone; he belongs to society, to fatherland—"

"And heaven!" interrupted Adelaide: "I know that—well, what more?"

"For these he shall live," continued Countess Augusta.

"Well, that is quite natural, if he live and is good," answered Adelaide.

"More or less, however," said Count Alarik, smiling gently; "and for that he shall, if it is requisite, be able to die."

"Die? die for what is great and beautiful, die for what one loves? but this is the very thing that would be delightful!" exclaimed Adelaide with beaming and tearful eyes. "I will not trouble myself about that."

Count Alarik looked at her with an extraordinary emotion. She stretched her hand to him with the most engaging charm, and said:

"Let me be glad in life and in death! God is

good; he intends good to us all in joy as in sorrow; why should we not be glad? Let me not see this gloomy seriousness!"

Count Alarik did not answer; he pressed the snow white hand to his lips, followed Adelaide with his eyes during the whole evening, but remained silent and thoughtful. Adelaide was grave for a moment, but soon returned to her usual liveliness, and laughed, sung and played with the little ones."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A UNLUCKY DAYS.

My dearest reader, art thou not acquainted with days which may be called unlucky days? In the history of the world we see unlucky periods, when during ages everything seems to go wrong; they murder, they burn, they overturn thrones and religions; and as in everything and everywhere, the great reflects itself in the little, and the little in the great, so man may even count in his life unlucky days *par excellence*.

Thou beginnest in the morning, for instance, by putting thy shirt on wrong side out, and this gives a kind of direction to the events of the day. Thou cuttest thyself when thou art shaving, thou goest out to seek people whom thou dost not find, and thou art found by people whom thou dost not seek, and whom thou couldst wish at Jericho; thou sayest what is dull when thou wishest to be witty; thy dinner is bad, everything goes inconceivably wrong; and if thou takest it into thy head to make an offer to a lady, such a day thou mayest be certain of getting a refusal, for thou art on the wrong side of thy luck.

What the President had turned wrong side out in his toilet, on a certain Thursday, in a certain week, in a certain month, I will not take upon me to guess; but certain it was that an ungentle fate followed him all through the day, and every member of the family was made more or less conscious of it. Early in the morning all was at cross purposes with the President's luck and temper. He was to go to the palace at three o'clock, and three black patches decorated his chin and under-lip, and the friseur who was to cut and arrange his hair did not come. At this the President fumed so fierce and fierily, and was besides in such terrible uneasiness, that in anguish and full of good intention offered myself to do the friseur's service.

The President said, "Impossible!" and objected through politeness, but asked me notwithstanding, jokingly, if I had ever cut a man's hair before; and when I could instance my uncle the Notary of the Supreme Court of Justice, my brother the Secretary, and my brother-in-law the Burgomaster, as all three having been clipped by me for some important occasion, he joyfully accepted my offer. We went into the President's study. He seated himself to look through a bundle of papers; I spread a towel over his shoulders, and began to operate with the scissors in his bushy hair. The difficulty of the matter was, that the President never for a moment held his head still. He was earnestly occupied with his papers, and as it would appear, with something disagreeable in them; for he swore every now and then half aloud, and shook his head at the same time, so that my scissors were obliged to make many a hasty and adventurous evolution. I have a real talent, as every one has told

me, in cutting and dressing hair; but, gracious heavens! it cannot be expected, that one shall be able to dress a head which is incessantly wagging as well as one that holds itself quiet. But it was ten times worse when I got the curling-irons, to twist some locks which very agreeably decorated the President's temples, for now, as the movement of the tongs could not be so rapid as those of the scissors, and the President continued to shake his head, he was either burnt or lugged.

"Aj, the devil! My best Mamselle, do not make away with my head!" put me in great embarrassment. It was by far the worst, however, when the hair-cutting being finished, the President got up to look at himself in the glass. He remained standing, so amazed and confounded, that I felt a cold perspiration come over me.

"Father in heaven!" said the President in an awful voice, "how I look! Is this cut? Am I not shaved—absolutely shaved? I cannot show myself to people!"

I assured him in the anguish of my soul, that it became him so well, that he had never looked better—but when Adelaide came in, and began to laugh heartily at her father's extraordinary appearance as well as at mine, while she embraced him—I also was smitten with her gayety, and laughed even to tears, seeking in vain all the time to utter my excuses for both the hair-cutting and the laughter. The President was on the high way to keep us company; but changing hastily, he became furious, and combing his hair with all his ten fingers, so that it stuck out in all directions, he sprang down stairs, into his carriage, and drove to court.

At dinner-time the President returned; he was in a gentler humor, but somewhat ungracious toward me; and I must render him the justice to say, it was not to be wondered at. "God grant we may find enough to satisfy us!" said the President, as with a troubled air he glanced over the dinner-table, on which this day stood one dish less than usual, that is to say, four dishes;\* but these, according to my ideas, were sufficient to satisfy twice our number. I, however, soon found out that the President's sighs were prophetic, for the dishes were ill-dressed; the roast beef was so raw that it could not be eaten; the cream-cake was so greasy that the President declared it was "poisonous." It was Edla's month to take care of the house, and her carelessness and indifference became almost every day more perceptible. The President cast a displeased glance on her, but was too considerate and polite to make any scene, or find fault with his daughter, at table. He contented himself with laconically remarking the faults of the dishes, and not eating them, but became in the mean time internally more and more empty and dissatisfied. Toward the end of dinner he desired, for the edification of the little ones, and perhaps also to show his stoicism, to exhibit a wonderful trick with a glass full of wine, which was to be turned upside down without a single drop falling out. No—not one drop, but all the wine which the glass contained dashed out on the fair damask table-cloth—whereupon great alarm, confusion, and consternation arose, through which, however, arrived a more favorable moment for me, by my assuring the President that by the means of brandy the wine spots could be

taken out of the cloth, and engaging that in future no traces of them should remain. But all these tricks, however, did not prepare us a more joyous afternoon.

Edla had seated herself in a window, reading a volume of Metastasio. The President went to her, and found fault with her pretty severely for the spoiled dinner. Edla was silent as usual, but assumed an air of such offensive indifference that the President found himself compelled to make his reproaches severer. "It would be better," he said sharply, "to attend to the house-keeping than to teach oneself Italian."

I could not exactly see why the former could not be united with the latter. I said something about this a little afterward, and that a high and refined education might be perfectly consistent with a domestic mind and existence. I ventured a little attack on certain prejudices; but the President, who, when he once got cross was a little impracticable, and whose head was quite wrong since the morning, only replied, "I do not like that people shall speak in that way."

I perceived that I had chosen my moment ill, and that it was time to let the matter rest.

The evening came, and with it Count Alarik and Countess Augusta, and with them some gayety in our circle; for even Adelaide had this day been grave and absent. Countess Augusta was uncommonly agreeable, and Count Alarik was gay and happy: he took the children on his knee, played with them, looked at Adelaide, who sewed industriously, as if it had been for the dear daily bread. The President asked Edla to play a sonata of Beethoven. She excused herself on the plea of "pain in her fingers," which was true, though the President obviously doubted it. He now asked Adelaide to sing something, and he went to the piano immediately. Count Alarik fell into deep, but as it would appear, pleasant dreamings, and answered only with a hm! hm! to Countess Augusta's remarks on music and composers. He seemed now to be wholly occupied with the singer.

In the mean time the giddy little ones were racketing over the table so desperately, that in the midst of it a glass of warm lemonade dashed over the President's coat, a tea-cup flew under my nose, and the cream-jug emptied itself into the sugar-basin. All this was done in a moment, and the President, greatly enraged, even with his own high hands put the little ones in penitence in the next room. This little scene, however, disturbed but slightly the rest of the company. With enchanting life and expression Adelaide sung a song on "Home."

"A home!" said Count W. softly, as he pressed his arm on his breast and bowed his head; "a home, with a beloved wife—it is in truth a heaven!"

"Yes," said the President, "and with an amiable daughter, who in everything seeks to please her father, and provides so tenderly for his comfort and enjoyment."

The tone in which this was said, and the sharp glance which he cast upon Edla, caused all eyes to turn upon her. She colored violently. I am certain that the President immediately repented his hasty and unfriendly words; but what was said, was said, and Edla's embittered feelings rose hastily to a degree which I should have thought with her to be impossible. She turned to Count Alarik and said:

"You have compared home to a heaven, do you know what else it may resemble?"

\* In Sweden the dinner is on the table all at the same time, but brought in in courses.—M. H.

He looked questioningly upon her, and she continued—"A house of correction."

I shuddered at these bitter words. The President started so that the tea was shaken out of his cup. Count Alarik regarded Edla seriously and reproachfully.

Edla continued with violent excitement: "There is an overseer, and there are prisoners. The former assigns work to the latter, and when they neglect it he punishes them. He exacts the fulfilment of duties, but gives neither the tenderness nor the joy which makes duty light. But why complain of it?" she added, casting up a glance of anger and despair, "the lesser life is but a counterpart of the higher, and home is an image of the world's order."

"Miss Edla!" said Count Alarik warningly.

The President was violently affected, but restrained himself, and turning to Count Alarik, said with a specious calmness—"Is it not wonderful, my dear Count, that man so often embitters his own days, and then complains impatiently at the suffering he has himself caused? My late wife—" (the President became moved, as he almost always did when he named her); "poor Frederica made me the happiest of husbands; if she had lived she would likewise have made me a happy father, for she would have taught her daughters that mildness and concession which alone can gain love; she would have taught them to deserve a father's tenderness, who desired nothing better than to see all his children happy around him, and to clasp them to his bosom."

The President was moved, and evidently ready for reconciliation. Not so Edla; the long pent-up poison of bitterness was boiling up in her.

"Love alone," she said, "wins return of love. That father who gave his child life, and did not give it tenderness, and does not give it joy, has no right to make any claims."

"No right?" said the President with warmth, and too excited to be able to weigh his words. "No right! But you! you can never be wrong, you must always be right. But if I have no right to claim from you some compliance and obedience, I have at least a right to free myself and my house from discomfort and disquiet. For the last three years you have not given me one single joyful day; you have yourself evidently shown that you despise your father's counsel, and dislike his house; if in future this does not become other than it has been heretofore, then it is best that—we part!"

"It will then be my affair," said Edla coldly and growing pale, "to give place. I shall soon no longer give discomfort and disquiet to any one."

She arose, laid aside her work, and was about to go. Count Alarik seized her arm. "Child!" said he softly, "no precipitance! Miss Edla, you are wrong; bethink yourself!"

She stopped and looked wildly at him. "What shall I do?" she asked.

"You have been wrong. Confess it. Beg your father's forgiveness."

"No!" said she violently as she sought to disengage her arm; but Count Alarik held it fast, and conducting her aside, spoke earnestly to her in a low voice.

The President, perfectly beside himself, began to sing; Adelaide went to him with tears in her eyes; Countess Augusta sat deadly pale, and I knowing not what to do. In this moment we

heard a cry of distress from the children's place of banishment, and a strong light blazed in through the half-open door. We rushed altogether into the room, the curtains of both the windows were in a flame; and even the wall-hangings were on fire. The children stood blowing upward with all their might, frightened and crying. Count Alarik seized determinedly and pulled down the curtains and hangings of one window, but in so doing his own clothes caught fire. When Adelaide saw this, she threw herself unconsciously into the fire, seeking to extinguish the flames around him. In a moment her light dress burst up in a blaze, and thus suddenly came to pass, that Adelaide and Alarik stood with their arms round each other, enveloped in flames. God of love! if it was thou who hadst arranged this, then forgive that I by the means of a bucket of cold water, which I in my despair dashed over Adelaide, put an end to both the embrace and the flame.

In the mean time the President was working tempestuously at the other window, and pulled down the curtains on his own head, where the fire consumed what hair he had left. He would have probably come very ill off, had it not been for Edla's presence of mind. From the first moment she was beside her father, and assisted him with as much courage as prudence, while she at her own risk prevented him from receiving injury. When the fire was extinguished, she withdrew herself, burnt and in silence, back to her room.

Adelaide was beside herself. She held Count Alarik's hands between her own, looked at him with tenderness through tears of anguish, and nevertheless could not express the question, which was to be read on her features, "Are you hurt?" He again seemed to forget everything only to look at her. Countess Augusta reminded us that Adelaide should go and change her clothes. She retired for this purpose, after she had assured Count Alarik that she had not burnt herself; that she would not make herself uneasy; that she would take care of herself, etc. He had not himself escaped so lightly, but he was the first to joke at the accident, and gave it an amusing turn. The President, sooty and angry, looked like a blunderbuss at first, but gradually permitted himself to be pacified by the Count, and there was now an inquisition made, of what had given rise to the fire. It seemed that the little ones must bear the burden of this. They had during their disgrace consoled themselves with divers experiments, and their little taper seemed to have been put to sundry services. Whether they had now really desired to see if the curtains were combustible, or if the conflagration had taken place by chance, it was however impossible to ascertain from any one but themselves. We thought that the fright they had had, together with being seriously found fault with, and adjudged to go supperless to bed, would in future save us from a repetition of similar illuminations.

The President's heart hesitated to agree to the last punishment, which I urged; but when Count Alarik joined with me he gave way, however unwillingly, and said, "You will one day be less resolute, Count, to send your own children hungry to bed."

The Count answered nothing to this.

As soon as I could free myself, I ran up to Edla. I found Adelaide crying over her, and binding up her burns. Edla was severely in-

jured by the fire, and her mind more than ever excited. I induced Adelaide to go to bed, promising to attend to Edla myself. We were scarcely alone before a couple of lines written with a pencil upon a scrap of paper were given to me; it was the request from Count Alarik that he might come and visit Edla. Regarding him as her future brother-in-law, I thought he might come up. Edla also consented: "He may come," said she, "he may hear all I have to say, he is reasonable and good, and will not blame me; not in everything at least."

Edla's excitement of mind had now risen to a height which altogether overcame her usual shyness and reserve; it seemed she must now pour herself out or die; all the consuming gall which had long collected at her heart, now burst forth with a violence which alarmed me. Count Alarik heard her long, without saying a word; an expression of sincere compassion was seen on his manly countenance.

"If you knew," said Edla, "how I have been used, you would not wonder at the unfortunate creature I am. I was not a wicked child; I affectionately loved my parents, particularly my father; I would willingly have given my life for him—and then—with such good will, with so tender a heart—never to receive a friendly word—continual animadversions, continual reproaches and scoldings! and why? because I was ugly, because nature had denied me all agreeable gifts, because I was unfortunate! I was seven years old, when my father one day caressed me—I remember it yet as if it had been yesterday—a sign that it was an uncommon event. And afterward, at such a tender age, to be sent from my father's home—to return there as a stranger, and always to be treated as such! Father's and mother's love, caresses and encouragements, joy, all, all were for Adelaide."

"Are you envious of Adelaide?" asked I sorrowfully.

Edla was silent a moment, and then said, "If it were possible to hate Adelaide, I had done it, but who could hate Adelaide? nay, how difficult to avoid loving her? I had hated every other than Adelaide in her place. Oh! do you see it is not so easy, not so pleasant, to ardently thirst for love and friendship—for something good, some joy; and to see all, all snatched away, by one more fortunate—even my dog, my little bird, forsook me for her. And what advantages possessed she over me? beauty, the power of pleasing, rich gifts of nature; they were not her merits, she had not given them to herself! Why was I so destitute of all, so poor—and then punished for my poverty?"

"My sweet Edla," said I, "do not speak so; it is not right, it is not Christian."

"Christian or not, it is true—and speak I will, once in my life at least: after that I will be silent; believe me I can be silent—I will finish with what I had to say of Adelaide. Her softness has softened me toward her, I envy her not; I would not take anything from her—but I also will have something. I had in my childhood one determined bias, one single taste."

"And that was?" asked Count Alarik attentively.

"I do not know well what I should call it—a love of investigation—I would explore everything, I would know the causes and origin of everything I saw. If I had been permitted to addict myself to this propensity, and received

some direction, perhaps my life would not have remained without interest or use. But exactly that which I loved was denied me; my favorite though childish occupations were laughed at, though nothing was given me to love in their place: I was forced to labor at that for which I had neither taste nor capacity; I was forced to seek in the world an enjoyment which I could never find in it. Gradually I became so discordant with myself that I had no longer a distinct thought, nor a taste for anything. Now it is over with me; I am so discontented, so unhappy, so uncertain, that I can find no more peace or quiet. Life and man are nauseous to me, I hate myself. I know that I am not good—you find me perhaps wicked—you may be right; but who has made me so, who has embittered my heart? on whom should the blame fall? I see before me a life at which I shudder, for God and man are against me. There is but one means to avoid it."

"And this one means?" demanded Count Alarik, as he contemplated her sharply—

"Suicide."

I shuddered; but Count Alarik smiled, and said—

"The usual refuge of weakness!" and we should say with Shakespeare, "Make death proud to take us."

Edla blushed. She had pronounced this word "suicide," as if she had said something great. She blushed deeply at Count Alarik's smile and words.

Count Alarik now spoke to Edla seriously and strongly, though mildly. He granted the justice of a part of her complaints; but he showed her in her own disposition, in her claims, her pride and bitterness, the chief sources of her sufferings. He sought to make her perceive, that by speaking openly and tenderly with the President, she would probably have won that freedom which she was now without; and that she, by returning harshness for harshness, had closed the way to his heart. His words were the powerful words of truth. He did not spare Edla, but he showed in the very punishment that he respected her; and while he did this, he was so noble, so beautiful to contemplate.

Edla was struck and shaken; she wept.

Count Alarik then spoke to her with gentle words of consolation, and his voice was real music; he assured her that she might yet be happy; he promised to assist her in becoming so, and finished with these words:

"We are all in this life, to a certain degree, placed under the power of circumstances; it is through their influence that you partly suffer, but an eternal order stands immovable beyond; to enter into this, to find our place in this, should be our chief endeavor, and is possible for all. And then nothing more can again essentially disturb our freedom and our happiness."

Edla looked full of hope up to her noble teacher, but I saw that she did not understand him. Count Alarik promised in future to explain himself more fully, and now only exacted from Edla, that she should make peace with her father, and herself take the first step toward reconciliation. She wished to resist, but Count Alarik, partly through joke, partly through earnest persuasion, made her blush for this despicable, this false pride; and showed her, moreover, so strongly, how reprehensible her conduct with her father had been during the evening, that Edla with

uncommon humility agreed to what he desired. It was now, however, too late, for the President had already gone to bed.

When we had left Edla's room to go into mine, the Count said to me: "We must now before everything seek to quiet Edla, and give her a milder mood of mind, by letting her catch a glimpse of such an harmonious order of things which remains the same spite of all apparent contradictions—an eternal goodness, eternally active, spite of suffering upon earth. She must discover that there is a power in man to bear all the world's darkenesses as mere shadows. I have something written by a young friend, which I think will prove useful in exciting better and clearer thoughts in Edla. I shall leave you the manuscript; read it to her some of these days, quite quietly in her room; afterward, we shall gradually seek to open a path for her, which shall not alone conduct her to clearness regarding herself, but give her also what every human being requires, an interest in life, and a sphere for activity. She has a powerful soul, an acute power of thought . . . I will not rest till I see her happy."

I thanked him from my inmost heart for his goodness. Before we parted he looked about, and asked which was Adelaide's room; he stood exactly at her door; I made him aware of it.

"Here!" he said, as a happy smile passed over his countenance, "here!" and he laid his hand on the lock.

"Heavens! what are you thinking of, Count?" said I, astounded.

He looked at me and smiled, and turned again toward the door; it seemed as if he was whispering something, and I am not certain whether he did not kiss the door. When he left it, he went to the sleeping children, looked at them; "Aha!" said he, "here lie the little incendiaries looking like angels. They do not dream that he who advised that they should go hungry to bed, takes to himself the liberty of coming so near them." He kissed their rosy cheeks, wished me good night, looked once again at Adelaide's door, and disappeared.

After he was gone I went softly in to Adelaide, to see if she was awake, and how she found herself after the fire and water trials. She was awake, and stretching her arms to me, said: "Is he gone? I heard his voice in Edla's room. O tell me, what has he said?"

I repeated the conversation to her as fully as possible. Adelaide's eyes glistened through tears. "How good is he!" exclaimed she; "how noble is he, how well he speaks, he will certainly help that poor Edla."

Thus speaking of him and of her, midnight passed unremarked; and we entered on the new day. I compared Alarik and Otto—and, poor Otto!

"Otto is good, loves me," said Adelaide, becoming serious; "let him alone. All cannot be intellectual. Otto is as God made him."

Edla had fever on the following morning, but notwithstanding accompanied Adelaide down to the President, to fulfil the promise she had made to Count Alarik.

The President had been touched with her behavior during the fire, and to her entreaty only answered mildly: "Let us forgive each others' faults, Edla."

Thereupon he began with much interest to inquire after her burns. They—but yet more her excited state of mind—were the cause that she

was confined to bed several days after with strong fever. The President visited her twice a day while it lasted, but both father and daughter were embarrassed and constrained with each other. After what had taken place, the relationship between them became rather worse than better. The President took care not to wound Edla with recollections and reproaches, but he became evidently more cold and distant with her; and she avoided him as much as she could. Too much had been said, and too little. The scene on that unlucky day had broken up a secret wound, but without providing means of cure.

When misunderstanding and constrained intercourse arise between friends, or between members of a family, they seldom pass without a crisis, and an explanation—but these are dangerous moments of revolution, and for once that they wrench out the wounding thorn it happens thrice that they press it in the deeper. Ah, why do we find it so difficult freely to forgive, freely to forget? We nourish our wrong, we meditate upon it, we desire to have some right, some recompense, and thus warm the serpent's egg in our bosoms. "Blessed are the peace-makers!" Blessed are the good, who forget, who forgive, even without thinking. "I forgive!"

Adelaide was zealous in the nursing of her sister, but Edla showed so little pleasure in it that gradually all care of her fell on me, whom she preferred to see by her. It seemed as if Edla's diseased sense was at this moment wounded by the sight of youth and beauty. And now also came the Baroness again with a thousand plans and projects for amusement; Adelaide allowed herself to be captivated by them, and was carried away from us by the whirl of the world. When Count Alarik came in the evenings, he often found Adelaide away, and it required all Countess Augusta's prudence and cleverness to excite him to take part, or have any interest in the conversation; however, her efforts usually succeeded. Count Alarik so easily took fire at the mention of any important question, of any great idea, and then it was a pleasure to hear him. "Why is not Adelaide here?" I often thought to myself, uneasy and dissatisfied.

I was offended with Countess Augusta that she should be so interesting, I was offended with Count Alarik that he should let himself be so enlivened when Adelaide was absent. I was discontented with Adelaide that she should be so weak as to yield to the Baroness's persuasions, when she herself only desired to be at home, now at least when Count Alarik was with us. The President on the contrary has heartily rejoiced, Count Alarik had become really dear to him, and he was proud at the thought of calling him son.

"I think," said he, "our Count will declare himself soon, he seems to me to be quite at home with Augusta; and Otto dances with Adelaide; everything is as it ought to be, everything is very well. Ha! Mamselle Rönnquist! sweet little *bonne amie*! They will make two handsome couples; at their wedding we shall dance an *anglaise* together!"—and he rubbed his hands in the joy of his heart.

The President every now and then engaged me for this country dance when he was elated. But this only dance that I was ever to dance with him, appeared to me very doubtful, meanwhile I thanked him most humbly every time.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE SICK ROOM.

Take care! take care!  
Go softly there!  
The doctors will  
That we keep her still—"THE SICK NURSE."

In all time it has been the custom to sing the praise of health and the sun—to-day I will praise sickness and shadows—I will praise thee, thou badly pain, when thou layest thy hand upon the head and heart of man, and sayest to his soul's sorrow, "It is enough!" Thou hast been called an evil upon earth; O! but often thou art a good, a healing balsam, under whose influence the soul repooes, after its hard struggles, and its wild storms are quieted; more than once hast thou turned away suicide, and saved from madness. The terrible, the bitter words which burned the heart, are gradually effaced by the troubled dreams of fever; the horrible which recently was so near, withdraws itself far into the distance. We forget—God be praised! we forget! and when with a weakened frame we rise from our sick-bed, our soul often wakes as it were from a long night to a new morning. There is so much which contributes during bodily sickness to soften the mind; the silent room, the mild twilight which the closed blinds produce, the gentle voices; and then beyond all, the kind words of those who surround us, their cares, their anxiety, yea, perhaps a blessed tear in their eye—O! all this does good, does much good; and when the wise Solomon named on earth all the good things which have their time, he forgot among these to praise also sickness.—One evening when Adelaide was at a ball, and the children already in their dreams, I sat alone by Edla. The night-lamp burned with a mild and agreeable light, all was quiet around us, only now and then rolled a carriage with a deadened sound in the street below us, and made the lamp-light tremble. Edla lay motionless on her bed, and seemed to be better. I asked her if she did not think that on the following day she would be able to get up. Discouraged, but without bitterness, she answered: "I do not know. Why should I get up? No one will be glad-ened by it, and I have nothing to do with life! The sun shines on unhappy and useless beings enough without me! The sick-bed has a charm for me, it reminds me of a yet quieter bed, where one is still more at rest."

I did not answer, but reflected if I might venture to propose the reading of the manuscript which Count Alarik had left with me. I rather wished that Edla herself should ask me to read something to her, and I was happy when she said, "Read something to me which will do me good, or rather which will make me good, for I require it."

I brought the manuscript, said from whom I had received it, and read aloud.

I sought to make my voice softer however without affectation; I took care not to stumble in the words, for I knew by experience how much the voice and pronunciation can operate on the human mind, and I sincerely desired that Edla in every respect might receive a beneficial impression. A few words were written by Count Alarik, as an introduction to the manuscript itself:

"A young cavalry officer, a relation of mine, the darling of his family, and high in the esteem of all, fell some years ago the victim of a lingering disease. It was not accounted dangerous, and he was desired to travel, to try a Continental

bath. He set out full of hope. His friends and family made themselves sure of seeing him ere long return with recovered health; but from the stranger-land he never returned. He was an uncommonly amiable and promising young man, pure as the snow on his native mountains; manly and vigorous in thought and action; his heart was affectionate, his temper gay; his soul shone from his eyes. He was loved, and happy as but few are. The following reflections appear to have been written but shortly before his death. They were found among his papers."

## THE MANUSCRIPT.

Some days ago I learnt that I shall soon die. A doctor on my serious demand has told me so. I shall soon die! I had willingly wished to live; I am not at this moment strong to face death. Ah! I have so much to love, so much to live for. I had so willingly done something good in the world. Yet were it not for my sufferings I should, perhaps, yet cling closer to life; but these are hard to bear.

To fall asleep, the long sleep in my mother's house, in the arms of all my own—to fall on the field of battle, fighting for my dear native land—this had not been difficult. But so alone—so unrenowned to die—on a sick-bed, far from all that I love—this oppresses me. But I will not complain; I will resign myself. My fate is not harder than that of millions; I will yet, ere the shadow of death hath enfeebled my thoughts, seek what can give comfort to all these and to me. I will seek to fathom the depth and breadth of that consolation which even in this moment I feel within me, and make it yet more living to my heart; for more difficult moments than these, worse pains await me yet, before all is over.

I shall soon die! die? My soul has yet too much life to be able to seize this certainty—this deep, deep sleep. My soul was full of other images—images of glory, of love, of joy. It is, however, certain I shall soon die; the bird which flies over my head, the flowers which are growing in the field, have a longer future than I. The hand which writes this shall, ere long, consume in earth; and the eye that guides the hand, before a month is out, shall be the prey of worms! Well! and if it shall be so, while it yet wakes, it will look thee in the face, thou pale destroyer of life—Death! Thy pall, which thou soon shalt lay around me, shall not affright me. I am now alone with thee, thou terrible and wonderful one, who from my youth I have viewed as a fearful and repulsive form. I will contemplate thee nearer before thou takest me by the hand; perhaps when I have done so I shall follow thee more willingly.—Death!—Since life has been on earth Death has been there too! The flowers burst forth from the ground in spring; they bloom awhile, but autumn kills them all. The animals are born, play, pair, build their dwellings, bring forth their young, and then die, serving as a prey one to another. And man? As from a sleep he gradually awakes to consciousness, glances around him on earth, and up to heaven, and understands and adores. A higher aspiration fills his breast, and glimpses of eternal truths pierce to his soul; but there as he stands, and aspires and grasps, with unsatisfied desires, and having brought nothing to perfection, so Death seizes on him, and it is over with him—he is carried away from earth! What he leaves is a remembrance in the minds of a few, and a little food for worms—he is dead! Some

die too early, before they have been able to produce anything upon earth. All which receives life must die; everywhere, wherever I turn my eyes, I see death, death, death! and the lifeless mountains are the only eternal things on earth. Why then doth it bear other than these? Those beings who love, who in the world take root in each other in suffering and hope, and who afterward must be torn from each other, must die—why are they here? Why all this that is lovely, which must cease—all this strength which shall come to naught; and before all, why these sparks which perish in their birth, these lives which never have tasted joy, these deep sufferings? to come finally to silence, to sink in earth? the earth which shall equalize all, and efface all. Shall my heart despair; perishing in these sorrowful thoughts, in these dark questions? It shall not!—O God! on Thee, whom I learned to adore since the days of my childhood: on Thee whom I feel in the depths of my soul to live, whom I worship in the holy voice of my conscience, in all that I see good and fair upon earth—on Thee my heart and my thoughts are firmly anchored, as the first and only origin of all life and all thought. *Thou art!*—that I believe. Thou art holy, and full of love. Thou art the God of goodness—this I feel; this I sincerely believe. I understand myself no longer, nor what I love in my fellow-creatures, their love, their virtue, nor the holy *myster* which is written in the human breast, which holds the world together—all is to me a mystery, if I believe not upon Thee! My Maker! with Thy best gifts—with this heart which can love Thee, with this mind which can raise itself to contemplate Thee, with this will, powerful to hear and to obey Thee—I will and must adore Thee! Deep in my soul hast Thou written Thy name, and in this moment, O my God! when I am going to meet a destruction, whose nature I do not know—when I go to that land whence none have ever yet returned—where I, already a shade, sink among shades, and with every day feel the powers of my soul failing me—in this moment I can doubt of all, only not of Thee, only not of Thy goodness, and Thy power! Thou art my God!—But this God on whom I believe, whose goodness and power are as certain to me as the love in my own breast, it is not He who created pain and death—not death such as it now shows itself on earth, surrounded by pain and darkness. The works in which Infinite goodness has expressed itself must bear his image; the spirits, born of His thought, must be holy and perfect spirits; that nature in which they reflect themselves, pure and without fault. God's eternal law of love is written in the spirit's heart; it directs their energy, and the world obeys this law of eternal goodness and holiness. The spirits do not blindly follow this law; they follow it in freedom and consciousness; they are furnished with judgment and will; they have the power to comprehend God's will, and in freedom to make it their own; and their bliss and their true freedom express itself in these words: Thy will, O my God, I do willingly.

Good and all-wise must be that eternal and unalterable will—for change is only in time, and God rules time. All God's works are good, and eternal as himself; every life which proceeds from Him, receives from Him that perfection and bliss which according to its nature it is capable of receiving; the free spirit first, after

that the animals, and in the least worm or flower He yet lives with life and joy. All, all is transfused by His love! As a lover lives in his beloved, so God lives in His creation, living and making happy; as a bride lives in her bridegroom, so must the world love and adore God.

And is this then the relation in that part of the world which I see, among the spiritual beings which I know—among men? Ah! it is not so! God made man in His image, that I believe, and it cannot be otherwise. 'How art thou fallen from heaven, thou bright star of the morning! Whence sin in the heart of man—whence the eclipse in his and nature's life—whence suffering on earth, disorder, destruction, death? Whence death? Whence this almost insupportable pain, which brings the sweat to my brow, and is gradually bringing me to the dark grave? O my God! God of goodness, on Thee I believe, by Thee I hold fast! Man was born sinful, or inclined to sin, and strife and pain have existed in nature as long as we remember. Man and his world are the work of God, the most Holy, the Almighty.—That God did not create man sinful, or the world imperfect, is my full conviction. Has man then existed before this life on earth? Went he pure and perfect from the hand of his Maker and fell? Has he in his fall drawn down with him his world—nature? Is his forgetfulness of this pre-existence a consequence of his fall, a suspension of his higher consciousness during his earthly regeneration? Are the heavenly sparks which sometimes yet kindle in him, the good, the beautiful, are they a remembrance of his former life with God? do they explain, together with the phenomenon of sin upon earth, a lost paradise? How could man, a perfect work of God, fall? What was it which could force his fall in a world, where God, the all-good, was the only influencing principle? A thousand questions cross each other in my brain—where find I a satisfactory answer?

I shall not with my weakened powers seek to plunge into the depths of the metaphysical abyss, which with the fullness of my former powers I were unable to fathom; as an explanation of the reality of evil, and its influence in the fall of man from the order of creation imposed by God, I will repose on the following:—

God, as the idea of all good, as the living God, excludes evil in all His existence. This exclusion permits, notwithstanding, the possibility of evil—therefore a choice (the conditions of freedom), God's choice is made from all eternity; man shall himself verify it for himself (thus alone is he free;) but in the choice lies the representation of evil (temptation,) representation produces desire, and desire produces sin.

Man from a state of childhood and innocence passes to one of independence and freedom. He had the free choice between a happy reality, and an empty image of supposed good; he allowed himself to be tempted by the latter. God's image became darkened within him, he fell, and nature fell asunder in warring elements. But he had freedom and power to remain faithful, and his fall is his own fault, and the consequences one and all must be ascribed to himself. His situation here on earth, his subjection to matter, his sin, his bodily and mental sufferings, the whole disorganization of life in all its parts, all is a consequence of his fall.

But God, the eternal Goodness, the highest Love, will He forsake his fallen, His unhappy child? Will He do less than a mother does for

hers? Oh no! He will never turn away his face, He will seek His child, He will call it, He will suffer, He will give His heart's blood to win it again, to reconcile it to Himself. If God in holy worlds, lives as the giver of bliss, on earth He must live as the Reconciler. This hymn of anguish and home sickness, which before the memory of man has risen from the earth—this ardent cry, 'Lord come!' is from eternity to eternity answered by, 'Here, my child!'

'Here, my child!' Yes, my God, upon this Word, upon this advent, with all his heart, thy child believes, and by the light of the doctrine of reconciliation he sees life, and the world clears itself to his regards. If I believe on God, the All-good and full of love, so do I also believe upon the Reconciler of the world; believe that that life which the heart seeks really exists, and willingly extends itself to us, believe that it is continually approaching us nearer and nearer, until it has vanquished all difficulties, and has fully and intimately united itself with us. I believe that our God is no repelling God; believe that He will give us all—all—the fulness of His life—Himself—believe that He, as Eternal Love, will suffer for and with us, until He fully lives within us.

I believe, therefore, that ever since the regeneration of man upon the earth, the work of reconciliation has had its beginning; that everything great and good which history has to show, is a work of this spirit, of this eternal Word, which lives and glows over the world, as the sun over the blossom, as the mother over her child; and communicates its life in such proportion as the awakening world is capable of receiving. I also believe that, at the moment the world is ripe for it, the work of reconciliation shall be completed, and God shall descend upon earth in the most intimate communion with man. Something must then remain in life, in the history of man, which shall fully reveal to him the love of God—love which will call forth a return of love; something which must awaken man to a lively sense of his fall, of his sin, powerfully recall the memory of his Father's house, of a lost holiness and purity, which will give him will and power to conquer the evil within himself, and be born again, a child of God: something which shall annul the terrors and powers of death, and explain life—I know to whom I shall go to find what I seek? I will go to Him who, holy Himself, called man to the highest holiness, to likeness with God; who proclaimed God's kingdom upon earth; who suffered, who was tempted, who combated like a man, who conquered like a God; to Him to whom the powers of nature were subject when He commanded it. I will go to Him who was crucified, to Him who has risen again, to the Word which was made flesh and dwelt among us full of grace and truth—to "God who through Christ is reconciling the world to Himself."

The pages of history lie open before me, and I think I feel the breath of the spirit of the times during their stream through the world. Some few pages are filled with the story of the Mediator; but a mighty spirit, full of peace and resurrection, proceeds from these, and renews the life of the world. Sunk in this, convinced of this, the moral difficulties which I once found in the life of Jesus disturb me no more; I feel it to be certain as I live, certain as that I believe in God—that here is God announced to the earth, that

through this hath He justified Himself; the kingdom of heaven has come near unto us—the work of reconciliation is completed.

Deep in my inmost soul, I experienced that so it is. That God on whom I believe, is He another than whom Christianity has announced? The power by which I can combat evil within myself, is it not love to that God who loved the world so much that He gave His only Son as a propitiation for its sins? O Heart of Creation! O Bread of Life, which giveth Thyself to us—I believe it, I sincerely believe it; in Thee, and through Thee alone, have we eternal life—the fulness of God's Life. Thou camest down to man, that man might ascend to God. The Father has bowed Himself down to the child, that He might lift it up to His breast!

St. Martin says: "We are climbing up in this life, as if on a ladder. In death this ladder is snatched from us, and we then stand in that region of life to which we had ourselves arisen." See, in consequence, Jesus's effort to lift us up to the highest step—the threshold of God's kingdom.

Even on this earth God wills that man shall partake of the fulness of this life; but what before all does Christianity say? "*God is love!*" He will therefore never cease to desire the delivery of man; here, there, in eternity He will labor for it. God is the only principle, ever the same, ever active. O certainly the time will come when the Son, the eternal Word, shall have subdued all to the Father, the eternal Thought.

Life is the development of a noble drama. The scene which we now, and perhaps long afterward, take part in, is called Reconciliation. When we have again entered into God's eternal order, then our life will be developed in undisturbed freedom and happiness, and the drama is then the development of the eternal Love, in all the spheres of life. Unspeakable presentiments gather themselves around me. Like the beams of a newly lighted sun, they dart over the world, and seek to illuminate all its parts—Ah! but shadows are gathering around me, and, like a weary wanderer, my thoughts already—

Before they sink in sleep, to Thee will I go, my celestial Teacher, and hear the words thou saidst to thy disciples when like me thou stoodest on the borders of the grave:

"Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me."

"In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

"I am the way, and the truth and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me."

"If ye love me, keep my commandments."

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

"I came forth from the Father and am come into the world; again I leave the world, and go unto the Father."

"Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am."

"And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them, that they may be one even as we are one."

"I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one."

A quiet joy sinks over my heart, the darkness scatters itself, God's splendid light illuminates life, and all its misconstructions are explained.

What then is death in thy life and thy doctrine, O Jesus! only a moment of passage to a spiritual life for the good; the door through which they enter into a happier state, in full possession of that freedom they have acquired! My breast is now lightened, my eye cleared, and I will cry with the Apostle: "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?"

Death has approached near unto me; may he come, he is my friend. For all my weakness, all my sins, forgive me, O my God! My native land, my friends, my mother, my sisters, farewell! I leave you, but I know I shall meet you again. Willingly, ye beloved of my heart, had I in bidding ye farewell wished once again to press your hands upon earth—but it cannot be—well then, God's will be done! God's name be praised!

When I had finished reading, I looked at Edla. She had clasped her hands over her heart, her tears flowed abundantly but silently; I took care not to disturb her, suspecting that she felt a deep and beneficial emotion. And oh! when the poor sick heart sees the doctor approach, when it first conceives that there is a balsam for all the wounds of life, when the hot brain so lately martyred by a thousand doubts, lays itself to rest on the bosom of eternal goodness; Oh! then there passes in the mind that which reason cannot seize, that which the pen cannot write, that which alone with quiet and delicious tears one can feel. *Reconciliation!* reconciliation with God, with life, with oneself, is the heavenly sentiment which gradually pierces the heart's core, which cools each so lately throbbing pulse, which effaces each lately so painful doubt, Goodness, heavenly goodness, thou art the balsam of life—'May thy kingdom come!'

Hour after hour now passed, and Edla and I spoke not a word; she lay still, and I had never seen on her face so calm and so clear an expression. At one o'clock the carriages began to roll, and expecting Adelaide, I rose to go. Adelaide had the childish taste, when she returned from a ball where she had not supped of liking to eat ginger-bread; and I took a pleasure in always having, when she returned from any party some ready for her, which I had myself baked after a recipe I had received from my departed cousin Beata Hvardagstag,\* and which was much better than any that could be purchased, even at Mrs. Dorf's. I wished to go that I might have my little dish in order, and therefore bid Edla good night. She asked to retain the manuscript.

"It has made," she said, "a wonderful impression upon me, and has strengthened a presentiment which I always had of a pre-existence, of a lost happy state. In reading the verses of our noblest bards; when I have heard fine music, or contemplated a beautiful face, dim images of a majestic and lost antiquity have risen in my soul, and more than once caused me a melancholy and incomprehensible longing, which I cannot describe. But, if pre-existence is a truth: if we have all existed before this life, whence comes the general and profound forgetfulness thereof, together with the cause which has forced our life to this disorganized state?"

"This forgetfulness must be caused by the very fall itself," I answered; "the higher con-

sciousness of man has fallen asleep, and this sleep continues in certain respects even during this life. It is now night, but in the morning when the sun arises we shall be able also to see yesterday clearly—the past and the present."

"Now," said Edla, "I begin to understand the words Count Alarik said that evening. Oh! if an eternal goodness directs the world, if a necessary will gives the law, then must I also become happy—at least not unhappy."

"Happy! happy! that I sincerely hope!" answered I, and embracing her tenderly, went to my gingerbread and my Adelaide, who, good, gay and beautiful as an angel, returned from the ball. Adelaide eat her gingerbread with hearty satisfaction. I looked at her, heard her account of the events of the ball, thought that Edla was happy, and felt that even in this fallen world there are very many pleasant moments.

From this time a remarkable change took place in Edla. She sought solitude in her room, where she occupied herself with reading. When she was in company, her manners were gentler and calmer; but a shade of melancholy, an expression of deep discouragement, appeared in her whole person. I saw Count Alarik follow her with attention; and, as it were, watch over the development of her soul. One evening, when by accident Edla and I were alone with him, he turned the conversation on happiness, and the means of conducting to it. He said that there was an element common to all, and without which none could reach a durable and real happiness; but that within this was a numberless quantity of different yet not divided elements, from which each individual could choose his own, and organize there his world in harmony with the great whole. He thought that the happiness of man depends upon his living after God's decrees, and finding for his soul a sphere of activity in which to develop his powers—by which he could express himself, and whence he could receive nourishment to farther development. "Wanting one or other of these elements," he said, "life would always feel a void."

"O my presentiment!" said Edla, who had long sat silent and attentive. Count Alarik enabled her by his eager questions to overcome her shyness, and express herself more clearly.

"The manuscript which you gave me," said Edla, "and the reading of that book on which its comfort is grounded, has really sent a light into my soul, and done me inexpressible good. I believe on what it says, I believe on an all good God, on His grace over us all, and yet"—and tears forced themselves into her eyes—"and yet I am not happy—life yet seems barren to me, and I am yet a burden to myself."

She wiped away her tears, and continued with calm and clearness: "I have heard the peace and joy which religious occupations give to the soul, much praised. I have tried them"—she continued blushing deeply—"in the church, as well as in my solitary room, I have striven to call down heaven to fill my poor hungering spirit."

"And you have not succeeded?" asked Count Alarik, with an expression of the greatest sympathy.

"No!" answered Edla, and to conceal her emotion she was silent.

"And," continued Count Alarik, "you thought that this means of happiness was not a real one, but only considered as such by enthusiastic and distempered minds!"

\* Beata Hvardagstag, a character of "The H— Family;" a story occupying a volume and one-third of the "First Series of Sketches from Every-day Life."—M. II.

"I thought," answered Edla with regained composure, "that this means, however good and blessed to so many, was not so for me. I will not set it aside, but it is not enough. My soul requires another sort of food—I cannot command that continued exaltation of mind which such an occupation requires, without its becoming heavy and deadening. When I have succeeded in raising my mind to real ecstasy, and lived in it some few blessed moments, my soul falls again for many hours into a state of weakness and distaste; my own existence, my own being, oppress me then more than ever. I am not heavenly enough to live merely on heavenly food—I know not; happy are the pious!"

Here the conversation was broken off, by the Baroness returning from the opera with Adelaide.

The same evening Edla found on her toilet a packet containing several books. Among these were "Grubbe's Code of Society," "Forsell's Statistics," "Montesquieu's *Esprit des Lois*," "Agardh's Organography," Plato's works in a German translation, etc. On a slip of paper which lay among the books, the following lines were written:—

"To contemplate God's works, to make oneself acquainted with their organization, is a true worship and a beneficent practice of devotion. The world becomes rich to a man in proportion as he looks about in it. The life of the thinker is beautiful as that of the lover. God has planted flowers of enjoyment on this world for all his creatures. Each and all shall find those destined for them, if they only seek with spirit and industry." Edla accepted this gift with pleasure and surprise.

Count Alarik and I now both occupied ourselves with devising a plan for Edla's future studies, convinced as we both were that, during a course of study which would develop the faculties of her soul, and give her an opportunity of understanding her own position, she would soon learn her own powers, and find out the way to her own happiness. Count Alarik sought to let her view life as an organic whole, and the written questions he left to her to answer were so arranged that the objects they concerned cast light on one another. These objects related to all the spheres of life: religion and morals; philosophy and history; arts, science, and literature. The Count was an enlightened man, and too generous to fear that a woman could become too learned or too enlightened; he saw for her, as for man, no other bounds to acquirement than that which the individual's own intellectual powers prescribe. He considered those of Edla to be great, and cultivated them with seriousness and affection. As regarded Edla, her love for learning soon became a passion, and it required force to check her. To the questions which were given her, in the beginning she made very defective answers, but they very soon became clear and comprehensive. She read the Grecian philosopher's works day and night, and made extracts and observations from his pages.

It was a very fortunate circumstance that just at this time the President was so taken up by his business that he either was occupied in his own room or out of doors, so that he was not able to watch over his daughter's occupations. He assured me that he put full confidence in me, and made himself certain that his own and his late wife's principles would be conscientiously pursued by me, in all that regarded his daughter's education. I was silent; somewhat embarrass-

ed by these speeches; and Edla labored undisturbed whole days in her room, and became meanwhile clearer in her views, and gayer and more friendly with every one.

Ah! we should not preach so much to people; we should give them an interest in life, something to love, something to live for; we should, if possible, make them happy, or put them on the way to happiness—then they would unquestionably become good.

## CHAPTER X.

### SOMETHING ABOUT ADAM AND HIS SONS.

Adam lay sunk in a dreamy contemplation of the young creation, and collected the scattered traits of its undimmed beauty. Finally, he was able to collect it together in one single living form, and that form approached nearer to him, and developed yet more distinctly its heavenly image. He did not remark that it was his own personality which developed itself from the one growth to another, till God gave name to woman—then Adam awoke, and found that he was a man.—Expend me the sage! Of all truths, this is the deepest, that there is no life without finding the image in the reflecting image—and these are one—single living soul.—EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM B—.

ONE son of Adam, Count Alarik W., wrote to another son of Adam, the Reverend Albert P.:—

"Man is a wonderful creature, my good Albert! This bright discovery must naturally be followed by some highly original ideas, which again will lead you to something with which you are quite unacquainted. Patience! What every human being seeks in every land, and in every situation, is happiness; enjoyment of himself and of his life. But, how thousandfold, various, and dissimilar his conceptions of this happiness, and the means of attaining it! (Have you ever heard anything equal this before?) It was not long ago that the philosophers of Europe wished to persuade us that this happiness was not really anything positive, but that it altogether depended on the influence of climate, and upon the peculiar character of each individual. They saw in the natives of Kamptchatka, happy in their supper of train-oil, in the voluptuous Hindoo, in the animal gratification of the Hotentots, charming examples of living; as excellent, nay, more excellent than those of the educated European, enjoying his life according to a high system of morality, and a refined sense of the beautiful. A state of nature has certainly its good and advantageous side; culture has its inconveniences, its miserable consequences, it is true. It is, however, easy to ascribe to both their place on the Jacob's ladder of the world's history.

"In our times, the means of purely and truly enjoying life are numerous. May there not however be a condition which is pre-eminently worthy of man, and as he is regarded by God, and as a citizen of a commonwealth, in which he most freely can improve his existence, and come to the full enjoyment of his life as a man, and as a reasonable creature! in which he can fully live, according to all the powers which God has given him, and employ all to his glory!

"You will say this is going very round about merely to say that one will marry! And I will say that you are right; but when I, myself, have not lightly come to this conclusion; it is

not more than reasonable that you should partake my troubles—

"I have just now received your letter of the tenth, and am obliged to come straight to the matter. You wish me joy of my marriage with Countess Augusta U., which you have heard by report, but never was it farther from my wishes than now. I love with all my heart, a young, beautiful, good, gay, and bewitching being, Adelaide, another daughter of President G. You know how high and holy I consider the engagement of marriage; how important, therefore, the choice of a friend in the most intimate communion of this life must be to me.

"When I set out from my old hall to look for some one to embellish it for me, I gave beforehand a passport to Love, and was well determined not to let him mix in my affairs; for I love to see, to try, to choose with open eyes, and would not trust myself to a guide, who, according to my conviction, was naturally blind. You know how highly I estimate true and highly-cultivated reason in woman; and I required in life, not only a friend for my heart, but a reflecting and enlightened being, who would give life to my thinking by hers, who would feel warmly for the interests of humanity, and understand how to judge what is great, what is fair among these. Not merely a gentle breast against which to lean my head, not merely an amiable hostess for my friends, a good mistress for my family, an agreeable companion for myself during life's gay or gloomy hours—I desired

—Albert, it is not easy by words to express what I desired—what I sought—what I wanted—Albert, I wanted life! Life to press to my heart—I sought, I longed after a being, one with me in all things; in whose bosom I could open my whole soul, my feelings, my thoughts, my joys, my sorrows, and who would return them enlightened to me—for my whole former life appeared to me like a dream.

"I made my first acquaintance with life on the battle-field; afterward I washed the blood from my sword, and lived according to the peaceful manner of our days. The genius of life from the years of my childhood stood serious and severe before my eyes; I had never seen his smile; I forgot myself how to smile, and became from year to year, colder, darker, and severer.

"I desired to live for my native land with my pen, or with my sword; she was my early idol, and will remain so to my last hour. But my idol is no heathenish image; it is no exterior strength and grandeur which I worship; what I love in my nation is her individual life, her noble personality; it is for the free development of her individual form in all its members, for her moral truth and beauty, that I will live, and, according to my ability, labor. Wonderful enough, that with this image in my heart, solitary amid the old hall of my ancestors, I felt my heart and hand grow cold, life becoming darker, myself more reserved and retired. A gayer, a more happy temper than mine had not felt thus; but brought up among scenes of blood, early wounded in my tenderest soul, serious by nature, I found within myself a striving power, but no living, revivifying spring; and alone, separated from the world and my fellows, I felt

myself gradually petrifying. My brother's misfortune had scared me from love and its consequences; but I felt a deep, an earnest want of a female friend, of a mild and bright being who should halve life with me, partake in my interests, and give my life the clearness and warmth it wanted. It was another, a nobler self I sought; but, nevertheless, always another *self*—home and freedom were to be my wife's idols, as they were mine; we should kneel before the same altar.

"I had learned to know Countess Augusta while her husband yet lived. Her conversation pleased me; I found high cultivation in her; knowledge and interest in all the objects which were important and dear to me. It was with a lively interest, with a question from my soul to hers, that after she became a widow I approached her again. Even yet I had pleasure in her company; however, less than before; I wanted something in her, I did not well know what before I learned to know Adelaide. I saw her for the first time as Galatea; and when Pygmalion's love had imbued the fair creation with life, then I wished to be Pygmalion—then the desire rose in my soul to be the first sigh of that young breast, to make of this enchanting being my world, my country, my paradise! See, Albert! I never felt my heart warm at Augusta's side, nor my soul expand, and become better and clearer; I spoke to her willingly, because she understood my words and answered them; near Adelaide, I am happy; she continually strikes chords in my soul—chords which I knew not existed there, which sound sweetly to the touch, which make me feel a yet inexperienced harmony in all my existence. I am well, when I am near Adelaide; I feel myself younger and stronger; life has a beauty and a power of enchantment which I never felt it to have before! I love all that is good; I feel myself mild where I never was so before—I am better; life is richer since I knew Adelaide: and nevertheless explain me this; Adelaide does not answer to the ideal I had formed myself of my wife. She is a sportive grace, who does not yet understand the importance of life. She has lightnings of a high and sublime life, but they are only lightnings. I should have difficulty in telling you what she is; I do not yet rightly know myself; only this I know, that near her I feel myself fully and purely man; that all constraint, all weight, flies from the circle in which she moves; that life there is clear and light. An enchanting life beams toward me from all her beautiful existence, and I burn with the desire to clasp it to my breast; but in the moment I stretch out my hand to seize that of the enchantress, in the same moment I retreat trembling; I cannot deny that the blind guide has seized me against my will; I feel that I love without knowing why. If I think of Adelaide, I am obliged to confess that she is not, probably never can become, the friend I sought; that was a higher, a more powerful being; Adelaide is womanhood rather in its weakness than in its real beauty. And this child—this child, weak, unreasonable, domineering, has everything which could make a certain man mad, provided he could not succeed in making her wise, and on this it depends. If Adelaide can love, sincerely love a worthy object, she will become all that is good and

noble. Can she love! There are moments in which I think she has the power; and the thought of an union with this enchanting creature transports me. Then I contemplate her again in the butterfly-life, enchanted with flattery, pomp, and vain pleasures, and to enjoy these, turning herself from all that is noble and serious; then I turn myself from her with ill-will, until a new tone of sincerity, a new sun-beam of noble life, carries me back to her. However, I will soon put an end to my doubts, and take a decisive step either to or from Adelaide. A young and rich man, her near relation, has pretensions to her hand. For himself I have not to fear; Adelaide cannot love him. But he is very rich; and should I remark that she listens to this flattering language, I shall leave and despise her. I will yet try her awhile. I am determined not to let my love make a fool of me, and a woman shall not snatch me out of my path. If Adelaide cannot become mine, I shall forever return to my old castle, and my books. If I can win her, and in her a worthy wife, the fairest, the richest lot in life will be mine. The mother-earth to which Adelaide would bind me—how doubly dear and holy would it become to me!

"You can easily perceive by this rhapsodical letter that I have that sickness, the cause of all folly, and which has filled the world with romances, novels, and plays. A hero of romance, with God's help, I will never be, and will therefore in what I undertake receive counsel from wisdom and not from passion. Help me in this; give me as a clergyman, as a married man, and as my friend, wise and good advice.

"Your friend, A. W."

ALBERT P. TO COUNT ALARIK W.

"As a married man, as a clergyman, and as your friend. It is now ten round years since I sate myself down at my parsonage, and commenced to preach and to hold examinations, to baptize and bury, and attend to my calling in the power of my mind and well-meaning of my heart, and permitted my house, as well as my kitchen and cellar, etc. etc. to be attended to by any one, who for money would be pleased to see after them. My sister once paid a visit to me and my house. 'Brother!' said she, 'this is going on ill; the sugar-box is emptied in two days, and a pound of coffee a-week is not enough! The potatoes are treated as if they were to rain down from heaven—but it is no wonder that Madame\* Oberg's pigs are so fat! The rolls are brought from town! It is a shame not to bake at a parsonage! In the dairy three milk-pans are standing without cream. My brother! my dear brother! you are cruelly robbed and cheated!' I had myself remarked that lately the hens had eaten more corn than was *Aenlike*, and Madame Oberg's pigs were continually lying in my way before the steps. 'But,' said my sister, 'why do you not live as becomes a minister and pastor of the church! Why are you not married! Did not our Lord see that it was not good for Adam—who certainly however had small household cares—to be alone; and did He not say: I will give him a help-meet, to whom he may cleave.' 'Who shall cleave to

him, it is written,' interrupted I. 'Women should never meddle with quotations, for they always quote' wrong.'

"'Ay, it is just one and the same thing,' answered my sister; 'and when our Lord said that He would give Adam a help-meet, He clearly showed thereby that a man cannot help himself without a wife. My counsel is, therefore, dear brother, that unless you presently desire to be starved to death, that you as soon as possible look after a wife. What do you think of the Dowager Prostinna† Nuberg? A well educated person, an experienced housekeeper, who will take care, I promise you, that the sugar-box will not be emptied in eight days, and that a pound of coffee will last fourteen days.'

"'Will not the coffee be very weak, and very little sweetened during so long a lifetime?' asked I in a little alarm.

"'Not at all. Strong and sweet, as much as you please; there lies the true art of the house-mother, that everything is good, and everything lasts. Besides, you are acquainted with the widow Prostinna, and liked her very well while her late husband lived!'—'Well, very well! Hum! I could try at all events' and I set out from my parsonage to seek me a wife.

"With a strong interest I approached the widow Prostinna Nuberg, and with a question from my soul to her's. I heard her even now with pleasure, though not so much as before; for if she spoke ever so charmingly of rents, and cowhouses, and bees, and the like, I forgot to listen to her to lend an ear to her niece, who sat at the harpsichord and sung: 'How blest is he, who in his lowly cot,' etc. etc. See, Alarik! never near the aunt did I feel my heart grow warm, I never felt my soul enlarge as it were, through her; on the contrary, beside little Nora—oh! there I felt myself happy! There I experienced a sort of music within me, which I had never before heard, and which I did not know had any existence. How hateful now did I not think Madame Oberg and her pigs! and my parsonage—how doubly dear would it not become to me, if little Nora should there become Prostinna! I very well knew that I was in love, but was so perfectly so that I never for one moment suspected myself of any kind of blindness. I stretched out my hand, and said, 'O dearest! wilt thou have me!' She stretched out her hand, and said, 'Very willingly, if thou wilt have me!' The hands met, and we had a wedding! I have now in little Nora, for seven blessed years enjoyed all that is estimable and good in a wife, all that makes a man satisfied and happy. In consequence, I have good reason to believe that true love is *clair-voiant*, and conducts the reasonable person who piously permits herself to be led by him, on the right road to happiness—

"So much as a married man.

"That I may be he who celebrates your marriage, I demand as a clergyman. I would willingly travel a hundred miles to speak the blessing of heaven on you and your bride.—I know your Adelaide. I have seen her when she visited a relation of mine, who had been her drawing-master. He was old and sick, and was, with

\* Madame is the title of married women of the lowest class.—M. H.

† Prostinna, an honorary title in the church. In Sweden as in Germany, women always bear the official titles of their husbands with a feminine termination.—M. H.

his wife, in poor circumstances. She came and gave out that she required divers little pictures for souvenirs, brooches, bracelets, and who knows what. She showed herself so enchanted with the little trifles of the old man's manufacture, that the happy being thought himself at least a Raphael in miniature, and with a good conscience accepted the exorbitant price which she offered him with a tone as if she feared it was too little. I shall never forget the expression of life, seriousness, and goodness in that celestial countenance, as well as the simplicity of her manners and actions.

"Once a month I receive a letter from my friend, the pastor of the parish in which the President's estate lies; half the letter is often taken up with Miss Adelaide, and of the kindness and prudence she displays in her compassion for the necessities of the country people. That this angel as soon as possible may become your wife, I desire and counsel with all my heart, as your friend,"

"ALBERT P.

"P. S. Let not the somewhat coarsely joking tone of a part of my letter offend you, Alarik. Between us, let me say, that as regards the counsel one gives to a lover in the question:—'Shall I marry, or shall I let alone?' they are words spoken in the air. And now I see, thank God, no reason to desire to speak against the wind."

ALARIK W. TO ALBERT P.

"It is over, my friend! and your advice can now no longer avail. Adelaide may be ever so good, so charming; she is but a weak and frivolous being, devoted to pleasure, gaiety and flattery, and setting aside everything for them. She would never make me happy, and I was a fool ever to have thought I had any influence over her. Augusta warned me—Augusta was right."

"After a number of evenings, in which she had constantly been at parties, I asked her for my sake to remain one evening at home. I wanted to read something to her—in a word, I asked her to remain at home. She promised me unconstrainedly and frankly. In the evening, when I came—she was gone."

"I had reason to believe I was not altogether indifferent to her—she gave her promise so freely, so heartily, so gladly—and she broke it to dance with Otto in a masked quadrille at Lord W——'s!"

"This not the woman for me, and I need only be wroth with myself for feeling so much pain in leaving her."

"I shall soon leave this place to resume my former solitary life. This madness was sweet; farewell to this transient dream! It was well that I was warned in time. I shall never again forsake the sober but secure paths of wisdom."

A. W."

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE WAYS OF WISDOM.

"And they kissed! and they kissed!"

CHILDREN'S SONG.

"But how it came to pass, God alone can know."

ERIC XIV. RUNA.

THE President, who must have suspected some disorder regarding Edla, had thought proper, in

a little private discourse with me, to give me all sorts of flattering commendations, and at the same time to refresh me with a renewed dose of the late *President's* thoughts and principles. I had now gathered a little courage from a nearer acquaintance with the family, and ventured one or two little remarks on the authoritative assertions of the President—a doubt or two. The President became somewhat astonished, I was somewhat firmer; the President became a little offended, I became a little warm; the President became a little haughty, I became a little angry; and finally, we became equally roused and heated.

"I have seen something of the world, Mamselle Rönquist," said the President, "my late wife had been formed in circles which certainly did not want—"

Here the President was interrupted by a servant who gave him a letter. He read it, and said:

"An invitation to-morrow to dinner; my brother-in-law wishes to see us all. Say to the messenger—that I shall answer immediately." He continued to glance over the letter and mumbled between his teeth: "the band which we desire to tie closer—your angel of a daughter—hum! worth a kingdom—hum, hum! Otto's boundless love—hum—dower—already! this important union soon concluded. Well! very well!" said the President much enchanted, forgot his circles, as well as what they did not want, and began in exchange to engage me for the marriage country-dance. I felt not the least inclination to dance; and the President, who, perhaps, remarked it, took my hand shook it warmly, and said: "We are good friends, are we not *bonne amie* Rönquist—and I hope, ere long, shall understand each other perfectly"—and he went out to answer his letter.

I did not entertain the same good hopes as the President, and left him in no pleasant humor to go to the drawing-room. The President, I assure you, was not so easy to deal with in questions in which one differed from him in opinion. He was quite too despotic in his will to be just.

I found Adelaide, who sat pale by the evening lamp, and leaned her forehead upon her hand. When any one entered the room she blushed; she started at the least noise. Edla was in her own chamber. In the next room, the children were cooking in a stove a cream of dried bilberries, with which they promised to treat me, and from which I would gladly have been excused.

"I wonder," said I, "if we shall see Count Alarik this evening? I think he begins to wish to make himself scarce. Countess Augusta, also, has not been seen for several days."

"He will certainly not come," said Adelaide, with a tear in her eye. "He is angry with me, and he has reason to be so. It is now four days since he has been here. Ah! that unlucky evening when Aunt Ulla was last here!"

"And why unlucky, my dear Adelaide?"

"How can you ask, Emma! I had promised Count Alarik to be at home that evening, and Aunt Ulla forced me to go out with her—and he did not find me at home when he came to see me—it was so ill done toward him!"

"It was wrong after you promised to be at home. But why should you give a promise when you knew you could not possibly keep it!"

"I thought everything possible when he desired it: I asked Aunt Ulla to tell them that I was ill."

"But the masked quadrille could not then have taken place—and, besides, they would have soon found out the secret of your sickness; you had promised to come, and the quadrille chiefly depended on you—you could not avoid it."

"That unhappy Otto! It is all his fault. He had arranged the whole matter—I was so impatient to come home, that I forced Aunt Ulla to let me go immediately after the quadrille was ended. But when I came home—he had already been here—and was gone."

"If he comes one of these days you can tell him the whole affair, and excuse yourself."

"Yes, if he comes!—*Du reste*, he can think, and come, and go as he pleases—it is no matter of mine."

I gave no answer to this sudden burst of indifference, and after a moment's silence Adelaide resumed—"If I loved a person, I could never be angry with that person. If he had crossed me ever so much, I would not wait until the sun went down to reconcile myself with him; I would not let an hour go round."

I did not answer; and after we had sat silent about a quarter of an hour, Adelaide said again:

"Tell me, Emma—for you have lived much longer than I—tell me, are there many sorrowful moments in life—many when the heart is really oppressed, when one would wish to die?"

"There are such!"

"Many?"

"O yes! particularly when one is not pious and gentle in temper."

"Then I will pray God that He will let me soon die, for I will not have such moments," said Adelaide, energetically; "my sweet Emma, I will not be unhappy!" added she weeping.

"Will not! My sweet Adelaide, it is not right to say so."

"Is it not! Forgive me!" and she wiped her eyes.

"And if you are not happy yourself, can you make the happiness of others! You are your father's, you are my best happiness here on earth, Adelaide; will you not live for our sakes?"

"I will!" said Adelaide; and kissing my cheek she wet it with a tear.

"But if you are sorrowful, if you are unhappy, I cannot have any enjoyment."

"I will not be sorrowful; I shall accustom myself not to be so happy—I shall teach myself—none shall suffer on my account!"

"And if the burden should feel too heavy?"

"He who laid it on," said Adelaide, stifling a sigh, "will take it away, or help me to bear it."

She got up, went to the piano, and sought, as always when her soul was moved, for comfort and outpouring in song. Never had she sung more beautiful than this evening; there lay a seriousness and a quiet melancholy in her voice, which rendered it inexpressibly touching. Her spirit gradually rose as she sung; and with living life and true inspiration she executed the splendid airs of the Creation, and seemed to forget all the heavy realities of life in picturing the beautiful, the youthful world, which once at the "Be!" of the Maker stood forth free from sin and pain. Adelaide's song came from the full

soul, and therefore called irresistibly forth a mass of feelings and thoughts in the breasts of her hearers. She touched this evening the utmost chords of the soul: I forgot that the President's tea-time drew near; I forgot the lamp was going out, I gave myself up with enthusiasm to the bright visions which Adelaide's tones brought before my mind. I thought on "the happy days, when the dews of the morning lay yet upon life;" I thought of the lovely singer with indescribable tenderness and anxiety, on the life, on the fate, that might be destined her. While I thus allowed myself to be conducted by Adelaide into the rich world of memory and futurity, I heard gentle footsteps approach, but so softly, that they seemed to fear being heard. I thought that it was the President (who was feelingly alive to music), but when I looked up, my eyes rested on Count Alarik's more than usually severe and pale countenance. He made a sign to me to be quiet, and seated himself in the corner of the couch, not far from me. Adelaide, who sat with her back turned, observed nothing, but continued to sing. I screwed up the lamp, and cast a side glance unremarked on Count Alarik. It was not long ere I saw the severity melt from his fine countenance, and give place to an expression of unspeakable tenderness, and now—I remembered the President's tea, and went out to look after it.

In the drawing-room on the other side of the *salle*, I found the President walking up and down with hasty steps and disturbed countenance. While I arranged the fire, and tormented the scattered brands, he said:

"Is Count W. already gone?"

"No, not yet," I answered.

"He is going!" said the President; "it is d—d! Something must have offended him, he must be displeased with something. I cannot conceive what has happened. He came to take leave of me, and left his compliments for the ladies—but I sent him in. Augusta is here, is she not?"

"No! but perhaps she is coming."

"It is some misunderstanding, some jealousy, some such nonsense. Augusta is not prudent and attentive enough. I am convinced that he is desperately in love with her, and she could never find a better husband; birth, situation, disposition, everything is suitable. If I could know whence this misunderstanding has so suddenly come! I must have light in the affair."

"Perhaps," said I, "Count Alarik is inconstant, or perhaps he really does not love Countess Augusta."

"Not! Trust me, Mamselle Rönquist, that he does. On such matters I am not to be deceived. I have lived a little too much in the world and with people, to be mistaken on such a matter, which besides is so obvious. Alarik is in love with Augusta, and she does not hate him, that is certain. And she suits him as well as O's suits Adelaide."

In this moment little active feet were heard running through the hall, and the children bounced into the room with open mouths, and eyes standing out of their heads with wonder and surprise. They ran quite breathless up to me, relating with a hurry and disorder which cannot be described, something which it was impossible to clearly understand, but certain

names which they repeated, and the ever-returning chorus of, "and he kissed, and she kissed, and they kissed!" made the President knit his brow, and me smile.

"Go in, Mamselle Ronquist! go in for God's sake, *best bonne amie!*" exclaimed the President, who seemed at this moment to have got light in the affair—"go and see what it is. This would be to me a most unfortunate circumstance! Count Alarik is not a man to say 'No' to; and he is not rich and not suitable for Adelaide. Go in for heaven's sake! I will follow immediately. I must first send off my letters."

I went very slowly, with the children as my *avant-courriers*, whom I persuaded to go and dish the hard-boiled cream, with which I was longing to treat myself.

The minute I entered the drawing-room, I found that all was said between Alarik and Adelaide. Love and joy streamed from their eyes, so that the room seemed to be made bright by them. Adelaide ran and cast her arms around my neck: "I shall be happy, so happy!" she whispered: Count Alarik took my hand—and—in this minute Countess Augusta entered. She cast upon us a singular, searching glance, and grew pale; her voice trembled when she asked after her father. He came in almost at the same time, as well as Edla, and we sat down to tea in a very absent and constrained state of mind. The two happy lovers meanwhile seemed but to have one mutual thought and feeling.

An enchantment lay over Adelaide which seemed to have altogether divided her from the present; it reminded me of the ambrosial cloud, with which the gods of other days used to envelope their earthly favourites. She drew herself back in the shadow, to hide there her glowing cheeks, her excess of happiness. Count Alarik was beautiful to look at, something so majestically clear lay over his noble forehead; one saw that with the fulness of his powers he bore a blessed world within his bosom. Why did his kindling glance seek the shadow, as if the light was there!

The President spoke of the cholera, and of the probability that it would soon come to Sweden.

"Very, very beautiful weather!" answered Count Alarik.

"My father," said the countess, "is not speaking of the weather; he speaks of the cholera, and of the probability that it will soon come to us."

"Aha, is she coming?" answered the Count, more absent than before.

The President spoke of the ravages of the wolves in the country, and the necessity of taking steps and measures against them.

Count Alarik answered something about the fortifications of Marstrand.

The President looked surprised. Countess Augusta asked somewhat sharply where Count W. had his thoughts this evening? I was not a little glad when the little ones came with their bilberry cream, and caused a healthy diversion in the conversation. I was the first who ventured to taste the dish, and encouraged all to follow my example.

My heart became warm when I heard Count

Alarik ask the President at what hour of the forenoon of the following day he was 'at home?' and the President half discontented half embarrassed, speak of "affairs, disposed of time, invitation to dinner, etc." Count Alarik persists in begging for an hour in the morning, and the President in not finding one at his disposal. At length Count Alarik in all seriousness actually proposed to visit the President in his bed at five o'clock in the morning, or else to have the audience immediately; when the latter in alarm for his morning slumbers, and seeing that he could not avoid it, agreed, though very ungraciously, to be at home for Count Alarik at twelve o'clock on the following day.

"Well!" said the President, as he took me aside as soon as the company had separated; "well, what has happened now?"

"Ay, that is just what I myself have an infinite desire to know," answered I. Countess Augusta came into the room nearly at the same time with me, and I could not get an account of anything.

The President looked very much dissatisfied. "It is a most distressing affair," said he. "My brother-in-law has almost my promise of Adelaide for Otto. But I shall say so to Count Alarik—I shall tell him frankly that Adelaide is not a suitable wife for him."

"Hear first her own opinion on the matter," said I imploringly.

"A most fatal affair!" were the President's last words; "most fatal! and which, with proper attention from the right quarter, could never have gone so far."

That the President meant me by the "right quarter" I understood well enough; and, independent of my sharp-sightedness, might have known it in the glance which was cast at me. But all this troubled me very little—Adelaide would be happy. When alone with Adelaide in her room, I sought to learn what had taken place, and how the proposed farewell-visit had taken such a turn; but out of all that which Adelaide, through her smiles, tears, and affectionate caresses, told me, the most sagacious could not have become very knowing. It seemed as if Count Alarik had got the conceit of acting Pygmalion—that he had questioningly laid his hand on the heart of his beloved, but mistaken himself, and instead of "Galatea" called "Adelaide!" The sum total of the event seemed to be contained in the little children's clear account—"And they kissed! and they kissed!"—"but how it came to pass, heaven alone knows."

## CHAPTER XII.

### AMUSEMENTS.

Now came another sort of life,  
Every evening rout or ball.

MADAME LEHNHORN

It was twelve o'clock, it was one o'clock, it was two o'clock the following day, and Adelaide and I were yet in the most painful expectation and uncertainty. We heard footsteps, we heard voices, in the President's room; that we did not listen to what was said, was in such a moment a very great virtue. At three o'clock the President came out to the dinner-table; no

Count Alarik was visible. The President was affected; he often looked at Adelaide, and the tears came into his eyes. He ate with divided attention—uncommonly rare with him—and hardly spoke at all. Immediately after coffee, he called Adelaide into his room.

After a little preface, he imparted Count W.'s offer to her; spoke of the plans he himself (the President) had had for her; showed her the difference of her position as the wife of the rich Otto, in the most brilliant circles of the court and the capital, and as the wife of Count Alarik, who was not rich, on a lonely estate in a distant province. He exaggerated the contrasts, probably to try, perhaps even to gain, Adelaide; but left her in all things free to choose. Adelaide's choice was made long ago. She opened her heart to her father. The President's tender and fatherly heart showed itself now unrestrained. He told her that her love did her honor; that Count Alarik had even gained his heart; that he was proud of being able to call him son; that he had certainly wished him for another of his daughters; but that if his beloved child should be happy with Count W., he would see God's will in the matter. He then gave to Adelaide a little exhortation for the future; represented to her the weight and importance of the duties she was going to take on herself; which it became so much the more important for her to deliberately consider, as this engagement would divide her in future from her family and nearest relations. He warned her of a love for vanity and dissipation, which might prove dangerous enemies to her own and her husband's peace. The President had chosen to give the Count a decided answer before he had spoken to his daughter, and before he had informed his brother-in-law's family; and of what was proposed, this last, though with a heavy heart, he would himself on the following day perform.

Adelaide came from her father deeply moved, and more serious than I had yet seen her. Before an hour was over, however, all this gravity had given place to the brightest and sincerest joy. Now and then she sighed, and said: "Poor Otto!"

Yes; poor Otto! He was truly to be pitied. There was a great commotion in Excellence G.'s family. His Excellence, a wise man of the world, found it best to make as little noise as possible about the refusal which he conceived the family had received. However it is possible that, notwithstanding, a real separation would have taken place between the two families, had it not been for Adelaide herself. She spoke so kindly to her uncle and aunt; she showed them so much tenderness, so much gratitude, that they, through love of her, forgot all anger. The Baroness, who loved Adelaide as a mother, only entreated that now and then, as before, she might accompany her into the world. "I shall otherwise become too suddenly poor!" said she with tears in her eyes. Adelaide promised all that could console her. With Otto it was worse. He was desperate, broke tables and chairs, and it required an exertion of all the love he really did bear to Adelaide to prevent him from calling out Count Alarik as his rival. Adelaide used all the influence she had over him to make him calmer; she spoke

tenderly, she spoke reasonably with him, she promised to love him always as a sister—all in vain! Otto sent the sister to the devil, and wept over his lost bride. It was wonderful enough that Countess Augusta succeeded better than any one else in consoling him. She had many and long conversations with him, and he gradually became calmer. On Count W. he always cast the bitterest glances. The Count again, who pitied his unfortunate rival with all his heart, was friendly towards him, and gradually regained the good-will of his Excellence, and more particularly of his lady. Countess Augusta comforted herself to perfection, and I really came to doubt if she had ever loved the Count, which I had sometimes believed. She made a glory of being his friend and sister, she said she was happy in Adelaide's happiness. I now only marvelled at the emotion she had shown on the day that "they kissed!" On the evening of the day on which the President had spoken to Adelaide, he said to me:

"Count W. has really stolen my heart from me to-day. A proud, a noble man, Mamselle Rönquist! And poor is he not either. He showed us clearly how his fortune stands. Well, rich he certainly is not—far from it! But perhaps it is no misfortune for Adelaide—riches expose to so many temptations! I believe that he will make my Adelaide happy. And she loves him, Mamselle Rönquist! Alas! how people can deceive themselves! That Adelaide should be so far separated from me, will grieve me much—but when her happiness is in question, so —" The President wiped his eyes.—"I wish that my reader could have seen Adelaide on the day of her betrothal.\* I had done myself the pleasure of trimming her white silk gown with swansdown round the skirt, round the neck, and the short sleeves; it was scarcely whiter than her skin. Some fresh roses, which Count Alarik had given her, and which met her first wakening glance in the morning, a handsome necklace, also his gift, were Adelaide's only ornaments. She was dazzlingly beautiful and enchanting: there was but one voice on that head. Count Alarik, to use a more expressive than beautiful manner of speaking, devoured her with his eyes. A mild but bright seriousness was this day displayed over Adelaide's countenance and whole appearance. Her glance was pious and calm. She felt her happiness with sincere gratitude. "Should I not be happy?" she said to her betrothed. "Has not life become for me a garden of roses!"

He pressed her to his breast, called her his beautiful swan, his life's flower, his joy! The philosopher had wholly disappeared in the lover.

His Excellence G. and the Baroness were among the guests; the former kept excellent countenance, but the Baroness's eyes occasionally filled with tears. Otto was invisible. In the evening when Adelaide was going to the kitchen to cast an eye on the preparation for supper, she was stopped in the lobby by a tall

\* A formal betrothal is customary in Sweden, and announces an engagement to the friends of the family and the world in general. Rings are exchanged on the occasion. The bride on her marriage day receives another, so that married women always wear two. M. H.

figure wrapped in a cloak; she was first frightened, but soon recognized Otto.

"I was determined to see you to-day, Adelaide," said he, "but could not come with the rest. See how thin I have grown, Cousin Adelaide! My clothes are hanging upon me——"

"Poor Otto! my good Otto!" said Adelaide, with unaffected compassion.

"Yes! poor Otto, you really care little about. He might willingly lay himself down in the cold grave for you—you would dance as gayly."

"Otto!" said Adelaide, reproachingly; "how can you speak so?" Why will you vex me! It is not good of you, Otto."

"How beautiful you are," said Otto, contemplating her with admiration and clasped hands; "how enchanting you are! How beautiful this swansdown is! How heavenly you are! Are you very happy, Adelaide?"

"Yes, dear Otto! I must go now; do not detain me longer, good, dear Otto! Adieu!"

"God bless you, Adelaide!" said Otto with a stifled voice, falling on his knees to kiss the swansdown which bordered her dress. "God bless you, my Adelaide!"

"Whose Adelaide?" asked a voice, which made Adelaide start. It was Count Alarik who stood beside her.

"Thine!" said she, as she laid her arm round his neck. "Good-night, good Otto, farewell!"

Otto sprang distractedly down stairs. Count Alarik was not pleased. He expressed his contempt of Otto, and discontent that Adelaide had stood in the passage to catch cold. The servants might have been at hand, and heard what was said, etc., etc. He grumbled already quite married-man-like, the sinner!

"Do not be so severe!" begged Adelaide tenderly. "You are happy, Otto is unhappy!"

"Then he ought to bear it like a man; he conducts himself pitifully——"

"Otto is good, he is better than you——"

"Really!"

"He is not so severe toward others—not so prejudiced——"

"Really!"

"You are not—very good, you——"

"Really!"

"But good or not, I love no one else in the world but you!" Kisses and peace.

From that day there commenced a string of ceaseless parties for the affianced couple. The whole world wanted to see, the whole world wanted to have them. Adelaide was presented at court according to the President's desire. The king distinguished Count W. by the most honourable marks of his esteem. To be engaged to a man so remarkable for his bravery, talents, and most distinguished person, gave a new brilliancy to Adelaide's life. Her beauty seemed to grow higher and more dazzling; she was everywhere the fairest of the fair, the most sought-after, caressed, flattered, idolized, and surrounded, so that Count Alarik had often difficulty in approaching her. This, in addition to Otto's continual hanging behind her chair in company where they met, made Count Alarik dissatisfied with this mode of life. He made representations; he desired that they might remain at home; he wished that the endless invitations might in some way be refused: but Adelaide, excited by dancing, flattery, and

youthful life, gave herself enthusiastically up to pleasure, and would not for a moment listen to any remonstrance.

I also began now to speak to her, to beg her to be more at home, to oblige her betrothed.

"Let me dance, let me play," said Adelaide, a little impatiently; "I am yet so young I may well be allowed to have some pleasures. My sweet Emma, be good toward your Adelaide; be glad that I enjoy myself! This is my last dancing winter; afterward I will sit and bake and brew in the country—everything has its own time, good Emma; the dance ought not to be interdicted to me now. Is it not so?" cried she, running toward her betrothed, who now entered; "I may amuse myself, may dance, may be gay, may have my own way in everything, and no one may say a cross word to me, but all must love me, and do all that I wish!" and her countenance beamed with gayety and sportiveness.

"And spoil you, Adelaide?" said Count Alarik, as he kissed her forehead.

"Not spoil me!—I cannot be spoiled!"

"You are so already, Adelaide," said Count Alarik smiling, but seriously.

"Really!—You find fault with me?"

"Yes!"

"You will love me with my faults—yes, you will like them for my sake!"

"I cannot, Adelaide."

"You will not!"

"I cannot! I cannot love a giddy and thoughtless woman!"

"Really! and I cannot love a cross-grained and grumbling man."

"Adelaide!"

"Alarik! Listen, my beloved Alarik, I shall do what you please, I shall become what you please. I will lay aside all my faults. But now be a little kind toward me! Let me during this short time amuse myself."

"Amuse yourself, Adelaide," said he. "But I am tired of these so-called amusements, these eternal, empty parties. I will remain at home. You can go alone."

"No! now you are hard! My beloved, my good Alarik, hear me! Accompany me only a few days. Let me see, one, two, three, four—only four days; after that I promise you to stay at home fourteen if you please. For my sake come, my Alarik. Without you I can have no enjoyment! Will you not come for your Adelaide's sake?"

The Count went. The President went with his children that evening; Edla was at work alone in her room, I remained at home, for I was tired of several night's sitting up. The children sat with me. Coach after coach rolled on the streets, the lights streamed from all the windows of the palace. When we heard the crackling of the rising rockets, which saluted from the river the royal birth day, the children began to cry, thinking it somewhat hard that, they "should sit in the dark," and not see the fine things that all the world saw—To console them, I promised to tell them a story. They immediately wiped away their tears, opened their ears, and listened attentively to a sincere and moral account of "Hofnely Amusements."

## CHAPTER XIII.

## HOMELY AMUSEMENTS.

"It tastes of game though!" said the old woman, when she boiled the hedge-stake on which the crow had been sitting.

"Far, far away, in Klara Bergsgrend, lived I and my sister Johanna. We lived with an old aunt who had taken us home after our father's death. But she was sick and poor, and therefore could not see much after us. We were for the most part left to the charge of an old dame, who took care of us; but she was a little severe, and a little miserly, and very deaf; so that we had not very pleasant days with her. In the mean time we tried to amuse ourselves as well as we could. We had tamed a little mouse, so that when we laid a bit of sugar on the stone before the stove it would come out and eat, though we stood at the other end of the room; it is true that we scarcely dared to breathe, and were not a little flattered with its confidence. Pieces of sugar however in those days were scarce enough with us, and more than two little bits in the week were never spent, partly to satisfy our mouse's appetite, and partly our own. Sunday was a great holiday for us, because then we got Eau de Cologne on a corner of our pocket-handkerchiefs, butter to our potatoes at breakfast, and roast-meat to dinner!

"Another great enjoyment, which I did not choose exactly to mention to the children, but which I will not conceal from you my reader, was, that which we had, when our old aunt R., a thin widow, came in the afternoon to pay our aunt a visit. It was exceedingly amusing; first, because we always had tea with *scorpor*,\* and chiefest because she liked best to speak of her courtships, which put all manner of thoughts into our heads. I shall never forget the extreme curiosity and interest with which I heard her whisper to my aunt; 'Thou! the rich S — in the bank; thou! I might have had him if I would!' But she had never chosen to marry again.

"Among our amusements was also leave to play twice a week for two hours in the court. But as people are seldom content with what they have, so neither were we satisfied with our present pleasures, and when the summer came, and all the world had gone to the country, we took a great fancy to have a country-place for ourselves. Sometimes we had been permitted to accompany our old dame into the cellar, and there we marked out a spot on the floor on which the daylight fell through an air-hole opening into the yard. Here one fine day in the end of May, we planted a pea. During three weeks we went every day to visit the spot, as well as to poke a little in the earth, to ascertain if it did not intend to come up. Great was our joy, when on the twenty-fourth day after the plantation we perceived a little elevation in the earth, and under this peeped out our charming pea, quite green, and quite modest, with one expanded leaf. We danced round it, and sung with joy. Opposite to this plantation we now placed a little card-house, and at the door of this a little bench, on which sat ladies

and gentlemen cut out of paper—and nobody can have a more lively enjoyment from their country-seats than we had from ours.

"We lived in a little, very dark room. But from my bed, I could in the morning see a little bit of sky, and a chimney of our neighbor's house. Now when the smoke ascended from the chimney, and was stained red and yellow by the rising sun as it curled up in the blue heaven, I thought that the world up in the air must be very beautiful, and I longed to go there. I took a great desire to fly, and told it to Johanna. We made ourselves wings of paper, and when they would not bear us upward, we tried if at least they could not support us, when we threw ourselves from the linen-press and the stove upon which we had climbed. But independent of the many bruises we got, the great clatter we made on the floor when we fell from the press, brought out our old dame, who seriously scolded the clumsy angels. In the mean time we hit on another manner to lift ourselves up, and hover over the earth. We chose out suitable stakes, which we used as crutches, and with these we galloped up and down and across the court, fancying that we were almost flying. If we however had only been herewith content! —but the desire of knowing more of the world plunged us into misfortune. The house in which we lived lay in a court, divided by a high wooden railing from the street. A part of the court was a garden, well shut in, and belonging to a Notary. He was a severe gentleman, and we stood much in awe of him.

"The temptation to evil this time came in the shape of a little pig. We saw, namely, one day when we had our play-hour in the court, a blessed pig which was making himself merry in the garden in the most unconscionable manner. Spinach and tulips, strawberries and parsley, he threw all round about him as he dug and grubbed in the earth. Our wrath at this was great, nor less our surprise at how the pig had been able to get into the garden when the door was locked and the railing so close. We spied about for a long time, and at last discovered that just by the pigsty there was a hole in the railing which was almost hidden by a pile of rotten planks; but which the pig had discovered, and made his way through. We thought it of the highest importance to get the pig out of the garden, and found no better way of so doing, than by creeping in the same way as he had done—which it was not very difficult to do. And now with great energy we chased out our poor guide, and made all in as good order as we could where he had been rummaging. The hole in the railing we mended with a bit of wood, but could not resist the temptation of allowing it to perform the double service of a hindrance to the pig, and a door for us. Seeing that we certainly should neither spoil nor touch anything in the garden, we thought there could not be much harm in sometimes taking a little fresh air in this paradise. Every Sunday therefore we crept through the pig's entrance, and shut it well after us; all round the garden planks there was a thick hedge of lilac bushes, which prevented our being seen from the outside. It was very improper of us, however, to go into another person's garden without leave, and we soon learnt by experience that all evil,

\* Small rolls cut in two and browned in the oven: the universal tea and coffee bread.—M. H.

sooner or later, unavoidably brings its own punishment.

A little pleasure-house stood in the garden beside the plank railing, which divided it from the street. Some maples stood so near that Johanna and I formed the bold resolution of climbing up in these, that we might get on the roof of the summer-house, whence to see over the railing and into the street. No sooner thought than done. Proud, victorious, and happy, we saw ourselves after a quarter of an hour's labor on the roof which promised so much, and richly were we rewarded for our trouble. "We had a full view into the street: now and then we saw an old woman with her milk pail; sometimes a gentleman in a gig, and when we were very fortunate, a lady with a bonnet on and a parasol! Nor was this all: we had even a distant prospect of a bit of Queen's-street, and had the inexpressible delight of catching glimpses of a crowd of foot-passengers, riders, and carriages. The whole world seemed to move itself there. After having seen it once, we could not live without seeing it many times.

"One day—I remember it as if it were yesterday—one day we had taken possession of our lofty post, and peeped curiously out to see the world in Queen's-street. Just as we were peeping we discovered a fine courier on horse-back; then a pair of white horses drawing a fine carriage! It must be the queen! Perhaps the king himself! Beside ourselves with joy, we clapped our hands and began to huzza aloud. At the same moment we heard the Notary coughing in the garden. Our affright was beyond description. We wanted to hurry down from the roof to hide ourselves in the tree, but in our haste and alarm we mistook our hand and foot resting-places. Johanna rolled like a ball into the midst of the Notary's strawberry bed, and I remained hanging with my chin on a great nail projecting out of the railing, and screamed meanwhile as if I were mad. See here; the scar of the nail-head yet remains!"

Here my story was broken off by the entrance of supper, and the children, after they had seen me well down off the nail, were in haste to eat their beloved pancakes. During their meal they made all sorts of wise reflections on their own fate, compared it with that I had just talked of, and when the rockets hissed and exploded, they no longer dared to repine that they were unable even to contemplate their light.

I returned to Adelaide. After yet four days' amusement, she kept her word in what she had promised Count Alarik, remained at home, was happy in consequence, and yet more happy in his satisfaction. Three days thus passed peacefully away. The fourth evening came. Count Alarik then wished to read something for us out of his favorite author Shakspeare, and we were all glad of it, particularly Countess Augusta, who generally in all things had a remarkable similarity of taste with him.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### THE OAK AND THE VINE.

COUNT ALARIK was particularly happy that evening. Adelaide sat beside him; he read

Macbeth aloud, and enjoyed the impression it made on her young and easily excited mind; he seemed to feel her heart beat quick at the powerful scenes, and stopped involuntarily to see her shudder and grow pale at the terrible words with which Lady Macbeth spirits up her husband already trembling before the crime:

*Macbeth.* I dare do all that may become a man;  
Who dares do more is none.

*Lady Macbeth.* What beast was't then  
That made you break this enterprise to me?  
When you durst do it, then you were a man;  
And to be more than what you were, you would  
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,  
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:  
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now,  
Does unmake you. I have given suck; and know  
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me;  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have plucked my nipple from its boneless gums,  
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn, as you  
Have done to this.

—Just in the most interesting part of the play, a carriage stopped at our door, and the entrance even of the bloody Lady Macbeth herself, I think, at this moment would have frightened me less than that of the Baroness. She came now, and required that all the children, but particularly Adelaide, should accompany her to see Mr. Trade's apes; and she now described their tricks and frolics in such a lively and amusing manner, that Adelaide laughed heartily, and said, "We must see these ridiculous animals. The exhibition does not last very long, does it?"

"An hour at the most," said the Baroness, "and afterward I will bring you all home again."

"O, we must see them!" exclaimed Adelaide, without taking notice of Count Alarik's dark countenance. The President gave his consent. The children were transported with joy; even Edla was curious; they all went to dress; Countess Augusta shrugged her shoulders, and unwillingly followed her father, who begged her to come into his room to look through some papers regarding her affairs. The young ladies soon returned dressed for the exhibition. Adelaide went to her betrothed, and said, "Do not be angry. I will soon be back again!" She kissed him hurriedly, and flew off. I was left alone with the Count. He looked after Adelaide with an expression of mingled tenderness, displeasure, and anxiety. He crossed his arms, and leaning back on the sofa, exclaimed with bitterness, and, as it were to himself: "Giddy, giddy!"

"Youth, youth!" answered I, excusingly, to his reproach.

"Youth," resumed Count Alarik, "need not be giddy. One can be gay without ceaselessly seeking after amusement. Though young, one can even love nobler pleasures, and have enjoyment for other than childish sports and empty diversions. To give oneself blindly up to these is not to use one's youth, it is to waste it; it is to make oneself incapable of the noblest duties of life, of its highest enjoyments; incapable of growing old with calmness and dignity."

"Not always," answered I; "it is a real necessity for certain dispositions to let the warmth of their youthful temperament have its way. I know those who, from having been almost wild in the years of their youth, have afterward become as prudent and estimable as they were amiable."

"I also know people," answered the Count,

"who, from their wild youth, have gone over to destruction in their riper years, and sunk to the lowest degree of contempt before they had reached old age."

"I will tell you why," said I, joking.

"And why?"

"Because they had no Count Alarik for their lover and their husband." Without paying much attention to my civility, he continued, with rising emotion:

"And if she made him unhappy, instead of becoming better by him; if the charming but thoughtless woman did not find him sufficient for her lively and unsteady mind; if she took a dislike to a severe mentor, and flew from him to flattering toys, and left him alone with his wisdom and his virtue; or if she rendered him as weak as herself; if fear to lose her love made him become a partaker and an instigator of her follies; if she seduced him to gradually forget himself, his duties toward the community; if she degraded him till he was forced to despise himself, and then, as a deserved reward for his weakness, pitied and despised him!" Here Count Alarik rose hastily, and took some paces up and down the room. After a moment's silence he continued:

"I had a brother—an only brother; he loved a young and beautiful girl, another Adelaide—"

"Another Adelaide?" interrupted I, incredulously.

"Yes! she was as lovely and thoughtless as she is. In the three years of their marriage, through vanity and love of dissipation, she had reduced him to the wretch I have just described. Then she abandoned him, and he shot himself through the head."

"If she resembled Adelaide, it must have been his own fault that they did not become happy," said I with firmness; adding, "Adelaide is an angel of goodness; in the end she will allow herself to be led by him, she esteems and loves; but he should not in all things seek to repress the ebullitions of her lively temper. Let her sometimes leave you for lighter pleasures, and she will return to you with redoubled love. Be tender; be sometimes forbearing with her, and you will be able to lead her as you please."

"A being so beautiful, so flighty, so anxious to please, is difficult to lead, even with both tenderness and seriousness. Could Adelaide only think—"

"That she can!" said I; "she makes no speeches, she does not moralize, but does she not often during conversation throw out words so striking, so full of feeling and thought, words which give instant light to the question on which others have been groping."

"Yes, she has gleams of real genius, but this is precisely the most dangerous of her gifts; such flashes of genius in a woman like Adelaide more often serve to dazzle than to direct. If Adelaide could think of life; if she could see its importance—its deep and heavenly truths—nay, if she could only form a principle and act upon it; if I only saw the possibility of her doing so with time, I would be more tranquil. But this lies altogether out of Adelaide's character and disposition. She is not capable of an argument, she follows the inspirations of every moment; she has no stability in herself. She

is weak; she is more, she is feeble; her desire to satisfy all, and still more a certain levity in her, make her a shuttlecock for every one's pleasure, now good and now evil. Goodness is heavenly, but levity and weakness are not goodness."

I was offended. "It must be very pleasant," I said, "to paint a Medusa's head, and put it upon one's mistress's shoulders—a very service of love, which deserves thanks. My beautiful, sweet Adelaide! He who not long ago called you his life's flower, to-day sees in you but a weak and pitiful creature!"

Count Alarik smiled, as if conscious of both his own and my exaggeration, but said again, with a sorrowful seriousness,

"Have you not heard fair but rootless flowers spoken of, which lie on the surface of the waters, and drive a sport for every wave?"

"Count, you are positively unjust towards Adelaide!" I exclaimed, with energy. "You do not yet know her in reality. She can have her own purpose, and can when she pleases make it effectually observed. A proof of it, which I will produce, will probably seem insignificant to you; but for me it is otherwise. She can, for instance, make herself better obeyed by the servants in this house than the President himself, and is almost as much feared as she is loved by them."

"Is it so?" asked Count Alarik, with singular satisfaction.

"Yes; for weak as she is, she can scold, and is never more lovable than then; there is at the same time a seriousness and propriety in her words, which always strikes the mind of the person who has been to blame, if he be not altogether incorrigible. And what do you wish, Count, to make of Adelaide! Is she not the loveliest creature in nature? Is she not goodness itself, love itself, the life and joy of every place where she is! Does she not seem to be born in this world to sweeten and reconcile all? And her beauty and her talents seem only valued by her for the pleasure they give to others. Do you know, Count, that I have seen her in a poor, sick girl's humble room—this girl loved music even to passion—sing with the same pains and perfection, as in the winter at the most brilliant festivities where the royal family had been present. This kind of desire to please, is, I think, very pardonable." I had spoken with earnestness and warmth, for I found him so unjust towards Adelaide.

"Yes," said he, finally, softened, "she is good, and goodness is a beautiful quality—but—"

I interrupted him, and, pointing to a page of Wilhelm Meister *Lehrjahre*, which lay open on the table, read aloud the following sentence:

"Humanity is composed merely of individuals, the world of individual powers united. Every single disposition is of importance, and must be developed, not in one but in many. If one promotes the beautiful, another the useful, these two united make a rational being."

I now continued for myself: "Why should we require of the vine that it should stand firm and bid defiance to the storms like the oak? Let us give to the vine the oak for support, and she, winding herself round the firm stem, making but one with it, shall resist the storms, and

bring forth the fairest fruit. Oh, how many highly-gifted beings, how many Adelaides, would have been saved from the world's temptation, if they had early received a noble and firm support!"

"But if the support should fall! If after Adelaide had become my wife, I should die, or be forced to leave her for a length of time?"

"The vine has a support besides the oak," said I.

"And that is!"

"The sun, which can develope the life of the plant, even had it already sunk to the earth."

"Let us leave comparisons; they express only half a thought," said he; "what do you mean?"

"Adelaide is religious," returned I.

"Adelaide is only seventeen," said he.

"What mean you by that?" I inquired.

"That religious feelings belong to her years, and that the warm blood of youth swells the heart for that heaven which religious instruction has just disclosed to her. But let this swell lay itself—or let the enjoyments of the world and the senses put it to the test, and we shall soon see how heaven would be forgotten for earthly enjoyments, how empty and poor that life will be which has not grounded itself in the powerful element of extensive and well-ordered thought."

I was painfully excited. "Should we then," said I, "refuse to believe on virtue which is not grounded on deeply considered principles, on philosophic views of life and things! Oh, Count Alarik! then we must despair of two-thirds of the world, especially of the female sex! No! let me believe, and you yourself must have experienced it, that a good person has in his feelings, once directed and enlightened by the truths of our religion, an unfailing guide. The unlearned and pious woman can be conducted to holy heaven by her genius, as securely as the greatest philosopher by his."

"It is not learning, I require," said Count Alarik, "it is sound sense."

"It is not sound sense which Adelaide is in want of," said I; "it is a few more years, but they will come."

Count Alarik shook his head: "Giddy, giddy!" said he again. I had now become a little tired of this theme:

"Yes!" said I, sighing, "certainly Adelaide is very giddy!"

He looked at me. "But she is good," said he, "good as an angel; with tenderness and seriousness she can be taught to acquire what she is now in want of."

"Yes, she is certainly good," said I, "but you are right—certainly she is very weak—very feeble of purpose!"

"She is so young yet. Her soul can be strengthened."

"That is quite out of her nature. God knows she is made to serve as a shuttlecock at every one's pleasure. She is a rootless flower, driving at the mercy of every current."

"She shall take root in my breast!" said Count Alarik, with warm conviction. "I shall support her; I shall love her, and keep her firm!"

"Ay! of that she will soon weary. She is

not of a humor to like a moralizing mentor. She will soon leave you alone with your wisdom—"

"That cannot be," exclaimed he with warmth, and reddening, "you mistake—" but speedily recollecting himself and looking at me, who could now no longer restrain my tears, he took my hand kindly, pressed it, and continued:

"I see that you will be revenged, and you are right in loving her. Love her, love her much," he continued, with warmth and emotion, "it may be required. I am too severe. Frightened by my brother's fate, I have become doubtful and suspicious, perhaps too grave for such a being as Adelaide. She does not love what is serious—"

"Yes!" said I, "she shows it; she is very unwillingly with you, she even avoids you!"

He smiled, but became immediately grave again, and said: "Why did she go away just now, now when I wished to pass the evening with her, and share with her my favorite amusement—and leave it for the sake of some monkeys!—"

"That story," said I, casting a glance upon Macbeth, "is too serious for a girl of seventeen, and besides, the exhibition of apes is something quite new for Adelaide. Well! but have you not remarked how much more attention Adelaide has given to matters of a higher interest of late, especially when you speak of them?"

"I have not remarked it," said Count Alarik, evidently pleased, nevertheless, at my greater perspicacity.

"I love her deeply," continued he, with strong emotion, "yes, even to idolatry, in spite of all her faults. But it is this very feeling which frightens me. The fear of not being enough for Adelaide, nay, of perhaps not being the right husband for her; the fear that she should gain too great an influence over me and misuse it, makes me often think—that it were best—" he hesitated, and added almost inaudibly, "that I should part from her before it is too late."

"Part from Adelaide!" cried I; "O how far from tender a man's love can be! how egotistical are these philosophers!"

"I could die for her," said Count Alarik, "but not live to see her miserable through me, or me despised through her."

We now heard some one singing at the distance of two rooms. It was Adelaide's clear, young voice. She came in dancing, bright as a May sun, but started at the sight of Count Alarik, who with his arms crossed upon the table, sat immovable, and fixed on her a severe and sharp glance.

She nevertheless approached him, laid her hand upon his shoulder, and looked in his eyes with an enchanting expression of tenderness and disquiet. He opened his arms to her; she wound her white arms round his neck, and laid with a childish grace her cheek against his.

"The oak and the vine!" thought I, gladly. I felt myself superfluous, and made myself—what it is always beautiful to be able to do in such circumstances—invisible.

## CHAPTER XV.

## ON THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

Vart hushall är var republik  
 Var Politik är toiletten.  
 Blif vid din bageåm, dina band.  
 Stick af ditt minister efter rutan,  
 Och tro mitt barn, att folk och land  
 Med Guds hjälp styras oss strutan.—FRU LUNNBERG.

It often strikes me, with respect to those wonderful scales with which the shell-fish defends himself, and keeps himself undisturbed by the light or the influence of the elements, that without them an end might possibly be put to the causeless fears for his life, and an entrance opened to a richer and more extensive existence.—*Extract of a Letter from B—n.*

AT Edla's request, I had prevailed with the President to agree to her remaining at home when we went to balls and into company. But he became speedily displeased with this, and I was obliged to listen to many and long discourses regarding the late Frederica and her principles; that young girls should never distinguish themselves by anything uncommon; that society had its claims upon people; people their duties toward society; that women should be early accustomed to submit themselves to a certain restraint, for on their power willingly to accommodate themselves to the wishes of others depended their happiness in life. The best way, said the President, of making people unsocial and misanthropic, is to let them shut themselves up, and so on. I had long thought that the late Presidentska was really wearisome with all her wisdom, and I became quite sick as soon as I saw that the President was going to bring her forward; and as I could not in person set myself up against her worshipful shadow, I sought out myself some authority which I set up against her before the President. I found one also; for, by the best luck in the world, I had a brother-in-law of the name of Stapplander, the Burgomaster in Westervik, who had been a college friend of the President, and who was much esteemed by him for his good head and acquirements. Now, when the President came forward with the late Frederica, I took up the late Stapplander; and not a little surprised was the President—and not a little astonished would the good man himself have been, could he have come again and listened—at the thoughts and speeches on the education of young women which he received in a present from me. In the mean time, this method had very good effect. Nevertheless, the President often said, when Edla had not accompanied us to some supper—

"I do not know what the meaning of this can be. Neither does she draw or play more; she is hardly to be seen except at meal hours. What does she mean to do?"

I avoided for some time a direct answer to this question, for I feared that the President was yet unprepared to reason on her occupations. One fine day he went himself into her room, and surprised her in the midst of her papers and books. Quite pale and serious he came down to me, seated himself just opposite to me, and began with solemn gravity—

"I had thought that that person whom I had taken into my house to attend to my daughter's education—that person to whom I had intrusted the important duty of supplying the place of my late wife to her children—I had thought that she would make to herself a law of conscien-

tiously following those principles which I have made it a duty not to leave her in ignorance of."

"Heaven knows!" thought I.

"I had thought," continued the President, "that my entire confidence would have been responded to. I had not expected to have had the sorrow of seeing my daughters encouraged to set themselves up contrary to my express will, my taste, and my pleasure; that instead of housewifery and amiable women, to have the sorrow of seeing in my house most learned, pedantic, and ink-fingered—"

I was on the point of laughing; but, instead, became unexpectedly moved, and answered with tears in my eyes—

"What I am certain of is, that the President desires his daughters' happiness."

"And therefore," answered he, "that they should remain in their own sphere—that they should follow their destination."

"And what is a woman's destination?"

"To become a wife and a mother."

"Should then all those who do not marry—whom Nature has treated as step-children—all who, for the sake of noble duties, or by inclination, or for any reason whatever, grow old unmarried—should even I, as unmarried, with all these, have mistaken my destination—should our life be aimless?"

The President was silent a moment; but said afterward, smiling, and with a slight inclination of the head, that I was yet young, and would probably yet alter my situation in life.

"Probably not," answered I, "for I am poor, and not handsome."

The President was so good as to make an acquiescing sign to this last, but I continued:

"And even if I should yet marry, my question would yet remain the same regarding the millions of women who do not marry. Have they mistaken their destination? are they useless in the world?"

As the President did not answer, I continued:

"If we are to grant to woman a separate sphere of activity in life, different from that of man, may we not generally assign to it the softening, living, and arranging power, which our Maker seems principally to have made innate in woman? A woman's activity as a wife and a mother is only one means, perhaps the noblest, in which this activity can be employed. But innumerable chasms are yet found in life for this power to fill. Many such we already see filled by womanly activity, and made blessed—many such yet remain. Woman is not yet all for the community that she could become—and she is not yet so free and happy as she might be."

"There now have we the old song of the rights of women again," said the President.

"But if even I should grant that Mamselle Rönquist is not altogether wrong; if I grant that a woman can even without marriage make herself useful and happy, I cannot notwithstanding see how, except by an activity suited to her powers. That then she will always be in domestic life, as a friend, as an instructress, as a guardian of the domestic affairs, and so on. But tell me, my best Mamselle, how shall Plato, how shall the study of philosophy and dialectics help a woman to become more useful and more happy in the world? What in heaven's name is a young girl to do with Plato?"

"To learn from him to think clearly, and consequently to learn from him to look into herself and the world that surrounds her."

"And whither shall this abstract thinking conduct her? To become useless for our everyday life's duties and comfort; to become pedantic, disputatious, and insupportable. What joy shall this study bring with it for herself, or for others?"

"The greatest, the most enduring that a human being can enjoy—to clearly understand herself and the world, to find her place in it, and that activity which is adapted to her disposition. The consequence will be the enjoyment of herself and her life, as well as the ability to make her powers available to others. Happiness itself is nothing else than an activity suited to our wants."

"What shall Edla do with Plato?" asked the President impatiently.

"Through his help develop her eminent gifts of understanding," answered I, "and find in her thoughts a full compensation for what fortune has denied her of the tenderer enjoyments of feelings and sympathy. Edla is plain, uncommonly plain, and of a silent and reserved nature; she will not easily become loved. Fate denied her the soft dove-like enjoyments of earth—well, then! like the bird of paradise she shall raise herself above it."

The President looked out of the window. I saw that he was touched. After a pause he said:

"Are there not other, and more usual methods of compensation to be found, than philosophic studies? Are not accomplishments, womanly industry, society, and, above all, the enjoyments which religion and active beneficence give; are not these more efficient means?"

"For many people, yes! not for Edla. Were she lovely and charming, I would nevertheless counsel her to that path which her determined disposition shows to be the right one for her. Edla has a strong and penetrating, a truly manly mind!"

"Yes, yes!" said the President sighing, "that she has from her father!"

(The President did not dislike this so much.)

"Edla," I continued, "has no turn for accomplishments, and no taste for them. She makes no progress either in music or drawing. Besides, for accomplishments really to suffice for a person's life, it is requisite that from being an amateur he should rise to be an artist. For woman's work Edla has neither ambition nor inclination——"

"And because she has no inclination to do anything," interrupted the President, "she should perhaps be left at peace to be idle! Mamselle Rönquist, I cannot agree with these ideas. Quite differently thought the late Frederica. She considered that education should, with or against the child's will, develop all the powers which lie in the mind, as by complete practice in gymnastics we develop the powers of the limbs. The child from want of reason may strive against these, but in riper years will find that through these alone he is become a fully developed human creature."

"The child, but not the young person, should be forced. The late Stapplander said, that the dispositions lie slumbering in a child, and must

by a general exercise be awakened, in order that the man himself may become conscious of them. But one soon perceives one disposition stand out beyond the others, and the further the person advances in development the more he ought to cultivate this particular disposition, provided it is a good one, even though setting aside—seldom entirely neglecting—the rest of his talents or capabilities. The late Stapplander said, that without this a man all his life long ran the danger of being an invalid, a formless being, who had never learned to understand himself. Edla will not abandon herself to idleness; on the contrary, she will labor more than ever, but in a fixed direction; she will not fritter away her strength in a multifarious activity, but she will collect it for a given object."

"Stapplander," said the President, thoughtfully; "Stapplander then thought that every human being had his own fixed and inborn disposition!"

"Yes; but he thought that this disposition displayed itself in man often late, often not at all clearly during the whole of life. The causes might be various, but they most frequently lay in the rather narrowing and repressing, instead of enfranchising, power of education. This applied especially to the education of women. Meanwhile this uncertainty has not happened with Edla; her natural disposition is as determined by an interior necessity as her life in some respects seems to be by an exterior one. Edla will first experience the influence and the enjoyment of religion when she reflects on and can clearly understand that which others need only to comprehend by their feelings. And society! how could Edla have pleasure in society, when her appearance, but still more her temper, repulses every one from her! One cannot more give oneself an easy and comfortable turn for society than one can give oneself beauty. But let Edla develop her high gifts of mind, let her become more at home with the world and its arrangements, and then she will receive pleasure from society, though it may be not in the ordinary manner. She will there find a number of subjects for reflection, she will find many men who feel themselves happy in carrying on an erudite conversation, and she will then from a noble position extract that enjoyment from social intercourse which is one of the greatest pleasures of life. I am certain that even the President will then have great joy in his daughter."

"Even granted," said the President, "that in town she can have some enjoyment of her learning, what is she to do with it in the country, on a solitary and distant estate, where I propose to settle myself hereafter?"

"Precisely in the country will Edla have the greatest enjoyment of her acquirements; she has a great taste for natural history, and it seems to be before all others a suitable study for a woman. The late Stapplander said thus: 'With that fine tact which is peculiar to woman, with her instinct, clear even to divination, what incalculable good might she not do through a more extended knowledge of the organization of nature, and in the application of its productions?' And beside the enjoyment of being admitted into nature's mysteries, she might even by these means acquire that which an active

beneficence confers. The woman learned in the science of nature might easily become her countrymen's good genius."

"Yes! and their doctor, quack, etc., etc.; the ruin of the one, the laughing-stock of the others. Ah! my best Mamselle Ronnquist, one may say what one pleases for learning, yet—what is the end of these our learned ladies? Do they not figure wherever they come as abortive productions, as insupportable as they are ridiculous?"

"In books, yes! as in Molière's *Femmes Savantes*, and others; but do we now in our days find them so, except in books, because they have not really possessed what exactly ought to be given to them, namely, fundamental and solid acquirements—because their natural disposition had struggled in the dark, and against difficulties which they had not the power to conquer alone and unassisted. People have taken the unsuccessful for the impossible, seen in the mistake a fault of the direction itself, and forsaken the way on which they themselves cast stones; and more than once women have been, like the boid Titans, driven from the higher regions they sought to conquer; more than once they have been banished—sometimes with scorn, sometimes with polite admonitions—down to the kitchen and the spinning-wheel; these periods of weakness, however, in the strong are long since past. How much good a woman can work for the community, when with well-grounded learning, and the perspicuity of genius in her thinking, she appears in public life, is shown in our days, among many others, by England's Miss Martineau. But even without advancing into public life, woman seems for our time more than ever to be called to widen her horizon, and to fortify her powers of thinking. How many mothers are called upon to guide their son's education; how many high-minded men seek in their wives a friend who can understand their striving, and through an affectionate sympathy can enliven their activity, and are enabled to participate in that which they feel for the higher interests of man?"

The President said, with a little satirical look, "And must one necessarily read Plato to understand this? Is there no way to the light but through Plato?"

"When the question," I answered, "is to put a young person in condition to regulate himself, his own exterior and interior world; to obtain a view of their whole and their parts, as well as an insight into their life and connection, I certainly know no better teacher than the one you have just mentioned; that is to say, for a grown-up person, who can understand him. He is, moreover, a teacher who leads one to think for oneself."

"Let her not in the meantime, my good Mamselle, mention that she reads him; or she may otherwise make herself certain of a rich harvest of ridicule from most people."

"And what does that signify, Herr President? Let people smile; but let her learn, and sooner or later be made happy by the approbation of the wise and thoughtful. But knowledge is not useful alone because it helps to acquire esteem, not even for its active utility in society. It makes its possessor happy in himself; it turns his narrow room into a rich world; and by his

solitary lamp he can bring the riches of God's creation, which prevail in the life of nature and of spirits, before his admiring glances. And that world which he understands, in which he lives by thought, will become dear to him; and he shall, even though perhaps poor in gold and human love, yet have enough, and more than enough. The world is full of examples, which show that life is never so rich, so dear to any, as to the thinker. To live innocent and happy on earth, Herr President, is already so beautiful—"

"Only do not turn Edla into a pedantic and pretending woman," said the President; "such I cannot endure."

"Her pure womanly mind, her shyness, and, above all, her seriousness and piety, will keep her from this. The best means of killing these enemies of all comfort in the half-educated woman, would be to conduct her to a more grounded knowledge; even in this case, one might commonly take the cure whence one had taken the malady."

"And if Edla had a turn and taste for feats of war, perhaps Mamselle would wish to make a general of her? Or if she had a decided love for anatomy, a professor of anatomy? Mamselle probably belongs to the Saint Simonists; and Mamselle desires, like them, to give to woman, in every part of the community of citizens, the same privileges and the same employments as to the man?"

(The President always Mamselled me very much when he was displeased with me.)

"No, certainly not," answered I; "for thence would arise disorder and no harmony. Such inclinations as those the President has just named, are, I think, to be considered as real misdirections in a woman's mind, and might, perhaps, be easily enough corrected. They besides occur so seldom that it would be a pity to annihilate what would be for the well-being of all, on account of the unused tastes of some; and the well-being of all depends on each fulfilling the part in life assigned to them by nature and by God."

"And nevertheless," said the President, "you ladies complain, from the beginning of the world to the present day, that your rights are limited by the despotism of man. And as you yourself want to make a philosopher of Edla, why not as well a general or a professor of anatomy, if such was her desire? I see not, by heaven, why not!"

"There is a very decided and great difference between an activity—such as, for instance, the development of life in the world of thought; which does not in the slightest degree snatch a woman from the place her Maker has assigned her; which only makes her existence and her world clear to herself, and renders her interesting to others—there is a great difference between such an activity and the employment whose practice would take her from what properly belongs to womanhood—her true beauty, and, if I may so say, the nobler use of her life. What regards the complaining of my sex: the President will allow me to say, that nothing has ever been said, and repeated again and again for thousands of years, without possessing a sure foundation. Woman has really yet right to demand from mankind, and

from general opinion an enlargement of her sphere of usefulness, and elements for her manifold powers. But she shall not encroach on the duties of man—that would be the mutual misfortune of both sexes.”

“Yes, yes!” said the President, “but it is just such a misfortune which women’s pretensions in our days seem to threaten us with.”

“Enlighten them,” I said, “and the danger will pass. Give them what appertains to them, and they will no longer complain. It is in these days, when marriage is gradually becoming more rare, that it seems to be more and more necessary to give women of all classes an occupation independent of marriage—and to give her the means of maintaining herself in satisfaction and joy.”

“And why is marriage so rare, Mamselle Rönquist? Precisely on account of the exaggerated pretensions of women. A man’s powers are early taken up in his duties as a citizen; he has his bread to earn, and must abandon agreeable acquirements for serious, and often wearisome employments; and when, through his industry and pains, he has succeeded in getting a firm footing in life, and wishes to share it with a wife, he only finds fine and elegant ladies, who, having had nothing else to do but to make themselves erudite and clever, then find the worthy man as much too coarse as he finds them too fine. Our women, Mamselle Rönquist, should have more sense. They should form their education in reference to the husband with whom they have a chance of being united—they should have the sense to conform themselves a little to him, and we should then have more and happier marriages.”

“Over-training is not true training,” answered I; “the girl endowed with talents and powers of pleasing, who considers a worthy and well-educated fellow-citizen, as coarse (provided he is really not so), is an overtrained being. Should not her charms exactly serve her to brighten the circle in which he lives? He gives her protection and a sphere of action, it is hers to give him comfort and happiness. But one person need not stop growing that another may grow up to him. Right growth and strength, besides, do not lie in development of a *fine* education. Perhaps we may ascribe the rarity of marriage to other causes than any such disproportion; perhaps there may be already in some parts of the world more people than the world can fully sustain; perhaps wisdom, both in man and woman, may forbid the entering into an engagement which might increase the already disproportioned population; perhaps—ay, there would be much to say on this score, but O how many unhappy marriages, how many more happy beings, would be found on earth, were a larger and freer utility allowed to woman—if the different tastes which lie in the sex were seriously cultivated and wisely directed. Society and domestic life would gain by it; so many good and noble powers would not, as now, sink into a death-like slumber for want of nourishment, or degenerate to destroyers of peace; we should not see so many nullities in this world, and who suffer in the consciousness of being so. In truth, there are moments when the woman of Luther’s religion can envy the Catholic her cloisters, dark and

misunderstood as those places of refuge mostly are.”

“Bah! bah! Sophisms! sophisms! my best Mamselle!” said the President, as he rose and stretched himself up. “Well! do with Edla as you please,” continued he, “and as best pleases her. But what I expressly require is, that no learned ladies may be made of the little ones; promise me that, give me your hand on it, Mamselle Rönquist!”

I could promise it without fear, for the little ones were monstrously hard to teach, however much quicksilver for other things they might have in their composition.

The President went, but stopped at the door, and said, as he looked up at the ceiling:

“If Edla requires any books, or lessons of any kind, let me know, Mamselle Rönquist.”

I promised it thankfully, and, joyful at Edla’s emancipation, hastened to inform her of it. On my way, I said to myself, as I often do: “How much goodness is to be found in the world; how many good beings there are!”

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE GENIUS OF LOVE.

The different spheres of life are not mechanically arranged in subordinate order, but rather are integral parts of each other. And when a man feels himself at home in a woman’s heart, and she in his, it is the re-echo of his anticipated heaven, to which he listens, and the presentiment of a higher power which attaches her to him—they are suaves to each other.—B—w.

In the mean time the spring came. With a glance of God’s love the sun smiled over the earth; she felt it and awoke from her sleep, and breathed forth her morning prayer in the silent but expressive language of the perfumed flowers.

I would desire to know what passes in thy bosom, O earth! why thy birds begin to sing, thy waves to dance; when thou clothest thyself in a dress so fair, that even during the shades of night the stars of heaven and the eyes of man behold thee with love; when millions of small, winged beings arise from thy beds of flowers and fill the air with the harmonious murmur of their light life; when starts of joy run through all thy veins; when the whole of inspired nature is a look of love, and a hymn of joy; I would desire to know if thou feelest the joy which proceeds from thee, the unspeakable gladness which thou breathest. What I know is, that thou givest new life to the heart of man, a more vivid course to his blood; that thou freest his spirit from the oppressing gray-winter of life; that, leaning on nature’s bosom, he can feel a joy independent of all others, a pure life-enjoyment—love to life. Oh, that I could conduct each invalid in body or mind, out in the spring morning, lay him on the young flowers, let him contemplate the dark, blue heaven, and all that quiet and living glory which the earth produces; let him feel the warmth of the sunbeams, the balsamic coolness of the breeze, all that sincere goodness in the air and in nature which speaks to the heart with the accent of a friend, with a glance of God. Certainly here for a moment the unfortunate would forget the ungrateful one who

has wounded him; forget the pains which gnaw at his heart-strings; remorse would here repose and believe on pardon, the often-deceived would hope again; certainly the son of suffering, yet before his death would enjoy some hours of care-free happiness. At his evening he might look back to that spring morning, and say: "Even I have been happy on earth!"

It is spring in the north, and all the town-dwellers are bidden as guests to the rural festivity. Veronica and Stellaria embroider the splendid cloth which covers the festive table, the mid-day torch is lighted, the bird with its melodious sighs—"the wandering voice,"—and the lark with its joyous song calls out to the rich woods, to the sunny field; they sing: "Come, come! Glorious is life in the country!" And the town-gates open, and an innumerable multitude stream out from the confined to the free. Here we see the family calèche with papa and mamma, and little sons and daughters placed among the bundles and packets; there the more modest gig, with the father and mother, and the little one who sits squeezed between them; here the stately landau with the "Marshal of the Court," the Countess, and the parrot—where are they all going? To the country—to the country! to estates, and country-houses, orangeries, conservatories, dairies, distilleries, etc., etc., etc. Who can count all the bobbing chaises which carry hungry men ready for dinner out to the inns in the fields! What healths there to the memory of Bellman!\*

Let us see the foot passengers who wander out of the gates of Stockholm to enjoy life in the beautiful scenery around. Here we have a respectable family of artisans, who go to spread their cloth on the green plots of the Djurgården;† here a couple of lovers who go to pick forget-me-not, and to write their names on the leg of a statue in the park near Drottningholm.‡

See that elegant family party! ladies with parasols, and gentlemen in frock coats, standing with bunches of lilac in their hands round the great urn Rosendal,§ peeping and wondering if the royal family will appear! If you wish to see more finished or more witty sketches, seek for them in Count Hjalmar Morner; but yet a few more hasty contours of the friendly scenes of spring. Young girls dance with light feet out in the fields, forget all the vanity and show with which their town life had infected them, and flowers among flowers, they become simple, beautiful, and faultless as they; they form friendships, they bind wreathes, they praise God, and are happy. Young men swarm out among the woods, the winds, and the waters—the strength, which is streaming through nature, enhances the life in their bosoms; they think the whole world is theirs, every rosy tint of morning, every golden evening cloud, writes for them a promise of victories and glory. And the aged—they go out, supported by the arm of

a son, oftener by that of an affectionate daughter, oftener yet perhaps by a crutch; they go out to warm themselves in the sun, to sit on a bench, and hear the song of the birds, and breathe in the fresh air, to rejoice themselves in the sun; the more fortunate among them to rejoice themselves in their grandchildren's joy. And the children, the children! O ye little, soft, beautiful innocent beings, favorites of God and men, the spring seems shaped for you, and ye for the spring; when I see you among the flowers, with bright butterflies dancing around you, I wonder what the higher world can yet have Jovelier.

The President's family also obeyed the call of spring. We left the town, and in the end of May found ourselves in the President's beautiful country-seat some miles from Stockholm. This was no show-house, but an inexpressibly comfortable home. The family's favorite place of reunion was a beautiful little gallery containing some pictures and marble statues. Adelaide furnished it every day with fresh flowers. Adelaide always lived fully in the present moment, and here in the country, divided from the pleasures and dissipations of the world, she was doubly as charming as in town. She here became Count Alarik's attentive pupil; and that nature, whose mysteries he revealed to her, and whose life of love she taught him to know, became doubly beautiful, and doubly dear to them both. Here Pygmalion initiated his Galatea to a higher love; here her young heart beat with unspeakable and bright presentiments. Eve awoke to consciousness on Adam's breast; he saw his image brightened in her eye, and Eden surrounded them both, and flowers, and birds, and whispering winds seemed to bear witness with them: "O how blest to love!"

Here in the morning I took long wanderings with the little ones, and taught them to begin a nearer acquaintance with the productions of that nature in whose lap they as women would one day find so much consolation and so much pure happiness. It was a joy to see the little beautiful and lively children running round and gathering the flowers, which I, with the Swedish Flora in my hand, examined, named, and in whose qualities I instructed the little botanists.

Here I also had the opportunity of making better acquaintance with Count Alarik's character and mind. I studied them with an attention which my tenderness for Adelaide excited, and I was not always pleased; and many times I felt an unquiet foreboding regarding her future. Count Alarik was a noble and powerful man, but hasty in temper, and inclined to a despotic will; he was sometimes suspicious, and then often unreasonable. He yet loved Adelaide even too strongly and passionately; for, philosopher as he was, he worshipped her beauty, and was often a slave under its influence. He wanted besides to have her by far too exclusively to himself; there were moments when father, sisters, and friends, were grudged her company and her friendly glances, nay, in which the sun even was not allowed to look at her. Count Alarik desired that when we were out she should wear thick white veils; he desired to have her near him like a secret known to him only; I believe he had the very desire to have her heart and person under lock and key. This

\* A favorite comic poet, and writer of comic songs, died in 1796.—M. H.

† Pronounced *Duregorden*. A public park near Stockholm.—M. H.

‡ A palace in the lake *Mälaren*, near Stockholm. The summer residence of the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden.

§ A summer residence of the Royal Family in the Djurgården.—M. H.

domination over Adelaide seemed to increase, and with every day his eye seemed more watchfully to rest upon her; every day his eyebrows were more violently contracted, when even at a distance he caught a glimpse of the young Otto, and every day his temper became more unequal. Adelaide was the only one of us who did not remark it. She was at the same time of too affectionate and too volatile a nature, and besides not yet in the least subdued by the Count's despotic disposition. With indescribable humility she would sometimes bow to his will and caprice; and it seemed to be her delight to permit herself to be governed; at other times she was the despot, and with an alternately sportive, alternately defying charm she resisted his will, and forced him with a sort of bewitching power to obey hers. But if Count Alarik had his evil moments, it must be confessed that in his good ones he gave a rich compensation. None could then be more engaging than he, none exercise a more beneficial influence on the minds of all.

It was during one of his good moments that we one lovely evening in the beginning of June took a walk in the beautiful neighborhood. Adelaide was leaning on Alarik's arm. He was mild and gay; his voice when he spoke was inexpressibly soft, he looked at Adelaide with speechless love, and enjoyed the glorious nature around us. We went into a little dell surrounded by streams; the air was warm, and it was with true enjoyment that we saw the cool, dark green waters, and heard their murmur. Adelaide here took off her bonnet, and let for a minute the rising silver spray of the waves moisten her beautiful face and her hair.

"See! how crowned with pearls you become!" said Edla, who now contemplated her fair sister with unenvious delight. "I saw thee with pearls in thy hair, in a dream last night."

"Pearls," said Adelaide, "signify tears!" and immediately, as if called forth by a sorrowful presentiment, real tears rolled over her cheeks. Count Alarik became uneasy, we all came around her; at the same moment she gave us one of her brightest smiles, wiped away her tears, and we continued our wandering; but we were all oppressed, we did not know why. At the end of the valley we came to some ruins of a house which had been burned down. On Count Alarik's questioning respecting them, Adelaide answered, that some years back a peasant's house had stood there. The fire broke out in the night. The husband was absent; and it was with difficulty that the wife succeeded in saving her three children and herself from the flames. Some neighbors, who had collected, looked speechlessly and helplessly upon the scene of destruction. As soon as the young wife had come to her senses, she looked around and uttered a cry of alarm: her husband's old mother, who was lame and out of her senses, remained still in a room of the burning house. With the anguish of despair she besought the spectators to rescue the unfortunate woman from so horrible a death, but none would venture into the house whose roof now threatened to fall in. When she saw that her prayers to the men who stood around were fruitless, she laid her youngest child which she

held in her arms on the ground, cast an imploring glance up to heaven as if of intercession for the little one, and rushed resolutely into the house. A minute after the roof fell in; one piercing human cry made its way through the rush and crush of the ruined dwelling; but only one cry—and all was silent. The neighbors looked with wild eyes on the high whirling flames; the children called and cried—but no mother returned through the flames to them—her bones were found the next day among the ashes.

This relation, which Adelaide gave at once so simply, and with such lively and true feeling, made a sorrowful but beneficial impression upon us all. It is so strengthening, so good, to grant a pure admiration to a pure and powerful action. Count Alarik broke the silence by asking the woman's name, but Adelaide did not know it, could not even remember to have heard her name. A cloud, at this, passed over Edla's brow.

"This woman," said she, "achieved a really noble action—and she is forgotten, and her name is not known; and a man, who during the whole course of his life has not done one pure and self-denying action, but who has received the accidental gift of genius, wins the applause of his cotemporaries, and his name and works live from generation to generation—and justly so—for to him fortune has given to cast out seed, which bears fruit to immortality—but it is his *fortune*—and it is crowned with laurels, while her *merit* and her heart are alike covered with ashes. What a great difference, what a wonderful injustice in the life of these two people, and the influence of their actions upon earth!"

"Not so great as perhaps at the first glance appears," said Count Alarik; "and without actions of such a kind and spirit as that of which we have just spoken, genius would have had little to say upon earth!"

"How do you mean?" asked Adelaide, attentively.

"That the genius of love heralds the genius of art in life. There are people who act nobly, and others who sing and immortalize these actions. Without that deep and powerful love which makes relations and friends suffer with joy and die for each other; without actions which show that 'love is stronger than death,' the pencil and the chisel had never produced their masterpieces, no interceding eye had gleamed through song, and music had been without language. It is the inspired glance of love which lays the word on the fire-tongue of art—it can never utter anything that is beautiful which has not been dictated by the other!"

"But glory, but renown!" exclaimed Edla. "The individuals who gave a subject to song, die and are forgotten, if no circumstance, such as birth or riches, casts up their name out of night. The actions of the lesser die with them, or only live through the bard—but the bard himself lives for ever upon earth—his name is immortal there."

"Blessed are they who have done good, and are forgotten—who work what is immortal, and die unsung!" said Count Alarik, with an indescribable expression on his noble countenance; "no self-interest, no vanity has spotted

their hearts—they have done virtuously for virtue's sake—they may hope—"

Edla colored painfully; it gave me pain, and as I thought she was not quite wrong in the feeling she had just expressed, I sought to defend it against Count Alarik.

"A fair and glorious renown must however be good," said I; "and it should not be indifferent to a person to be esteemed by his fellow-creatures. To have a noble pride in it seems to me to be not only human, but even right. Besides, a good renown is not merely a bright wreath; it is also a real power in the hand of its owner, with which he can work exceeding much good."

"As such, or as a means to effect what one desires, I also consider it for a real good," answered the Count; "*au reste*—" He stopped, and a sort of Byronic smile played over his fine lips; afterward he continued with mild seriousness:

"The consequences of the actions of men lie for the most part, as regards their extent, far beyond their calculation. An insignificant seed can grow to a large tree; a flaming fire be extinguished in ashes. If the victories of the hero have wrought more for the good of humanity than an unknown being's quiet life of love, the All-seeing eye above us alone can know. Each one does good in his own way and in his own vocation, and his work will remain even though it seem to pass away, and will bear fruit in its own time. Glorious renown, best Edla," continued he, as he turned to her with a full and cordial glance, "ought not to be mixed with immortality upon earth. A name is repeated through generations by millions of people—that is fame. The good which you have planned and accomplished, the spirit which proceeding from you works and promulgates itself through a continuation of ages—that is true immortality upon earth."

## CHAPTER XVII.

### EDLA.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace.

ISAIAH.

TOWARD the end of the month of June Count Alarik left us to return to his estate, that he might there prepare all for the reception of his young Countess. The separation of the lovers was not to last longer than a couple of months, but one might have thought by their parting that it was to have been for several years. Adelaide tried in vain to smile; the tears poured over her young beautiful face; Count Alarik could not tear himself from her until Adelaide herself alarmed at his violence, gently pushed him from her, when, having once more kissed her lovely hands and pressed them to his breast, he tore himself resolutely away, and darted from the room. In the beginning I could not refrain from weeping with Adelaide, but afterward sought to dissipate her sorrow, with the preparations for her bridal, and in talking of all that we had to cut out and to sew for her outfit. Her clever and industrious hand was soon in full occupation. The thought of appearing

before Alarik adorned and attractive gave wings to her needle, and as she worked she sang one joyous song after another.

The President contemplated her industry with cordial pleasure, and heard her happy voice.

"Adelaide," he often said, "will be a real good wife and housewife; but Edla—poor Edla!" and he shrugged his shoulders with a hard grimace. Poor Edla in the mean time passed her hours undisturbed between her books and solitary walks in the neighborhood, and had unrestrained permission to occupy herself according to her own taste.

Have you seen on a clouded day how the heaven is cleared by the friendly winds—how through the dark clouds the blue eyes of the firmament gleam forth brighter and freer! then have you seen an image of what passed in Edla's soul. A new life was dawning within her; again and again broke through the night of a long suffering, a gleam of bright hope; day after day she became more friendly and gay; nay, there were moments when her countenance, otherwise so plain, received a real charm from the expression of tranquillity and clearness which reposed on it. She often mixed in conversation, but one no longer heard any bitter remark, any word which betrayed pretensions to learning; never any school phrases or technical terms; but on the contrary, many words which gave pleasure by their clearness of thought and precision of expression—many which gave rise to conversations of higher interest. She caused me the purest joy, and I remarked with sincere pleasure that the President, often when he pretended to be reading some newspaper, listened attentively to what she was saying, although he took good care that no one should remark it.

The President, since he had left Edla liberty to pursue her own course, had showed himself even colder toward her than before. In her, on the contrary, might be remarked, that her father's yieldingness had inclined her heart toward him. She was attentive to his least desires; the dishes he liked came often on the table during her housekeeping month; and were remarkably well dressed; his tea was strong and warm; the President found his home yet more comfortable than before; in the beginning he did not himself well know how, nay, he began to put everything to my account, and now and then fancied that he found a certain resemblance between me and the late Fredrica—one time in my voice, another in my taste in dress, sometimes in my profile seen from the left side. Had I been so earnest in making Edla's merits to be felt, and thereby diminished the sum of my own, then—who knows to what a height my resemblance to the President's might have arisen! who knows, indeed! Hum! hum!

The President was at this time in great trouble about a journey he was forced to make to his mines on the borders of Lapland, and from which he could not return until Adelaide's marriage. The summer was rainy and cold, and the President had strong symptoms of rheumatism; and between you and me, my reader, the President was something helpless in attending to himself when he was well, and

very apt to complain when he was sick. He required more than any one else to be surrounded with care and comforts.

One evening we were collected round the fire, for the weather was so cold that we were obliged to heat almost all the rooms. I sat quite near the stove, warming my frozen feet; Edla was making the tea a little farther off in the room; and from the drawingroom we heard Adelaide, who was teaching her little sisters to sing the "Little Collier Boy."\* The President sat in an arm-chair right before the fire, and lamented over his journey, which was to be commenced on the following day.

"Were not Adelaide engaged," said he, "and had such a deal to do with her bridal paraphernalia, I would have taken her with me; then, at all events, I know that I should have been well attended to. But now, this is not to be thought of. The household requires also to be looked after up there—who is to do this? If the late Frederica lived—"

I sat just turned toward the President with that side of my profile which was like the late Presidentska, and I wondered if now, in the moment of embarrassment, this likeness would not appear more striking. But the President was silent, looked straight into the fire, and bit his seal ring.

"If I might—if I could—" Edla now said, with a voice so weak and so trembling that it was scarcely heard.

My genius now whispered to me to seek my knitting in the next room, whence I heard the following conversation.

"What do you say!" was the President's answer to Edla's stammering offer.

"If I could be useful to papa," she said more firmly as she came nearer, "it would make me happy."

"You!" said the President, not without bitterness, "you have more important things to attend to: remain you with your studies, your books, your Plato."

Edla was hurt, and made a movement as if to draw herself back; but conquering herself, she went near, and begged with tearful eyes:

"Let me go with you—let me take care of papa! I will willingly leave everything for that."

"I do not exact," said the President coldly, "such great sacrifices from my children; I do not ask that they should leave their pleasures for my comfort. I did so before, perhaps; but I have seen I was wrong. Remain you with your books, Edla."

This moment was decisive. I trembled for fear that Edla's wounded feelings might prevent her from making a new trial on the President's heart; I feared that this moment would for ever divide father and daughter from each other. But Edla drew herself a little farther off, and said mildly—

"And if my books admonish me of my duty! And if that goodness papa has shown me, has made this duty dearer to me than everything else!" She stopped; the President said nothing. "I shall not ask more," she continued; "I shall not be obtrusive. Papa does not

love me, and I know that I have not been in the right—I have not deserved to be loved; but—but I would if I could make up—" She stopped again.

"The fault has been mutual, Edla," said the President with cold friendliness. "I have no right to expect love from you, when I have not made you happy; and it would be egotism of me were I now to avail myself of what your sentiment of duty offers."

"Oh, this is hard—very hard!" said Edla with deep pain, but without bitterness. She drew herself back, and was about to leave the room.

"Edla!" called the President hastily, as he turned and stretched his arms toward her; "Edla, my child! come here!" Large tears stood in his eyes. Edla threw herself weeping on his bosom.

A silent, long, and heartfelt embrace succeeded, on which the angels smiled.

"Forgive—forgive—my child!" said the President with a broken voice; "I wanted to try you. Your mildness enchants me. We shall go together. God bless thee, my child! This was wanting to my happiness."

Edla let her head repose on her father's shoulder, and her tears flowed unexpressed.

Softly and melodiously Adelaide's silver voice rose from the next room. She sung to the guitar—

Blest, oh blest, are they who weep  
On the reconciled breast;  
Who forgive, forget, and reap  
Rapture from the voice loved best.

Blest, oh blest, are they who wind  
Their arms round the roover'd friend;  
Who there a holy heaven find,  
And peace which love alone can send.

Oh, let us bitter doubts redeem,  
And heal the heart forlorn and sear;  
Stream, thou fount of love! oh stream,  
Reconciliation's holy tear!

It was the first time that Edla had wept on the bosom of a friend, and that friend was her father; it was the first time she had felt the tender relations between parent and child. Her feelings were overflowing, but her timidity and her habit of mastering herself made her, after the first moment of emotion was past, quickly recover herself; she once again gratefully embraced her father and left the room.

The President was also at the same time deeply moved and sincerely happy, and that evening did not speak much more of the late Presidentska and her principles, but all the more of his own, which he had mixed with mine; and took great pains most earnestly to prove to me what I had only a short time before labored to prove to him. He also spoke much and with fatherly tenderness of Edla and her prospects.

"God knows," said he finally, "how it will go with me during this journey. Learned ladies generally do not very well understand those trifling earthly cares, and Edla by nature is not inclined to think of such. But it may go as it will regarding that, I thank God for what has happened this evening. I could not have thought that Edla was so full of tenderness. She shall never more hear from me an angry word."

In the mean time, Adelaide helped her sister to pack up her things; to prepare herself for

\* One of the most beautiful of the Swedish songs.—M. H.

the voyage; and thought of everything which could add to their father's comfort and pleasure. The little ones helped with great glee in the packing. Even the servants in the house seemed to remark that something good and something joyful had happened; they looked all happy, and were yet more willing than usual. It is pleasant to see how everywhere, in good houses and under good masters, the servants partake in the joy and sorrow of the latter; how everything is one—one home and one family.

Late in the evening, after Adelaide was gone to bed, Edla went in, and seated herself beside her.

"Are you sleeping, Adelaide?" she asked softly.

"No," answered she, stretched out her hand, and laid it on her sister's knee. Edla took the swan-white hand, and raised it to her lips, as with a weak voice she said—

"Adelaide, forgive all my unkindness toward you."

"Say not so," begged Adelaide; "you have never been unkind toward me, Edla; it was only that you have not been happy."

"No, I have not been so," said Edla, "but I shall become so; for I shall learn from you, Adelaide, to become good and mild."

"My sweet Edla!" exclaimed Adelaide, and threw her arms round her sister's neck, "I am not good—oh, I am so faulty!"

"Hear, Adelaide," said Edla with affectionate earnestness; "make Alarik happy—become worthy of him. You are a good angel, remain so; but these faults which you mention—your levity, your thoughtlessness—correct them, lay them aside, for Alarik's sake."

"I will—I shall," said Adelaide, with tearful eyes.

"Do not go to Aunt Ulla's during his absence," continued Edla; "do not often see Otto—that would disturb Alarik. Make him happy, Adelaide, he is the best, the noblest being—" Her voice trembled. "And now, God bless thee, my good, my happy sister!" said she, as she rose, bent over Adelaide, and kissed her; "God bless thee!" and she hastened away with her handkerchief at her eyes.

The following day the sun and the President rose brightly together. The cloud which threatened to come up was blown away by the west wind—good humor. At breakfast the bouillon was as salt as brine; but the President swallowed it in silence, and when Edla expressed her regret that her father should take that salt soup, he said:

"A very good, very strong soup, my child! a little—perhaps a little too salt, but it is stomachic; I think it will agree with me very well."

The President's goodness made the soup taste yet saltier to Edla, and I am sure that Marie received a serious warning to take care another time.

Immediately after breakfast the President and his daughter set out in the best humor in the world. He had the same morning given me a considerable sum for the purchase of books for Edla, and the setting up of book-shelves in her room during her absence. I made no scruple of immediately whispering something of the surprise to Edla, who heard me with tears in her eyes both of joy and gratitude.

G

When, after their departure, I went to my room, I found on my toilet-table a sealed packet addressed to me in Edla's hand. I broke it open, and read the following words written on a loose sheet:

"I have given you unquiet; I would wish to be able to give you some joy. See in my soul the thoughts which lately have begun to arrange themselves there. I know this will be the best thanks for all your pains."

The packet contained several sheets on which Edla had written her feelings and thoughts. These remarks appeared under a variety of dates, and showed me the continuing development of her soul. I shall here produce some of them.

"I must fully and finally divide myself from the life of the world, not exteriorly, but interiorly. Oh! it is heavy, indescribably heavy, to eat the bread of the world's charity. I am proud enough rather to starve without it, than to beg for it; but I must not even require it, not hunger after it. I must find another bread—I must be sufficient to myself—

"To know oneself—one's natural disposition, one's power—to know what one desires—to desire uninterruptedly, provided it is good, and for the winning of one's object, to direct one's striving, to arrange one's time and one's occupation for every day and every moment; these are the conditions for the enjoyment of oneself and the gift of life, nay, even for the attainment of the esteem and friendship of one's fellow-creatures, the conditions, in fact, by which we are able calmly to dispense with them, when they are denied us by an unkind fate.

"I did not think, I did not feel so before! I have considered as the greatest and only happiness, to please, to be admired, to be loved. I could have desired to have bought this lot at the expense of my own self-respect, or the happiness of others. I desire it no longer. That time is past, thank God, passed for ever! I no longer desire first of all the applause and love of my fellow-creatures, I desire to have clearness and certainty in my own spirit; I will have harmony with myself—peace with God—with his voice in me, my conscience!

"I rather conceive that I yet fully feel in myself the blessedness of that state, in which one uses the world as not abusing it; when one bears with the world and its children patiently and easily, and turns from them to one's solitary room, to one's own heart; and finds oneself undisturbed, and continues in freedom and clearness to work in one's own calling, and according to the plan once laid down for one's life. Is not this already upon earth a state of true liberty and happiness! O God grant, God grant, that I could arrive at this! God grant that every being in my situation might reach this quiet and secure haven! I shall at least not cease to hope, to pray, and to labor.

"Were I only good—were I only very good, then everything would be easier, and happier. Why is Adelaide so happy? Not only because she is so beautiful, and so loved, but chiefly because she is so good. She has peace in her heart, peace with the whole world; she does not know what bitterness, what enmity, what

murmuring mean! Were I only good! My God, make me good!

"Resignation! O he who could fully seize thy quiet and strengthening life! Resignation, that is, subdued renunciation. Is it not the fate of almost all people to be forced to forsake something, if they would gain something? But the portion of renunciation of some is great. To forsake is the law—submission is the Gospel. The latter makes the former easy, sometimes pleasant. Pure resignation raises and lightens life. 'Thou angel, whose wings I already seem to feel, hover over my cross, and teach me to pray: 'My God, thy will be done!'

"O! but it is yet beautiful to live, to have been created, if even it is but to look into God's creation—to think of it!

"And when the thoughts become clearer, when they link themselves harmoniously to each other, then they begin to beam, then they enliven the heart, then they enlighten the way.

"It is good to read of the great hearts, which beat, which bled for eternal truths. One feels beside these oceans of strength and love, such a drop, such a little drop! To feel ourselves humble is good. If the drop suffer—what does it signify in the great whole! Nations bleed to death, the life of the hero consumes in fetters; drop—repine not!

"And Thou great and good Master of life, Thou eternal, Thou necessary Will, which rules over the world of circumstances, and sooner or later equals the unequal, let the law of Thy eternal goodness work, and give every virtue its temple, every power its sceptre—it is with my thoughts incessantly fixed upon Thee, that I look into life and its mysteries. Should all darken to my glance, should I faint as I sink down in the whirling stream of circumstances—on Thee will I keep my hold.

"I have been told—Adore God in nature! I sought him there, the All-wise, the All-good—I found Him not. I sought Him in human life—and asked disconsolately, 'Where is my God?' I sought Him in the doctrine of reconciliation—I have found Him—and now first do understand His words in the life of nature and humanity. Sun and flowers, goodness and genius, they are beams of His life! with all my heart I can now love and admire you.

"Admiration! rich well-spring of enjoyment! why art thou not more sought after! thy pure veins will never run dry for the thirsty; to-day on the little earth he can be refreshed by thee; through thousands and thousands of years in a higher development of God's infinite creations, he shall drink of thee, ever young and ever fresh. The enjoyment which thou givest is pure, and followed by no pain. Happy he who learns to admire the admirable!

"My thoughts clear themselves in a way which gives me much pleasure. Conceptions and things arrange themselves in order.

"It is certainly want of discernment which

causes the disorder and crookedness which one sees in the life of man, and hears in his judgments. Education should form people to their own discernment. One does not learn to contemplate and distinguish things, without also learning to contemplate and judge oneself. So abortive is human life, so many human caricatures probably only originate in this, that we have not learnt to know our own genius, or the eternal thought of the Creator, which we are called to express in life, and which constitutes our essential individuality. We do not understand ourselves; we float on into unfamiliar spheres, lose our own power and our real originality. What an unsuccessful being would he be who would seek to imitate Adelaide; what an equally unsuccessful who would seek to philosophize without head! Let each remain in his own truth. Each truth has a lie to reduce to silence.

"And what!—enjoyment, joy—they are no longer strange names to me! How swiftly does the day pass, how fresh is my mind in the evening, how happy the thought that I am richer than yesterday, how light the glance cast on to-morrow! O these peaceful conquests in the world of thought, how full of blessing are they not!

"I feel that I am on a way which is in harmony with my natural disposition and my taste, I feel that myself advances with each day; it makes me happy. I become clearer with myself and with others, it makes me milder and better.

"O my father! thou lovest me, then! I shall make thee happy, my father. Blessed be thy tears! blessed this day!

"Yes, my God! yes, my good guiding friend! and thou unknown and now discovered benefactor! I believe it, I know it by the calm and the strength in my bosom. I shall become good, I shall become happy! and certainly yet thank God for that suffering which conducted me on the right way to my real happiness.

Thus Edla, and thus probably many others whom misfortune and sufferings have stricken in youth. They were like one dead, and behold! it was only a trial, a call to higher life! I had taken a pen to correct some mistakes in Edla's line, to place some forgotten dots on a's and i's, as well as to cross one or other t, and afterward allowed my goose-quill to travel in the following unequal lines, which were called forth by my meditations on Edla, and many of her kindred.

#### THE SNOW-FLAKE IN SPRING; OR, THE SORROWS OF YOUTH.

A May-day came, but slow her tread,  
The wind blew from the north,  
The heaven hung over all like lead,  
When lo! from its gray cloud-land shed,  
A snow-flake fell to earth.

But the sun beamed in glory through,  
And loosed the power of frost,  
A darling pearl the snow-flake grew  
Looked upward to the sky's deep blue,  
Then in the earth was lost.

Waked by heaven's tear, a seed began  
To live; in rapid birth  
To leaf, to stalk advancing ran,  
And stood one morning, sweetly wan,  
The fairest flower on earth.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## THE UNBIDDEN GUEST.

Fan vill i dag sia pa stort,  
Samliga gästerna bjuda pa kort.

FAN LENNERN.

Madame to-day will take a grand flight,  
And a host of guests by card invite.

MRS. LENNERN.

Soon after her father's departure, Countess Augusta came out to us. She desired, as she said, to assist Adelaide in getting her things ready. I was not greatly pleased with this, for I had wished to pass this time alone with my beloved Adelaide and my little ones. But Countess Augusta made herself so companionable, and friendly, and industrious, that I gradually became quite reconciled to her company. She had acquirements; she did not speak much, but she could speak interestingly on many subjects; and with such capabilities, it is not very difficult in the long run for people to make themselves esteemed and liked.

After Count Alarik was gone, the Baroness and young Otto showed themselves oftener; Adelaide was always friendly with them, and was glad when they came. Adelaide loved them; her heart was so affectionate, that all who showed her tenderness became dear to her.

Our life in this couple of months passed agreeably, but so uniformly, that to give a short account of it, I think I could not do better than employ the model I once found in a certain young lady's Journal.

July 1. Walking; reading; work; conversation.

2.	Ditto	ditto	ditto	ditto
3.	Ditto	ditto	ditto	ditto
4.	Ditto	ditto	ditto	ditto
5.	Ditto	ditto	ditto	ditto
6.	Ditto	ditto	ditto	ditto
7.	Ditto	ditto.	The clergyman was here on a visit.	

And so on week after week. But long live gay uniformity, which makes the days pass swiftly and keeps the body and soul in courage and activity!

Imperceptibly the time approached for Count Alarik's return. Adelaide anticipated it with delight, and many times in the day stretched out her arms as if to receive him, and named his name in the softest and tenderest tone.

Another day was also approaching—namely, his Excellence G.'s birthday; and the Baroness and Otto overwhelmed Adelaide with entreaties to take a part in a little piece which was to be represented on that memorable day, and which was to surprise his Excellence, and to edify and delight the whole neighborhood both far and near. I counselled Adelaide not to consent, for I feared that Count Alarik might take it very ill; but Adelaide thought it would be so unkind, so impossible to say no. She said, "I have grieved them so much, how can I refuse to do them this little pleasure, when it can so easily be done!"

She was, besides, so certain of soon making her betrothed again satisfied and contented that I finally ceased speaking, though I saw her really with heartfelt anxiety conducted away by the Baroness. The little ones had unluckily taken it into their heads to catch the ague, which prevented me from accompanying Adelaide and watching over her. Countess Augusta remained with me, to help me in the care

of the children, as she said. I never rightly knew how to believe her. Count Alarik had fixed his return for the last days of August, that is to say, about ten days after the one on which Adelaide was carried off by the Baroness. The piece which was to be performed was called "The Unbidden Guest." His Excellence, who was to be surprised with it, as well as with seventy bidden guests, was so polite that he seemed to be deaf to all the nailing and hammering within the house when the theatre was to be set up, and blind to everything which was going on around him; he seemed not in the least to conceive that anything unusual was on foot; nay, he was so delicate and so amiable that when for the benefit of the piece his star and his dressing-gown were secretly taken from him, he informed his family that he had certainly lost them. While every one was laboring to surprise him, he on his side amused himself by surprising the trouts in a little alder-shaded stream, and by the aid of his enchanted wand in speedily transferring the poor little unfortunates from the water to dry land.

The Baroness was the happiest and busiest being in the world: she ordered about the ices and coulisses; the dresses and the lamps; she meditated incessantly between the contending actors, which was certainly no easy matter; for while among friends and acquaintances the parts were offered and accepted, it was sometimes found that the daughter in the piece was to have five mothers, and ere one knew where one was, there were eight daughters and no mother. "Her Grace," became the chambermaid, and the chambermaid became her Grace, and so on. Otto kept firmly hold of the lover's rôle, but he had endless difficulty in learning it by heart. Morning, mid-day, and evening, he was heard to repeat it, and every morning after he had said, "O Heavens! what do I see!" he was obliged to stop to look into the book for what he really ought to see; and every evening when after the declaration with much warmth he had exclaimed, "Heavenly Julia! stop and hear me!" he came to a stop himself. He was, however, so unwearied in courage and good-humor, so earnest, and besides that so obstinate, that no one thought of contesting the part with him. The inconsiderate Adelaide agreed, though after a long hesitation, to play the heroine's part; examined Otto in his, and laughed heartily with him at his forgetfulness and mistakes.

The great day came! The actors were dressed; the guests collected; the lights lighted. The orchestra played Rossini, the curtain went up. His Excellence said, "Ah!"

Who was beautiful; who was a charming heroine; who enchanted all eyes and hearts, if not Adelaide?

Who was enchanted, and who was at a loss, if not Otto! Who helped him; who was of great use, though hidden and forgotten, now as often, if not the prompter! We have got into the way of relating by questions, let us then proceed by the same. Who is this with the pale, severe features, who glides silently among the spectators, conceals himself at the furthest extremity of the hall, and does not turn his dark eye from the form of Adelaide, beaming with youth and beauty! What makes Ade

laide's acting become at once so uncertain—what makes her eye wander anxiously, piercingly among the spectators, as if something had flitted past and disappeared?

The moment for the declaration had arrived. Otto exclaimed—"Heavenly Julia, stop and hear me!"

But Julia heard no more; her beaming glance was immovably fixed on some object at the bottom of the hall. Without apology she sprang from the astonished Otto, and into the side scene. Transported with joy and delight, Adelaide here opened her arms to him who came toward her; but it was a cold hand which seized hers, it was a severe though beloved voice which reminded her to return to the theatre and play out her part. Adelaide, surprised and terrified, swallowed her tears and went. The play was soon finished, but another soon commenced. It was not Leonora, who was carried away by her lover's ghost in the night to a yet darker home, but something not unlike it; for when Adelaide went off the scene, she was seized by the same ice-cold hand as before, a cloak was wrappdd round her, and she was hurried into a carriage; and the carriage drawn by fiery horses, was carried away with the swiftness of the wind. Adelaide said not a word, made not a sign of resistance; but when the storm howled around the coach, and the rain beat on the windows, and the black night was round about, and the tall form at her side sat in the flickering lamplight as pale as a ghost, and immovable, and silent, then she felt as if her heart would break; and what love has of tenderness, what contrition has of touching smiles, and prayers, and tears, she poured out over the image at her side. But all in vain! Count Alarik only looked at her with a piercing glance, but did not speak. Finally, Adelaide lost courage; her heart drew itself together; her tongue became powerless; her cheeks grew pale; she became silent; and long was that night-journey for her and for him.

Silently as he had borne her into the carriage, Count Alarik bore her out of the same, and delivered her to me, who came toward them. For himself, he asked to speak with Countess Augusta. Adelaide was in the beginning perfectly dumb with grief and astonishment; but my tenderness and my questions soon brought her back to herself, and she gave vent to her tears and her despair.

"Ah! if he but stormed," said she, "if he reproached me ever so harshly and so violently, it would be sweet to me in comparison with this coldness, this silence—this kills me."

What Countess Augusta said to Count Alarik, I do not know; but it is certain he came from her in a milder frame of mind. I also spoke to him to excuse Adelaide; he heard me politely but coldly; I could perceive that he mistrusted me—that he was displeased with me; and, to say truth, I was so with him. Instead of frankly speaking to Adelaide, to reproach her for her thoughtlessness or inconsiderateness—if he would give her youthful fault so severe a name—instead of afterward forgivingly and affectionately clasping her to his bosom, which she had so well deserved, he made a brief reconciliation with her, in a kind of fatherly manner; and God forgive me! but I

think that he had very little of a fatherly feeling just at that moment. He represented to her with a sort of stiff gentleness, the imprudence of playing the heroine's *role* with a young man whose love to her was well known to the whole neighborhood as well as to herself.

Adelaide agreed to all; but Count Alarik's show of reasonableness, and evident coldness during all this, laid upon her young warm heart a restraint hitherto foreign to it; she became embarrassed and afraid. I was angry with Count Alarik, and began more and more to fear that he was anything but the perfect man I had before thought to see in him. I was angry with him, for he was the first who had disturbed Adelaide's beautiful and amiable confidence; it was he who taught her to know painful fear and anxiety. The sinner! How could he avoid reading her innocence, her love in her eyes—in her whole manner! How! Yes, because he was himself weak, because he was burningly jealous. Besides, I doubt that he was afraid of compromising his own worth, by showing a love which he feared was not fully returned; perhaps he thought himself too good to love Adelaide. I was very angry with Count Alarik.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### A CRISIS.

A bitter heart seeks to do hurt; but a terrible angel shall come over him.—PROVERB.

THE constrained position in which Adelaide and her betrothed found themselves, became every day more painful, and it was evident it must soon come to some rupture. Adelaide was tender but uneasy; her eyes sought his; but they were often blinded with tears. He, on the contrary, was cold, sometimes even to harshness, toward her; his glances revealed mistrust; his words were bitter; this was often followed by impassioned bursts of love, which frightened even Adelaide herself. It was beautiful to see how she then quieted him, how she with an angel's voice spoke the gentlest words to him, and transported to the Swedish tongue all the Italian's richness of appellations for a beloved-one. It was beautiful to see how the uneasy and unquiet agitation of his mind gradually calmed itself. He would sit whole hours at her feet, sunning himself in her eyes, which beamed with goodness and love—and his eye saw peace in hers, and a calm spread itself over his noble forehead. She played with the locks of his hair, she sung the most melodious songs to him; and lulled by pleasurable and happy feelings, he leaned his head against her knee, and many times the tears ran down his manly cheeks. When Adelaide saw them fall, she wiped them away with the gentlest reproaches, and life was again harmonious and light to them both. After such moments Adelaide gave herself up anew to all her inborn gaiety; she laughed, sung, and played with all who surrounded her, until a severe glance of Count Alarik, a sudden chill in his manners, again smothered her innocent joy.

Countess Augusta often spoke alone with Count Alarik; this gave me unspeakable disquiet. One evening when the lovers seemed for a moment to have forgotten the whole world, to feel only that they belonged to each other, when they stood in each other's arms, beautiful

and blest—then I caught in Countess Augusta's dark eye a glance, only a hasty glance—for she rose at the same time hurriedly and left the room—but it was an expression made me shudder. Envy, hatred, despair lay in that glance; it resembled a murderous arrow. A dark suspicion now raised itself in my mind, and I determined narrowly to watch her movements.

I went out to prepare tea, and occupied myself while so doing in implanting in the little ones' brains, that tea grew in China, that it was the leaf of a bush, and so on; when Countess Augusta came and seated herself beside me, seat away the children on some pretext, and while her trembling hand played with the tea-strainer, said in a half-audible voice:

"Mamsell Rönquist," said she, "cannot imagine how the sight of two happy lovers painfully excites my feelings; what a heart-breaking memory such a sight awakes in me. I feel again all the happiness which I once possessed, to feel at the same time what I have lost—lost for ever. I could become mad at such a moment, and I hasten away to avoid a sight which kills me!"

The probability of this explanation, the easy manner in which it was given; the expression of bitter pain painted in her young and beautiful countenance; the tears which ran over her cheeks, all caused me in my heart to make a silent prayer for pardon in expiation of the suspicions I had just formed. This then was the cause that her tenderness for Adelaide, and her industry with her bridal equipment seemed to increase as the important day was approaching. She asked that Adelaide should move into her room, at least during the night, giving for a reason that the thunder which we now had almost every night, strongly affected her nerves, and deprived her of sleep; but she could not endure to have any one with her, excepting "that good angel Adelaide!"

As Adelaide agreed I could not object; but it was a grief to me to lose the neighborhood of my darling, no longer to be the silent witness of her life of love, which, when all was quiet and reposing in the still night, so often expressed itself in prayers for her beloved, in expressions of the most heartfelt gratitude to the Omnipotent origin of all pure love and bliss.

I soon remarked with uneasiness that Adelaide's gaiety evidently decreased from the day she removed to Countess Augusta's, who inhabited one wing of the house, while I with the children occupied the other—and extraordinary enough, her affection for her sister seemed daily to increase.

The Count seemed also oftener to seek the society of Countess Augusta than that of Adelaide; on the latter he often cast glances which I could not explain to myself—so flaming, and yet so dark. I sought an explanation from Adelaide, but she avoided me; Count Alarik did the same, and with more evident coldness, whenever I wished to open the anxiety of my heart to him—and the little ones were continually ailing, and required care and enlivening, cruel and barley-sugar, so that I was forced to leave the unquiet three to themselves, and could do nought but pray God to govern all to the best. This was an uneasy time, and some of the President's relations who came to pay us a few weeks' visit, were at this moment welcome as a distraction; but that such should at such a time be requisite portended nothing good.

Not to interrupt the order of my relation, I will here play the part of a *debruyante*, and one after the other represent the scenes as they in reality took place, which were first related to me long after they had passed. Let then the curtain be drawn up for the reader, and Countess Augusta appear!

"I am your friend, Alarik!" she would say to him in the long conversations which she often had with him; "your friend, in the deepest, most intimate sense of the word. Your well-being, your happiness is my most lively desire upon earth. O what would I not give that Adelaide were fully worthy of you! I will not hasten my judgment—but Adelaide's flightiness—her boundless desire for pomp and pleasure, which she now conceals for your sake—her friendship for Otto; his love, his riches—her conduct toward him during your absence—all cause me to doubt. Notwithstanding I am certain that Adelaide loves you, as well as she can love; but she is so volatile! What? you would speak openly to Adelaide? Let her only receive a suspicion of your doubts, and your uneasiness—and she would give you assurances of her eternal love, which would dissipate all your doubts for the moment; but how speedily will not this transient flame burn out! Let us hurry nothing, be quiet—show yourself calm with Adelaide, be attentive to her life and manners and you will soon be able to see if she can make you happy, if you are enough for her, if she understands how to love you!"

"It is natural," she said another time, when Count Alarik, excited and impatient, wanted to burst the fetters of doubt, which she had succeeded in binding round his soul—"it is natural that this constraint, this situation of things between you and her whom you so tenderly love, should seem insupportable to you. Go then, Alarik, your sisterly friend will not lay a restraint upon you, she only desires to warn you—go to your beloved, reveal your anxiety, your pain—receive her vows and her tears, and go afterward to unite that holy bond which death alone can loose—O God! Alarik—will it establish or destroy your happiness?"

Count Alarik, uneasy and tormented, expressed his desire to speak to me of Adelaide.

"Mamselle Rönquist!" interrupted the astonished Countess; "Mamselle Rönquist—a fond fool,\* who has no thought or conviction of her own, who believes blindfold all that Adelaide says to her; who if Adelaide in an excited moment should protest that she cannot live without you, would find it a marvel that you should not believe it, even if on the following day you should find her in Otto's arms!"

"You, Alarik!" whispered he on another occasion, "you are not a man to allow yourself to be blinded by passion, who would wish to purchase some moments of pleasure with the loss of a whole life's clear and reflected bliss. You stand quiet, and look over the strife in your own, as well as in others' breasts, and calmly allow folly and anger to pass before you judge. You are not the slave of accidents—of others' power, nor even of your own heart—O my friend, how I admire you, and how few are like you! And this painful disquiet will soon cease. I myself have daily an opportunity of looking nearer into Adelaide's soul; you will soon have the light the certainty you desire—and even were this certainty painful—I know you—you are not the

\* Indefinitely obliged, gracious Countess.

one to turn away your glance—calm, even in the midst of suffering, you will look truth in the face—you are a man!”

There is in men an inconceivably weak side toward flattery, particularly the sort of flattery which extols their independence and superior wisdom; and they so easily become bound, exactly because they consider themselves so free.

Count Alarik was a noble and strong-minded man, I repeat it in this moment when the reader must find him very weak. But is he the first and only noble and powerful nature who has had a weak and vulnerable side: who by an awful syren tongue has been seduced from the tender and faithful bosom which breathed alone for him?

We will now see the Countess alone with Adelaide.

In the evenings when they had gone to their room, the former more than once began to weep and lament herself bitterly. She said that she was the most unfortunate being in the world, that she hoped she might soon die. She did not express herself more clearly. Adelaide sought in vain with prayers, caresses, and sympathizing tears, to force her to reveal the cause of her sorrow, or soften its expression. Countess Augusta answered only with tears; and these scenes renewed many times in the course of the night, disturbed both the sleep and peace of mind of my poor Adelaide. Countess Augusta swore her to silence, begged her, unless she desired her sister's eternal misfortune, not to speak of her sorrow and suffering to any creature in the world, and last of all to Alarik; she exacted Adelaide's oath on this, and Adelaide gave it weeping.

One evening Countess Augusta was calmer than usual. She joked gayly with Adelaide, who on the contrary that evening was uneasy, sad and silent. She took out her jewels, pearls, and precious ornaments of all kinds, and decorated Adelaide's hair, neck and arms with them, and conducting her to the looking glass, said:

“Look how beautiful you are! how dazzlingly beautiful! You would enchant the whole world!”

Adelaide stood before the mirror, contemplating herself, and really dazzled by her own beauty. Involuntary smiles began to beam over her face, rivalling the very diamonds.

“See!” exclaimed Countess Augusta, “how well this princely costume suits you! What a pity that no one in future will see you so—that you will never be able to wear jewels!”

Adelaide turned herself hastily away from the glass. “Take them away! take them away!” she cried blushing deeply—“he would not like it!”

“He? who?” asked Countess Augusta.

“Alarik!” and she tore off the precious ornaments with as much haste as if they had wounded her. She collected them in her hands, and said, smiling gayly: “See, Augusta! all this would I willingly give for a glance of his!”

The Countess took back her treasures, and laid them without saying a word into their cases. This was followed by a burst of grief, more violent than any of the former. She seemed to be near despair. Beside herself with alarm and distress, Adelaide fell on her knees, and weeping embraced her sister's. “Tell me!” she exclaimed, “O tell me, Augusta, why you suffer so deeply! tell me in what manner I can help you! I will do all, all for you!”

“All!” repeated Countess Augusta—and looked at her sister with an incredulous and sorrowful glance.

“Yes, all!” repeated Adelaide, “All which Alarik does not object to.”

“And if it was so—Ah God! I, the miserable—Alarik! beloved Alarik!”

Adelaide looked at her sister in dumb astonishment.

“I love him, Adelaide, I adore him! and he is your—see there the cause of my secret sorrow, my despair and my death. I will not survive the day which for ever unites him with you. And well for me when this heart shall cease to bleed, when it shall cease its long, long struggle. Leave me, Adelaide—leave me, you cannot help me—you cannot, you will not give him to me!”

“And how should I,” said the pale and trembling Adelaide, “be able to give him to you? Is it not his happiness, his well-being which is put in question? Does he not love me!”

“And if—Adelaide! if his choice could yet be free, if his happiness could yet be assured—”

Adelaide looked at her sister amazed and questioning; who seating herself beside her, continued with cruel confidence:

“Tell me, Adelaide, do you think that Alarik is a man who alone seeks after personal beauty in a woman? Do you not think that in his wife he also requires a companion, a friend, who partakes his lofty thoughts, his exalted views of life and things; who loves what he loves, lives for what he lives; who is the confidant of the deepest feelings of his soul, who is all for him, as he is all for her? Or is my conviction of the sort of happiness Alarik seeks groundless? Is it but a dream?”

Adelaide started; she did not answer, but paleness and redness alternated on her cheeks; she breathed quick and deep.

“Do you think,” continued Countess Augusta, “that you possess all that can make Alarik happy—you, who cannot enter into his enjoyments, who cannot understand his aspirations? Pardon me, Adelaide, I do not wish to hurt you: I only wish to show you a truth which you could not much longer conceal from yourself—you are not enough for Alarik.”

Adelaide felt herself astounded. She grew quite pale, she clasped her hands to her bosom, and large heavy drops fell from her eyes.

“No, Adelaide, you are not enough for him; your beauty and your love yet attach him, but you must yourself feel that every day that bond is growing weaker. Day by day he becomes more aware that he cannot be happy with you, that you cannot fill what his great soul requires—day by day he withdraws himself more and more—”

“He loves me! he loves me yet!” cried Adelaide with violent emotion.

“His tenderness—his sorrowful tenderness—bear witness that he pities you; his increasing coldness, his disquiet, that he wishes to be released from you—”

“Released from me!” repeated Adelaide, and her head rose proudly, and her breast swelled as some degree of anger shone in her tearful eye—“from the first moment of such a desire in his breast is he free! But,” and here at once all anger was extinguished, and bitter tears flowed afresh—“why do you speak so, Augusta, why do you torment me so cruelly? You cannot know his thoughts—you cannot—”

“And if I should know, however? If I could.”

now show you certain proofs that I know his thoughts and his desires—O Adelaide, foolish Alaride! are other proofs required than those he daily gives us? To whom does Alarik turn when his soul is full of high and noble thoughts, when he requires to express himself and to be understood? To whom does he turn when his heart is oppressed, to whom when he leaves you in anger—to whom, Adelaide?”

“Give me other proofs—I require yet to have, I will see other, more proofs!” cried Adelaide, beside herself.

“Even these can be found, and could be shown,” continued her sister with terrible coldness, as she loosened a hair chain which hung round her neck, and showed a little gold medalion: she pressed a spring, it opened, and Adelaide saw the portrait of her betrothed—another, and she recognized a lock of his hair.

“Do you know this portrait?” asked Countess Augusta; “do you know this hair?—No, do not stretch your hand after it; it is not yours, it is mine! Alarik gave it to me as a remembrance of him, as a proof of—” she did not end.

Adelaide drew in her breath, started up, and wildly clasping her hands exclaimed: “Is it possible! My God, is it possible?”

“And why?” asked Countess Augusta with a scornful smile, “why should it be so impossible, so unnatural? Alarik knows that he and I sympathize in all, that our souls really form but one. Adelaide, hear me, and judge betwixt us, and judge him. I was Count W.’s first love; he loved me before he loved you. It was generally known in the world, it was spoken of every where; an engagement between us was considered as good as completed; even I thought so, for I loved him, and his small fortune was rather for than against him in my eyes. Then, Adelaide, then you stepped between us; your beauty dazzled Alarik—he became, as it were, bewitched by you; but you never fully possessed his affections—you never could possess them! Now Alarik feels this; now, when the enchantment is gradually ceasing, now he looks with regret back to me: he feels that heaven formed us for one another; that with me alone he can find that durable, that noble happiness which he seeks in life—is it then wonderful that he should lament the spell which attracted his attention to another, the weakness which has made him a slave for life? Your self-love, Adelaide, your presumption—”

“Have I been presumptuous, Augusta?”

“Yes, that you have.”

“Then may God forgive me!”

“Have you ever doubted but that every one must love you; that your will must be a law for all? Have you ever been desirous of directing yourself according to the wishes of others, or to live for the sake of others? Have you not received the love which was offered you as a tribute due to your beauty, to your loveliness, not with a Christian’s humble gratitude? Do you not, even at this moment, and it quite natural that the noble Alarik should worship you with all your faults? Is not this presumption—is it not bold, unheard of presumption?”

“You are hard, Augusta. If I have been presumptuous, O! I am sorely punished.”

“All is not your fault in Alarik’s change of mind, Adelaide. Chance even is against you. You are poor, Adelaide—I am rich. Alarik is no enthusiast; he is a prudent man; he feels that he is not formed to shut himself up in a

narrow house, among children, weaving-loom, and all sorts of homeliness; he feels that he is formed to shine in the world, to enlighten it; and he knows that I possess what would give him the power to widen his circle of activity, that I can furnish him with the means of attaining that which his ambitious soul strives after.”

“Riches?” said Adelaide, with a tone of deep affliction, “riches, glory—O! could they ever give him more happiness than my tenderness, than my sincere love?”

“I too have tenderness, I too have love, Adelaide!” said the Countess, as she laid her hand on her sister’s arm and pressed it hard. “O! none know how I have loved him—and my love will end with but my life. If your tenderness, Adelaide, were enough for him, why is he not happy; why does he torment both himself and you; why does he seem to become more disquiet, more unhappy, the nearer the day of your union approaches? Be assured, Adelaide, that he would be glad to find a reason and opportunity to break off with you, to put an end to an engagement which suits him so little. It is only compassion for you which restrains him.”

Adelaide wept violently. “I will speak to him,” she cried; “I will ask him if he no longer loves me; and when I hear that word from his mouth, then he shall be free!”

“You will ask him, Adelaide? That he may deny the truth through compassion for you, and cast away his happiness for your sake. Is this noble, Adelaide?”

“I shall ask a friend what I ought to do; I will speak with—”

“With Emma Ronnquist; that she may speak to Alarik, and entreat him with prayers and tears to remain faithful to you. For you well know that she loves you beyond everything else in the world, and would willingly sacrifice every one’s happiness for yours.”

“My God, what shall I do!” exclaimed Adelaide in despair.

“Where now is your much praised goodness, Adelaide? where your clear understanding? You see, you know, that by one word, by one single courageous act of self-denial, you can make two beings happy—that man whom you say above all you love and your sister; you know it, Adelaide, and you will sacrifice them for your own happiness. And what happiness can indeed hereafter be yours, united to a man who does not love you, who only through necessity takes you for his wife? See, Adelaide! I have long concealed my love, long fought against it; but to-day I have clearly seen, that with my own happiness I should even sacrifice Alarik’s; this certainty, this double grief, has snatched my secret from me. Pardon me, Adelaide, pardon the suffering I have caused you; I will be silent hereafter, and soon—soon shall death close these lips; for I know, Adelaide, what you have resolved within yourself—I know it!”

“No, you do not know it,” said Adelaide, as she rose with proud self-command, her eye bright with sublime self-sacrifice. “But O!” and she looked at her sister with clasped hands, and an expression of indescribable anguish, “Augusta, can you make him happy?”

“Do you doubt it after all you have seen. After all I have said? Good-night, Adelaide.”

“No; stop! pardon! but O! I did so love him! there lay such a certainty here,” and she laid her hand on her breast, “such a certainty

that I could make him happy, that no one else could do it like me, that I alone had the key to his heart, that he must eternally love me as I loved him, in spite of all my faults; it was a certainty which I thought no one, and nothing in the world, could deprive me of; and yet now—how is it?" asked she in perplexity, as she passed her hand over her forehead, "is it gone? gone?" She took the locket which lay on the table, and asked, "Alarik gave you this?"

"Yes."

"Augusta," said Adelaide solemnly, but with a trembling voice, as she supported herself against the table, "Alarik shall be yours; I will not divide you. O how unworthy were I, could I hesitate between his happiness and mine; but—" and again she put her hand to her forehead, "that they are not one is what I cannot yet understand. I know well that I was not worthy of him, that I never could become fully so; but O! that he should judge me so unworthy! I am yet so young, I admired him so highly, I loved him so sincerely, and that he should so despise me!"

"Pay him back with the same, Adelaide. This pride will become a woman: despise him—reject him!"

"Never!" said Adelaide, as she made a movement of repulsion with her hand, "never! He may forsake me, and I shall still ever love him; he may despise me, and I shall still ever bless him. It cannot be otherwise, Augusta," cried she, as her tears began to flow anew; "in my heart there is nothing but love toward him. Now, now in this moment, when I see the proof of his faithlessness toward me—of his contempt for my love—there is not a drop of bitterness in my heart toward him; now I would, as ever, willingly die for him. Ah! do not I do more; I forsake all my happiness, all the joy of my life, for his sake!"

"Noble-minded Adelaide!" cried Countess Augusta, and clasped her in her arms.

Adelaide sat silent and immovable.

"And now, Adelaide," continued her sister, "be fully noble-minded. Take also the steps which will conduct to the object."

"What shall I do?"

"Write early to-morrow morning a note to Aunt Ulla; ask her to come and take you for some days with her to R."

"To R! And what would Alarik think? Otto is there, you know."

"I thought it had been your intention to restore Alarik to his freedom," said Countess Augusta dryly.

"It is true—O, it is true! Yes, I will write; yes, I will go; and he shall have the opportunity which you say he seeks. And now leave me, Augusta; leave me, I require to be alone."

"And if you repent, Adelaide?"

"I will not; but leave me now—go, go from me. Stop, Augusta! kiss me first! O! if you make him happy, I will willingly forgive you all the pain you have caused me. God bless you according as you make Alarik happy!"

The sisters separated to pass each a sleepless night.

Early on the following morning Countess Augusta forced her sister to write the note she had talked of. She herself wrote privately to Otto to the following effect—

"Courage, my dear Otto! What I long foresaw and expected has come to pass. Adelaide has grown tired of Alarik's continual discontent,

as he of her thoughtlessness. The tie which still unites them is so weak, that it would break on the least stretch. Adelaide thinks of you with tenderness. Come to-day to B. Come with your mother, but go directly on your arrival down to the garden, to the arbor to the left; wait there. Be a man, Otto, and you will find her whom you love—a woman. But seem in the beginning to be in despair and inconsolable. Secrecy and punctuality!"

After she had written she went out to dispatch a messenger.

"Already up and out?" said Count Alarik, who, returning from one of his usual morning walks, met her on the staircase.

"This lovely morning has enticed me out, like you. I have passed a bad night; I required to feel the fresh, pure air."

"What is Adelaide doing?"

"I do not know—writing a note I think. O Alarik! my fear is almost confirmed; Adelaide is but a weak and vain woman. Otto and his riches live more in her mind than you; and I suspect that only compassion, or perhaps fear for you, prevents her from openly confessing it. Last night she put on all my jewels—"

"Last night?"

"Yes, and stood long before the looking-glass, contemplating her really dazzling beauty with deep sighs."

Count Alarik leaned against one of the pillars of the balustrade, and cooled his burning forehead against it.

"Alarik, what are you thinking?" asked the Countess, after a silence.

"That I would I could give her jewels," he answered, smiling bitterly. "Yes," continued he lower, and as it were speaking to himself, "so weak am I, that I know nothing so painful as not to be able to give her jewels."

"Unfortunate Alarik!" sighed Countess Augusta. "Alarik, my friend, if it can make you happy, take mine, take them all;—what shall I do with them? Adorn a joyless bosom! Take them, let them be reset, and make Adelaide a —"

"Silence!" said Count Alarik angrily; "not a word more of this. Pardon, Augusta, but you know but little of me. Where is Adelaide?"

"In her room. Do not seek her now. I fear you would not be welcome. Be calm, be quiet, and wait yet awhile; perhaps circumstances ere long will give us a certainty which can fix your actions."

"Yes, certainly, certainly," said Count Alarik with a low but meaning voice, "if even the worst! Only no longer this martyrdom, doubt."

"May it cease! May it cease, so that you may have happiness; and then even I shall have joy enough. In the mean time hear my prayer—do not disturb Adelaide. Let us be quiet, but watchful. Something tells me that ere the day is past we shall have the certainty we seek."

She now left him to rejoin Adelaide, whom she found bathed in tears. Countess Augusta sought alternately with praise, alternately with reproaches, to excite in her sister another turn of mind. "These tears," said she, "these pale cheeks will betray you, and nullify the whole of your noble self-sacrifice. If your intention, Adelaide, is not merely an empty joke, for a couple of hours have courage and resolution; if you will not excite Alarik's compassion, and so lay a restraint on his freedom, wipe away your tears, call back the color on your cheeks, give

assurance to your manner—be fully an angel, Adelaide—give up wholly, and act powerfully, else you have done nothing for him you love!”

When Adelaide came out to breakfast she was like a person in a fever. A wild, uncomfortable gaiety appeared in her manners, generally so agreeable, gay, and calm. She bid good morning hurriedly to all, seated herself at table far from Count Alarik, and drank her coffee with disquiet haste, while her bosom heaved violently. Count Alarik did not turn his glance from her; but it was no tender and anxious lover's glance, it was piercing and sharp. Occasionally a deep emotion showed itself in his features; but he overcame it, and remained calm. Adelaide's glance fell under that which was fixed upon her, and her trouble increased with every moment.

Now came the children running in, and throwing themselves as usual into Adelaide's arms. But they soon remarked her altered appearance, and overwhelmed her with questions—why her cheeks were so red, why did she look as if she had been crying?

Adelaide could support it no longer; she rose hastily and went out. Count Alarik rose also, and went to the window. At this moment the noise of wheels was heard, and four snorting, fiery horses flew to the door with Excellent G's carriage. With secret, but boiling bitterness Count Alarik saw the Baroness and her son alight. The latter, however, did not accompany his mother up stairs, but went immediately into the garden. Count Alarik followed him with his eyes. The doors to the hall flew open, we heard the rustle of silk, and the Baroness entered. After having saluted us all with her usual kind friendliness, she said:

“I hear I shall get my sweet Adelaide home with me to-day. The darling girl has herself written to me about it, and I have now come quite proud and quite happy, to carry her off with me;—but where is my angel?”

“I shall tell her that you are here, aunt!” said Countess Augusta, and went out, but cast a glance at Count Alarik.

She found Adelaide in a state of the most violent emotion.

“I know what you have to say, Augusta!” cried she. “I know who is here, know what you desire; but I cannot now—I cannot now go to them, not before every one's eyes to defy him and his will,—my knees cannot support me;—I feel as if my soul would leave me—”

“Adelaide, dear Adelaide! for heaven's sake calm yourself—you shall not go unless you please; everything depends on yourself. No one forces you. Calm yourself, come with me to the garden—you know we can go out at the back door, and reach it without being seen from the windows. The fresh air will do you good, and the decisive moment be delayed; you will gain time to think over it, and determine yourself.”

Adelaide permitted Countess Augusta to guide her. They had not gone far in one of the arched walks of the garden, when Otto sprang out, and threw himself at Adelaide's feet. Adelaide gave him a glance of surprise and wrath, and tried to return; but he embraced her knees, and held her where she was.

“O cousin Adelaide, cousin Adelaide!” cried Otto, “hear me only this once—I must speak to you; what have I done that you should so cruelly hate me?”

“I do not hate you;—but leave, let me go, I beg you, I will have it so!”

“Hear me only this single time, this last time! afterward I will fly for ever—I will go—go to the world's end—”

“Hear him!” whispered Countess Augusta, “it is a pity for him, he loves you so tenderly—hear him, and so you will easier get off with his assiduity; I will go a little aside, and take care that no one comes to disturb us.”

She retired with these words, and hurried out of the garden. In the court she met Count Alarik.

“Where is Adelaide?” he asked hurriedly.

“In the garden, in the arbour to the left—O my suspicion! Unfortunate Alarik!”

She hurried away, and Count Alarik with glowing cheeks darted on the path she had shown him.

Adelaide had allowed Otto to conduct her into the arbor, and sitting on a bench, she heard the outpourings of his childish but sincere love. There was no hardness in Adelaide's heart. Her natural goodness, her friendship for her young relation, the feeling of her own bitter suffering, made her in this moment very weak. She told him that she could not love him, that she loved Alarik alone in the world; but meanwhile she permitted him, lying on his knees before her, to cover one of her hands with kisses and tears, while with the other she stroked his rich golden curls, and never yet had Otto felt himself so happy. “My good Otto!” said Adelaide's gentle voice; but it was quickly silenced, for before her stood Count Alarik, with a thousand demons in his glance.

A cry of affright and horror burst from Adelaide's bosom. She pushed Otto from her, and wild and unconscious of what she was doing, sprang from the garden into the house, and into the gallery where I was then sitting alone. In a few minutes, however, she seemed to come to herself, and with a calm, as if she had resolved courageously to meet the worst, she sat silent, and deadly pale, with her eyes sunk, while her heavy and oppressed breathing alone bore witness to the disquiet of her breast. Full of anguish, I asked her the cause of her emotion.

“Do not ask me now!” she answered laconically, “soon, soon all shall be told!”

I now heard some one with slow, and as it were unwilling, steps approach the door of the gallery. Adelaide rose up, and began to tremble violently, and her face was as colorless as the marble urn against which she was obliged to support herself. A hand seized the lock, but paused in turning it; finally the door slowly opened, and Count Alarik entered.

I shuddered at sight of him. There was a dreadful expression in his face. There was despair, there was judgment, there was determined, inevitable misfortune. He approached Adelaide slowly, and stopped a few steps from her. Adelaide became calmer, her trembling was less visible, she looked on him with a glance—a heaven of innocence and love lay in it; but it was forced to sink before the unalterable judgment which lay announced in his. She trembled again. In him the storm was mastered, but that it had been terrible might be read on his forehead and his pale lips.

“Adelaide!” said he, in a tone so sorrowful and so severe, that a deadly chill seized my heart on hearing it—“Adelaide!”—he drew in his breath—“we part—we part for ever! I

have long suspected that we were not suited for one another; you were not worthy of the love I bore you. I feared it before, I know it now. Adelaide—I forgive, but I pity you!"

Again she cast up her pure glance; again it fell under his. He continued:

"The angel which lent you his shape enticed me, enchanted me. I thought—but it is past—past for ever—your frivolity, your culpable frivolity has parted us for ever. O that I could forget—"

He ceased, overcome by his violent emotions.

I could not endure to hear such language spoken to Adelaide, to see her in such a situation before him. With tears and clasped hands I approached her.

"Adelaide! why do you not speak? why do you not defend yourself? Are you not innocent, my own darling? You are innocent, you cannot deserve this."

Adelaide did not answer, she stood immovable; I went nearer and tried to take her hand.

"Be quiet!" she said, and rejected me gently.

Count Alarik continued, with an emotion which he vainly sought to smother: "May you be happy, Adelaide! Adelaide, remember that life is short—that pleasures give a fleeting enjoyment,—but why should I speak of that to you"—he added, with a contortion of features which was meant to resemble a smile. "I sought you only to tell you you are free! Farewell!"

He turned away and went out. Adelaide followed him, apparently almost unconsciously. At the door she seized his hand and held him back, and looked up to him with an expression which seemed to say, "And is this really true? Is it possible that we are to part? Is this serious?"

He released his hand from hers, but stood still looking at her. She opened with a touching expression of faithful angelic love her arms to him. A demoniac expression flew over his face and contorted his noble features, violently he threw her back and disappeared. The action of his hand, still more the horror of such a moment, threw Adelaide on the marble floor. She lay still and pale as if she were dying, and only clasped her hands hard against her breast. I raised her up, carried her in my arms to her room, I wept over her, I spoke the tenderest words to her; all in vain, she remained silent, breathed quick and deep, and held her hands over her bosom, as if she sought by these means to deaden some severe pain.

I begged the Baroness to go into Adelaide, and hastened to seek Count Alarik, to try if possible to bring him to his senses again, and receive some explanation of the extraordinary scene I had just witnessed.

When the Count had left Adelaide, he gave orders for his immediate departure, and in a few minutes his carriage was before the door.

Then Countess Augusta hurriedly and unannounced entered his room.

"I would say something to you, Alarik!" she said, and her cheeks glowed—"Alarik! when time has lightened your grief—when you have succeeded in forgetting an unworthy—then think—then remember that Augusta loves you, faithfully loves you!"

He looked at her in surprise, and a dim flame burned in his eye. She went nearer to him, and stretched out her hand to him.

"Augusta!" he said, putting her aside with

gloomy seriousness, "I cannot even thank you. You can be nothing to me. My life's joy is gone—I have no more love to give. Farewell! Forget me!" and he withdrew hastily.

On the staircase I met him. I stopped him and asked:

"In the name of God, tell me what has happened?"

He fixed his eyes on a little neck-kerchief belonging to Adelaide, which by accident I had taken on my arm with my shawl; he snatched it from me, and instead of answering my questions, hurried away, covering it with kisses. I now saw Countess Augusta with glowing cheeks come out of his room.

"What has happened?" I asked her. "What is the meaning of all this?"

"I scarcely know myself," she answered. "How is Adelaide?"

"Very bad! What was your ladyship doing here? What did Count Alarik say?"

"I cannot take upon myself to give account of his actions!" answered she angrily. At the same moment we heard a carriage roll away. Count Alarik was gone. In the lobby I met young Otto in the most excited and angry mood. He asked my counsel on what he was to do. He was desperate with Count Alarik's having called him "boy!" and having acted most arrogantly toward him. In my hurry and anguish to return to Adelaide, I knew no better counsel to give him than this: "To return home and remain there!"

## CHAPTER XX.

### LOVE UNTIL DEATH.

I sing, for I must die—and I would pour  
Forth with my song my soul, from life and pain.  
Farewell! I hasten to that happy shore,  
Where with a clearer voice, more certain strain,  
My life, my love, I yet shall sing again!

SWAN'S SONG.

WHEN I returned to Adelaide, I found the Baroness sitting beside her busy instilling a quantity of morals and maxims into her, which I know well are capable of making one who is in good health sick, and which therefore, according to the laws of homœopathy should make a sick person well. But on my poor Adelaide they showed not the least effect. She lay silent and immovable, and seemed to suffer. I made haste in the politest way to dismiss the Baroness; afterward I sat silent in Adelaide's room, occupied only with her, and thinking of the best means of getting her to speak, or at least to weep. Ah! it was the first pain which had reached that young tender heart. It was yet too little injured to suffering; it threatened to be crushed beneath the burden.

From the state of death-like repose, in which Adelaide lay till the afternoon, she passed to one of restless disquiet. She went from the one room to another, and seemed to seek something without herself knowing what. My uneasiness on her account was indescribable; I sent for the doctor to the nearest town, and in the mean time followed Adelaide silently and faithfully as her shadow. After she had wandered through almost the whole house, she went out; I let her go; only threw a shawl over her shoulders, and followed her without saying a word. I was glad that she went out, and hoped that the movement and the fresh air would recal her to herself. She took the same way as Count Alarik

had gone, and went faster and faster, until she almost ran. Afterward she turned from the road, and continued irregularly, now walking, and now running, through a wild forest track. It was with difficulty that I could follow her, but her white dress, which fluttered among the trees, kept me on her track. For nearly an hour we continued this painful wandering. I wished to stop her, but she seemed to suspect my intention, and every time I approached her she fled from me with the rapidity of a dove. My cries and my prayers she seemed not to hear. All at once I saw her throw herself on the ground. I ran forward, and saw that she had thrown herself down to drink of a little running stream which gurgled out from among the heath and moor. At the same moment that I bent forward to prevent the serious danger of her drinking, I saw a clear stream of blood gush forward, and mingle with the waters of the brook. It came from my poor Adelaide's breast. A violent hemorrhage, which lasted several minutes, had taken place, during which I held her in my arms. She became senseless; and I was near despair.

It was late in the evening, and began to grow dark. We were in the middle of the wild forest, and not a trace of human dwelling was to be seen near us. Where should I turn with Adelaide,—where find help for her?

I had many times said to myself, that it was vain to cry to God for earthly help; for He cannot for the sake of one human being seize with His Almighty hand on the circumstances, whose free play He has once permitted, and which He cannot now restrain without overturning the laws which He has written in nature. For many years, therefore, I had never offered up a prayer for anything temporal—but in this moment of anguish all these arguments were vain; I followed the heart's immediate instinct—I prayed—prayed to God a burning prayer for help for my beloved child. But all remained silent around us; the murmur of the crimsoned brook alone was heard, and the cross-bill beating down an occasional pine-cone which fell to the ground; now and then a sound went through the wood, and the shepherd's horn was heard at a distance. Adelaide lay with closed eyes, silent, pale, and blood-stained: I thought that her last moments were come. I called aloud several times, but the echo alone answered me. Again I prayed silently and with tears, and a promise of delivery reached my ear. It was the tinkle of a little cow-bell, and the voice of her driver; "Get on my pet! see-sò! Where are you going now? Will you only go right!" And an old woman presently stepped out of the bushes, and her cow, who stopped in alarm, lowed at the sight of us. I called to the scarcely less frightened woman; quickly told her what had happened, and prayed for help. Her cottage was not far off, and she assisted me in carrying Adelaide there. Adelaide's blood had ceased to flow, but she lay in a death-like swoon. The cow fol- lowed us gently snorting. About a hundred paces from the stream, just at the end of the wood, lay the little hut. We carried Adelaide into the narrow, dark, but clean place, and laid her upon the straw bed. After this the old woman went immediately to the house, to relate what had happened, and get the necessary assistance. I hoped that about this time the doctor would have arrived.

I remained alone in the hut with Adelaide, and the most painful feelings filled my heart.

There lay my white swan, my darling, blood-stained upon the straw—so beautiful, still—but perhaps near her death. Should I never more see these eyes open, streaming with goodness and joy? This young life of song and love, had it already ceased for ever?

I sat and wept the bitterest tears over her, when she half opened her eyes, and said with a weak voice, "Give me something to drink."

I looked round the place; there was neither meat nor drink to be seen. I did not dare to leave Adelaide to go as far as to the stream, neither should I have dared to give her of this cold water to drink. I was in the greatest distress. At that moment the cow gently lowed outside the hut, and snorted with her nose against the window. Inexpressibly rejoiced, I seized the milk-pail standing in a corner of the room, ran out, and milked the cow, who permitted it quietly enough considering the strange hand. I returned to Adelaide, poured the milk into a cup, and held the mild beverage to her lips. She drank eagerly.

"Ah, that was fine—that was very good!" she said, as I again let her head gently sink on the bed. She looked up, looked full and affectionately upon me, and extended me her hand. "It is better now," said she. "Do you know, it was terrible. Such a pain here," and she laid her hand on her bosom; "I was suffocating, but I could not die! But it is better now. Pardon me! I have certainly made you very anxious—pardon me!"

"Do not speak so," I entreated, covering her hand with kisses and tears of joy, "do not speak now; be calm and still, for God's sake, for my sake, for all their sakes who love you, and all shall yet be well."

She made an assenting motion with her head. An expression of pain spread itself over her features, and her tears began to flow. I was glad of this; she required this relief.

The hut which made our home for the present lay about a quarter of a mile from the house, and an hour had nearly elapsed before people came thence to us. The deepest distress had been excited among them by what had happened. It was said that Countess Augusta had been taken ill. The doctor had not yet come from the town. Adelaide seemed to be too weak to be removed. I feared that the motion would only bring on a new hemorrhage; and as she herself wished to pass the night quietly where she was, I resolved therefore to remain; sent after clothes and some medicines; desired that the doctor immediately on his arrival should be conducted to us, and only retained one maid-servant to pass the night with me beside Adelaide.

In the mean time I occupied myself in washing away the blood from Adelaide's face, neck, and hands, as well as giving her clean clothes. While I was doing it, she was quiet, kind, and contented.

Late in the evening, a message arrived that the doctor was absent from town when our messenger reached it; he could not therefore till the following day be expected. This made me very anxious; and after the servant and the maid had gone to sleep in the cow-house, I seated myself by Adelaide's bed, and remained quietly there through the night. Now and then I laid logs and sticks on the fire, whose kindly flame kept our little room light.

\* About a mile and a half English.

The night was stormy, and heavy showers were driven against the window; the owls were shrieking their shrill, ominous cry; but the quieting medicines I had given to Adelaide had procured her a deep though restless sleep. Dark fantasies seemed to occupy her mind, she threw her arms here and there.

"They are driving the wrong way with the hearse," she said; "show them here. In the church at O., there lie my mother and my little brother—there will I also lie; not in the vault. I will not lie there. No; lay me under God's free heaven—let the sun shine on my grave—let the flowers grow there!"

Thus she continued long, to my indescribable distress: gradually, however, she slept more quietly, until the morning about six o'clock, when she started violently with these words—"Air! I suffocate!" I threw open the door, and the fresh morning air streamed in. She breathed it eagerly. Her strength seemed partly returned.

"Emma," said she, "I have prayed neither to-day nor yesterday. O God, forgive me that I have forgotten Thee! Emma, I sin so much. People should not on account of their own sorrows forget God. But I have been so sick—now my reason is clear again. Come, let us pray!"

I fell on my knees beside her bed. With deep solemnity and sincere earnestness she prayed for all who were suffering, all who were sick, for her father, her sisters—finally, she prayed for Alarik with all the warm life of love. She prayed till, wearied out, she fell back on her bed. After this she slept quietly and well about an hour. She then awoke evidently stronger, and said, "I wish to see the sky, and breathe the fresh air—it would do me good. Let us go out, I am strong again."

I gave her a warm pelisse, and led her out of the hut; we seated ourselves on the threshold, and breathed the pure, and uncommon mild September air.

The cottage lay on a height at the skirts of the forest. A wide field bordered by fir-forest lay before us; roads crossed each other on several sides through fields and meadows. It had rained and blown the whole night; but the storm was now completely stilled, and each little pool on the paths lay turned into a mirror for the sky, in which the brightening blue and lingering clouds seemed to contemplate themselves. Little yellow flowers before us waved on their weak stalks in the morning air, saluted and embraced each other; and choruses of little insects arose from the pearly grass without any other design than to dance and to sing. The falcon hovered in wide circles over the plain, and struck the clouds with his bold wing, while the little birds in the yellow birches near us twittered in careless gaiety. The sun was not shining, but a mild light lay over the landscape, more agreeable than sunshine, and along the dark green edge of the forest arose from the white chimneys of the cottages small columns of blueish smoke, which spread themselves gently and disappeared in the quiet air. The voices of men and animals sounded gayly around.

"What a life!" said Adelaide, and looked round her with a glance which again began to beam; "how beautiful is the earth! Ah! if one could be very good, very resigned, then even misfortune would not be felt so bitterly, would not hinder us from thankfully enjoying what God's goodness gives us. Emma, why should my sorrow prevent me from being glad for all

the beauty I now look upon? All these voices which are heard around us, they bear witness of gay and happy existences—why cannot I rejoice in their happiness? Do you see all these little pillars of smoke, which rise toward heaven?" and with her finger she pointed to the different places whence they arose; "do they not speak of comfortable homes, of household cares?"—and an expression of anguish passed over her face—"of husbands, and wives, and children collecting to the common meal? Are they not like offerings of thanksgiving which are sent up by earth's children to a bounteous heaven? Why can I not raise my soul to thank God for others' happiness, though I myself suffer? How egotistical is man, Emma; or rather how egotistical am I? I refer everything so much to myself, feel so little for others. I could cry over myself!"

She leaned her head against my shoulder, and her tears flowed freely.

"Good, sweet, beloved Adelaide!" was all I could falter out.

"Ah, Emma!" she said seriously, "I have not been good; I have been proud, foolish, presumptuous—have I not been presumptuous?"

I did not answer, for I could not say so.

"Yes, I have certainly been presumptuous—and with so little cause! God forgive me that Alarik could not love me—I am so full of faults, he so superior."

"Not superior," said I, with the displeasure I felt toward him; "he has been unreasonable—nay, hard and cruel toward you!"

"Not a word against him!" entreated Adelaide solemnly; "I will, I must believe in him—he has judged me, I must have deserved it. I will believe on him and his perfection—if he has ceased to love me, it is certainly my fault alone. Ah! he cannot see to my heart—he would forgive me for my love's sake. God will forgive me, and to him I will go."

I was in the highest degree surprised at these expressions, but did not dare to ask any explanation for fear it would be too much for her strength; I contented myself in the strongest words I was capable of with assuring her that Alarik loved her, and none else but her. I related to her the little scene on the staircase at his departure.

"Take care, take care!" said Adelaide with a wild look, "give me no hope—it is terrible to lose it again! Say nothing, Emma. Ah! I know all—all too well—too well how it is!"

I was prevented from answering by the arrival of the doctor; he was accompanied by people who were bringing a commodious litter; on that Adelaide was laid, and carried with the greatest care and tenderness to her home. We went well, though slowly on our little journey. Adelaide was pleased with the flowers which I picked for her by the road side, and was quiet and friendly. When we had arrived, and I had seen her to her room, and on her bed, I went to write a letter to the President, whom, by the doctor's advice, I informed of his daughter's illness. When I returned to Adelaide, I heard earnest conversation in her room. I stopped in the half-open door, and saw Adelaide half-raised in her bed, with clasped hands, and entreating eyes, speaking to Countess Augusta, who sat beside her bed.

"Tell me, tell me," she prayed, "if all were true that you told me the night before last. In God's name, by all that is holy, I beseech you, Augusta, answer me, tell me the truth! O Ad-

guests! I have not perhaps much longer to live—Alarik can be yours when I am no longer on earth—but now for mercy tell me the truth! Did he say he loved you, that he no longer loved me?"

No answer came from Countess Augusta's lips.

"Augusta, do not be cruel," continued the entreating Adelaide; "if you knew how easy it would be for me to leave the world were I only certain that he did not despise me. Augusta, I will promise you not to take a step to reunite myself with him—I cannot do it either, since he has cast me off. But tell me that he loved me, although he found me weak. Give this heaven to my heart, Augusta, dear Augusta! yet upon earth."

The Countess was yet silent. She turned away, and the profile of her face now became visible to me. A violent conflict betrayed itself there.

"Do you think," recommenced Adelaide's weak, soft voice, "do you think that I would be angry with you because you had deceived me, or because you turned Alarik's heart from me? Ah! do not think so, Augusta. Do you not love him? and that explains, excuses all. With all my heart, Augusta, I will excuse the suffering you have caused me. You are impatient—you want to go—Augusta, wait a moment! Do not believe that I make any reservation in my pardon, that I make any conditions with it; no, now, now, if even you should not say a word to give me ease, yet will I give it to you. Augusta, if ever you should have a bitter moment upon earth; if you should regret," she raised herself up, and stretched her arms toward her sister—"Augusta, come nearer—then remember that Adelaide has forgiven you!"

She wanted to clasp her arms round her sister's neck, but at the same time fell exhausted back on her bed.

Countess Augusta hastened from her; but in the ante-chamber I caught her arm, stopped her, and said,

"Countess! I have heard Adelaide's prayers, and now I understand all. In this moment I will write to Count Alarik, unless by a free confession before him and Adelaide you again repair the mischief you have done."

She stammered out some incomprehensible words, disengaged her arm, and hastened away. Half-an-hour afterward her carriage rolled over the court. She was gone.

The conversation with her sister had so violently excited Adelaide, that a fresh hemorrhage was the consequence. It was so violent, lasted so long, and the patient's condition was so deplorable when it was past, that the doctor declared another attack would be inevitable death, and that even now he could not answer for the consequences.

This news spread the deepest sorrow throughout the house; and every word, every accent, showed how sincerely Adelaide was beloved by all.

When, after some hours' sleep, Adelaide had regained a little strength, she read sorrow and disquiet on every face that surrounded her. She beckoned to me, and begged me softly to tell her truly what the doctor said of her state. I repeated to her his words, and in so doing could not restrain my tears.

"I shall then die!" said she, with a countenance beaming with joy—"Ah, God be praised!

Weep not, my Emma, I am happy!" and she wiped away my tears with her hand. "Now I can ask to see him! Now it can no longer wound proprieties if I should seek him. Is it not death—Emma, must not all give way to death? O now I may once more see him—tell him how infinitely I love him; perhaps I may die on his heart! Write to him, Emma, best Emma. Ah, then it is death which shall reunite us!"

I wrote immediately, and directed my letter to his estate, where I presumed he had gone.

I told Adelaide my suspicions regarding Countess Augusta; I wanted to show her how this unlucky misunderstanding had probably arisen, but Adelaide interrupted me.

"Say nothing now," begged she. "My understanding is not clear—I cannot well conceive—I can scarcely remember how it happened. But what does all this signify now?" added she with a bright glance, "shall I not die? Before I die I shall see him—he shall read in my heart. He shall see there so much love, that he will love me for the sake of my love. All will be clear, all well between us; I have not a doubt of it, I feel it. Ah, I am so glad, Emma! All is so easy, so beautiful; God has been so merciful toward me!"

The doctor forbid Adelaide to speak so much. She asked to see her little sisters, and promised to be silent. The little ones came quite surprised, full of trouble and wondering. They crept on their sister's bed, and seated themselves one on each side of her. They had been desired not to speak; they did not understand their sister's danger; but when they saw her so pale they began to cry. She caressed them tenderly, and played with their light curling hair. They kissed her white hands. It was a beautiful and touching picture.

The whole night and the following day, Adelaide remained in the same quiet and happy state, but enjoyed no sleep. She seemed to wait some one, though without disquiet. All the images before her fancy were bright and peaceful. One could say that she reposed in her Heavenly Father's arms, and certain of His love she had peace, and gladly left her fate to Him; she desired only to bid farewell to one friend, and afterward fall quietly asleep.

During this time Adelaide even occupied herself with the arrangement of her small earthly affairs. No possessor of millions ever made his will with greater care. Here were the old and infirm, to whom Adelaide gave a certain sum a year for their maintenance and relief; their children whom she kept at school, and so on. She had hitherto provided for these with her pocket-money, and she desired that at her death her clothes and her trinkets might be sold, and the money proceeding from them might be employed for a continuation of these little pensions. On this occasion I was made to admire, as I have often done, how much beneficence may be effected by small means, when they are managed by sincere good-will, and prudent care and activity.

Toward evening on the second day Adelaide became uneasy, she wept silently. After a moment she became calm again, and asked for the guitar. She raised herself up, struck some accords, and began to sing.

"She must not sing!" said the doctor, who now came in from the other room.

She looked at him with her grave, somewhat defying air, and said, "The doctor must not for-

bid me what pleases me. 'T is does not do me harm!" and she continued her song. I begged her to stop.

"Do not deny me what I desire!" said Adelaide with some energy. "Might I not sing?" continued she with a dazzling tear in her eye—"does not the swan sing in his dying moments? Am I not the swan? I die—I can therefore sing!" And she sang:

Now it is passed! my life's short day is done,  
And I will sing, for I would cease to be.  
Yea, it was fair that shore, sailed past and gone,  
But yet more fair, beyond death's quiet sea:  
The island of the blest which beckoneth me!  
I sing, for I must die—and I would pour  
Forth with my song my soul, from life and pain.  
Farewell! I hasten to that happy shore,  
Where with a clearer voice, more certain strain,  
My life, my love, I yet shall sing again!

We no longer thought of preventing her. The doctor had sat down, and wiped his eyes. Adelaide continued to sing. Her voice became more certain and melodious, her eyes more beaming. I contemplated her with astonishment and admiration. The chiseled beauty of her features was more than ever remarkable in this moment, when her face was as white as marble, and a sort of mild light spread over it; and as she gave herself entirely up to the inspiration of her singing, her pious and steady eye seemed already to gaze into the home of the blessed. I almost expected that her spirit should be wafted away during this death-song, which gradually began to become more broken and weak. "O God!" I prayed silently, "let me soon follow her!"

Now there was a trampling in the court. With haste and a noise like thunder, a carriage drove up and stopped.

The guitar fell from Adelaide's hands. "It is he! It is he!" she exclaimed; a passing color mounted in her cheeks, after which she sunk back as pale as death. I left her to the doctor's care, and went out to ask after the new-comer. It was really Count Alarik. By the dumb despair painted in his countenance, I saw that he knew all.

Has the Count met Countess Augusta? I asked hurriedly.

He bowed his head affirmatively. "I know all," he said; he looked at me with a glance of inexpressible anguish, and his pale lips could but stammer out "Adelaide?"

"She lives!" said I; but at the same time burst into tears.

He cast a glance of burning gratitude toward heaven, and seized my hand. "Conduct me to her feet!" he exclaimed.

I told him now of Adelaide's weak condition. I represented to him that he must be patient, circumspect; that we must avoid all which could over-excite her. I was interrupted by a message from her which called me in.

Adelaide sat up in bed with eyes full of tenderness and impatience. "Why does he not come?" she asked; "why does he delay? Will he not see his Adelaide? Does he know that she calls for him, that she will die on his heart?"

The doctor wished to prevent the meeting for the evening, saying that it would excite Adelaide too much for the night.

"Will you have me die now immediately through longing and impatience?" asked Adelaide. "You must not be unreasonable, for then I shall become disobedient. Forgive me," she continued, bursting into tears; "I know that you

mean well, but you do not know what is good for me. I promise you afterward to be quiet; before that I cannot be so."

A new message came from the Count. He would absolutely come in to Adelaide. It signified nothing seeking to hinder these two loving beings from uniting. I conducted Count Alarik in; Adelaide raised herself up with a weak cry, and stretched her arms toward him: he darted forward, threw himself on his knees by her bed, and clasped her to his bosom.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### GO NOT AWAY.

Go not away! I will not be alone!  
I will behold thee, keep thee to the end.  
List to thy voice, the pure, the blessed tone:  
Go not away! my treasure and my friend:  
Look on me! In thine eyes, as pure as heaven,  
My soul has peace, my weary thoughts find rest:  
Light unto darkness from thy glance is given,  
And calm'd the anxious pulses of my breast.  
Speak to me! Let me hear the blessed sound  
Which made a heaven of Eden's happy grove,  
When only holy love on earth was found,  
And man the image pure of God above.  
O let me clasp thee nearer to my breast,  
Let me within thy faithful arms repose;  
Thus! thus: compared with this repayment blest,  
How light are all life's sufferings, all its woes!  
Go not away, go not! Dark cloud would swallow  
Thee from mine eyes. Thou goest! give me thy  
Thine well! his well! Thou goest—and I follow  
Into Death's unknown, night-overshadow'd land!

It is a blessed thing—and they who love sincerely know well how blessed—when, after a moment of misunderstanding, nay, perhaps even of mutual transgression, to repose heart against heart, and feel, sincerely feel, that one certainty is to be found on earth, one certainty which defies all the power of hell, one certainty which is heaven upon earth—that they love one another; that they belong to one another; that nothing, nothing in the world, shall divide those who have found each other in true, celestial love. O! this is a certainty, the most beautiful which is to be found upon earth—a certainty, the ground and guarantee of every other. He felt it well, that man, who, about to pass the theatre of life, laid his hand upon his heart, and said, "I love, therefore I am immortal!"

Immortal mortals! well for you if you have here been permitted to experience this explanation of life—true love! Well for you, if God has permitted this golden thread to run through and brighten the dark web of your earthly love!

There are eternal harmonies, eternal sympathies; "there are people who are born for each other." When they meet in the world, then spring up these quickly-woven bonds of friendship—this irresistible power of attraction—those inward sympathies between two beings—which human reason cannot explain, which it has gone out of fashion to believe in, and which yet exist, and are so precious to the hearts in which they reveal themselves. They are sparks sprung from mysteries, which may be well called Elysian.

These lovers for eternity; these two who had found one another; who in spite of all must belong to one another, must become one, I now saw in Adelaide and Alarik. Long reposed they heart to heart, and life seemed to have no enigma, no question for them.

\* From *Switzerland*.

But only for a moment can we on earth bear heaven within our breast. Time gives its slow course, and envelops in mist all the sunshine of life—and thence in this vile world arise difficulties, such as explications and justifications even between the tenderest friends.

"Adelaide, canst thou forgive me?" were the first words which could struggle forth from Count Alarik's violently agitated breast.

"O say not so!" was all she had the power to answer.

"Adelaide, I am not worthy of thee—I have been hard and unjust toward thee—"

"No, say not so! I was faulty, so childish, you must—"

"No explanations!" begged I, warning them, "not now, at least. Remember that Adelaide's life and your happiness depend on being kept quiet and undisturbed to regain her strength. Look at each other, enjoy the certainty of loving each other, of being together—but let fine phrases alone, neither do they now seem to be requisite."

"Only one question, one single question yet!" begged Adelaide. "Alarik!" and she clasped her hands and looked at him with a serious and piercing look; "Alarik, answer me, and tell me the truth, as you would say it before God—do you love me? And do you love me more than any one on earth?"

"Adelaide, you punish me severely!" said Count Alarik, and covered his eyes with his hand; large drops fell on Adelaide's arm.

"No, take away your hand! No, look at me Alarik! my beloved Alarik, look at me. I have suffered so much—my understanding is weakened—answer me so that I may fully understand it—do you love me?"

Alarik looked up at her with the fulness of love, and said with deep seriousness: "God is my witness, Adelaide, that I never loved any other than thou! Thou alone wert my heart's wisdom and folly; my first, my last, my only love!"

With a cry of joy, gratefully outstretched hands, and an expression of happiness which spread a light over her face, Adelaide sank back on her bed.

"And now peace with you!" said I smiling, as I softly tried to separate the lovers. "Be tranquil now if you wish to live for one another."

They were tranquil; they looked at one another, her hand rested in his, words of love and joy glided over their lips.

I seated myself, a shadow in the shadow, not far from this bright image of love, and shed quiet tears over it.

When the night approached, I desired that they should separate, that each might enjoy some repose. But although I pronounced my admonitions in good Swedish, the lovers seemed to think that I spoke the language of the Christian assemblies of the Apostles, which language it is now confessed, though occasionally spoken, is no longer understood upon earth. I could really neither make myself heard nor understood, and therefore ceased to talk in this fashion, and Count Alarik remained the night in Adelaide's room, watched over her, and gave her with his own hand the quieting medicines which the doctor had prescribed. A tenderness and mildness was in his care, an almost womanly instinct, which I had hardly thought belonged to that powerful man. But the most delicate growth can spring from the hardest soil, when it is warmly breathed on by love.

Adelaide fell quietly asleep in the night. She was indescribably beautiful where she lay—an image of innocence, goodness, and peace.

By Count Alarik's words I perceived that he took it for certain that she should live, and would not prepare himself for anything else.

"But if—" said I sorrowfully.

"She shall not die!" said he with a certainty as if he were God himself. O poor mortals!

Shortly afterward Adelaide awoke. "I feel myself very weak," said she in a faint voice. "Alarik, I must speak with you ere it is too late."

"You shall not die!" he cried with wild alarm, and clasped her in his arms. Heaven's angels shall not snatch you from me!"

"But God, Alarik, but God. We cannot set ourselves against God's will. That would be madness. God's will be done! What He does is good."

"God cannot, God will not take you from me!" was his wild and despairing outcry.

"O speak not so, Alarik!" implored Adelaide with affecting tenderness and humility. "Let us not repine, let us be resigned. How can you think that what God does can be other than good? Neither shall I leave thee, though I die. I shall be with thee as an angel. I shall surround thee with my wings when thou sleepest and when thou wakest; I shall wait peace to thy heart; every prayer that thou prayest I shall carry up to God, and return with its answer to thee; I shall await thee, my Alarik, in that bright land where there is no more sorrow nor parting; and in thy last struggle I will appear to thee, I will weep a tear, and take thy spirit with a kiss. Ah! dost thou know it is beautiful there above the clouds in God's clear heaven! I know it: I have felt it within these few days—"

"And thou wilt leave me, Adelaide, for that heaven?"

"If God so wills. Willingly would I live for thee on earth, O how willingly! But God's will be done. We shall soon be reunited."

My pen is impotent to depict the scenes which followed. Who has really the power on one side to represent this despairing combat of love against invisible powers to retain what it loves; and on the other, that angelic peace, that resignation, that pure consolation and higher love, which does not view life in separate moments—which, feeling God's life in its own bosom, sees in death but a passage, a quiet sleep, followed by a new morning, with clearer sun, and more powerful love?

Adelaide exacted from Alarik pardon for Augusta. He could not, he said, forgive her.

"You cannot?" said Adelaide sorrowfully.

"O Alarik! how can we then pray, 'And forgive us our sins?'—"

"Do not speak of her now," interrupted Count Alarik violently; "now I could curse—"

Adelaide laid her hand on her mouth, and began to weep. He kissed away her tears, became calmer, promised to forgive for the sake of her prayer.

I saw them so moved, that I was afraid it might be injurious to her. I prayed them to be calm, and promised to read something to them. They willingly agreed: and that I might at the same time fix their attention and calm their feelings, as well as with the sacred desire of giving a lesson with regard to Adelaide, to the philosopher Alarik, I read Paul's beautiful chapter on love:

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become—"

as sounding-brass or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing."

I laid particular emphasis on these words—

"Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up. Seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil. Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away."

"And now abideth faith, hope, and charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE GOOD SLEEP.

O! who above the clouds like me shall love thee  
A glorious seraph in his happy lot!  
Wings has he, he has beauty there above me;  
The gift to love like me, that has he not.  
Unto his holy breast earth's love is vain,  
The bliss of his high heaven is of his choice:  
While I am bound to thee in joy or pain,  
'Tis I alone can answer to thy voice.

"If thou love—if thou sincerely love—if, in thy friend's heart, in her eye, thou have found the sabbath of thy soul—if, in love and its perfection, thou have conceived the goodness of God, and the bliss of heaven, and thou be forced to fear that the beating of that heart will cease beneath thy hand, that love will go out in that beloved eye—

And if then remorse rise accusingly up against thee by the deathbed of thy beloved, and say, "Thou hast not loved well; thy love was soiled by unworthy doubts; for thy sake, thy treasure lies here ready to sink into the dark grave; thou hast plunged her there; wo, wo to him who cannot love rightly!"—

And if friends will console thee; if thy beloved herself will raise her gentle voice, and whisper:

O, murmur not, it is so good to die,  
To die while young; from this vain world away:  
To turn aside, and calmly close the eyes,  
Then open it upon a brighter day.

And if, then, with the sentiment of the infinite love in thy breast, thou art ready to defy heaven itself to give a higher happiness than thy love would have given—

If thou have experienced these sentiments of tremulous love, of remorse, of strife with heaven itself, then thou canst understand Count Alarik's state of mind during several days which he passed watching by Adelaide's bed. She lay in the greatest danger. Count Alarik did not turn his eye from her; he spoke not; but, by the expression of his face, one would have said that he struggled with the angel of death, who had been sent for his beloved. He would not that she should die.

When Adelaide spoke with her betrothed during the course of these days, she tried to prepare him for her departure; she spoke of the happiness reserved for her in heaven.

Alarik answered, "None will love you as I

do, Adelaide. Can happiness be increased when the bands of love are sundered? Can any one understand you as I do? Could angels give you more bliss than I? O Adelaide! have you learned to mistrust the strength of my affection?"

She denied it. She smiled on him through her tears. She told him that he alone could make her happy; but that they should not long be divided. All that she said was gentle, was tender, was good, was a soothing balsam to his soul.

On the seventh day, Adelaide fell into a deep sleep. When she awoke, after several hours' rest, the doctor pronounced her better.

"Better!" repeated Count Alarik. He went out; and, for the first time since the evening of his arrival, his tears flowed. He bowed his knees and thanked God.

When he returned to Adelaide, she stretched her arms toward him. "I shall live for thee!" she said.

They wept like children; but oh, how happy they were!

In the evening of that day, the lovers fell upon the desperate thought of explaining the causes of the unfortunate misunderstanding which had arisen between them. This conversation satisfied and yet excited them. Countess Augusta, under pretence of correcting a fault in the drawing, had got the portrait in her hands, which was destined for Adelaide; this the latter had, during the last few days, already suspected. All gradually became clear to their eyes; they wept over their own faults, and shuddered at each other's suffering. The errors of the past shed a light on the future.

"I shall never doubt thee more, my Adelaide," said Count Alarik, as he pressed her tenderly to his heart. "Never more will I disturb thy innocent gayety with a dark suspicion. O, may it never cease as long as I live, my blessed Adelaide! my life's flower! my joy!"

"And if I should live to belong to thee on earth," said Adelaide, "I shall not be childish and thoughtless as before. Ah! this short time of suffering has done me much good! I have, during these few days, thought more and more seriously of life than during my whole lifetime before. I will be thy joy, Alarik; but not only as I have hitherto been; I have caught glimpses of life's higher dignity and beauty; thou wilt teach me to feel it fully. Lead me, my Alarik; I will be thy willing disciple; I will gladly follow where thou leadest; I will——"

"Shall there be pancakes or pastry to supper?" called I suddenly at the door, to make a diversion in this more feeling than healthy conversation.

The little children were with me. They carried a plate each, I myself carried a basket loaded with cherries.

Adelaide called in the little ones. Count Alarik freed them from the plates, and lifted the children upon their sister's bed. They kissed and embraced each other.

But now Adelaide wished also to eat. The children must decamp from the bed.

"May I hold your plate, Adelaide?" said Alarik.

"Yes, if you fall on your knees!" answered she, with all her former joking arrogance.

"You are getting well!" he cried, enchanted, knelt down, and offered her the plate, full of beautiful crimson cherries.

She fed him and herself alternately; they joked, they murmured, they laughed, they took—

the cherries from each other's lips; they seemed unable sufficiently to make themselves one.

"O love! blessed, wise madness!

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## A SHORT CHAPTER.

"Which really were too short, were there not others which are too long." ENRENSWÄRD.

Love and prayer kept watch for Adelaide; death went past. The President returned with Edla, both happy in having learned to know each other. Countess Augusta's wickedness was concealed; she travelled abroad. Adelaide became well, and rosy, and gay. The banns were published in church, but the marriage was performed at home. Adelaide wept and smiled. The children wondered. The priest and President gave their benediction. Certainly amen was said in heaven. The President and Mamselle Rönquist danced the *Anglaise*. Somebody wept silent tears over the loss of her delight; Count Alarik travelled away with it, some days after the marriage.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## APART, BETWEEN THE PRESIDENT AND MR.

PRES.—"She is a genius, and you are—" MAMSELLE R.—"Plait-ù."

THE PRES.—Depend upon it *bonne amie!* Edla is a real genius. She will be a light for her native country. She wants to know everything; she asks about everything; she understands everything; she has asked questions of me, of a depth—it is a pleasure to me to instruct her. She is astonishing! Professor A. could not sufficiently express his admiration of her clear head. Professor A., Mamselle Rönquist! That is not a trifle, that—I could only wish that Edla were not so distrustful of herself, so shy!"

I.—"Edla is really according to my conviction little inclined to appear before the public with what she knows. She is more inclined to live retired with what she can acquire of intellectual riches, to make herself and her nearest connections happy with them. She has no ambition."

THE PRES.—"That is a pity, Mamselle Rönquist, a great pity. One should not put one's candle under a bushel, but let its light shine for the world. Well, Edla is very young yet, and can have time to prepare herself for her important calling. I will only desire that no lover meanwhile—that devil of a Professor looked to me quite meditative—"

I.—"Edla will never leave her father. I know her determined will in that respect. She will employ her life in procuring comfort and enjoyment for him."

THE PRES.—"God bless her for that. I confess that it would now be very difficult for me to get on without her. Meantime her happiness must be the first object. And when I besides am so happy as to possess in my house a friend, such as Mamselle Rönquist—in truth—I hope—hem—you are—"

I.—"Plait-ù."

THE PRES.—"My best Mamselle Rönquist, my best friend—I hope—"

My reader! I hope that you will not think ill, if I skip over the President's and my hopes, the sooner to conduct you to the 'Home of Happiness.'

## CHAPTER XXV.

## THE HOME OF HAPPINESS.

"O how beautiful to see, is the smoke of one's own home." FRANKEN.

"The bay of a lake, some wooded heights, between them fields and meadows, and on an elevation from which one has a view of the whole, even of a town itself: such is the general appearance of Sweden."

FOREKEL (Statistics of Sweden).

"Love strikes root in the finite, but strives toward heaven, and breathes in the light for every wanderer—it stands in the dawn of a higher world." B—N.

Is there to be found a gift of heaven more precious, more worthy our most ardent gratitude, than that of possessing a family, a home, where virtues, kindnesses, and enjoyments are everyday guests, where the heart and the eye sun themselves in a world of love, where the thoughts are lively and enlightened, where friends not only by word but by action say to each other—"Thy joy, thy sorrow, thy hope, thy prayer, are mine!"

See how within such a noble and happy family every different gift unites itself to form an agreeable element of goodness and beauty, in which every member of the family finds his life; where each capability receives its development, each feeling its counterpart and its answer; each pure desire its flower! See, how tears are like a heavenly dew, smiles like the sunlight which entices out the flowers, and love, love is the blessed, the fruitful earth from which the seeds of all that is good and to be enjoyed spring graciously up! See, how the body (for it is to be included) enjoys itself and thrives in the harmonious regulations of home, and with fruits which are not, like those of the first Paradise—*forbidden!*

Life within a happy family is a continual development—a continual spring.

O my mother! O my sweet sisters! Ye who taught me to bless home—it is to you are dedicated these lines, these grateful tears which moisten my eyes!

I will speak of family and home, I will speak of them for Sweden's daughters, not to teach them anything, but to give back to them in a faithful mirror the pictures which the noble among them have let me view, for it is pleasant to be a mirror to the good—may it be my happy lot in life!

I have seen home in the cot on the sandy heath; I have seen it in the princely castle, adorned by the arts; I have seen it in the burgher's simple and convenient dwelling; and in each, where virtue and love united the bonds of family intercourse, there its genius, good and guardian woman, stood watchful and active; I saw everywhere here the same kindly sights, heard everywhere the same soft harmonies! Riches and poverty made no difference.

Goodness and order, these, heaven's serving-spirits upon earth, call forth everywhere the same peace and the same comfort. No bitter root has leave to grow there. Where it would grow comes either a smile or a tear, and with these a kind word to stifle it. Love watches over the cradle of infancy, over the rest of old age, over the well-being and comfort of each individual. In order to be happy, man turns from the life of the world—home.

The sorrowful heart finds comfort in home; the disquieted, peace; the gay has there his life's true element. Where do you hear the agreeable joke, which only excites to satisfy; where

those glad words full of tenderness and praise; where that hearty laughter, those cries of sincere enjoyment to which innocence and goodness every day respond, and which form every-day-life's light, living fireworks—where do you perceive them all, these innumerable little pleasantries, which give the objects of life a brightened beauty, if not within the virtuous and happy family? And where, as there, do you find these self-denying lives, these pure unsung sacrifices for each other's well-being; that faithful and hallowed love, which unites itself in this life and lifts the soul to heaven—where, if not there, do you find that pure bliss, which makes us sometimes dream that heaven has nothing more beautiful to offer than earth?

Pious spirits, when they speak of dying, speak of going "*home*." Their longing for heaven is for them the same as their longing for home. Jesus even shows us, the dwelling of eternal bliss under the image of a home—of "His Father's house."

Does not this tell us that our earthly home is intended to be an image of our heavenly home—a pathway, a fore-court to that higher home?

The North is cold and serious. The arts do not there possess their dwelling-place; the time of flowers is short. Will you see their native earth, see Italy, see France; will you see the consecrated earth of home, of families, see Sweden! See everywhere among the rocks and the forests those quiet dwellings, where man enjoys an ennobled natural life; where, in the bosom of holy and precious relationship, are developed piety and bravery, the national virtues of Sweden.

And now when we are on such a good path, let us turn into Adelaide's home. I have called it "the Home of Happiness," and sincerely desire that my readers may do the same. Let me see if I, with the help of my cousin Beata Everyday's pen (which that late personage bequeathed to me,) shall not be able to obtain the testimony also of your tongue, my reader.

A clear November morning dawned over M. on the morrow of that day on which Count Alarik had introduced his lovely bride into the hall of his fathers. While we are in the way of intruding into houses, and committing indiscretions, let us take a look at the young Countess's drawing-room. No dust on the green carpet; on the windows and mirror no spot. The air is embalmed with *mignonette*. The breakfast-table, with a dazzling white tablecloth and smoking coffee, is standing by the sofa. Some beautiful pictures, by Sweden's best artists, decorate the walls. Where are the young couple themselves? Yes! Alarik and Adelaide are standing by the window; he with his arm round her waist, she with her lovely head leaning on his shoulder.

The first snow had fallen in the night, and like a large white sheet lay the lake before the stately old castle. The tall fir forest stretched its snowy crowns wide around toward the skies, and on the other side of the lake lay a ridge of rocks of extraordinary form. From afar in the forest was heard the cheerful and vigorous strokes of the axe. Now and then a large snow-flake fell through the quiet air, the sky became clearer and clearer, and the clouds became more deeply dyed in purple and gold, till they were suddenly forced to pale before the beaming glance of the king of day, as he arose clear and glorious from his white bed on the horizon. The fields and the trees were soon clothed in a diamond mantle; they glittered with

a thousand stars; but it was not in rivalry, but as homage and thanks.

And this noble scene was contemplated by two happy beings. Count Alarik's eagle-eye reposed on the sun, and bore unaverted his dazzling beams. Adelaide gayly and piously bent her head as if to hail the spreader of joy, and sung Tegner's "Song to the Sun,"

"*Die jag sjunger on solen,*" etc.,

"*To thee I raise my song, high glorious sun!*"

then suddenly interrupting herself, and clapping her hands in delight, she exclaimed:

"Ah, in spring! then here it must be beautiful when the lake is open, and the sun entices out flower after flower—and all this I may see, may enjoy with thee! O Alarik! how beautiful is life! How pleasant to live!"

"To live!" repeated Count Alarik thoughtfully, "and what is it to live?" asked he smiling as he contemplated Adelaide.

"To love!" replied Adelaide with warmth, "and to adore Him who gave us love. O how much less we should enjoy of the good things of life, had we not an all-good Giver to thank! I love thee, Alarik, I thank God, and this is the same thing to me, and this is my happiness."

"And I will thank Him for the gift of thee, my Adelaide, as for life's best treasure," said Count Alarik as he pressed her warmly to his heart, and looked thankfully up to heaven. "But sentiments alone are not enough for life, we must—"

"I know, I know," interrupted Adelaide with a kiss, and a playful smile, "we must think, study, make ourselves useful in our generation, read history, and all that—no! do not become grave! Look, all wisdom is born merely of the heart's warmth. When the sun shines on the earth it bears forth fruit. I love thee—what is the interest of thy life, will become that of mine also. 'Thy land shall be my land, and thy friends, my friends.'" This last she added with deep-felt seriousness.

"But tell me," continued she, "are people in our days with all their learning really happier than, for instance, the Patriarchs were in their time? Are the Swedes so better and happier than their ignorant forefathers several hundred years back?"

"The greater mass of people are better and happier," answered Count Alarik. "Science and art have by their advance given to humanity organs for their different powers; rich means for enjoyment, and defence against suffering. But the right scale by which to estimate the advance of the human race would be better ascertained by our looking into the family life of former days and comparing it with that of ours. Through acquaintance with family life—this root of the life of societies—we should first learn to perceive in what degree human life has gained in happiness and elevation. I think, my Adelaide, that you by a nearer contemplation would not wish to change our times for former times, nor your home for a hut in the groves of Mamre, though it might be shaded by palm-trees; neither for a knightly castle, though you would there have to work the banner for your armed and plundering Viking; and although in the Patriarchal age, as in the Chivalric ages, there would be no need for you to learn, and you might call your husband, 'lord.'"

"My lord and husband!" said Adelaide as she bowed to Alarik with a humility full of charm—"then as now it had always been a hap-

witness and an honour. But tell me, best Alarik, how does it then happen that these our days are not in general happier? Are there not even now many unhappy and divided families?"

"There are," answered Count Alarik; "but it is their own fault; all the elements for happiness and improvement are found in life; we require but to stretch out our hands to reach them. Much evil and much misery, it is true, cleave to our times: but it is a time of struggle and development; a remarkable moment of passage, and the cry of victory already sounds over the cry of distress. We shall, during the winter evenings read history together, and you will there see a noble sight—God's development in humanity. You will see how He gives himself to our race in clearer beams, in a growing intimacy, more and more according as it has power to receive Him. You shall see how humanity, nourished by the life of the Eternal One, develops ever more fully and harmoniously its members—glances more clearly to heaven—how its spiritual, its celestial form gradually brightens in the contemplation of the Almighty—you shall see this, and you shall rejoice; feel yourself happy, that even you are called in your degree, to spread God's kingdom upon earth. And you shall find, my Adelaide, that the enjoyment of life can stand side by side with its seriousness—nay! that they could not be without another."

Adelaide looked brightly and full of glad presentiments up to her husband.

"I think I understand you," said she; "and when all new-married couples keep what they promise before God, as we shall do, when finally the whole human race makes but one single holy family, then the moment of union shall have arrived between God and his earth, and then shall the happy bride say like me, 'O how good is God! God be praised!'"

"O how good is God! God be praised!" joined Count Alarik with warmth, and clasped his wife to his breast.

So stood they both—pious, good and happy, united in an earthly and in a heavenly love—man and woman.

And if any of my readers should fear that a love, which lived so entirely in life's higher re-

gions, should leave temporal concerns in neglect—if some careful and lovely reader should exclaim, "While they are standing here, and speaking, '*pour se former le cœur et l'esprit*,' the coffee is growing cold!" I shall take upon myself to inform her respectfully, that in spite of the conversation in the window they were in time to enjoy it quite warm, together with fresh-baked rusks; and I would willingly here make a picture of the *lady of the house* and the *mistress of the house*, such as I saw them in Adelaide, the careful and watchful, who had her eye everywhere, and yet left every one in peace and freedom to attend to his own duties. The attentive, who adorned her simple table as tastefully as she arranged her cupboard orderly—who was careful of her noble husband's comfort in the very least thing, and kept the servants in order and in brilliant humor, and entered into the smallest details of every-day life with a spirit and taste which imparted to them a poetry and charm.

"Poetry and charms in every-day life's occupations!" cried distrustfully Mrs. Shopkeeper Tungmln, to whom I read this passage, and she began to sigh over to me *pro memoria*, of baking, brewing, washing, etc. etc.

Nevertheless it was as I have said; for order, goodness, and gayety, were little household divinities in Adelaide's home, and kept watch, and beat time everywhere.

"And whence had she the power to charm forth these?"

Yes; by this, that she was happy and deserving of her happiness; that she could love him whom she esteemed, with whom she had united her life; and love—love, that celestial guest, has the power to raise this life's heaviest dough.\*

And now, beloved reader—if I could offer you a more pleasing picture than that of a loving and happy pair; of a home, a fore-court of heaven—I would try to produce it to do you a pleasure; but as I do not conceive myself to have that power, so—away with my pen!

\* Most honored housekeepers! do the Authoress the justice to believe, that she well knows that a proper dough rises of itself, and graciously take this comparison less to the letter.



# Life in Sweden.

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THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTERS.

PART II

## N I N A.

BY FREDERIKA BREMER,

AUTHOR OF "THE NEIGHBOURS," "THE HOME," &c

TRANSLATED

BY MARY HOWITT.

"Formerly misfortune was ruder—now it is of a sentimental kind."

"Life is the development of a splendid drama."

ENHENSVAARD,  
B.

NEW-YORK.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS

No. 82 CLIFF-STREET

1844.

## P R E F A C E.

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As the blessed Mamselle Rönquist lay on her death-bed from the unblessed cholera, I received from her a packet with the following words:

"As thou art the best friend that I possess in this world, I therefore send thee herewith some notices of a family with whom I lived the greatest part of my days, and which appeared to me worthy of being penned down. With a somewhat nicer elaboration, they might probably form a continuation of my story of *"THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTERS."* If thou findest in these pages matters to afford interest to the reader, I am persuaded thou wilt set thyself to work them out, and to weave them into a whole. With the age of the actors in the narrative, with the time in which the events occur, as well as with the local circumstances, thou canst deal and order as thou wilt, and allow thyself therein the same

freedom which I have allowed myself. All this is of minor importance in a little volume which concerns itself only with the history of the heart. Gladly do I bequeath to thee the finishing of my feeble sketches. Thou wilt certainly perform it better than myself, since thou art older; and life is a teaching, a going to school, in which every new year should advance us into a higher class. I, too, am about to ascend higher: I go to learn more, but probably not to write more. Farewell, till the brighter morning!

Thine,  
EMMA."

I have done what Emma Rönquist desired: how! Thou, friendly reader, mayest decide. Behold!

But who, then, is "I?" thou wilt ask. Dear reader, I am—if thou art good, but especially if thou art unfortunate—with my whole heart,

THY HUMBLE SERVANT.

# LIFE IN SWEDEN.

## THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTERS.

### PART II.

# N I N A.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

Well, are you all now assembled here?—**BELLMAN.**

We enter an apartment in which the beautiful carpets, the soft sofas, the brilliant mirrors, the richly-draped curtains, and the like, present that pleasant picture of comfort which luxury, the busy artist of modern times, is continually laboring to perfect. With his gaze fixed on the chess-board, sits on a sofa the well-preserved President, or, more properly, Excellence von H. Before him we see his daughter Edla, as she is in the very act of quietly allowing herself to be checkmated by her father; and this, partly because she has already won one game from him, partly because his Excellence did not take it in the best humor. Now, however, suddenly the play, and with it the humor of the President, take a favourable turn.

"The queen, dear Edla," observed he, "is a costly figure; without her there is no life in the play. You must not be angry if I deprive you of yours, and say *check*, and—*mate*!"

"Mate! Yes; actually without salvation," cried Edla. "That was a splendid manoeuvre. How fast hemmed in stand now my knights!"

His Excellence rubbed his nose, blew it, and could not, with the very best will, prevent himself laughing heartily at his fast-imprisoned daughter; upon which he said with great friendliness—"If you be not altogether too completely checkmated, my good child, give me a cup of tea."

"Directly," replied Edla with alacrity.

The President leaned himself back comfortably on the sofa.

At some distance from these, we see at a window another group. A young lady of extraordinary beauty is busy in arranging fresh flowers in a vase which stands before her. Another lady, not young, and still less handsome, but in the most exact and finished toilette, sits opposite to her, and works a shepherdess in an embroidery frame. Before her stands a handsome, high-bred-looking young man, whose large, proud, and penetrating eyes are incessantly fixed on the Madonna countenance of the younger lady.

The President—I cannot yet break myself of the habit of calling him by his old title—had, after chess and tea, brightened into a more cheerful mood; he glanced with a degree of emotion at the group at the window, and said to Edla—"It is really not to be denied that there is scarcely to be found a handsomer couple than Nina and Count Ludwig. It does one's soul absolutely good to look at them both. But when I think that Nina will certainly soon leave us, and that you also, my best Edla, will then soon probably make happy a husband, I feel—"

"As far as I am concerned, my good father, nothing of the sort can be said. I desire nothing less than to give up my present pleasant condition. I feel myself happy, and will never leave my dear father."

"But that I cannot agree to," replied the President. "I cannot desire that you should wholly sacrifice yourself for me. No, my child; happy as your tender care makes me, happy as I should continually feel through it, regard for me must not be allowed to place itself as an impediment in the way of your natural vocation. And I—I—I shall also—"

"My kind, best father," interrupted Edla with tender emotion, "speak not of it. I declare, with the fullest truth, that I only follow the call of my heart, when I desire to change nothing in my present happy existence. I can nowhere find a more agreeable lot than in the house of my kind father, where I can follow all my inclinations."

"You are the best of daughters; but in your father's house also a change may take place—hem! hem! Nina will certainly soon marry, and I—I—yes, my good child, such a match as that with the Professor A., so rich, so learned, and agreeable a man, does not offer itself every day. In fact, I should think it very wrong if you rejected his hand."

"I honor A. with my whole heart," replied Edla, "he is my friend, my very best friend; but a nearer connection would not make me happy. A. often deeply grieves me. His skeptical infirmity—for so one may style his free-thinking want of faith in the highest and most important interests in humanity—is especially painful. I have to thank him for much enlight-

enment, much useful and valuable teaching; but at the same time he has called forth in my soul many a disquiet and many a pang. His burrowing, unresting, contradictory spirit banishes the quiet of my heart; I have often not been able for days to surmount the impression which a conversation with him has made on my mind."

"But, dear child, that will remedy itself when you see and speak with him every day and every hour. With your knowledge and your firm conviction, you will easily bring him back from his errors. You will wholly change his views: you will make a proselyte of him."

"Ah, my father!" answered Edla, sighing and smiling, "that is a work which far transcends my strength. I question extremely whether a doubter in God and in immortality will suffer himself to be led by argument to embrace the true faith. A. needs a wife, who, through her beautiful soul, her love, her piety and gentleness, will infuse into him the living feeling of that great truth against which his sifting and proving reason struggles. She must not dispute with him, she must vanquish him by her own inward faith, infect him as it were. I know that I by no means own nor possess what A. has need of for his salvation and for his happiness. I certainly could not make him happy."

"Well, then, if it is not to be A., there is yet left us the State Counsellor P., who will assuredly declare himself next. He has already spoken to me of you, and truly in the highest term of praise. He has just lately bought a large house in Queen-street, and really esteems you uncommonly."

"I am sincerely obliged to him for his good opinion, but I doubt whether he thinks of marrying me; and did he, I should also be compelled to refuse him equally with Professor A."

"Hear, my good Edla, my best child, I see how it stands. You reject all, because you think only of me. But I assure you that I have strength to bear it, that I have already thought upon it—yes, dear daughter, for your sake, in order to afford you perfect freedom, I have myself—I am truly no longer young, and the grave—"

"O, my dear father, my kind, best father, speak no more of it!" implored Edla with warmth, while she laid her hand tenderly within his; "my father is still in his best years, and will yet live long for the happiness of his children. As to what concerns me I can only repeat, that I feel myself thoroughly happy in my present circumstances, and would exchange them for none other in the world. At my age one does not give up so readily old and dear habits. You, dear father, and the quiet, pleasant occupations which I can follow undisturbed, fill the whole measure of my soul's desires. Let me hope, best father—tell me that it is no displeasure, no dissatisfaction with me which occasions you to-day continually to speak of my marriage!"

"No! good heavens! no, certainly not! How you talk! How can you only think, Edla, that I could possibly be dissatisfied with you? Now—" he continued with an expression in which a certain self-contentment mingled itself with a degree of ill-humour; "be it then as

you will; I think only that it is a pity for the worthy men and for yourself; for people may say what they like—man is still born for wedlock. Besides I fear still, that hereafter, when Nina is married you will find your solitude irksome. I have often pondered how, by some means or other, I might choose you an agreeable female companion, and only on your account—would I myself ever—"

The President paused. Edla glanced attentively across to him, but all further communication was interrupted by the announcement of the State Counsellor P., to whom the President advanced with great cordiality, and welcomed him in the friendliest manner. The State Counsellor was a lively, talkative man. He conversed much with the President, but spoke properly only for Edla, whose countenance and looks he continually studied; and the whole of his demeanor betrayed that he indubitably had it in his mind to make her an offer of his hand and heart.

We will now make another visit to the window, and observe what is passing there.

The Baroness Alexandrine, somewhat small in mind, somewhat self-complacent, and somewhat untransparent, in a word, somewhat mediocre, made commonplace observations on the signs of the times, and on the lamentable tendency to disturb everything, and to leave nothing untouched.

Her cousin Count Ludwig, who generally carried himself high and sharply toward her, answered her remarks either not at all, or turned them off with a dry stateliness.

"The gentlemen," said Alexandrine with flute-like voice, "will rule everywhere, and would have the greatest delight in turning the world topsyturvy. They kindle bloody wars only to indulge their thirst for fame; and neither reflect on the misery they occasion, nor on us poor women, who are obliged to sit as silent spectators."

"When a mighty spirit shapes its own path," answered Count Ludwig, "all lesser considerations must give way, and the hero who does battle for the good and the advancement of millions, cannot pause to inquire whether a cat mews or a woman moans over it."

"Gracious heavens! Cousin Ludwig, how you always speak. Nina, what do you say to it?"

"I think he is right," answered Nina, with a shy and melodious voice; "but—"

"Well, but?"

"But—it might have been otherwise expressed," continued she, deeply blushing.

Over the stern features of Count Ludwig flew also a slight tinge of red as he said, "Miss Nina does not belong to the women to whom my remark referred. You certainly know how, with quiet and penetration, to surrender yourself to necessity."

"That do I understand by no means; on the contrary, I fear that I should prove as weak as any woman whatever. The necessity of war, particularly, is not clear to me. Wherefore must there be oppressor and oppressed?"

"Since such is the course of the world," answered Count Ludwig coldly, "and we cannot alter it."

"If people then, at least, would only carry on

war against the Turks," said Alexandrine. "That is an abominable nation, that one should drive out of Europe. Their horrible religion allows them even to drown women who have made a false step. Hu! Nina, have you lately seen the anecdote in the *Journal of Fashion*? I could not sleep the whole night after it."

"The humanity and freedom of manners in most Christian France, under the rule of Orleans and Louis XV., appear to you probably more agreeable!" asked Count Ludwig, with a bitter ironical smile. "I confess that in these respects I hold similar opinions to the Turks."

Alexandrine called again on Nina for her opinion, but she kept silence. She asked only in her own heart whether no middle course was to be found between laziness and cruelty, and Count Ludwig's words occasioned her, as already so frequently, a peculiar feeling of embarrassment.

Fresh visitors arrived. Nina was asked to sing. She immediately complied, and her voice, which was not strong, but indescribably sweet, awoke in her hearers such an involuntary emotion, that one of them said, "Miss Nina has a tear in her voice."

And really this expression might have been extended to her whole appearance, which was exceedingly lovely, but so enveloped in a breath of sorrow, that the beholder was reminded of a supernatural being exiled from its celestial native land. This was the impression she made, at least on those who were inspired with a breath of poetry, though we must confess that one gentleman of the company, who was blest with a most excellent corpulence, praised the lovely young lady only "weakly." When she immediately afterward spoke with him, he was, nevertheless, not able to prevent himself looking wholly enraptured and inspired. For the rest Nina appeared to send herself forth into the surrounding world, and only to live for the wishes of others. One might have been tempted to ask whether she really had a will of her own, and were in this world on her own account. As the impression of the song died away with the song, the company returned to its ordinary tone, which announced itself by a brisk discourse on the state and the world. Edla was accustomed to keep silence during these conversations; but while she listened to the debates, her eye followed with motherly concern her sister Nina. The louder became the voices in the room, the more she observed her to grow paler, and to lean her head in weariness against the wall. Edla stood immediately at her side, and whispered in her ear, "Are you unwell?"

"Yes," was Nina's faint reply. In silence Edla took her arm and conducted her into her bedchamber, and then returned to the company, though her thoughts remained with Nina.

Count Ludwig approached her and inquired, with a dissatisfied air, "What is this then again?"

"A little faintness. She is not accustomed to be among so many people, and cannot bear the noise of such various voices."

"But do not you think that these nervous attacks proceed principally from imagination; that a degree of compulsion, a serious exhortation to conquer herself would be salutary for her?"

"No—Nina must not constrain herself, she

is too truthful, too simple-minded to affect sensibilities: she is much too good not to conquer herself, if she could, because she knows that she would thereby give others pleasure. Time, patience, and a prudent mild treatment will most certainly, though probably only slowly, operate."

"You certainly know best," said Count Ludwig, "but I fear—"

"What! what do you fear?"

"That you allow Nina far too much to indulge in day dreaming after her own way and fancy. Without exertion no one ever learns to conquer himself. I fear that you rather effeminate your sister."

The words of the Count went to Edla's heart; no reproach could be more painful to her, and its impression was strong enough to communicate to her manner a degree of sternness, when after the departure of the company she again sought Nina.

Nina had unbound her beautiful bright hair, to arrange it for the night, but appeared as if she had quite forgotten the task, for she sat by the table on which she had laid both arms, with her face buried in her hands. Her hair flowed in rich waves round her finely-formed snow-white arms. So sat she long, dreaming rather than thinking, and half-suppressed sighs heaved at times her bosom. Her appearance touched Edla; the stern feeling melted in her heart. Nina had not perceived the light entrance of her sister, but a hand which passed softly and caressingly over her hair, made her suddenly look up, and she met the friendly inquiring gaze of her Edla. There was in this gaze something unusually tender, and there was a chord in Nina's bosom which to a friendly touch responded in fullest harmony. She let her arm rest on the arm of Edla, and looked affectionately up to her with the angelical but pale countenance in which trust and melancholy were seen mingled.

"So thoughtful! And why?" asked Edla, with a quiet tone, and her clear and steady manner stood here in most obvious contrast with the disposition of Nina, which swam in affection, in melancholy and indecision.

"I know not myself—" answered Nina; "I would that you could unriddle it for me. Clouds gather over my soul, and disquiet me."

"And these clouds! have they no determined shape, no signification?"

"No! nothing clear; but they come frequently. I wish that I could penetrate them with my glance; they veil from me a clearness which I yearn after. Ah! Edla, tell me, what is life! what it means—to live!"

Edla drew her arm softly from beneath Nina's lovely head, and seated herself beside her.

"Life, my dear child, is a warfare. To live, means to develop our strength, our indwelling goodness."

"But happiness, Edla, what is happiness?"

"To know one's self—that gives peace and freedom."

"But, Edla, what is enjoyment, what is joy? How do we recognise that? Whence comes it? I feel a thirst, and yet know not for what. I would so gladly be gay, so gladly be happy."

"Be good, be serene," said Edla, with fervency.

"Merry, happy! When I hear the birds

sing, then I feel that they are joyous. I have seen the countenances of men light with blessedness; I have heard young damsels full of laughter and exultation; they were happy, they could be joyful. I would so willingly be able to be so too."

"That is not difficult, Nina; but there is something higher than this happiness, something nobler, which teaches us to set small value on the mere passing rush of gladness. Wouldst thou not resemble him there?" Edla pointed to a picture of the Saviour in the temptation, as he with quiet resolution cast from him the pleasure of the world.

Nina gazed long on the noble picture. "That," said she, "is sublime; yes, that indicates more than joy, more than happiness; yet perhaps this happiness is only for the strong. And, Edla, strength is unequally distributed, and so too is enjoyment. Are there not multitudes who strive not after this higher blessedness, without therefore being less good, and less innocent in heart?"

"There are none, Nina, whom we can number among the better men, but those who practice virtue, who are active in their love for their neighbour, and labour after knowledge and improvement."

Nina sunk her head upon her hand, and a cloud of sorrow spread itself over her lovely countenance. "I must really be very weak, Edla," sighed she! "I feel nothing in me of the strength which you yourself possess. I admire and love; but why do I yearn rather after the lively, joyous pleasures of the world, than after virtue and perfection? Edla, my second mother! do you understand me?"

"Yes, and there was a time when I felt as you do; but that is a sorrowful weakness—I have conquered it."

"Edla, you have felt thus, and have conquered this feeling! You are so strong and quiet! How does one conquer one's weaknesses, Edla?"

"When we unite ourselves with thorough earnestness to a stronger and higher life—to God, or to a clear, vigorous human soul."

"Edla, keep me with you! Let me ever remain with you! I shall then never feel unhappy; I shall, near you, grow strong, and become what you will!"

Edla concealed the emotion with which she heard these words, and said, "I believe, Nina, you will soon find a better support than I can be to you; an arm with whose help you may become useful in life. Count Ludwig loves you."

A slight shudder passed through Nina. Edla perceived it, and asked with evident disquiet, "But you have no repugnance to him?"

"No; but he is so stern, so cold; I am never without a fear of him."

"Stern, cold!" repeated Edla. "Dearest Nina, in our effeminate times, any one easily appears so to us, who has an independent, energetic will, and will not follow the humors of others. What I fear, and what my innermost heart most revolts against, is precisely that feebleness and laxity which enslave so many minds; that twilight in the spirit which makes them, that they know not what they would; that they effort nothing; that they perform nothing but

for the moment; that they do everything only by halves, feebly and inefficiently, and convert the whole of existence into a phantasmagoria. How different is Count Ludwig! How firm and clear; how vigorous and effective in action! I have known him from his childhood, and know no nobler, no better man. But life has been very harsh toward him, and the most painful experiences have so deeply wounded his heart, that indeed it has infused into his mind some degree of bitterness. He well deserves that a gentle amiable wife should again reconcile him to life and humanity, for which he is equally active. Will my Nina not become his good angel?"

"My will shall be yours, Edla," said Nina, while her lips touched the arm of her sister. "Talk to me of him; teach me to love him. O! if he be unhappy, if his life be solitary, if he have no one whom he loves, and who loves him again, I will learn to feel tenderness for him, and do everything to make him happy."

Edla touched at these words, put her arm around her affectionate sister; but as she well knew how dangerous to her health was every excitement of feeling, she quickly collected herself, and said with her accustomed tranquillity, "What I know of Count Ludwig, I will tell you. He will not be angry with me for it, and he deserves indeed that I should make you better acquainted with him than he himself could. You know that he is the eldest son of one of the richest and best families of our country. Splendor, but no joy, no tenderness, surrounded his cradle. His mother never could bear him. His father's house was a joyless, unhappy home; vanity, immorality, and the most capricious despotism reigned therein, with all the discomfort which follows in their train. His parents were a torment to each other, and revenged every contention on the poor child. Violence and injustice were the first experiences of his life. But amid these examples of moral evil, and beneath this melancholy pressure, the heart and sentiments of the boy grew into unwonted excellence. He ever loved steadfastly truth and order. He set himself resolutely in a direction to which everything that surrounded him was utterly opposed. If through this he became stern and reserved, it was because amid seductions of all kinds he stood wholly alone. But presently he was no longer alone; he found a friend who indeed was poor, and of humble station, but endowed by nature with the noblest gifts; a friend of really softer nature than Ludwig, but who appeared to love the good and true as sincerely, and was as energetic and virtuous as he. Ludwig saw in him a thoroughly perfect character, and attached himself to him with his whole heart and soul."

"Count Ludwig had a yet younger brother, who through the severity of the father was feeble and miserable. He had also a little sister, and the manly boy became from her earliest age the protector of the tender lovely child. He sat by the cradle of this little sister, kissed her little feet, and chased away the flies which disturbed her slumbers. So essential to his heart was love. As she grew up he stood as guardian angel between her and her parents, who as the tyranny of their humour dictated, were equally injurious to her by their indulgence and

their severity. The mother died, and Count Ludwig was compelled by the command of his father to make the tour of Europe for the completion of his education. He was in despair at being obliged to leave his sister at an age in which she most required his oversight and assistance, and with the purpose of affording both to her and to his unfortunate brother a protector, he introduced his friend into his paternal home in the capacity of tutor. The firmness of his principles, his agreeable social endowments, and the unwonted amiability of his disposition, would, as Count Ludwig thought, exert an equally conspicuous influence on his father, his brother and sister; and thus he made over to the guardianship of his friend that which was dearest to him on earth.

"In a year he returned, and found his beloved, his only sister, snatched away from his father's house, the victim of a horrible death. His father lay on his bed, mortally wounded by a traitor's hand; and he, he who had perpetrated all this—the seducer, the murderer, and still more the pitiful robber of a large sum of money—was his friend! the friend whom he so tenderly loved, and in whom he had confided more than himself! Ah, Nina! it demands no trivial strength, no little virtue, when after such experiences a man still remains steadfast in good, still works vigorously for the benefit of mankind.

"The guilty friend lay in confinement, and could produce no evidence of his innocence. The doom of death hovered over his head, when he suddenly escaped from prison. Count Ludwig pursued him not—he sought to forget him—that was his revenge!

"The death of his sister left deep traces in his soul. I saw him much at that time, as in consequence of this calamity his mind was seized with a deep melancholy. I saw also how your countenance operated upon him; how, near you, he became by degrees quieter and gentler. You were still very young when Count Ludwig lost his sister, and therefore you have probably never heard these affairs talked of. Ludwig has often said to me, that you were even then his guardian angel, as it was only through you that he could learn again to love life and mankind. Often has he declared to me his earnest wish that you should become his; and it has only been the consideration of your delicate health, and my entreaties, which have withheld him hitherto from explaining himself to you and our father. Tell me now, Nina, is this man worthy of being warmly valued? Would one not wish from one's heart to see him happy?"

"He is worthy! O, in the highest degree worthy! Edla, I will be worthy of him, and make him happy; and then I shall be happy too. But, Edla, beg of him not to solicit my hand yet, I am still so young. Remove me not yet, for long, long from you. Guide me, leave me not. There still lies a cloud, as it were, upon me; I still see nothing distinctly; I yet understand neither life nor myself."

"You will lead a more active life, Nina, and then it will become clearer to you."

"And shall I be happy? Shall I experience a joyful cheerful life?"

"Nina, I do wish that you did not ask so

much about this. Did they make these anxious inquiries, those distinguished men of antiquity and the Middle Ages, whom we admire, and who lived alone for good, for the better days of the earth, who lived alone for heaven!"

"I am weak," said Nina, as she strove with her delicate fingers to stem the forth-gushing tears.

"You are so," answered Edla, with a seriousness which sounded like severity. "But, Nina, we ought to be ashamed of our weakness, and exert all our strength to conquer it. It is only poor spiritedness which bewails without arousing itself. It is dreadful to deserve one's own contempt; but that is the lot of the feeble. He knows not how to govern himself; he does not know the felicity of saying to the vexations of life—'You cannot perplex me;' to its pains—'You cannot crush me.' He repents to-day of the faults he committed yesterday, and to-morrow commits them again. He will amuse himself and become strong, but the time passes away in empty, indolent wishes. He knows not what battle is, and therefore enjoys no victory. He sees the gulf, and has not power to withdraw from it. How pitiable! how contemptible! Nina, you turn pale."

"It is nothing, it will go over; Edla, your words—Edla, do not despise me!" and she looked up to her with folded hands and an agonized look.

"Be composed, be tranquil, my dear child," exclaimed Edla with a tender earnestness, as she arose; "you are not that feeble creature I portrayed, and will never be it. I would not survive the day in which this picture resembled you. Summon up your strength to abhor it, to drive it far, far from you."

"I will, I shall!" said Nina, extending her arms toward her sister, but in the same moment her arms fell, her head drooped, her eyes closed, she slept. Her brow was pure and clear, no pain disturbed her sweet features; but her countenance was deadly pale, and her limbs were stiff and rigid. It was death in his most lovely form. Edla knew this swoon-like sleep, with which Nina in the weak health of her childhood had so often been seized. For years she had now been free from it, and the more terrifying to Edla was its return just at this moment. But with her peculiar presence of mind she immediately applied all means to repel this fearful sleep, and she had the indescribable delight, after a short time, to see Nina awake.

"What was that?" demanded Nina anxiously. "Was I again ill, as I used to be? There came over me an inexplicable faintness. Edla, how much disquiet, how much trouble I occasion you!"

"It was nothing, my dear child," answered Edla with a tranquil tone. "Your physical weakness is destitute of all danger. With time, when your life is more active, and you have to care for others, it will totally vanish, and your soul thereby become even stronger. "Believe me!"

"I believe you. Why should I not indeed! Was it not you who gave a second time my life? And have I not since then lived wholly through your care, and thought of my own thoughts! Ay! when I already lay in my coffin

dim—all still and dark around me, and my little life was closed for this world, when you came and warmed me with your kisses, and awakened me with your words; when I at length opened my eyes and again beheld the light and you—then I became yours, my Edla; my life was your gift, and I felt that my whole future lay in your hands. And thus it is still, Edla; I can have no other thought, no other wish, than to obey your will, and to do everything as you will have it!"

"Thou art my heart's child!" said Edla kindly; "but we have this evening too much excited each other, and that is not right. Go now to rest. I am not sleepy; I will seat myself by your bed, and read to you till you are asleep."

Nina assented, rejoiced by the promise.

And what did Edla probably read to her? "Without doubt a sermon, to send her morally to sleep; or the heathen mythology, with the view of strengthening her weak sister right emphatically through the deeds of the Aesir!" here probably exclaims Miss Witty. Be still wittier, thou witty one! Edla read with a lively delivery from Madame Lengren's life-like writings; and Nina fell asleep with a cheerful smile upon her lips. Then paused Edla, and stooped toward her sleeping sister, contemplating with transport her angel countenance, in which peace and innocence had at this moment mingled themselves into the most affectionate expression. Involuntarily she folded her hands, and prayed out of an ardent heart:

"O my God! watch over her! strengthen her weakness! defend her! Give me strength to guide her to good, to the good which is in Thee. She is the child of my heart, of my cares; make me to subdue the weakness which I feel for her; give me strength to conduct her to Thee, if it be even through suffering."

Nina moved and whispered imploringly, "Mina—Mina, come." There was something in these words which gave Edla pain, but glancing up toward heaven she went on:

"Grant that she love me. Hear me; and instil into her somewhat of that tenderness for me, which I feel for her!"

"Mina, come!" repeated Nina still more importunately than before.

Edla continued: "If it be possible, let me be continually about her, continually watch over her. Lay, O God! on my shoulder that cross which she ought to bear; give me her sorrows, if it be possible. Protect her! Bless her!"

"Edla!" now said Nina with the tenderest expression.

"Let her days be serene, her way be smooth; O Almighty One! give her happiness even here upon earth! But if this does not lie in Thy all-wise counsel, and she may become better through trials and afflictions—O then strengthen her to bear them! Mould her to Thy will, Father, in joy and in sorrow, in life and in death. Make her Thine own possession!"

Nina's sleep was uneasy. Edla now also went to bed, but no slumber fell upon her eyelids; she passed the whole night in thought about Nina, disquieted herself about her, and listened to her breathing. Frequently it seemed to her that this became continually fainter; she arose softly and approached her sister's bed, but when she finally perceived by the light of the night-

lamp that Nina's lips wore an increasingly richer color, and felt her fresh breath strike her own cheek like a blessed greeting, she turned away and thanked God.

We also will salute with her the dawning day, and ask what it brings of news.

## CHAPTER II.

NEWS.

"No news! no news!"

EDLA.

MORNING came, and with it a letter to Edla, which extremely surprised her, as it bore the hand of the President; but how much more was she astonished at its contents. It informed her of the betrothal of her father with the Countess Natalie M. The President stated to her that he must this day be absent, and had concluded to give her this intelligence by writing, as he feared lest at the first moment she might feel unpleasantly affected by it. He expressed himself to his daughter with the most amiable candor on a step, which he probably did not himself find wholly in accordance with that consistency and prudence on which his whole life long he had professed to act as high a value.

"Many things come to pass," wrote the President, "of which one can give no exact account. But the thing once done, the wisest course is always to turn the best side toward you. I cannot expect, my best child, that my house will in future offer me a greater charm than your affectionate care has diffused through it; I am sure, indeed, you will carry that still farther. The talents of the amiable Countess M. will only add to it a higher splendour. Her wealth will place me in the position to give to our Nina a more befitting dowry. The Countess is enamoured with her, and perfectly happy to be able to regard her as her daughter. You, my Edla, will, I hope, find in the Countess a friend, and an associate which will be as enlivening for you as it will be productive of happiness to her; and I praise heaven when I think that love and friendship will brighten with a still more beautiful union than hitherto my family circle, and spread a clearer sunshine over my declining days. Should you, my dear daughter, also wish to marry, you see now that on my account you may be perfectly easy. If you do not wish it—if you prefer to remain with me—I can assure you from the bottom of my heart that it meets my dearest wish, and will be a genuine joy to Your grateful Father."

Edla kissed with warmth the last words of the letter; and so vivid was the feeling of satisfaction which it afforded her, that it at first took away a great portion of the unpleasant impression which this betrothal could not but make upon her. It returned, however, speedily enough; and Edla could not contemplate this unexpected, this great change, without the most painful sentiment. She was acquainted with the Countess M., and knew well how expert she was to fascinate and rule; that in every company she was the leading star; but she knew equally well that she allowed neither repose nor comfort, and that the life which she diffused was without happiness and without.

peace. She trembled for the peace of her father; for Nina's good; by degrees, however, her accustomed resignation triumphed, and she opposed to the inevitable that quiet power which always brings repose. With this she hastened to meet her father when he returned home in the evening, embraced him, and tenderly wished him happiness.

He felt a tear on his cheek, and this token of a warm feeling, which Edla so seldom allowed herself, touched him deeply. Confused, and at the same time moved, he assumed a half-glad, half-feeble tone, joked and sighed alternately, and really did not rightly know how he should carry himself. He repeated again nearly that which Edla had already read in his letter, only representing more at large how his higher rank brought with it also higher claims—how he was obliged to see and to represent more people, and the like. For all this his present property was not fully adequate; and moreover, he was averse to burdening Edla with a mode of life so totally opposed to her inclinations, so utterly antagonistic to her favourite pursuits; and therefore—and therefore—he had held it for the best, had regarded it as a duty, to unite himself to the Countess M., whose character and talents were in all these respects admirable.

Edla said nothing, held herself still and thoughtful; but when the President at last remained sticking fast in a confused cough, she felt the necessity of reconciling him to himself.

"May she make my father happy," said Edla; "and then she will be dear and precious to us all; and much that is pleasant will certainly come with her into our house. Nina will now acquire a better teacher in Italian and the harp than we could procure for any money. Countess M. will certainly instruct her admirably."

"Splendidly! divinely!" exclaimed the President, who now began to breathe, and saw the most unheard-of advantages for his daughter in this match. He now dilated upon it with correspondent zeal, became quite gay and elated, and persuaded himself more and more that he was offering up his accustomed repose solely for the education of his daughter.

O ye most excellent little contingencies, which accommodate yourselves to great and little follies, which give weight to the unsubstantial, which sweeten the bitter, even enliven misfortune, and bring us into good understanding with ourselves! ye sweet triflers and convenient words, how amiable is it of you that you come to the aid of the benevolent heart, and offer yourselves at the very moment of need! ye are the little pages of a friendly god-head, and fleet and beautiful as the god of love!

When the betrothal of the President became known, it produced a great sensation and no little astonishment. People wondered and queried what could possibly have induced him in his old age to entertain the idea of such a connection. Some insinuated that the Countess had offered herself to him; and that out of politeness and surprise he had said yes to it. Others affirmed that he had a hard life of it with the old maid Edla, and that over her books she forgot the old father. Others again said, that the President rushed into this marriage in order to mend his deranged affairs—an opinion that one often hears. But we, who have some

knowledge of the state of things, whisper into the ear of the reader, that the President had had a trifling skirmish with—Cupid, and the rogue had given him in it a tolerably smart wound.

Many wondered at the Countess M.; that she who was so rich and still so beautiful, should give her hand to an old man. This was answered with the assertion, that she only sought through this to win entrance to the Court. Some whispered to themselves, that she purposed by this match nothing but the punishment of an undecided lover. Sentimentality asserted that it was an old inclination which had existed between his Excellence and the Countess in the tender days of childhood, and now suddenly blazed up into a marriage torch. We are so free as to believe that we need no such weighty reasons for people getting married; nay, most generally there requires no reason at all. We believe that people often fall into courtship just because they have nothing else to do.

In certain matrimonial alliances, especially in such as are concluded between people *comme il faut*, there is so inconceivably little of love and wooing to speak of, that one cannot come fast enough to the wedding. This is the case here, and so to business.

### CHAPTER III.

See here the bride, how sweet, how prim!—  
The loving bridegroom—look at him!

THE WEDDING GUEST

Connections, lights, and a great company, the wedding ceremony, the clergyman, very fashionable and influential witnesses, congratulations and compliments, champagne and drinking of healths, such is the table of contents of the whole tribe of weddings—and of this among them.

"What! are we to be put off with a genteel disrespectful go-by like this?" I hear my female readers exclaim. "First you invite us to a delectable treat, and then when it comes to the table it is nothing but an every-day dish!"

"My dearest! I feel it; I have sinned against the President and against you, but I cannot now help it; the festivals of life, coronations, weddings, and the like, have no right living colours in my soul. A solitary morning hour, at the rising of the sun—a sigh out of the oppressed bosom—the hand-grasp of two friends in the last moment of existence—these give thoughts, these make the heart beat, and the pen fly—but—"

"But a wedding? A moment in which two hearts, two immortal souls unite in the name of God!"

"Amen! that is certainly divine! if they do not say on this day 'yes,' to each other, in order the rest of their whole lives through to say 'no!' But now I am criminating myself still worse, since I blacken the whole of human nature. Let us look fairly to order to the wedding; and that which passes there, thou, O reader, shalt learn."

In the first place admire the bride! With her five-and-forty years—now I am perpetrating high-treason against her! God be merci-

ful to me, a sinner! she is yet beautiful to admiration. Her figure is slender and majestic! her complexion of a dazzling fairness, which through a delicate addition of real, not pictorial camme, is the more heightened. O! I am really to-day in a shocking way! Her bearing is noble; one sees that she is accustomed to please and to command. Her attire is in the highest degree splendid; jewels glitter in her hair, jewels adorn her bosom and arms. And what blond! yes, I know not myself what everything is. With what dignity she kneels down to receive the blessing; with what tranquil majesty she again rises! A lofty grace reigns in all that she does and allows; toward her new consort she displays a gentle condescension. Her eyes frequently rest with an expression of tenderness and admiration on Nina, who clad in white crape, her shining hair arranged as by an elin hand, calls forth in every spectator the involuntary exclamation of "Angel." The bride desires that Nina shall constantly sit near her, and regards her entirely as her property.

The President shows himself by no means disadvantageously. He is still a right good-looking man; has an excellent bearing, and if his figure truly has acquired something of the *emboupoint* of age, it by no means yet converts him into an old man. Besides, the blue ribbon of his order spreads a pleasant illusion over it. The star on his breast flashes with brilliancy, and the love of the bridegroom from his eyes. He keeps constantly near his spouse; he carries her shawl, he suffers her not out of his sight; but all with decorum. He gives not the slightest opportunity for satire; a man is not his Excellence, and gentlemanlike and stately for nothing.

And Edla is gayly clad, and really with as much taste as expense. She knows that it will give her father pleasure. Her manner is simple and quiet; she is courteous to all, and friendly to her mother-in-law, who shows herself to her in the highest degree *inimicant*. Edla's glances rest occasionally on Nina; she seeks to conceal a weight of uneasiness. Professor A. is near her, and talks animatedly, yet more of her than with her.

The rest of the company form various silent groups. We will attach ourselves to one not quite silent, and where the reader, moreover, will renew a former acquaintance.

Baron H. seats himself as commodiously as possible in an easy chair near Miss Greta, who, truly, is something older and stouter than when we saw her last, yet is still even a very pretty and agreeable apparition, and has preserved, amid the manifold annoyances of life and time, her beautiful teeth, her white hands, and her good humour.

Baron H. is always seeking a wife, as he says, with or without money; he expends, however, now more care on his person, and has acquired a still keener eye for the world, a still greater goodness of heart and cheerfulness. The same thing also happens. Baron H. and Miss Greta are infinitely rejoiced to meet each other.

"Now, my gracious lady," said Baron H., after the first salutations, "which of us could possibly have imagined fourteen years ago,

as we were together with his late Excellence von G., that we should find ourselves on the same day of the same month at this festivity? Then Miss Adelaide, now the Countess Alarik W., was in her loveliest bloom. But, good heavens! why is she not here! What do you say! Prevented! ha! ha! so! so! I understand. Well, well, that is quite in order. I congratulate. And the little discreet Mamselle Rönquist—a most agreeable person, she not here either! She is prevented! Heavens! what did you say! Ah, yes! she is with the Countess Alarik; nurses her and the children; quite right, most beautiful! I think, when one has character and existence, and has been fourteen years in the same house, the children of the house must become almost one's own. Apropos of the Countess Adelaide—what do you think of her sister, Miss Nina?"

"I testify," answered Miss Greta, "that I hold her to be the most beautiful creature that God has created, only she is nearly altogether ethereal—so to say—almost altogether too little human, too supernatural. One fears that she should suddenly dissolve in air."

"Quite right! quite right! I also love a little more flesh and blood. I would not wish a wife who made you imagine that she would go to pieces if you took hold of her. But it is true though, there is in her something perfectly bewitching. One involuntarily follows her with admiration, and one's eyes and thoughts cannot force themselves away from her. And this veil of melancholy which is diffused over her, how gladly would one draw it aside in order to learn the sweet mystery of her sorrow, which has something charming in it, since it affects the heart rather than saddens it. One sees that it is produced by no present pain. It resembles rather a trouble whose cup has long been drained, or a dark foreboding of future woes. God protect the sweet child! It must really be a devil which could give her pain. Pity that she is so pale; she is actually marble white, and yet there occasionally passes over her a gleam—see there, how even now it tinges her with the roseate glow of the ascending sun."

"Nay," exclaimed Miss Greta, laughing, "that will never do! I counsel you in all earnestness not to look so much at her, or you will become totally enchanted. You already talk so poetically, that I scarcely recognise you again. Bestow rather your attention on your neighbor."

"Most willingly, my gracious friend! But who is the young lady who sits yonder so still and tranquil! An agreeable creature, she looks so modest."

"You are remarkably obliging this evening: I am persuaded she is a very discreet personage, but a little too still and wearisome for me. For this reason, I am not very well acquainted with her. She is called Clara S., and is a legacy of my cousin's, which one of her learned friends some months ago bequeathed to our lovely bride. The girl is poor, the Countess therefore is looking about her for a good match for her, and will give a good portion with her."

"Not at all amiss! a right good idea! And the damsel is actually very charming. She might really make a wife for me, if she, *nota bene*, were sensible enough to be willing to have me.

She looks as though she would become a most clever housewife, and when she is more exactly noticed, she is also very pretty—she has something that one at first overlooks—something—I might say, holy.”

“Nay, nay, Baron! you go sadly too far to-day. You fall in love actually with everybody, and see angels and saints in the most ordinary mortals. Take an ice and come to yourself.”

“Just as you will. But I could not avoid admiring the young lady in her incomparable repose. She seems to live in the state which La Bruyere calls the Golden Age; she troubles herself about no one, and desires that no one should trouble himself about her. Madame W., with her bird-of-paradise, does not look half so care-free. That must be a right contented, right comfortable condition.”

“That might be very well for the Golden Age, in which people had probably other *agremens* at hand that one knows nothing of now; but in our time, and in our societies, I praise him who is not heavy and wearisome. I have often been in company with Clara, and have not heard a syllable from her besides yes or no. Absurdities and follies are a thousand times preferable to this killing monotony.”

“How charming you must find Miss F., who never sits still for a moment, and talks everlastingly at random.”

“Nay, she does not delight me at all; she is intolerable, and a genuine plague; Clara even pleases me better. Do you know F.?”

“A little. Her father belongs to those people who appear to believe that daughters must cost nothing at all, and ought to come into the world of an economical fashion, just like the lambs with their ready-made woollen garb on their backs. This notion operates most injuriously on the life and disposition of the girls. They can but seldom come into society, and when they are there, they conduct themselves like wild sheep.”

“I pity her sincerely, and wish from my heart that the father may alter his theory, or that the daughter may ennoble herself at home.”

“Amen! But see only, I beseech you, the Generalaska P., there in the blue satin dress. Have you ever beheld such a complexion, and such a figure, at full fifty years of age! And, notwithstanding, she has had many a care and many a trouble in life. Do you know what it is which, through all this, has preserved her so youthful and gay?”

“I am full of curiosity!”

“Yes, my most gracious lady, when one considers what it properly is which carries the majority of people through the world, one falls on the most whimsical ideas—”

“To the point, to the point; we will afterward think of the ideas. I now am impatient to learn the beauty-wash of the Generalaska P.”

“I tell you first what it is not, and then you will probably guess it yourself. It is not religion, nor philosophy—and, although she may be a thoroughly good and discreet woman, it is not the life of society—not domestic happiness, for I have these confessions from herself; now, tell me what it is.”

“If these questions related to a man I should answer—a good stomach; but as the subject is a lady, and one too of so fresh a skin, I say—a good sleep.”

“Quite right—excellent! that is it! But how acute you are. Yes, she sleeps so sound and fast, that in the morning she scarcely knows what occurred to her the evening before. A good sleep!—that is her whole philosophy. She is really a totally different kind of creature from Miss Edla, who amid all her dusty books, is not become a whit livelier or handsomer. Yes, her immeasurable pose—”

“Edla,” said Miss Greta with a tone which cut short jesting, “Edla is a person of whom I entertain the highest opinion; and she is also, when you talk with her alone, extremely agreeable.”

“Heavens! I have the very greatest love—; yes, seriously, I have sincere love and esteem for her. I am persuaded that she is an excellent person; I was merely observing how various the classes are.”

“And do you know that even the lovely Nina has had an unusually learned education. It is said that she studies mathematics, political economy, and—”

“God defend us! Yes, then I wonder no longer that the bud is so tender and fine. Who could become fat upon state economy! I am convinced that Miss Clara understands nothing of state economy; and I would wager that she will, after all, have more lovers than the beautiful Nina.”

“I must confess that I do not partake the taste of these lovers. I hold rather with Count Ludwig R., who encircles Nina with the majestic gyrations of the hawk.”

“Ah, yes, quite right, like the hawk, that is the true word. He is a cursedly able and practical man; but he has, in fact, something of the nature of the bird of prey. I would not willingly be his wife, spite of his wealth and high rank.”

“What are you talking about! Is he not universally acknowledged to be one of the most distinguished of men! I have always heard him spoken of as a model of perfection, which by the by—between ourselves—is my antipathy; partly because I have no faith in them, and partly because such model-shapes are commonly excessively wearisome. They say he is a man without a fault!”

“Ah, my most gracious! Perhaps he has nothing of those which the world in general term faults, but on the other hand so many failings that there is probably a whole ship-load of them. Between us be it said—he is a man without a heart, and his justice carries only a sword. But hark! how lively the conversation is. And the new couple have only eyes and ears for each other. One must confess it is very edifying. Wedlock, my gracious lady, is the most honourable institution, and a real heaven on earth. A good wife, as king David says, is more precious than gold and pearls.”

“Perhaps David has said it too,” replied Miss Greta, who was quite at home in her Bible, “but I know to a certainty that king Solomon has.”

“Very true! *pere et fils* say commonly the same thing, which testifies to the wisdom of both. But I assure you, my gracious one, that my future wife shall never rue the day on which she takes me for a husband. No one will more highly esteem her, no one be more zealous to meet her wishes than I.”

"I believe you, my best Baron; but wherefore do you not prove that by the deed?"

"My gracious young lady, why did you, ten years ago, just as I was about to follow your advice, give me a basket?"

Miss Greta was somewhat embarrassed, but collected herself and proceeded calmly.

"I am curious to hear, how as a married man you could pass your time."

"You are quite too good; but I honestly confess that I have not yet settled anything positively on this head. I mean to write for the advice of my wife on it. The only thing which floats distinctly before me is, that we shall begin our days with getting up, and conclude them by going to bed."

"Well," said Miss Greta, "that sounds, at least, new, and is by no means trivial. I wish you luck, Baron, of these new and very original ideas! According to these fundamental principles I cannot doubt but that your married life will be pre-eminently happy; especially—" Miss Greta hesitated.

"Well, especially?" demanded the Baron, full of curiosity.

"Especially for your wife, as your house is already blessed with a *FILIA*," continued Miss Greta with a sarcastic look and tone.

The word had the singular effect of throwing the Baron into obvious embarrassment, and he answered with a degree of excitement—

"Quite right, quite right! and if she be not satisfied with that, I can also be satisfied without her."

Miss Greta looked a little offended. The Baron arose, and betook himself to a yawning group.

But, my dear reader, I fear that thou also yawnest and hast found thyself *ennuyé*; but in every-day life this is now and then not to be avoided. Sometimes, however, one can exert extraordinary means against this, and free oneself from it by force. On thy account, my dear reader, whom I am only too anxious to keep in good humour, I will now exercise one of my magic arts—I break up the company, put out the lights, terminate the wedding, and send everybody to bed.

And now it is night! Sleep with its soft wing touches the eyes of men, and their souls dream themselves away into the land of wonders. The lawyer forgets his suits, the labourer the toils of the day, the man of the world the tedium of his festivities, the unfortunate the occasion of his tears; all through thee, sweet blessing, rich sleep! But if thou findest eyes which thou canst not close, which pain and care keep open and fixed till the very brain becomes numbed and the heart bleeds—oh then, go gentle sweet sleep! and beseech thy pale brother to come, for he is the true physician.

Perhaps, my reader, thou thinkest that I, on this flight which has led me so far from my aim, have myself fallen into sleep and dreams. In order, therefore, to testify that it is not so, I will immediately commence a new chapter.

#### CHAPTER IV.

EDLA.

MANY are younger in heart and in enjoyment of life at forty than at twenty years of age; so

was it with Edla. Her bearing, however, carried rather the stamp of repose and firmness than of what might be called the pleasures of life. Her glance was still and penetrating; no one attempted to explore its depths. One felt that the soul which spoke out of it had fought its way to peace; that it lay not in indolent ease, but went seeking and inquiring after the reality of life. Yes; Edla had indeed combated! traces of deep suffering, not to be mistaken, lay in her countenance and in the half-suppressed sighs which often heaved her bosom. But this might have been as it would; now all was overcome, tranquilized, and reconciled—all was become good. In silence had she wrestled and endured. No one could relate her agonies; she herself did it least of all.

We left Edla fourteen years ago, as she made her first acquaintance with a more fundamental accomplishment. She pursued this path with earnestness and zeal. She thirsted after knowledge and truth. Her glance was directed with an earnest inquiry up toward heaven, or downward into the depths of science and of her own heart; thus she lived still, happy days! and her soul filled itself with the most cheering hopes. Then was her solitary, speculative life suddenly disturbed. Her little sister Mina died, and Nina fell into a sickly wasting away, not unusual in a twin which is suddenly deprived of the sister soul, the half of its own life. Edla saved her from death; and from this moment forward a profound sympathy for the tender creature engrossed her whole heart. She called her her child, and would not allow her to be any more taken away from her. *Mamselle Rönquist* had left the President's house, and followed *Adelaide*. Nina therefore was left to the sole care of Edla, and Edla became her mother. She divided her time betwixt her, her father, and her books.

Live books for ever! But who becomes through books alone wise! What does the man when the thirst for knowledge seizes him! In his youthful years he betakes himself to the university, attends learned lectures, and lays the foundation of all knowledge. He reads, he smokes, he scratches his head—one does not believe that this last operation contributes to the development of ideas. He disputes with his comrades—an excellent exercise for reason and the lungs. Life, motion, emulation, leagues of friendship, great teachers, early helps to any science, yes, the very academical atmosphere which he breathes—all these contribute to ennoble his feelings, to nourish his ideas, and to advance him to "*ΜΑΓΙΣΤΕΡ*." Is the laurel garland won, and the thirst of knowledge still strong as ever, he has, in order to compose him, a mighty flagon—the world! On the summit of *Mont Blanc*, he can explore the mysterious regions of the stars; in the depths of *Golconda's* mines, he can dig gold; can sail with *Captain Ross* round the North Pole; and on the coast of *Terra del Fuego* admire the setting sun; can read in *Iceland* the *Runic* inscriptions, and in *India* *Sanscrit*; can explore the ruins of *Asia*, and the new States of *America*. The palaces of kings and the dark abodes of criminals stand open to him; to the study of the learned he has free ingress. Fortunate fellow! ought he not to know everything in the world!

Edla was two-and-twenty years old before she learned to think and work with the very slightest degree of method at any season whatever. An unsatisfactory, empty, and patchwork time lay behind her, and therefore—honor and success to the philanthropic principles of the present time, especially in regard to the education of woman! For dear, sagacious reader, who can avoid observing how different, how unlike it now stands with the opportunities, as well as the means, of acquiring solid knowledge? There is no need for me to point out the difference; it stands forward of itself before our eyes. Perhaps it does, perhaps it must be so—I don't know; but it has often seemed to me as if Nature had given thereto her peculiar, her silent confirmation; and if it be so, then good and wise mother, thy daughter will willingly follow thee, and thou wilt probably draw her closer to thy own bosom. Certain it is, that Edla perceived most perfectly the fetters which were laid upon her aspiring spirit; and to these was added this change just mentioned. She looked at her father—he had now, more than ever, need of her; she contemplated the child which she had awoke from death, and she did what so many before her had done, and so many will do after her—she resigned herself. And this sacrifice of the development of her mind and heart—perhaps the greatest which man can make—this she accomplished after a short struggle, stepped forth from her solitude, and joined herself quietly and kindly to the family circle.

Perhaps Edla's sacrifice was less great than she herself felt it. I have already said that we do not become wise through books alone. No! not through books, not through travel, not through clever people, not through the whole world, if we do not carry in ourselves the slumbering power which calls forth out of all the individual parts the harmonious shape; or, to speak more simply, when we do not understand how to unite the end with the sensible deed. But this activity was to Edla the beautiful gift of God; and if we are disposed still to charge her with a certain one-sided view of the world, let us recollect the circumstances under which she first learned to know the world and life. The impressions of her youth, the bent of her character and mind, had led her with the most fervent love to the earliest philosophical doctrines of the human race. They penetrated deep into her soul, because they were in accordance with its most secret impulses. Nothing had Edla discovered so profound, so true, as the might of destiny, as that inexorable must, beneath whose iron yoke mortal man must bow, murmuring or willing, resisting or complying, it muttered not—she must! This impression remained with her, but by degrees assumed a different tone in her soul. She felt still that external must; but still more strongly felt she the inward power which, as it were, in opposition to the first, develops our proper life, and shapes the heavy stone which weighs on humanity into a step, whence it ascends to the eternal liberty of heaven. She felt that man, like Prometheus bound to the crag, although with a lacerated heart, can yet bid defiance to the power of this world, and from the beginning to the end of this phantasmagoria

rial scene can caduce and resolve, still vigorous and unwearable. Edla, indeed, remained the same, and became at the same time different; for she had been strong during the trial, and she was now strong in resignation. Complaint, bitterness, and distrust, departed from her breast. She bowed herself while she kissed the mercifully severe hand which, amid wild tempests, calls forth the imperishable flower of virtue. This became to her the loveliest blossom of humanity and of the whole universe. It wound itself with beautifying effect around every creature; the storms of fate tossed rudely its chalice, but served only to promote its fullest expansion; it turned itself, as the sunflower toward the sun, above to God. Strength, capacity of self-denial, equanimity and repose amid the occurrences of life, purity of heart and of the thoughts which arose to God—these Edla sought after, and found. Of the sacred doctrines of the Gospel, those chiefly acquired a living power in her heart which more especially favored this bias: and her view of the world led her to regard man as ordained, before all things, to contest and self-denial. But this view of the world was clear and cheerful; the laurel of victory succeed the trial, and the crown of thorns became the crown of glory. She traveled with rejoicing the path of necessity, and fulfilled her duties from the bottom of her heart. Was this path disagreeable and wearisome, she regarded it not. She continued immovable, and went with firm steps toward the great day of change, in which the soul, freed from sin and the burden of earth, ascends to the everlasting light, to the origin of all life and all love.

But now, how came it that she, endowed with this strength and this inward peace, was not more agreeable to others?

Others, yes, if there were no others, one might truly be more at peace with one's self—only that it is difficult to say what one then properly should be. Edla had now reached the years in which the soul renders itself most independent of the body; in which external beauty or ugliness are of no farther importance, and only in a subordinate degree affect the weal and woe of existence. For Edla this feeling was more influential than for many others; but her youthful days had left behind them too deep traces in her soul, and the clouds which lay upon the morning of her days threw long and broad shadows over her whole life. She had still always a great mistrust of the impression which she made upon others. She was too firmly persuaded that she could not please; she feared even that she never would be beloved, as she deemed her exterior, her person, her disposition, to be too repulsive. This persuasion, some pride, the fear of being wearisome; but still more, that of exciting even in amiable, good men, one disagreeable feeling, all this made her something shy toward her fellow-creatures. But in this she did herself injustice, for among those of her nearer acquaintance there were few who were more amiable than herself; and even in the most splendid social circles there are always many who forget the shell in attention to the kernel. But this very reservedness injured her; people feared her because they could not love her. In company on all occasions she was

silent, and thus she continued a stranger to all. Ah, friendly reader! if this be our case, if we are sufficiently sensible of it, "IS IT NOT THEN BETTER TO CONTINUE SOLITARY?"

Happy are they who do so with joy; happy are they who find therein their happiness. It was thus with Edla. Her aspiring soul soared above enjoyments and joys away to a higher home. She found it in the stars, with whose courses she was familiar; she found it in the sacred groves of philosophy. From hence she saw light spread itself over the world; from hence she drew peace with it and with herself. It is true that Edla lived rather in the ideal than in the actual world. She resembled rather the bird of paradise which hovers about the earth, than the nightingale which builds its nest close to its bosom and sings. The consequence of this was, that she knew men better than humanity; the Heaven better than the earth. Above all things loved she the truth; merit she knew how to value, and errors to pardon; but from all effeminacy and laxity, from all egotism and bitterness, she turned with repugnance. And yet was Edla mild; I have known no one—one man excepted—who was as mild as she. She was severe against weaknesses, but she prejudged them not; she was angry with the thing, but not the person. Only toward herself was Edla severe, and besides herself toward one other creature—and this was the child of her care—the darling of her heart—Nina. Nina must not be weak; she must do involuntarily the good and the right, since she had not, like so many, the excuse of a weak and neglected education. Nina was nourished with the very milk of reason. Nina must not totter and waver in the path of virtue; and therefore was Edla strict with her, and therefore did she love her more than herself. Distrustful as she was of the regard of others, she had yet had confidence in Nina's love. And how could it be otherwise? Had not Edla given to her all her heart and her acquirements? And Nina's child-like acquiescence, the necessity of being always with her, her trustful confidence in her guidance, did not these afford the most beautiful testimony of it? The feeling of being so intimately united to so gentle and amiable a being brought many an earthly delight into her transcendental existence. All the ideal beauty which Edla in her loftiest visions fashioned forth, she saw, as it were, realized in Nina. And this was in part her own work. When she afterward beheld Nina so fascinating and enchanting, she was tempted to worship her own creation, and experience all the weaknesses of a mother. But she strove against this weakness, and conquered it. She possessed that deep and powerful love which nourishes its object with its blood to the last drop, and which had rather see the beloved one bleed and perish, than sink and lose itself.

So much for Edla. Now a word upon the favourite.

## CHAPTER V.

### NINA.

GAZE into a pure fountain in the moment in which day divides itself from night; see the magic light of morning at once mirroring itself

therein with the heaven and its glittering stars, and thou hast an image of Nina's soul. So pure was she—so gleamed in the depths of her being every eternal truth. But all this sweet splendor broke as through a twilight; it was a foretelling of light, not the light itself. She was the original man—as man in his innocence—in his first holy beauty. Her soul seemed to be one with the beautiful body; it belonged to it, and appeared molten into it. Her manner possessed that charming repose which nothing of self-consciousness can counterfeit. Unconstrained but modest, she was still self-collected. It gave a sweet tranquillity to the mind and to the eye to contemplate her. How beautiful and harmonious were the movements of her tender arm, of her fine white hand; her gait how floating, how quiet and noble! It would be difficult to give a description of the beauty and charm of her countenance; but he who had seen the pure finely-arched brow made radiant, silken-soft hair, the wonderful eyes beneath their long dark lashes, the small Grecian nose, the bewitching mouth, the sweet oval of the face, and the dazzling fair skin—must have declared with Miss Greta, that she was the loveliest creature of God's creation. Her eyes had the same form as those of her sister Adelaide, but with a much less lively glance. Over Nina's dark blue eyes lay, as it were, a mist, a moist twilight, whose magic was indescribable. Something pensive, something dreamy, lay in her glance. No clear day, no gay life, spoke out of it; but something foreboding, something of an inward emotion. When she listened to the words of another, she had the most amiable expression of present sympathy, and when she answered in her own manner, rather slowly, but in the most delicious tones of voice, one learned then to estimate one of the most beautiful, but commonly most neglected, of God's gifts to man.

All the world talks now-a-days of education, and wherefore should not I? that is, of Nina's. She had been a child, and was now a blooming maiden, and had read few of the so-called children's books, and no romances at all, neither those of Madame Genlis, nor of La Fontaine. She did not therefore live in the error that every good deed, every virtuous action, immediately received the highest reward here below. She had not been taught that in the fulfilment of the most ordinary Christian duties, a lover would be peeping through a crack of the door, or listening at the key-hole, and must become enraptured at the sight. She thought little on the "*qu'en dira-t-on?*" since neither by romances nor by the gossip of the day was she led into the habit of living according to the thoughts and opinions of others. She had not studied men on the petty theatre of social life. On the contrary, she had early contemplated them on the great stage of the world. In her youngest years, Edla had made her familiar with the great and beautiful characters of history, with the sublime doctrines of the wise. She feared not to allow Nina to behold the naked actuality of life; but she showed it to her in a higher light, and from more commanding points of view. She permitted her to behold virtue suffering, the wise rejected and contemned; she displayed to her life in all its greatness and all its bitterness. She desired that Nina should make her acquaintance of virtue without selfish motives; and she came actually to love virtue on account of its beauty; and as her mind was constantly occupied with truth and

excellence, she herself became true and excellent. Edla thought—"I will make her at home on the heights of humanity; I will strengthen her gaze through purity and clearness, so that when she descends into the ordinary world, her eyes may not be dazzled with earthly splendor, nor her soul become fettered with paltry bands. She shall stand in the world as a high and better creature: she shall not degrade herself to the little and the common, but shall draw them up toward herself; she shall ennoble everything which surrounds her. She shall become happy through the felicity which belongs to the noble man—that is, that which consists in belonging to himself, and in being exalted above every earthly trouble, in preserving peace, freedom, and strength, in life as in death, and in striving only after the eternal."

In the same manner Edla sought to cultivate Nina's sense of beauty. She early learned to know the most beautiful and noble in form and tone; but Edla led her rather to plastic art than to music, whose exciting tones seized all too keenly on her feelings, and she was frequently seen sketching the head of a Muse or a Jupiter, a Holy Mary, or a still enduring Christ. But no Ariadne in tears, no Hercules in the madness of pain, was a subject of her pencil. Everything effeminate, passionate—everything which displayed the confusion of the soul and of human reason, Edla kept at a distance, as unworthy of her. She wished to develop in Nina reason rather than fancy—exactly the reverse of that which is usually done; she desired to call forth and to confirm her strength, ere yet she made acquaintance with the shattering agitations of feeling. For this reason she banished from the presence of Nina all disquiet, everything passionate. She prescribed to herself quiet and self-command; and, in order to moderate the excessive softness and excitability of her sister's character, she even put under restraint the tenderness which she felt for this beloved being; yes, she even discouraged the innocent caresses of the child, and never responded to them. Perhaps Edla might have another reason for this, of which the following circumstance may afford us a hint.

One day Edla's friend, Professor A., was with her. The little nine-year-old Nina drew close to her, and sought to stretch up to her her charming little mouth. Edla put by this caress to the evident trouble of the little one.

"How can you so restrain yourself, as not to kiss the rose?" asked softly the Professor.

"Shall she inherit this?" answered Edla, as she showed her own constantly cracked and wounded lip.

Oh, had Edla but completed what she began! Had not the weakness, the impropriety of another—but we will not anticipate. We have already said how Nina, through the teaching and example of Edla, acquired so much power over herself, as to conquer her natural indolence; how she learned diligence of Edla; and notwithstanding this, how she was frequently seized with a dreaming melancholy mood, which was so much the more disquieting to Edla, because it was in immediate connection with the extreme delicacy of her health—we have therefore for the present said enough. Nina's soul was like a temple in which the worship of the divinity is not yet commenced; a world in which no sun has yet arisen. Warmth, this higher life, was yet wanting.

But some will think, what then said the Presi-

dent to so little a creature receiving so hurried an education?

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE PRESIDENT.

THE President was converted by Edla; and through her had arrived at the conviction, that a higher, intellectual accomplishment only rendered a wife more agreeable and happy in her own house. Since Edla had given up her earlier speculative life, she had laid upon herself the duty of making the old age of her father joyful; for his sake she found it easy completely to change her serious taciturn nature. With him she was lively and talkative, and she performed this task so beautifully, that the old gentleman found himself almost more comfortable in his house, than in the time of his late Frederica. By degrees he acquired an actual tenderness for his loving daughter, and a confidence so entire in her, that he gave her not only perfect freedom in the arrangement of household affairs, but also seconded her in the education of the little Nina. The President hoped through this to obtain in the younger daughter, a child as observant and tender as the elder one was, and so everything went on admirably till the President had the affair with little Cupid, and began to talk of the grave, in order to step over to a wedding.

I have now the greatest desire, dear reader, after the lapse of fourteen years, to cast a glance at Adelaide. Before all things must I mention their eight children; all extraordinarily pretty, good, and joyous, as the mother. She had nursed them all herself, attended on them, and played with them; from her they learned to love the sun, gladness, and God, and to reckon on papa Alarik as on a gospel. Count Alarik lived only for his wife, whom he adored—for his children, whom he assisted to educate—for his people, whom he made happy. The mother gave them gentleness and gladness of heart, from the father they learned history, and many other good things. Mamselle Rönquist instructed the three daughters in French and English. None could compare with Nina; but they promised to be good and merry, and to pass happily through the world. Adelaide devoted very much time to her children; yet she continued for many others "a song of joy," indispensable at all festivities; and wherever her kind, fair countenance showed itself, under lowly roof or in lofty castle, by the song of mourning or the marriage hymn, there was she greeted as a messenger of heaven sent forth with consolation and joy. She was still the swan of whiteness, freshness, slenderness, and grace, and the happiness of her home was the living well in which she bathed her wings.

Of Alarik and Adelaide it might be said with Job: "They increase in goods. Their seed is established in their sight with them, and their offspring before their eyes. Their house is safe from fear, neither is the rod of God upon them. They send forth their little ones like a flock, and their children dance. They take the timbrel and harp, and rejoice at the sound of the organ. They spend their days in wealth, and in a moment go down to the grave."

In a word, they belonged to the fortunate of this earth. I have seen many such; but have also beheld with wonder the dispensations of this world. "For another dies in the bitterness of his soul, and hath never eaten with pleasure."

But—"Who shall teach God?"

## CHAPTER VII.

## AND ANGELICA?

So asked many, as the Countess M., after an absence of two years, returned from Rome without her.

Rare are they on earth who live out their whole life, and fully perfect their powers, so that they are able in continually holier forms to bring forth the treasures which lie in their souls. They are the heroes of life's drama, the great geniuses of the earth.

But life has also voiceless geniuses. They think deeply, they feel most fervently; but they had no words to give back those divine images which their eye and ear daily drink in. They pass by without being understood; like silent shadows they hasten away. Let us look on them with pity and reverence, for they are the most unhappy among the children of the earth. But we know that an angel will hereafter loosen their tongues.

There are also beings who live only a moment; but to whom is given the blessed gift, through a deed or word, long to live in the memory of mankind. These also are rare on earth. Their life is rich, but short; a dithyrambic sung in the temple of immortality.

Angelica belonged to these last. Her fiery soul speedily consumed the earthly material, and the unremitting diligence with which she laboured in Rome exhausted her strength before its time. She died, with the pencil in her hand, while she was engaged in giving the last touches to the portrait of an angel who comes with a heavenly greeting to Mary. She departed to approach nearer to the original forms of that beauty which she had imagined and adorned on earth.

This painting, her farewell remembrance to the world, is in the possession of the Countess M. No one contemplates it without deep emotion. Especially can no wife gaze on Mary without saying with her from a humble heart—"Behold I am the handmaid of the Lord!" No one sees the picture without faith in a higher parity and glory. A beam of heaven rests upon it, and lifts the soul on high. Angelica lived not in vain.

And who that has striven ardently, and laboured honestly, has lived in vain? If it be only for a brief morning hour! He works out no whole, but the spark which proceeds from him warms and enlightens the night of many a mortal. He has prepared the work for others, and this also is good and gratifying.

Our little life, how soon it is past! Let us become useful to each other, and it will be immortal even upon earth!

And the tender Otto? and the wicked Countess Augusta? and the lively Baroness? and his Excellence her husband! They are all, each and every, dead of the cholera.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## FASHIONABLE LIFE.

Drink! they fly, the foaming pearl-drops—drink!  
FRANZEN.

To what shall I compare fashionable life, this rushing life of feast and splendor, of sport and laughter, out of which seriousness, tears, and sighs, are banished; this life which prevails in all great cities, which draws all into the vortex—to what shall I compare it? To the foam of life's flagon. It streams up from inexhaustible

fountains; the foamy pearls whirl, and win, and vanish; fresh ones rise to the surface; in the flagon's depth there lives a ceaseless hiss and bubble. One must drink the champagne in full draught, not sip it lightly. But it is always the same in the great tavern of the world. Many a noble life, many a happy fortune, goes down in this eddying element; but at the same time, many a sigh, many an agony, many a spasm of pain, dissolves itself therein. Everything has its good—at least for the moment.

"Drink! they fly, the foaming pearl-drops—drink!" Many men cannot exist out of this social element, although they now and then draw a deep breath, and sigh from their hearts—edifying strain—"How lovely is nature! How glorious the exercise of Christian duties! Without seriousness and repose there is no true joy to be found: man must live for heaven!" And after this tribute of feeling then fly to new pleasures and amusements, and dissipate themselves in all imaginable ways.

The Countess M., now Countess H., was one of those worldly natures. Her attachment to Angelica was only one of these breathings out of the customary element of life, to which long before Angelica's death she had returned. She loved the life of the great world, of which, by her beauty and fine tone, she was an ornament. Her large estate gave her all the means of entering with *à la*. She moved in it with the ease of a fish in water, as though in its own element, and floated as agreeably on the surface as this in the depths of the stream of life. She wrote and received a morning probably twenty notes; she patronized artists and authors, and accepted the dedication of their works. She belonged to all the art-unions and benevolent societies; and loved to intrigue, to recommend, to play a part, to make herself important, to become admired and worshipped, and all this with much success; especially successful was she with those who did not contemplate her too closely. Soon after her marriage she opened her house in the most splendid style; collected around her the most distinguished persons which the city had to offer for talent, rank, and beauty; kept every day open house; arranged living pictures, plays, concerts, declamations, lectures; played everywhere the first and most brilliant rôle, and suffered herself modestly to be styled the CORINNA OF THE NORTH.

And now, my beloved reader, thou probably art imagining that I shall conduct thee smoothly right on in my story, as we drive finally into the hall-court, after having been jolted on the rough country road, and seat ourselves at the well-filled table. Nothing of the kind! The passion for running hither and thither, and ever backward, has for once seized me, and so fall we into a fresh episode; and then—yes, heaven knows what—"and then" will come. Follow me now he that likes it. I betake me to Miss Greta.

Now to what shall I compare Miss Greta? I find no image more applicable to her than a mineral spring. Impetuous and peculiar, fresh and sparkling, and as it were, ferruginous, she contemplated life and men with a glance satirical and yet good-humored, and a friendly smile at the follies of the world lay on her fine lips. This view of society, which she expressed without the slightest bitterness in her manner, was irresistible, and so entertaining that a man must be very phlegmatic, or very unhappy, who did not—at least for the moment—become cheerful

and communicative through it. A harmless, cheerful laughter is certainly the most effectual means of reconciling one to life and mankind. This was it which Miss Greta well understood. In profound reliance on the wise ordinations of God, she was thoroughly persuaded that the best aim of men is to amuse themselves as much as possible in this world, that is, so far as is in accordance with the ten commandments and social propriety. Rich and independent, she yet continued unmarried, because, amid the many who had offered themselves, she had found none who could promise her a higher happiness, or a more agreeable life than that which, as a free and independent lady, she now enjoyed. She lived much in the great world, not because she really preferred it, but because her lively, critical humor here found rich material; and this very humorous disposition it was, which made her so much sought after, as the unimpeachable excellence of her character and her sound sense won for her universal love and respect. A sworn foe of every exaltation, she lent her most zealous endeavors to reduce all chords that she found too highly stretched, to a lower tone; and it is not to be denied that here she might easily fall sometimes into a too severe judgment, since, from the kindness and warmth of her own amiable heart, she had not yet had occasion to learn other of its movements, for she had not yet found herself in circumstances of deep passion. She was lady-like, but not haughty, and had a natural respect for every independent person, so that at the same time he did not make too familiar approaches to "Her Grace." She cherished a hearty contempt for all insignificance, and still more for stupidity. Insolent assurance she abominated to perfect hatred, and chastised it where she could. As she was herself secure and quiet in her wishes and sentiments, she had very little desire to witness the intrigues, strivings, pretensions, and complaints of others; though she probably was not quite indifferent to the influence which she exercised on all with whom she came in contact. She was not always mild, not always just; but she operated, as we have said, inexpressibly beneficially on the minds of those around her; and where she appeared, there grew involuntarily a fresher tone, a better condition in the exterior, and higher vivacity in the inner life of society. I have often thought that if one could but multiply Miss Greta a hundred thousand times, the world certainly would need only the half of its hospitals, its lunatic asylums, and its medicinal springs.

The house of the Countess H. was splendid and agreeable. Miss Greta had always been much with her cousin, without particularly liking her, but she pleased the Countess extremely, and she could not herself remain perfectly insensible to the charm which she diffused around her. Yet Miss Greta did not now feel herself quite so much at home in her house as formerly. With Edla she did not feel herself at all on an agreeable footing. They displayed toward each other the most punctilious politeness, and there it ended. Edla withdrew herself almost entirely out of the social circle of the Countess. As to Nina, she was for Miss Greta, according to her own expression, "too little a creature of this world." She found her beautiful, but disapproved of the homage with which the Countess treated her, and thereby seemed to undervalue older friends. This little pique, however, was the cause that she did not do Nina full justice, and

occasioned her to find nothing in her to admire beyond her beauty.

Another person of this house was to Miss Greta a regular bore. This was the young lady whom the Countess had taken under her protection, and who was styled by Miss Greta—"the silent Clara," but, however, as her manner justified the cognomen, she might with still greater propriety have been termed "the industrious Clara." Eternally occupied with sewing, or with an eminently beautiful piece of embroidery, she appeared to have no other interest in the world than the finishing of this, and appeared, deprived of her sewing apparatus, to be suffering the most dreadful *ennuye*. She noticed nobody, and never inquired whether any one noticed her, so that she could but sew. When others contended, and most vehemently took one or other side of a question, she sat still and sewed. When all was life and motion with social enjoyment and talking, Clara still sat silent and sewed. When others yawned, vexed or hurt themselves, Clara sat still and sewed. Some one spoke to her; she looked up, answered politely, but as briefly as possible, looked down again, and—sewed. This tried Miss Greta's patience beyond all expression. Add to this, Clara had adopted a catalogue of certain words, which appeared to comprehend her whole stock of language, and which she, when required, and as Miss Greta concluded, when not required, put into use. They were such as these—"that may be"—"what signifies it?"—"don't trouble yourself!"—"pray be seated!"—"that does no harm!"—"pray desist," and the like. Especially often was heard a certain indifferent, "Oh, indeed!" which threw Miss Greta into actual desperation. She herself possessed, in the best sense of the word, the most beautiful quiet of the soul; and, amid the widely unsettledness of mind, valued herself a little upon it; but this quiet, this indifference, was a caricature of hers; was at once irritating and incomprehensible to her. But what vexed her most of all was, that Clara, spite of her laconisms and sewing apparatus, had a sort of fascination for her, which she was not able to resist. This partly lay in the physical enigma, which excited her curiosity—how a person with reason, understanding, and all her senses, with flesh and bone, could be touched by nothing in the world which interested everybody else, and could be made sensible to no impression. Partly, however, this lay in Clara's disposition—something which irresistibly reminded Miss Greta of Baron H's expression—"holy;" something so simple, so true, so—Miss Greta knew not herself what; but it continued irresistible for her, and drove her attention constantly again to an object, to which she at the same time maintained a steady secret pique.

Clara was not handsome, but one could by no means call her plain. Her somewhat dark complexion made her at the first glance appear plain; but when one observed her more closely, one then saw that her skin was fine, clear, and transparent. If she ever felt herself touched with a lively feeling, a phenomenon which Miss Greta had not yet witnessed, there rose into her countenance a dark purple glow which gave to it a strange charm, and the light-brown eyes raised themselves slowly under the finely cut eyelids, and beamed with radiant gentleness and kindness.

One day Miss Greta resolved, for once, to try a little more clearly what was the real state of Clara's intellectual faculties. She gave herself

much trouble to make herself appear amusing and amiable to her, and gave free scope to all her wit and her good humor. Clara listened to her droll remarks with a quiet smile, and—sewed; she answered her questions politely, but briefly, and—sewed; by degrees she seemed to listen only by halves, and answered quite from the mark; finally, came an ill-timed "Oh! indeed!" and Miss Greta's patience snapped. She was seriously angry; stood hastily up, and vowed that she would never again set herself to the attempt of enlivening so cold and uncourteous a person.

From this moment Miss Greta and Clara stood to a certain degree in a hostile attitude, in which the former did not always show herself particularly gentle. There were many things which Miss Greta found requisite, which Clara on the contrary considered as totally unnecessary. As if to provoke Clara, Miss Greta now frequently occasioned certain disquiets and manifold interruptions, on which occasions Clara took refuge in her accustomed "Pray be quiet." Let this be expressed as mildly as possible, it nevertheless always vexed Miss Greta uncommonly, and she replied on one occasion with considerable warmth—"Dear Clara, I am really too old to be made quiet in this manner; you would do much better to edify yourself with your wise exhortations." Such bickerings often recurred; yet Miss Greta's ill humor operated less depressingly on Clara than a single cold look of the Countess's. I will not withhold from my dear reader the following profound remarks on this.

In many a contention lies the seeds of a warm friendship, or many a social agreement is properly only an evidence that we have nothing to say to one another. Indifference will neither quarrel nor kiss.

The silent Clara had three wild brothers: one was a lawyer, the second a naval lieutenant, the third a land officer. The wild-brothers loved the silent Clara from their hearts, and desired nothing so much as to see her married. They looked about on all sides for a good husband for her—before all things for a rich husband, who might take the poor brothers-in-law under his fostering care. They perpetually besieged her with inquiries whether no lover had yet announced himself; whether she dressed well; whether she had put herself forward properly. With the most well-meant views they tormented her continually.

The Countess was not less anxious than the three brothers to make a good match for Clara. She held it as a matter of conscience, and, moreover, would gladly have the threads of a love-story in hand. Clara answered the brothers kindly and evasively, and arranged her toilette as hute as possible after the prescriptions of the Countess. Miss Greta wished all possible earthly success to the exertions of the Countess and the brothers; she, in fact, had taken a little hatred to the incomprehensible Clara, and longed for the day in which this insensible wall should no longer spoil the prospect of the house.

The lovers indeed appeared, and that quickly, and to their hearts' content. Baron H. next showed his attentions, which every one noticed and interpreted, except Clara herself.

Baron H., during the time that we had lost sight of him, accomplished himself in a very unexpected and peculiar manner. We have already said that he was not in possession of a

wife. Nevertheless he had—people knew not how—found a son, a charming, pretty boy, whom he named Filius. Leo was his baptismal name. From whom he derived his surname, who he was, whence he came, nobody knew, and it was impossible to obtain from Baron H. the slightest explanation. He only said that Filius was a foundling, and cut short all further information about him. This very mystery, in the mean time, and certain half suppositions which were in circulation on the subject, awoke in Miss Greta a feeling of displeasure not only against the Baron himself, but also against this little somewhat wilful Filius, whose fine countenance and charming complexion did not, in Miss Greta's opinion, authorize him to follow the Baron anywhere, and to receive an education such as the Baron could only desire for his own son. Baron H. had an affection for the boy which bordered on weakness, and did not allow himself to be in the least disturbed by the queries and remarks of Miss Greta; he answered her either not at all, or with the best humor in the world. Miss Greta by this felt herself wounded both in her feelings and her curiosity. On this account she regarded the little Filius with ungracious eyes, whence he had very little to thank her for. On the contrary, he attached himself gladly to Nina, and obeyed her slightest hint. He was called Nina's little worshipper, and presented an example of the power which beauty exerts on the mind of a child.

One evening there was at the President's a great company. The Countess drew all eyes upon her, yes! even more than the lovely Nina. Clad in red velvet, with a gold embroidered turban on her proud head, she seated herself at her harp, and drew thence the most enchanting tones, while with great artistical skill she sang a bravura of Meyerbeer's. A wide circle of admirers stood round her: the President was among these, and was almost beside himself with rapture.

Baron H. drew near Clara, who, in a dark brown silk dress, with a double tulle pelerine on her graceful shoulders, formed as it were the shadow in this glittering assembly. The Baron seated himself in an easy chair by her. "A charming talent," said he, with cool commendation of the Countess's song.

Clara answered with as cool a "yes."

"You probably sing and play too?" asked the Baron with more interest.

"No," replied Clara quietly.

"Then I am convinced that you draw admirably."

"No, I have not the least talent," answered Clara in the selfsame tone.

"So! well, well, and why should you? The whole world has talents. All ladies sing, play, and draw just a little, as they say; and really they consume much precious time with these things, which might be much better employed. How much more proper were it if they qualified themselves for good housewives—learned to cook nicely. I am persuaded you are very clever in these matters?"

"No, I do not understand these either."

"Well, that can be learned, that can be learned," said the Baron consolingly. "One has a clever cook, and then—but you certainly understand how to set out a good dinner?"

"No!" answered Clara, "I can only eat."

"Well said!" thought some one not far off; and a hearty laugh which could no longer be repressed, betrayed Miss Greta as a listener to

this discourse. Baron H. reddened, and cast a severe glance at Miss Greta, which she, however, confident of speedy forgiveness, stood firmly; for, spite of all dissonance, there prevailed between Baron H. and Miss Greta an indestructible sympathy, which drew them irresistibly together. Both had need of entertainment, and both found this need never better satisfied than in each other's society.

But Clara's "No!" did not better the Baron; on the contrary, he appeared to take a continually growing interest in the silent being, and sought to make her acquainted with the talents of the little Filius. The boy had a not inconsiderable capacity for drawing, in which he chiefly exercised himself with coal or chalk, and for which Miss Greta would most willingly have rapped his knuckles; but Baron H. prophesied from it a new Michel Angelo. It was not to be denied that he had an extraordinary degree of talent. After the true manner of artists he saw everywhere only means and appliances for his art. Thence arose the disagreeable circumstance, that one often encountered eyes and noses where one least expected to find them. In vain Miss Greta purchased a whole volume of drawing-paper, and spread out the sheets in Filius's way. Filius aspired to the great even in space, and preferred infinitely sketching on floors and walls. Clara did all in her power to guard against the injurious consequences both to Filius and the walls, and the Baron, who dreaded nothing so much as that of laying the imagination of the young artist under obstructive bonds, was beyond words thankful to her for it. He was ever attentive to her, and made his court in the tenderest manner, while he presented to her the most beautiful flowers, which she could not refuse. The Countess already looked victorious and confident; the three wild brothers congratulated themselves on the brother-in-law so soon to be; and Miss Greta said, "Let what shall happen, happen quickly."

Then at once stepped forth a new wooer, a young merchant, who had earlier known and loved Clara in her father's house: but had not asked her hand, because he was then poor and dependent. Now by skill and diligence he had so far advanced himself, that he had purchased his house and garden, and wished to ask his long and truly loved one to share with him his new fortune. We call him Frederiks. He procured an introduction to the house of the President. His manner was a little awkward, but his heart was brave, and a certain fresh genial-spiritedness spoke out of his eyes. Baron H. regarded him somewhat "*de haant en nas*." Mr. Frederiks, on the contrary, gave right honest-heartedly on the Baron. Both surrounded Clara continually, but paid their attentions in very different ways. Baron H. seated himself by her, praised her work, her diligence, let his white hand with the diamond ring and the golden snuff-box manœuvre before her eyes, and from time to time offered, with much devotion, a pinch. He spoke excellently and with much vivacity of the happiness of a quiet friendly wedlock; made humorous remarks on life and man, in the course of which he did not omit to throw in many compliments to his listener, and twinkled knowingly his "very pretty eyes," as Miss Greta called them. Mr. Frederiks, on the contrary, fixed on Clara a whole battery of glances, was constantly on foot, and had a certain way of stamping and tripping round, which to the still maiden was inconceivably annoying.

He talked much of his arrangements; and jumbled all—equipage, brilliant houses, society, in short, all his plans, into the most motley medley. He wished his future wife to make the Countess her model. In the mean time neither of the lovers appeared to make an impression on Clara's heart. She continued completely herself, and treated one exactly like the other. She took no pinch out of the baron's box, noticed not his ring, made no reply to his liveliest conversations—but sewed. She answered not Mr. Frederiks' eye-language, looked not up at the description of his new chandelier, and if a sigh escaped, it was the consequence of his everlasting basting about. She avowed no impatience on this head; she avowed, in fact, nothing at all, but looked only on her work—and sewed. Miss Greta contemplated her with a secret bitterness, and wished her in Vanina's cabinet of wax-work.

"I begin actually to be staggered in my faith in my Bible," said Miss Greta; "it says there, that there is nothing new under the sun; and yet I am persuaded that the sun has never shone upon such a specimen of humanity as Clara."

The three wild brothers stormed from north and south upon the still sister. She should determine; she should hasten to make both herself and her brothers happy.

The lawyer took part with the Baron, whose rank and fine manners impressed him greatly. The naval lieutenant contended for Mr. Frederiks, "a rich man, a handsome man, and fundamentally so honourable a youth!"

They now learned with an astonishment and a horror that are not to be described, that the still sister would not marry at all, and had resolved to refuse both the lovers, if they did not, as she hoped, themselves withdraw from the coldness of her conduct. Clara had now heavy storms to sustain. The lawyer, who looked upon himself as the head of the family, read the sister long lectures on her duties; he painted the future in the most flaming colors, with pitch-black or glowing rose, according as he associated them with marrying or not marrying. The lieutenants were furiously angry, swore if Clara became an old maid they would never trouble themselves about her, and went in towering wrath away. After such scenes Clara commonly appeared with tears in her mild eyes; and yet had much harder conflicts to sustain. The Countess caused her to be summoned of a morning to her presence; made her long harangues, which, although extremely expressive and well-composed, yet appeared not to possess the smallest rhetorical charm for Clara. The Countess found much in her to blame. She made her observant of the obligations under which she lay to her benefactress, and preached morals out of Lehnberg and Bossuet. She dilated amply on all which under the most favorable circumstances she proposed to do for Clara. With especial emphasis she commanded her to assume a more decided behavior to one or the other of her admirers, so that he might take courage to declare himself; one should not, as hitherto, continue polite and indifferent to both, which resembled the conduct of a coquette, and might end in nothing. In short, she ran through a whole register of teachings and exhortations.

When Clara assured her that she had not the slightest intention of giving hope to either of the lovers, but rather wished with her whole heart that they would leave her in peace, and wholly

forget her, the Countess declared this to be a silly and senseless subterfuge. As Clara now more strictly stated that she had no intention of marrying at all, the Countess became highly excited. She talked of ingratitude, and made Clara feel that she lived only through her beneficence. This struck deep and painfully into Clara's soul; and the cause which rendered her resolution so inflexible, must indeed have been very weighty, as they overcame the bitterness with which she was assailed. She remained steadfast, remained finally silent, and returned to her indifference and her sewing. The Countess, however, found it good to interrupt this latter activity as much as possible, and began to employ the silent Clara about the whole house in a multitude of ways. Clara betrayed no trace of ill-humor, performed all cheerfully and with alacrity, but in consequence sat up at night and sewed. In the mean time, her exterior evinced a dejection which, to a certain degree, operated refreshingly on Miss Greta, since she detected at least a trace of feeling, where she had imagined only obtuseness, and she very willingly allowed her a little trouble for the extreme vexation she had occasioned herself.

But ever blacker clouds gathered themselves round the poor Clara, and menaced her earthly welfare. The Countess considered her conduct so incomprehensible, that she began to entertain mistrust, and fell on the idea that Clara must have secret, perhaps unworthy motives for it. She was always prone to a certain system of espionage, the most unhappy of all systems which people can employ in their house; and this she would now avail herself of in Clara's case. She called Miss Greta even to a co-operation, but she answered abruptly, "She did not meddle with such matters."

The Countess now charged her maid to watch and spy out Clara's proceedings, and soon received cause for heavy suspicions. Once or twice in the week Clara was in the habit of going out wholly alone, without saying anything, and then returning as quietly and as little observed as possible. People also now began to take notice that the little gifts which she now and then received from her patroness were never worn by her. They reminded her of her necklaces, of her earrings—but Clara continued unadorned. She answered finally with tears in her eyes, that she was no longer in possession of them, but she refused to give further information respecting them. Upon these discoveries, the Countess built the most strange suspicions; communicated them to Miss Greta, and began to lay a heavy hand on Clara.

We have already intimated that the Countess with her great æsthetic accomplishment was yet destitute of the peculiar beauty of the heart—goodness; and we must add, that she could be hard and morally cruel toward those who fell under her displeasure, and to whom she in her own mind was not well affected. The necessity for her to be perpetually on the scene, to play perpetually a part, and everywhere to command, made her even to those who most sincerely admired her fine talents somewhat inconvenient, but far more so to those who did not understand how to please her and to secure her favor. Clara speedily felt the whole weight of a disposition which, under the most polished forms, yet knew how mercilessly to oppress. It was nothing that she became the lady's-maid as well as house-keeper to the Countess; that she must run from the

dressing-room to the kitchen, from the kitchen to the dressing-room, in order to execute a thousand commands—this was really nothing! But that she never received a friendly look; that she was exposed to sharp words and angry mistrust, this was hard, this cost her heart heavy conflicts. But Clara bore all with unshakable patience, and availed herself of the first free moment to return with renewed zeal to her needle. Miss Greta knew, in fact, no longer whether she should, on account of this endurance, more admire or detest her. With deep displeasure she heard of her secret promenades, and feared that the cause of them might be less praiseworthy than her other and daily behavior.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE INQUIRY.

That father and mother from death are freed,  
Might I now with sore anguish upbraid them;  
But God, our sole helper in time of need,  
He best knows our hearts, and will aid them.

SWEDISH FOLK'S SONG.

It was a fresh autumn morning; one of those mornings whose clear inspiring air fills our hearts with new pleasures, and new hopes, and emboldens us to enterprise. This influence both of Clara's worshippers felt: they both arose with the very same thought, and issued forth with the same purpose. Slowly and dignifiedly as becomes the aristocratic, and with anxious care not to heat himself, strode forward the Baron H., one hand on his back, and the other on the golden knob of his cane. Quick and business-like as industry's self, and burdened with no excessive compulsion, hastened Mr. Frederiks toward the same goal, but by another and shorter way, so that he reached before the Baron the dwelling of his beloved.

The Countess was in her usual reception-room, amid a multitude of newly-arrived books. By the window sat the silent Clara—and sewed. Thither, after the first salutations, Mr. Frederiks steered, and laid before her short and bluntly his wish to make her his wife. With faltering voice, but decidedly and respectfully, she declined his offer, and the young man was already on the way to withdraw himself, greatly cast down, when the Countess arose and desired him not to be in too great a hurry, and at once to regard this affair as desperate. Clara would certainly bethink herself, would reconsider the matter, she said, and invited him to dinner on the following day. After a brief indecision, and a vain endeavor to read Clara's downcast eyes, Mr. Frederiks accepted the invitation and withdrew. The Countess threw a tolerably fierce look at Clara, and returned to her books. Now appeared Baron H., and the same scene was repeated, as well as Clara's negative answer: except with this difference, that Clara evinced a degree of sympathy, and Baron H. did not look particularly cast down—on the contrary, as the Countess begged him to have patience with a young maiden who did not know what she would have, and would certainly soon come to reason, he answered kindly, that he would certainly exert himself to the utmost not to take Clara at her word till she said, Yes. The Countess invited him thereupon to dinner a day later than Mr. Frederiks, hoping by that time to wring from the foolish Clara a decision.

To Clara's great relief, the Countess was the rest of the day from home. It was not till evening that she returned from a dinner at the castle;

Miss Greta entered at the same moment to spend the evening with her, and the command was immediately sent to poor Clara to present herself in the Countess's bedroom. Clara felt at this message an extraordinary anxiety, and her knees trembled as she passed through the ante-room of the Countess. During the long harangues which the Countess had made her, and at which for the most part she had played a silent part, she had had the habit of pushing to and fro a little gold ring which she wore on her finger. Miss Greta had frequently noticed this uniform manœuvre with silent vexation, and was curious to see whether in this decisive moment it would be repeated. She seated herself at her ease in the *cousine* in the proper direction, took up the "Memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes," prepared herself to fix all her attention on Clara, on the words and movements of this "wooden doll!" Miss Greta had found Clara so indescribably tedious and disagreeable, that she had called her "a heavy creature with a hateful mystery-mongery;" so that it is difficult to conceive what great interest she could take in the examination now at hand. She did not account for it to herself; but it is certain that this interest had risen to the highest pitch, and she awaited Clara's entrance with impatience. The Countess sat at her toilette, and was still in full court dress as she had come from the royal table. We cannot resist setting down a few of the wilful remarks which Miss Greta secretly made upon her cousin, while she examined the "History of the Duchess of Abrantes" with sufficient exactness.

"Well, do but see how Natalie throws forward her chest! She sets the right foot forward—plants the left elbow carelessly on the table—the attitude is ready! She retains the pearls yet, in order—she turns her head half toward the door—she erects herself proudly—she thinks herself a Semiramis; and all thoroughly to confound and dazzle the poor Clara, who, like Esther before Ahasuerus, appears and swoons away. Natalie will dash her absolutely down. It will be a precious scene!"

The bearing and mien of the Countess were, in fact, in the highest degree imposing; but perhaps Clara felt at this moment the penetrating glance which Miss Greta fixed on her still more deeply than the proud bearing of her benefactress. In the mean time she fell into no swoon; and whatever might be her feelings, her external appearance betrayed nothing of them. She was somewhat pale, but her manner was quiet. The muslin handkerchief with the broad hem lay as smoothly as usual on the shoulders, and was folded into regular plaits brought forward to the front. The everlasting "fraise" was stiff and white as ever. Miss Greta sighed.

The Countess desired Clara to take a chair, and commenced her speech. She spoke first of the two very handsome offers which had been made her; explained the advantages of both; detailed her conceptions of Clara's position, and of the duties which she herself had to perform toward her: she should consider herself happy to be able to contribute her part toward so honorable a union as either of these; and ended by demanding from Clara an express declaration of her choice.

She spoke beautifully, and with unusual energy; but for all these excellent and logical sentences, Clara had but the old answer, "She was sincerely obliged to both the gentlemen for their proposals, but could by no means fulfil their

wishes. She would remain unmarried—she could never marry."

Miss Greta took her *lorgnette* to look a little closer at Clara on these declarations. She considered the idea of a poor maiden obstinately rejecting two wealthy lovers "very peculiar."

On the other hand, the Countess turned red with anger, and demanded severely, "May I ask, then, what your plans for the future are?"

"That I cannot yet say," replied Clara with a sigh, "but I hope soon to be able."

"Miss Clara acts very independently! and seems to hold me, my counsel, and approval, as nothing at all. Clara! I must remind you your father gave you into my hands, into my protection."

"I have never forgotten it," said Clara with a faltering voice.

"I considered myself therefore justified," continued the Countess, "over your proceedings—"

"I acknowledge it!" cried Clara with emotion.

"I am thankful for all the kindness which the lady Countess has shown me. I will be attentive and obedient—but ah! if no more might be said of my marrying!"

"She is quite interesting," thought Miss Greta, letting the Memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes fall from her hand.

"Clara!" said the Countess, "your behaviour is too strange not to give ground for suspicions. You are a poor girl; you have not the slightest prospect for the future!"

"God gives the birds food—he will not forget me!"

Miss Greta felt for her handkerchief, and fixed her eyes on the floor, without however taking up from it the Duchess.

"That is really very fine!" said the Countess ironically; "but these God-fearing thoughts are utterly unproductive, and at last people betake themselves to their friends and relatives, on whom they fall as a burden. But don't trouble yourself on that account; I shall always see the daughter of an old friend gladly under my roof. I would not be so pressing for your marriage, since you are so opposed to it, if I did not fear that other, and perhaps less pure causes lie at the bottom of this irrational resolve. I must tell you plainly, Clara, that you are observed, and your conduct has given occasion to the most strange suspicions."

Miss Greta expected to hear Clara say, "that may be!" but Clara did not say so. She turned red and pale; stood up, sat down again, and finally remained standing.

With increased coldness and severity the Countess proceeded: "Since you have been in my house, you have received various articles of value as presents. These have vanished; whither? no one knows. You go out frequently in the dark. Clara, I demand an explanation of this!"

Clara stood speechless and pale.

"Your father," said the Countess further, "confided you to my protection and my oversight; in his name I demand an account of this!"

"I cannot now give it," answered Clara, with an anxious voice, but with more self-possession than before.

"Not now?" demanded the Countess sharply; "when then?"

"I don't know," replied Clara embarrassed, and as if she did not know what she was saying; "I believe—I don't know—"

"You ~~must~~ know it, you ~~shall~~ answer—when?"

Clara cast an expressive glance toward heaven, as if she would say—"THESE!"

"These are subterfuges, Clara! I will hear nothing of them," cried the Countess sternly. "I declare to you then, that my duty toward you and toward your late father compels me to abridge a liberty which you abuse. From this moment you remain in your room, till you either decide for one of these honorable offers, or till no other doubt rests on your unbecoming proceedings."

Miss Greta called once more her *lognette* to her aid, to observe Clara more closely. She stood still, with her arms not crossed, but laid one upon the other. She was extremely pale; tears glistened in her eyes, although the expression of her countenance was perfectly composed, perfectly innocent. That word "holy" again occurred to Miss Greta. She felt that her meditation was here needed, and with a seriousness, which was not wholly destitute of warmth, she said to the Countess:

"Dear Natalie, that is neither kind nor just. We have no proof that Clara's walks offend against propriety, but before we know this positively, we have no right to shut her up. To criminate any one who may be guiltless, and to punish him without proof of his crime, is in my eyes an injustice which I cannot endure, and which must not be committed."

People will perhaps be surprised at the dictatorial tones which Miss Greta permitted herself in an affair in which she was not properly concerned. But Miss Greta had been long accustomed, as well in her own family as in the wide circle of her acquaintance, to see her claims submitted to like the laws of Solon or Moses in antiquity, and this appeared to her quite in order.

With the same decided tone Miss Greta continued: "If Clara, indeed, has given away, or, according to her pleasure, disposed of the gifts which she has received, I see nothing in that which deserves a punishment or banishment from the country. The only thing, as it seems to me, that we can demand of Clara is, that she voluntarily relinquishes her walks out, at least till she herself assigns a satisfactory reason for them. Will you do that, Clara?"

After a little consideration, Clara answered "Yes!"

"Well, then," continued Miss Greta, "for this time I hope Clara is excused the imprisonment. We have had plenty of cholera and quarantine regulations, and may well be weary of the thing. As regards the proposals of marriage, I really cannot deny that Clara has acted like a silly damsel; but at the same time, in heaven's name, people must not be whipped into matrimony. One can be very happy without it—I think with Paul. The best and surest way is, that Clara does nothing in a hurry, but takes a fitting time for consideration. Dearest Natalie, allow Clara a deliberative time of three months. The worthy gentlemen can very well wait a little for a good wife, and Baron H. looks indeed to me as if he could serve for Clara like Jacob for Rachel. In short, we conclude the contract of peace for three months. Clara gives up her promenades, and, on the other hand, is spared all matrimonial proposals for the space of three months. Will the parties sign?"

Clara looked up to her protectress with an indescribable expression. Miss Greta felt a certain something about her heart she had not known before. The Countess, however, answered with a mixture of displeasure and concession:

"You are much too good to Clara. She does not at all deserve it. In the mean time I will, at your recommendation, allow this time for reflection. I know not, however, whether the gentlemen will find that it will repay them for the trouble to wait so long."

"Let me care for that," responded Miss Greta.

Visitors were now announced. The Countess arose majestically, and went forth without a glance at Clara; but Miss Greta stepped up to her, took her hand, and said seriously and kindly:

"My best Clara! between ourselves, you have acted somewhat foolishly and imprudently; and if, as I suspect, a third bridegroom is concealed behind the promenades, I advise you sincerely to bring him as quickly as possible to the light, and let the other gentlemen retire. Fair play, dear Clara, and a little sound sense, bring us farthest before God and man."

With this she pressed Clara's hand, and left her. Clara covered her eyes with both hands—"Mother! mother! what dost thou cost me!" sighed she in speechless agony.

From this time forward Miss Greta conceived a far higher interest in Clara. This had a threefold ground. In the first place, Miss Greta found her singular; then she wished to fathom the secret; and lastly Clara was become her protégé. She endeavored now with all zeal to become better acquainted with her, in order to win her confidence, and be able to help her. But ah! the interesting Clara, since that remarkable evening, had totally vanished; the still, and stupid one had again taken her place—and sewed! Or she busied herself with the concerns of the house, or with the thousand articles of the Countess's toilette, and all with an attention and silence that might drive one to distraction. The expression of countenance testified to Miss Greta a deep acknowledgment, but speech and answer continued laconic as before.

This then at length wounded Miss Greta, both in her feelings and in her pride—for we must confess that she was a little proud—that so insignificant a person as Clara should understand so little how to value the friendship of a lady of Miss Greta's spirit and character—a friendship which she so rarely offered to any one—this was hardly to be borne. And had not Miss Greta spoken with the Countess? Quietly the three wild brothers, and bargained for the three months of rest? Had she not persuaded the lovers also to three months' patience? Had she not rescued Clara from imprisonment and persecution? It made Miss Greta actually angry, for all those exertions to receive so little acknowledgment.

She determined now in her pride to withdraw herself entirely from Clara; and never to trouble herself about her again. But oh, the sorrow! at this very time Miss Greta was less able than ever to withdraw her thoughts from Clara; to avoid admiring, yes, actually envying her! For her keen glance could not help discerning that Clara, spite of her stillness and reserve, had yet within her a rich and full life. Her looks betrayed it. Miss Greta was the more annoyed at this inward fulness of life in a person of so monotonous an exterior and so joyless an existence; as she herself, endowed with all that fortune, the world, and the interests of life could confer, had often, and especially of late, felt an inward emptiness which she did not know how to fill. And what then could it be which so inwardly satisfied

she poor and helpless Clara? which made her so patient under the orders and counter-orders of the Countess? which allowed her to forget that she was deprived of all the joys of youth, and must contemplate a walk to church of a Sunday as her sole relaxation? What was it which made her so soft and obliging to others, while she herself led a life so full of self-denial? Doubts and questions of this sort frequently presented themselves to the mind of Miss Greta. "What is properly joy?" she asked herself; "what is pleasure? After what shall we strive, in order to be happy, and live pleasantly? Natalie possesses beauty, talents, a fulness of affluence, and has countless admirers. I myself can enjoy as much of the good things of this world as I will—for this, I have health, good spirits, a willing body, understanding, and all the senses, and ability to laugh and joke at command; and at the same time, I can very well believe that this still, dependent creature would not exchange with me. And I cannot blame her; for with all I possess in the world, I find it by no means too amusing. But she, who has actually nothing—what does she think of? What satisfies her?" Clara, was Miss Greta's torment.

But it is time that we at length ceased entirely forgetting ourselves in the company of Miss Greta; we will now, therefore, look after the President a little.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE PRESIDENT.

"How goes it? How goes it?"

#### THE ACQUAINTANCE.

AND in fact, it is time that we visit the new-married man, and ask him how he does.

"Excellent!" would his Excellence have answered; but Truth whispers us behind his back, "Not particularly so."

It stood indeed as follows. The President was in love with his wife, but found himself to such a degree disturbed in his old habits, in his comfort, in the mode of life which he had hitherto led, that it operated obviously both on his health and temper. His beautiful Countess was a charming hostess, an amiable lady of the house; but an attentive managing wife she was not. He must wait on, care for, ask, do, amuse, fondle, and follow. The poor President got quite out of breath. He was, however, in love; and when she called him, "My sweet one! my angel!" and stroked his chin with her white hand, he was enraptured, and even happy. Ah Cupido! Cupido!

But this amorousness, the secret discontent, and a certain feeling that he had acted foolishly, all this made the President out of humor, and dissatisfied with himself, but awoke in him also a sort of fear before Edla. He was ashamed of his feelings before the clear-sighted daughter; he began to avoid her glance and her society, and this the more anxiously as he felt the injustice he did her, who least deserved it, by this coldness and reserve. Edla soon observed how he sought to avoid her; yet keenly as it pained her, she conformed herself in this respect immediately to the will of her father. She also had much to conceal from him; she too felt herself not happy through the change in the house, and knew not how to say a cheerful word to her father.

The Countess occupied herself chiefly and

almost exclusively with Nina. As a fine connoisseur of art, she knew how to estimate Nina's perfect and entrancing beauty. She was thoroughly absorbed by it, and the sight of her was as necessary to her as to an artist that of his ideal. She exerted all that was captivating in her own mind and manner to win Nina to herself. She gave her instruction on the harp, in singing, in Italian, and caressed her without intermission. The lovely Nina was idolized by her, while the ungifted Clara only received from her cold looks and commands. But she was not contented with her own fascination herself, she was ambitious to direct the attention of all the world to Nina's beauty. This was an easy task. Whom do not beauty and sweetness charm? Who can behold the pure features of beauty without having a consciousness of God? A circle of admirers gathered around Nina, but who actually only admired her? There was something more than earthly in Nina, which excited to worship rather than to love. The artists soon gathered about, with chisel and pencil, partly in obedience to the Countess, and partly to their own artistic sense. Södermark must paint her portrait in oil, Waj in miniature; Mamselle Röhl must draw her in black chalk, Fogelberg execute her bust in marble, and model her hand; neither were modellers in wax and cutters of profiles wanting to copy the inimitable head and the muse-like features.

It was not without pleasure that Nina saw herself made an object of so much fondness, so much homage; yet she did not step forth from the cloud which enveloped her as with a magic glory. She continued sweet and amiable, though in a higher sphere of life, through which she floated as an ideal existence, as a vision out of a better world, but never stood there as an ordinary individual mortal. Her life resembled the beautiful picture of the triumph of Galatea.

In her chariot borne by the waves, and drawn by dolphins, the young goddess lay in luxurious ease. Nais and Tritons dance round her, laughing and sporting in the tumbling billows; the God of Love scatters the way with flowers, and Zephyr kisses and fans her cheeks with his soft breath. She lets them dance, and scatter flowers, lets the wind play with her locks, and the floods bear her on, while she carelessly reclines, dreams, and smiles. But this sweet repose, this manner, native as it were, to the higher existences, of receiving homage, and looking down out of the clouds on it, tranquil, mild, and indifferent—this was Nina's especial and most peculiar charm. But perhaps still more captivating was she, when a quiet sadness carried her wholly away from the splendor which surrounded her, and led her feelings into a world of twilight where no thought was able to follow her. There lay then a momentary paleness on her features, as if death rushing hastily past, but gently fanned her with his wing. Yet the exciting, variable life of her present home operated less prejudicially on her health than might have been feared, and most frequently a delicate rose bloomed on her cheek.

Count Ludwig was generally near her, but less in character of a lover than a quiet spectator, keeping his property in his eye.

Miss Greta was heartily weary of the deifying of Nina: of the portraits, busts, and the lessons on the harp. She often made herself merry over them in her lively, intellectual manner; but often, too, gave free scope to her wrath against

these absurd goings on, as well as against Clara's inaccessibility, and lightened her heart with Baron H., who now, as she declared, was the only man with whom she could speak a sensible word. Filius through this found himself in better case with her than formerly.

Edla contemplated with growing uneasiness the triumph of her favorite. She had wished to introduce by degrees the tender bloom which she had so long sheathed and guarded in the shades of peace, to life, to activity, and to another atmosphere; and now she saw her suddenly exposed to the scorching beams of the mid-day sun. At first, she tried expostulations with her father against it; but he, opposed to the will of his wife, was much too weak, and desired expressly that Nina should entirely follow the wishes of the Countess. That she might not lose the child of her cares and of her heart completely out of her sight, there now remained nothing for Edla but to make part of the everlasting company. This was as little agreeable to the Countess as it was painful and wearisome to Edla. She exchanged her beloved quiet solitude, for a society in which she felt herself out of place, and assumed near Nina the involuntary part of a gloomy Argus. The Countess soon let Edla feel how superfluous was her presence, and did what she could by petty humiliations and slights to drive her from her brilliant saloon. Edla was of too lofty a character, and had made her soul too free, to suffer herself to be wounded by pin-pricks; but for Nina also was her presence useless, and by her also, as it seemed, was she overlooked. This pained her deeply. Besides, the stepmother invaded most disturbingly Edla's whole life. By imperceptible but certain modes, all power in the house, all interest in the management, was withdrawn from her. The old domestics were dismissed, the new ones could only obey the Countess; and thus Edla saw daily more and more how unnecessary she was in her father's house and to the company. She withdrew in silence to her solitary room, and appeared only at the dinner table, but always friendly and quiet. My sweet female reader! thou who wilt probably understand how gnawing such a domestic position must be, how easily it can embitter heart and mind—oh say, must it not have been a beautiful, a noble doctrine which enabled Edla to conduct herself with so much repose, gentleness, and good sense? In her solitude she found a freer, better company than in the circle she abandoned—and she could have been truly contented and happy in it, had she not missed so painfully her loved pupil, her former daily companion. As she saw that this dissipated life agreed with Nina's health extremely, she was careful to conceal her feelings. When she once asked her beautiful sister whether the present course gave her pleasure, she replied, with her accustomed love of truth—"Yes; it is so pleasant to please and to be beloved."

Edla laid up this word in her bosom: it gave her pain. "Do I not love her too?" thought she; "though I do not flatter her, or misguide her. I would lay down my life for her!" She regarded herself now as misunderstood also by Nina; she became even stiller and more retiring. Nina found Edla cold, unsympathizing. There lay a cloud between the two sisters. Each felt a secret tear well from her soul on this account. Why do we not let them flow? Why may we not betray what the tongue hesitates to acknowledge? What is it which so often, at least for a time,

thrusts itself between the best friends, like a necessary cooked by bad spirits? Each sees it, but it is not to be overcome; an insurmountable, invisible obstacle stands in the way; we suffer, we avoid one another, we doubt whether it can possibly be the same person as formerly. Then requires it only an insignificant cause, a trifling word, to produce a division, whence is no return, and which no kindness can heal. The wounds which distrust gives bleed so long!

And yet let me, my reader, here make a reservation, for my heart is full of this matter, and would fain open itself out before thee. I must, then, solemnly protest against that which I have just asserted. No; I believe it not. The real, the genuine friends do not separate.

There are people whose words fall like a frosty day on the earth, and make all that is blooming and odorous vanish. They say—"All is vanity under the sun." This seems to us great, that lovely and pleasant; but who may put his confidence in men? That which at the first was so hot, grows all the more so speedily cool. The exhalation must quickly fly, or it would soon lead to the madhouse. The daily, the customary, that is the best and safest. And then follow examples and stories "out of real life," which are to confirm all this; brand enthusiasm as folly; designate love and friendship as a fleeting effervescence, or as selfish sentiments; reduce man to a nullity; and convert life into dishwater. And truly it is only too certain, that life has a very empty, dry, and poverty-stricken side; that many a purple mantle on the scene is only painted; many a flame goes up in smoke; that the glittering jewel on closer examination proves only a bit of glass; and that which appears alive is inwardly dead. What then? Because a pool dries up, shall we therefore not believe in the fresh spring? Because a meteor and a street lamp go out, are these then no eternal sun—no heavenly, holy lights? God be praised and blessed! there are those which warm and light us to all eternity. And if the immortal clearness of our own life and heart remained not, it were not worth the trouble of living!

It is a sad experience—who can describe its bitterness?—when we see the friend on whom we have built for eternity grow cold in his feelings, and becoming lost to us. But believe it not, thou loving, sorrowing soul, believe it not! Continue thyself only, and the moment will come when thy friend will return to thee; when, at the sound of thy voice, at the pressure of thy hand, his heart will beat quicker; yes, though the separation last long—

And pressed I here no more the ardent hand,  
I yet should grasp it in the better land.

Yes, there, where all delusions cease—there, beyond the clouds, the friend will find thee again in a higher light, will acknowledge thee, and unite himself to thee for ever.

But, friendly reader, I probably kill thee with my digressions. Pardon me, and follow me back, on the little serpentine path of a flower-simile, which it is impossible for me to pass by.

Evening is a precious time for friends who live together. Married people know it well, and brothers and sisters know it too. Contrary to the flowers of nature, which close their chalice at the close of the day, the loveliest flower of friendship—continence—loves most to expand itself at evening, and breathes forth its fragrance most gladly under the protection of twilight and silence. Then talk we over the questions of the

day; then conclude we peace with our hearts, if we have opened them before to our friend; then seek we reconciliation from heaven, and offer it to the world, ere yet the night comes; and then sleep we so sound and sweetly.

Thus was it formerly with Edla and Nina. Now it was otherwise. How gladly would Edla, as formerly, at the evening of a day which they had not spent together, have looked into Nina's soul. Now Nina came constantly so late from company, that Edla did not venture further to abridge her sleep, which in her now fatiguing life was become more requisite than ever. In the morning Nina naturally slept long, and scarcely was dressed before the Countess appeared to take her down with her. Nina was too weak to oppose herself to this despotism, which she moreover, through the wishes of her father, and through Edla's sullen silence, held to be justifiable. Yes, she even believed that it was really most agreeable to Edla to be able to follow undisturbed her favourite pursuits.

One day Edla was seized with a violent nervous headache. According to her custom she suffered without complaining, and lay perfectly still on her sofa. Every one who has experienced this complaint knows how unpleasantly anything ugly and annoying operates, during its paroxysm, on the senses of the sufferer. Nina sat by Edla and read to her in a low voice, while Edla refreshed herself with gazing on the pure sweet features of her sister, and found the presence of the beloved and beautiful like a longed-for heart's cordial. Then came the Countess to call Nina. There were several acquaintances below; it was wished to act some scenes from *Filthof's Saga*; but Nina was wanting, nothing could be done without Nina—Nina! the new lovely Ingeborg. But Nina was happy with her sister, who looked so affectionately on her; happy in the thought that she alleviated her suffering, and rejoiced her by her reading. She cast an imploring glance at her sister, and asked in a tone which solicited a yes—

"Do you need me, Edla?"

Edla misunderstood look and tone; a breath of bitterness passed over her soul, and she answered with some sharpness—

"No! go only, I need thee not."

Nina stood hastily up. The answer went like a stab to her heart. She followed the Countess. At the door she stood still; she felt an earnest desire to press to her lips the beloved hand which thus cast her forth; her heart swelled with tenderness and grief; but Edla just then turned her face toward the wall. The Countess urged her not to linger. Nina pressed her hand to her agonized bosom and went.

Edla had turned away from Nina—wherefore? Because two great tears against her will rolled down her cheeks. How many fathers, how many mothers, have wept such tears over their favorite—and certainly with greater cause. These are bitter tears. But Edla never felt a pain without stealing her heart against it; she never shed a tear without a vigorous resolution ripening itself through it. This was the case now. A thought which had long hovered indistinctly before her soul, struck in this hour firm root; and while every pulse in her had throbbled painfully, her heart beat unquiet, with steady reflection she threw out a plan for the future. The necessary condition for a possible quietude of life is a clear judgment on ourselves, on those with whom we share our days, and on the rela-

tionship in which we stand one to another. Without this judgment there is everlasting confusion; with it, on the contrary, peace and clearness! Nina did not return till toward midnight. Softly and gently as the west wind over flowers, she approached Edla's bed. Her eyes were closed. Nina believed that she slept, and stooped over to kiss her hand; but the hand moved itself, laid itself tenderly round Nina's neck, and drew her sweet countenance to Edla's cheek. "Good night!" whispered the sisters to each other. It did their hearts good; they best understood each other. Nina slept with a happy angel-smile, and a mild firm thought lay on Edla's quiet brow. When the first rays of morning illumined the chamber, Edla's suffering was past; she felt only a slight faintness in her limbs; but in her soul stood her projected plan firmer than ever. She went over it once more in her thoughts.

"My father needs me no longer; his wife is at present all for him. I see that he avoids me: that my presence gives him no pleasure. Nina breathes more new enjoyments and delights; I cannot, and would not, withhold them from her. I will be no impediment to her; will not spoil her enjoyments; not, like a gloomy shadow, hang over her days. She shall not learn to regard seriousness as something irksome, nor find her truest friend troublesome. Perhaps at this moment I am not that to her which I really ought to be. Perhaps something mistrustful and wearisome has stolen into my soul; perhaps I cannot now be exactly just toward my father, his wife, nor toward Nina; perhaps I feel a real bitterness, because I am all at once so totally forgotten, so superfluous—as it is, however, quite natural that I should. They enjoy the beautiful, the agreeable, the exhilarating—none of which I am. Have they done me also a certain injustice—should Nina especially—Nina not be as she might—should—Oh! she shall learn this through no ill-will, through no ill-humor on my part. I will go hence, that Nina may know nothing of this—but I will come back, and then press her afresh to my bosom. Only for a brief moment can Nina estrange herself from me—she will soon belong to me again. She is the child of my heart, nothing can part her from me for ever. But now I am here, a troubling burden to all in the house. Therefore I will withdraw. My cousin S—needs now a helpful friend. I will go to her for some months. I will free my family from a troubling aspect, from a silent reproach. My soul shall be refreshed by a new activity. I will return with a better mind, with fresher thought; and I hope then to contemplate the relationships here with a more impartial eye. I will then really be for all. May Nina in the mean time look round more tranquilly on the life which now dazzles her; she will not long deceive herself; my letters will to this end be more effectual than my presence can be. I will not disquiet myself concerning her; a pure light, a noble feeling dwells in the depth of her soul—it will shape its own way. When I return, I will find her eye clear—she will find again her friend, and I my child!"

As these thoughts passed through Edla's soul, she stood at the window and saw the wind travel among the clouds, which flew rapidly on in gray and white masses, and let the stars, already paling at the approach of day, glance forth. Edla contemplated with pleasure the hurrying clouds, and the fixed eternal stars. So stands the spirit of man in the unquiet world. The clouds

of error vanish, and the pure light shines again in the heaven of humanity.

Edla loved the stars. From her childhood she had held converse with them. In hours of trouble, in the moments of prayer, in those in which her soul yearned after communion with higher spirits, she had often seen the clouds divide, and the stars beam down upon her. This view had always wonderfully strengthened her. She attached no distinct thoughts to this star-greeting, but she felt it as the sympathy of a friend, as an invigorating glance from the eye of the Almighty. From the time that Edla had believed that she should find no friend on earth, she had accustomed herself to look for one in the stars, and had never felt her heart deceived. Besides they were so beautiful, so elevating! Their infinitude causes the Creator to appear so great—the actions and passions of men, so small!

## CHAPTER XI.

THE WOOING; AN OLD SONG TO A NEW TUNE.

*Professor A\*\*\* to Edla.*

"You will not partake my fortunes. Edla! you refuse my hand, and desire only the half of my heart! The other half you make a present of to some wife—whom I shall never find. Possess yourself of more impressive words and more effective arguments to make a man deny himself a happiness which he regards as the highest upon earth. Edla! you have permitted your friend to speak the unvarnished truth to you; yes, Edla! I have learned to love you for the sake of the love I cherish for my goddess, Truth: through my love of truth, I have alienated most of my so-called friends, frightened away all my acquaintances. You alone, Edla, feared not my rough sincerity; I did not offend you by it; you heard and understood me. You stand alone now as my best, my most sincere friend, the only one to whom I could without fear open my heart; and I acknowledge it as a happiness, that I can venture to say to you boldly, that you have not in your answer dealt truly and honestly by me. You answer me as an ordinary woman dismisses an ordinary man. Foolish reasons! petty considerations! how can Edla condescend to use them! 'You are old and ugly!' Very well, Edla, I admit that you are an old maid. How old? Perhaps forty. Well, then, you are in the best years of a woman, which one may assert without being a fool, like Balsac. Don't talk to me, I beseech you, of your damsels of seventeen. They are lovely flowers, I hear you say. Very well! but I know not, in fact, what I shall say to them any more than to a pretty flower—that is, at most, 'You are excessively charming!' or perhaps—'Have you danced much this winter?' At forty a woman has at once flowers and fruit. My *mère* made my father happy in her forty-third year, and her son had the happiness of his parent's society for five-and-twenty years. One can with less than this be content.

"'You are plain;' yes, you are plain, uncommonly plain. I hardly know a countenance which at the first sight is so repellent. 'You have also something stiff, something disagreeable.' Yes, you have all that, I concede you that, Edla. Sincerely beloved Edla! Silly, childish, unphilosophical woman! understand you not, that one can love you with all this; yes, pre-

cisely on this account? Precisely because you are plain, Edla, do I love you the stronger. Were you handsome; had you only the most usual attraction of woman, then I should fear lest a less exalted feeling mingled itself in my love. But you are 'plain,' 'disagreeable,' and, therefore, do I love you, Edla; therefore do I love you warmly. There is a beauty which is not external, which gives no external testimony of itself. My love to this makes me believe in immortality! And because you are not beautiful, do you think that I cannot love? How womanish, miserable, silly, do you make me, when you believe that nothing else can enchant me than what things and beasts possess as well as human beings!

"'You are tedious;' God forgive you the untruth, Edla; as certainly as all our gossiping, empty nonsense gabbling women will do it. Believe me, Edla, there is more life in your silent presence than in the conversation of most men. But once more, seriously—have you actually intended what you said? Have you believed that I could admit it? No, Edla, you have not! You are not so weak, not so childish! You have deceived yourself and me. I suspect other reasons, of which you say nothing. And why do you not speak them sincerely out? You do not love me. You do not participate in the feelings which I cherish for you. Good! or rather bad! But you know my views on this subject. Women do not so necessarily need the love of the husband to whom they unite themselves. Esteem, confidence—these are requisite to them; and the obligations of honor; the quiet of the house; the activity of the day, together with all higher familiar life, chain them at last with sincere affection to the friend they have chosen. This every day's experience teaches us. O Edla! why should you not in a similar manner become active and happy? Should you condemn the lot of a wife because you know more of the world than the majority of your sex? Then fling your wisdom into the sea! Listen, Edla! Had you a decided, productive talent; were you born to be an artist, or an author—I would not use so many words to persuade you to marry. But you are not that. You have an ear for life, but no tongue to express it. Can it give you joy only to vegetate, without being useful to a fellow-creature, without living for the happiness and good of another? Edla! take my hand; become my wife; the friend of my friends, the joy-diffuser of my house. Make happy a husband who henceforth will live only for you!

"You doubt the truth of my love! Do you expect that I shall sigh, complain, fall at your feet? That I shall threaten to destroy myself, and enact one of those drunken scenes with which the modern romances inundate the frivolous world? That I cannot do! Edla, and you certainly do not desire it. But believe that I love you. Judge of my attachment from rational evidences. Edla, I am not happy without your presence. All that I do, think, write—that requires your sight, your approbation; without this it has no value for me! But I disdain to dilate upon this, to vow, and protest—for fourteen years Edla has called me friend, and has not doubted my word. Why should she doubt it in the very moment in which I open my heart to the core, and say, 'I love thee?' Is this, however, only an empty subterfuge, behind which other reasons conceal themselves? Then it is probably, when translated into the language of

truth, 'I fear to give thee my hand, because thou art an Atheist, because thou dost not believe in a God, in immortality; thou art a lost soul.' Can you believe that, Edla? Can you pronounce that in me to be a crime which does not lie in the power of our will? It is true, that my understanding does not acknowledge the doctrine out of which you and many others draw so much happiness. But show me the spot which dishonors me as a man; and then you will have a right to reproach me with the want of faith. Has a word, has a smile upon my lips, ever derided that which to another is holy? Then, Edla, turn away from me as from an unworthy one. Have I ever, since I have become a man, spoken an untruth? Then, Edla, believe me no longer; then mistrust also my love. Yes, I will say still more. I have often indulged the hope of the possibility, that before the evening of my days descends, I may yet recognise a higher light, may yet participate in a faith so beautiful, and so full of blessings. I long, I yearn after it. I too am old, Edla; and my fiftieth year, though it has yet brought no cold into my heart, shows me by the snow falling on my temples that the winter is come. Edla, my dear friend! will you not bring me warmth in the cold season? not kindle that light which shall cheer my evening? If a human being can do this, it is thou, so gentle, and so sensible.

"'Another wife!' I beseech you, Edla, spare me this comfort, this hope, this other wife, who, if I understand you properly—shall be a good sheep. Be you mine, Edla! Let me hope it, or give me better, more solid grounds for a 'No,' which opposes itself to my happiness.

"Yours,

A."

*Edla to Professor A \*\*\**

"The reasons which I advanced, my friend, were not false. I have spoken the truth, but perhaps I should have expressed it more clearly. My age, dear A., forbids me to think of a change in my present condition of life; but I *alone* am in a situation properly to estimate and to judge of this change. My plainness would not seem hazardous to me, could I but surmount the repugnance to exposing it to the gaze of men; and it is not simply the feeling of my plainness—that I could bear—but that hardness and repulsiveness of my disposition, which makes me for others unaccommodating and unpleasing. Even early in my childhood I felt this. The eye of my mother fell on me with a cold and repelling gaze. Forgive me, stern shade! hereafter I tried to advance toward thee with love, and thy glance will rest kindly on thy daughter. Then will all involuntary hardness dissolve, and my rigid disposition melt; then shall I also become amiable. But, here, on earth, that can never be; here there is, as it were, a strange power chained to me, which works disturbingly, turn which way I will. I am not agreeable to others, not agreeable with others, dear A. I feel that, and it constrains and embarrasses me in every action, in every sentiment—I cannot conquer it.

"For you, dear A., I feel the sincerest esteem, the most genuine friendship; and nothing in your person could prevent me giving you my hand, if I were actually persuaded that I should thereby do anything good and proper. I have already written to you explicitly on this head, and will not now weary you with my repetitions. A few words, however, I must here add.

"I honour the vocation of woman, as wife, mother, and mistress of a family, with my whole heart. Why should I not? I know nothing more beautiful. But I feel nothing in me which gives surety for me, that I myself should fulfil it. You speak of the uselessness of my life. I might bid you look at Nina. Till lately I might also have said, 'Behold the happy eye of my father!' But I will not appeal to things which have a universal claim on the outward activity of men. I might say, 'Oh, do not call it pride—look into my heart!' There incessantly labours the desire to do good, not unworthy of the great Master whom we ought to follow. I sometimes think I shall be able to discover the word for that which works so deeply and honestly within me, on which I so seriously meditate; but perhaps I deceive myself—perhaps this moment will never come for me on earth. Be that, however, as it may, I do not therefore fear that I work in vain. They are the happy on earth, who live for the good of others; but they too have not lived in vain, who have laboured still and meditatively at the work of improvement in their own bosoms. Must every virtue, every power be a useless one, which does not exercise itself in the fulfilment of human duties? The life-long captive, cut off for ever from the world, builds a temple to God in his own heart; the anchorite, who places himself in a position through acquired knowledge to illuminate the world—believe you, my friend, that these live in vain? that they will not also one day find a theatre on which they may labour beneficially, if not in this, certainly in another world? I know this is not your belief, but it is mine in the deepest regions of my heart. As regards the usefulness of my life, I am at rest.

"You call upon me to give light to the evening of your days. Ah! there you touch a chord in my heart which vibrates painfully through it. Could I do, could I accomplish what you hope? I fear not. My friend, I know that I cannot! Have we not often exchanged our thoughts for this purpose? Have we not discussed these important matters repeatedly? And what fruit has this produced? I have contributed nothing to you, and you—pardon me! I must say it—you have often wounded me deeply. Believe me, my good friend, it has never come into my mind to call you an Atheist, for your whole life testifies of the God in whom you believe, and who lives in you—to use the words of a great poet—'THE GOD WHOM YOU DENY AVENGES HIMSELF BY SETTING HIS STAMP ON YOUR ACTIONS.' In your works you are a good Christian; while your understanding, or the spirit of contradiction which dwells in your heart, refuses the acknowledgment. But this spirit and this incessant doubt disquiet my soul. Ah! life has so many darkening clouds, so many bewildering enigmas, that we cannot carefully enough guard our minds against every gloom. You have cast many a black doubt upon my days, how should I enlighten your evening? You require a wife of a different mind, with a higher strength of soul than I possess.

"Do you not know, have you not seen the sweet simple wife whose whole being is love; in whose heart words discover themselves which desire not to be spoken, and which yet operate as an illumination? I might term such a one a feminine Apostle John; for she reposes on the bosom of her lord, and is admitted to his most intimate confidence. She draws from the origi-

nal fountain of love, and thence is it that her wisdom is so deep, her glance so full of blessing, her words so persuasive. She has no arguments for the immortality of the soul, but heaven stands open to her eye, and she has an immediate beam of God. To your doubts, to your questionings, such a wife would reply: 'Let us be happy! Let us love one another! Let us not vex ourselves with these matters! All will one day become clear, all will be good.' And this word, so poor, so trite, that every common-place person conceals his sluggishness behind it, becomes a revelation on the lips of a pious, affectionate feminine disciple. See, A \* \* \*, this is the wife that you must seek. She alone can warm your heart, enlighten your evening; on her bosom will your soul find rest. Reasons cannot always be answered with counter-reasons; evidences with counter-evidences; before such a faith, such a conviction, your desire of contrast will become still, and you will yourself be made capable of listening to the suggestions of your own soul.

"You speak of your love to me. Yes, I certainly hope that I am dear to you. This hope is dear, is necessary to me; but LOVE! LOVE TO ME! No, A \* \* \*, that I cannot believe! I have alluded to your spirit of contradiction; forgive me if I revert to it, and regard it as the cause whence your liking for me has arisen. You were always proud and defiant, dear A \* \* \*, and love to combat with difficulties. You now seek me so zealously, because I retire before you—the consenting Edla would soon be no longer the warmly-beloved Edla. Talk not to me of your love, A \* \* \*, I do not believe you; I do not believe in my own power to inspire such a feeling. I am become too old for fairy tales. Let me continue your friend as before; continue you what you were to me. It is thus best for us both.

"Faithfully, and for ever your friend,

"EDLA."

*Professor A \* \* \* to Edla.*

"You were right, Edla, when you said before-hand that you should only repeat what you had said. Your letter contains only your former assertions, your empty reasons, or rather un-reasons. The only novelty which struck me was, 'The spirit of contradiction,' which is quartered in my brain, and gives itself the trouble to dictate to me my words and actions. The natural consequence of which is that I really do not know what I say, or what I protest. I thank you for this information. But as it lies sincerely at my heart to convince you of the contrary, and as I find in your letter no reasons besides what you had before assigned, allow me, best Edla, to take no notice of them, and by no means to give up the hope one day to call you my wife. You may greet most kindly from me the St. John ladies. None of them will ever be my wife! Edla or none! THE SPIRIT OF CONTRADICTION."

Edla was at once vexed and flattered by the obstinacy of her friend, but only the faster, therefore, clung she to the thoughts of her departure. She knew, indeed, an amiable person who had long loved the Professor A \* \* \*. She regarded her as wholly made for him, and cherished the hope that he would one day be convinced of her suitableness. From the distant bound of her journey she would write to her friend, of Charlotte D. She prepared all in silence for her exit, and then spoke with her father respecting it. The deranged affairs of her cousin S. were made

the ostensible occasion of her journey. The President heard her in silence, and then said with a faltering voice, "that she was probably in the right; that she was perfectly free to act according to her own pleasure," and withdrew hastily, leaving her alone with a troubled heart.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE PIECE OF WORK.

The red flames stretch their tongues  
Up to heaven high.

WALA'S Song.

In the mean time Miss Greta had her trial with Clara. She found her every day more interesting and intolerable. She became to her constantly more and more a stone of stumbling and of offence. One day it occurred to her to prepare a joy for the joyless girl. She went out with the Countess to make purchases, and the whole forenoon they went from one shop to another, from Medberg to Folker, from Folker to Giron. The Countess returned home with numberless packages—with stuffs, shawls, and other fashionable articles. Miss Greta had selected two beautiful necklaces of amethyst and coral, that Clara might choose one of them. Her heart rejoiced beforehand in this surprise; she thought only at this moment of the forlorn position of the poor girl, and had forgotten all her indifference and tediousness.

The Countess busied herself for three successive hours with her purchases. This was intended for Nina, that for Miss Greta, this for Edla, and the chief articles for herself. Not the slightest trifle was for Clara, that she might duly feel the disfavor in which she stood.

But Clara seemed not to notice this punishment. After she had honestly pronounced her opinion of the fineness and color of the purchases, acquainted herself exactly with the price, and fulfilled all the duties of sympathy, she seated herself in silence and indifference by the fire, and to Miss Greta's wrath went on with her sewing.

Miss Greta was but just come in. She took a chair, placed herself kindly by Clara, and showed her the two necklaces, with the question whether they were not pretty?

A glance from Clara, with a feeble "yes" was all the answer which Miss Greta received.

"And which seems to you the prettiest of the two?" continued Miss Greta, without allowing herself to be amazed.

"I scarcely know," replied Clara, with a voice which made one feel at the same time the trouble of the answer; "I understand so little about things of that sort."

"Things of that sort!" repeated Miss Greta to herself, and was on the point of becoming angry; but the desire to give her pleasure triumphed, and she inquired farther: "Don't you think the coral one the handsomer; or would the amethyst probably suit better a darker complexion?"

"Probably," answered Clara in the most absent tone, while she sewed more diligently than ever on her tulle collar. That was too much for Miss Greta; at such a piece of rudeness all her gall was stirred.

"That is a very pretty piece of work," said she, seizing on Clara's beloved piece of sewing; "but as it withholds you from what is much handsomer and of much more importance—namely, from mere politeness and a few minutes"

time for an answer—I will herewith rid you of this impediment."

And before the surprised Clara could divine her purpose, the beautiful work lay on the fire. Her first movement was to spring forward and snatch it from the flame, but this had closed already over the light tulle, and devoured it in a few seconds. Clara stood speechless, and gazed into the destroying flame; Miss Greta regarded her attentively. When this fine work was completely reduced to ashes, two great tears rolled over Clara's cheeks, and she went out without saying a word, without casting a look at Miss Greta.

The state of mind in which Miss Greta was, it is not easy to describe. She looked after Clara, she looked into the flame, and had a great mind to send the two necklaces after the tulle; but she restrained herself, and pondered on something better.

At the dinner-table Clara appeared with red and downcast eyes, but her countenance bore at the same time an expression of patience which went to Miss Greta's heart. As Clara once raised her eyes, and their glances met, Miss Greta was involuntarily compelled to cast hers down.

After dinner Clara was in a room near the saloon, and was examining some newly arrived engravings, when she suddenly felt a hand laid lightly on her shoulder, and another held the two eventful necklaces friendly before her eyes. It was Miss Greta, who said seriously and cordially—

"Pardon me, Clara! Forgive my hastiness. Bestow now once more a look on these two necklaces, and try whether 'such things' cannot please you. I had intended to beg your acceptance of one of them; now I beseech you earnestly, as a token of your pardon, to accept both, and to regard them as a little trifling substitute for the burned tulle, whose fate I earnestly wish might withhold you from the beginning of any fresh piece. My good Clara, accept these. Give me your forgiveness!"

Clara blushed deeply; she glanced at Miss Greta with a look as beautiful as that with which she once already had struck her heart, and she desired now, without farther hesitation, to put the ornament on Clara's neck. But Clara held back her head, and exclaimed, "No, no! That is too much—too much—I cannot!"

"Things of that sort," said Miss Greta. "Good! But, dear Clara, if you will not do it from compulsion, do it then out of pity, that yonder flame may no longer scorch my conscience."

"That shall it not," said Clara. "All is forgotten; I recollect only your goodness."

"Take them then!" cried Miss Greta, *in medias imperatious*.

Clara contemplated the ornament. After a short silence, she said—

"Do you permit me, lady, to do what I will with it?"

"Assuredly, yes; but I will now see it first on your neck."

"But then—then I acquire the right to dispose of it as I please?"

"Yes, to be sure! yes! that follows of course. Take it only out of my hand."

Clara took one of the necklaces; more could Miss Greta, neither by one means nor another, obtain from her. And as she took this out of Miss Greta's hand, she at the same time seized

the hand, and kissed it with so deep an emotion, that the friendly giver, herself deeply moved, embraced her tenderly, thinking the while to herself—"He must really, however, be a very strange man, this secret lover, who absorbs so many tulle collars and caps, and now will swallow my costly necklace too. I would fain see him, the fellow!"

Miss Greta had seen much of the world. It had often delighted her to trace out the little Momus who sits in the background of the soul, and plays his game with a man's better self; allows him to utter untruths, imprecations, follies, or boastings, all for the indulgence of a little pride, a little vanity, or yet less noble quality. Miss Greta had so often seen the rogue that she had nearly accustomed herself to consider him as an indweller of human nature, and in general she had more faith in petty than in higher matters. But spite of the secret affair in which Clara had become implicated, and which testified against her, Miss Greta could not prevail upon herself to believe that anything dishonorable lurked behind it. It seemed to her utterly impossible that the said rogue could play his game with Clara's soul; she was in her heart persuaded that the tulle-swallowing lover would at last turn out to be a right honorable honest fellow.

The next day a far more tragical event occurred, and it suggests itself to us to put the reader in possession of it.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE PAINTING IN OIL.

Make the work right good, my son,  
Drink, and take thy wages when done.—BELLMAN.

FILIUS had received several genial but twilight inspirations on the subject of fresco-painting, of whose origin and shape in his little brain we can render no account, but can only communicate their results. In the first place it excited in Clara the greatest astonishment, as she in the act of compounding a lobster salad found the newly-filled oil-flasks nearly emptied to the last drop, while the walls and steps of the basement story, had they had the power of reasoning and communication, would have expressed their astonishment at finding themselves one evening covered with fat landscapes of red ochre and Provence oil. But the greatest and worst fate was reserved for Miss Greta, who descended the steps with unsuspicious freedom, set her foot on a high-way of Filius's work, slipped, and plunged her whole length into the unlucky landscape. As she recovered her senses, and attempted to rise, she found herself deprived of the use of both her arms. She cast next a glance at her silk dress, at her costly shawl, and fantastic pictures of the Red Sea, and of the confusion at the Tower of Babel, swept through her brain, while she found it difficult to suppress a loud cry of agony. The servants found her still and death-pale; her tongue was not able to explain the occurrence, and her Roman stoicism disdained to complain. Thus was she carried carefully up the slippery steps. I pass over the alarm of the family, the consternation of the Baron, and the severe castigation which Filius for the first time received from his foster-father, and which one would have thought enough to have taken from him for ever all passion for fresco-painting.

The doctors were assembled for a painful operation on Miss Greta. Her right arm was

found to be broken above the elbow, the left was dislocated, and must be wrenched back with haste and violence. A Spartan dame could not have displayed more quiet fortitude than Miss Greta. As Clara hastened in with a countenance of deadly paleness, and the most expressive signs of horror and anxiety, Miss Greta even forgot herself, and felt a kind of rapture at this unhoped outburst of feeling. She regarded Clara, scarcely believing her own eyes, and said, "Smell some eau de Cologne, Clara, and give me a little too; we seem both to have need of it." She then turned at once to the doctors, and said, "I am ready, gentlemen."

Edla and Clara were the only ladies present at the operation; Miss Greta endured it with the greatest firmness, and it was not till all was over that she fell into a violent agitation of the nerves. Edla during the whole proceeding had preserved her accustomed presence of mind, and afforded the most active assistance. Clara was too violently agitated to be able to do anything, and only sighed softly with folded hands, "My God! my God!" When all was over she embraced the sufferer with streaming tears and whispered, "Does it not give you excessive pain? Is it not dreadfully agonizing?"

Clara's tears operated more beneficially and soothingly to the nerves of Miss Greta than all the drops and perfumed waters with which they sprinkled her. She was surprised and touched at this testimony of sincere attachment. She could not at this moment speak, but she gazed at Clara with a look full of cordiality and nodded lovingly at her.

As Miss Greta could not be conveyed to her own house, Clara's chamber was converted into a sick-room, and she became at the same time Miss Greta's affectionate and devoted nurse. Now first learned these two souls to know each other, and the silent room of suffering opened up to them a life of the most beautiful reciprocal attachment and joy.

Every man is surrounded by a spiritual atmosphere, which shows better than anything what spirit he is the child of. In accordance with this he works enliveningly or oppressively; beneficially or disquietingly; yes, even into inanimate things he breathes somewhat of his own atmosphere, and they become beautiful or not, according to the nature of the spirit which they serve. In worldly life there are so many storms, so many draughts—all doors and windows stand open—that their ethereal atmospheres are difficult of perception; yes, the world, or its planets—men—whirl so hastily round their sun—pleasure—that it is impossible for them to know and understand themselves. People are scarcely aware of each other; they hurry past one another, and greet each other as, Venus! Mercury! Comet! Nebulus! (their number is Legion) Vesta! Pallas! etc. But that is all. At certain points of life, for instance in the family circle, in the chamber, in the sick-room, we recognize again the soul. Here has she her free atmosphere, and can demonstrate her most peculiar character.

If Miss Greta had read these reflections, she would unquestionably have poured forth a whole troop of jocose remarks on the human planets and their atmospheres, and have injured the seriousness of my thoughts; at the same time it is certain that she experienced their truth. With wonder she felt the beneficent influence of Clara's presence, and quiet activity. All her movements and assistance were so full of repose, so

still and gentle, and yet so skilful and certain, that they fell like a balm on Miss Greta's nerves. As she disposed her pillow it was sure to be the most comfortable; when she opened the curtains a little, she let in exactly the most agreeable portion of light; where she set down things, there stood they certainly in the best position. And then—this look of sincerest sympathy, this scarcely obvious, and yet never-ceasing attention to the invalid! The very person whom Miss Greta had found so heavy, so unapproachable, so impracticable altogether, now shunned no annoyance, no exertion, in order to ameliorate a suffering new to her. She became speedily the most skilful surgeon for the sick; she was not only the most excellent nurse, but also the most beneficial company. In the night, when Miss Greta could not sleep, Clara displayed a talent which so many imagine themselves to possess, but which actually so few do possess, and on which Miss Greta set the greatest value—that of reading well aloud. Her pure pronunciation and pleasant voice delighted her listener so much the more, as she read with a simple and sensible expression. Miss Greta, whose mind was now only occupied with Clara, soon discovered in her a ruling desire and innate propensity to render assistance and to diminish anything in the shape of suffering and care; and though she soon discovered also that Clara's attachment to her sprang rather from her general love of her fellow-creatures than from any personal prepossession, Miss Greta only felt herself therefore the more obliged to honor her, and desired all the more ardently to be beloved by her. While she read with so keen an eye Clara's soul, there awoke in her own new and unknown feelings; and for Clara also there opened a new heaven; life acquired for her a charm that it had not possessed before. Clara's inward purity mirrored itself in her outward manner. Miss Greta had hitherto regarded her as too pedantic in the extreme care which she expended on her dress, and on her whole exterior appearance. In her sick-chamber she now experienced only the pleasantness of it. The most precious perfumes could not operate more agreeably on the senses than that fresh breath of pure neatness which constantly enveloped Clara, and which was in fact her *cestus* of Venus. They who are so happy as to have a Clara about them, know well the power and charm of this highest feminine beauty.

Clara again, on her part, admired and honored most sincerely the heroic patience of Miss Greta: her strength of soul, her perpetual good humor, and her friendliness never varying even in the sharpest pains. Now first did she listen to her words and assertions. The rich treasures of knowledge of men and the world, the genuine humor with which she spoke and observed, opened to Clara a new world. She became acquainted with a side of life which till now had been hidden to her; she heard satire which was destitute of bitterness; she followed a keen gaze into the follies of the world, but which, however, always rested on its object with kindness and sagacity; these opened to her a life full of enjoyment, accomplishment, and instruction, to which hitherto she had never lent heart nor ear; and Clara's capability of understanding, of listening, and answering, and even of joking, equally surprised and amazed Miss Greta. At the same time it often appeared as if Clara feared these new impressions; as if she would withdraw herself from the involuntary gladness which thus affected her.

Then she became suddenly silent; then she was observed to sew more diligently than ever, and deep into the night. Miss Greta frequently watched her, when she thought herself unobserved, and saw how she suddenly folded her hands and gazed up toward heaven, as if she would lay her whole soul in the bosom of God. Miss Greta herself experienced in such moments a feeling which she could not explain. Sometimes there came across her the supposition that Clara was Catholic, and had taken the vow of chastity and labor. Then again resorted to her the walks and the vanished tulle work, and led off her thoughts in a quite different direction. Thus she tormented herself with a thousand enigmas and speculations. But while Clara sews and Miss Greta ponders, we will withdraw the veil from this silent world of prayer and patience. We will seek Clara during her childhood and youth in her father's house, and cast a glance on such scenes, as they often—only much too often—present themselves on the Theatre of Every-day Life.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

CLARA.

*Amer mio, non più del mondo—*

ST. CATHARINE.

CLARA's father was a learned man, but a dry one—a perfect encyclopedist, whose heart dries itself up into an arid plain. Her mother was a lovely woman, full of heart and spirit, of gentle birth, endowed with a proud mind, and more than that, with a blind enthusiasm. There are prosaic unbendabilities, as well as there are poetic impossibilities; bring these together, marry them in fact, and you have prepared the most wretched household on earth. The deep and the beautiful may unite themselves, since these have as necessary a connection as root and flower; it is the most glorious union that is found in life. But petrified forms and unbridled animal spirits agree like fire and water. Such was the connection between Clara's father and mother. He loved her first, because she was beautiful and admired his acquirements. She married him out of blind enthusiasm for knowledge and science, and because he paid her homage. She hoped every day to make a pilgrimage to heaven; he hoped every day to have a better dinner. Both deceived themselves. From that time he despised her deficiency in knowledge; she his pedantic forms.

"You don't understand that I you have no conception of it!" were the words she came daily to hear. "You are tasteless! you are intolerable!" was the answer that was never withheld. She opposed the energy of her will to his reasoning despotism. Neither would concede; neither would offer the hand to the other; and thus their days became the prey of contentions, their house a home of injustice and bitterness. He humiliated her with the double power of his official dignity and his learning; she, who had been brought up gently, and who throughout her childhood and youth had been only flattered and caressed, defended herself against him with the power of the trodden snake. He oppressed her; she pierced him with a poisoned sting. As happy married people only think how they can make each other happy, they now studied only how they might cause each other anger and mortification. He was awkward and inexpe-

rienced in all affairs of common life; she disorderly and negligent in the internal affairs of the house. Five little children demanded support, and cried for bread. Poverty soon presented itself; and cold, hunger and want, were the dry sticks with which Discord daily heated her hell. How it burned! how it darted forth its flames! In a short time, it might be said of this house as it is said in the legend of Hell's dwelling, "Misery was its parlor, hunger its knife, starvation its key, procrastination its maid, treachery its threshold, decay its roof, consumption its bed, and pale agony its clothing."

Is there a married pair who have beheld themselves in a mirror: Oh, the Lord God have mercy on them!

In this house Clara grew up, and a sister partook this fate. The brothers were made over to relations for support; the daughters alone must bear the cross of the house. For Clara's sister was found what was called a good match; and she married with the hope of liberating herself and her sister. She hoped to find in her husband a friend, and found a tyrant; but she bore it with patience, and bowed herself deeper and deeper till she found rest in the grave.

Clara was left alone. Alone in this house of hatred and complaining; alone after the sacrificed sister; alone—but not! People assert often that where discontent prevails in a house the husband is the least unhappy; he can go forth, he can comfort himself, he has the world, so it is asserted. I do not think so. I am of opinion that the wife has or may have the better lot; I know that she has hard by the gates of the domestic hell a certain place of refuge—heaven! Thither Clara betook herself for escape; and amid the domestic storms, in an atmosphere of bitterness, beneath constant labors of body and soul, there she found peace. But if the people did but know how she prayed! Prayer is the key of the gate of heaven. It does not open it easily. It requires strength, indefatigable knocking, a firm, determined will; but is the door but once open—behold! then there is no further separation between thee and the Almighty; and the angels of the Lord ascend and descend to bring thee consolation and help. Thou who sufferest perhaps like Clara, yearnest for repose like her, O listen! Sip not lightly at the cup of salvation! Drink deep draughts from the well of redemption! Fill thyself with prayer, with faith and humility, and thou wilt have peace!

Clara had as soft a heart, as warm feelings, as vivid a longing after happiness and joy, as any other feminine soul; but she conquered all, she quieted all these within her, through prayer and labor. Her cheeks grew pale; her youth, her fresh spirit of life, vanished; but her soul became a sanctuary, and her eyes, with a mild and heavenly expression, declared its beauty and repose. As oil allays the excited waves, so operated by degrees Clara's pious and acquiescent mood on the minds of her unhappy parents. After she had reconciled and consoled them, they both died; but on her death-bed her mother discovered to her a secret, and demanded from her an oath, which darkened the whole of Clara's existence.

After the death of her parents she was taken by the Countess Natalie, and transplanted to a new world of being and enjoyment. But her soul had acquired its fixed bent, and certain circumstances of life had already made too great an impression on her mind. Her whole life was

a sigh of compassion over the sufferings of earth; she would willingly have laid her whole life itself as a balm on the wounds of the world. The Saviour she loved above all things. He was her life, her whole happiness. He had said, "Come to me ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" and she went to him, and her soul found rest. She followed him thenceforth, and did His will.

In outward and agitated life, in all undertakings, speculations and projects—enough, in all which we commonly call life—Clara saw only burdens and unnecessary labors. But nothing did she dread so much as marriage. In this she had only become acquainted with the extremest misery, the greatest anguish on earth. It appeared to her a condition of care and trouble, the voluntary choice of which she could not comprehend. To be a humble instrument of consolation for the woes of earth, without augmenting them through the afflictions of marriage, Clara regarded as the most beautiful and desirable object of existence. And in fact when we reflect on all the disquiet and strife and misery of this world; when we see how men throng and drive; how they make themselves slaves; how they fill themselves with anxieties, and set all at hazard—then need we not wonder if the heart contracts itself; if people find the greatest pleasure in making themselves as little as possible, in order that they may glide through life unobserved, and yet according to their ability, be able to help the struggling, the exhausted and the hungry. How infinitely vain and foolish to these quiet souls, under the influence of such feelings and views, must not the career of the great world appear! Only the heavenly benignity of their minds can prevent them at once heartily despising this course of life, as well as those who give themselves up to it.

Clara did not yet know that the different spheres of life are ordained through interchange to beautify and ennoble each other. The cheerful play of social life was an enigma to her; the temple of art was closed to her; and the glory of nature she had never seen. At the age of seven-and-twenty Clara had only made acquaintance with trouble and with heaven. Solitary in her father's house stood she now in this new world, isolated in the peculiar world of her own heart. She felt that she possessed none of the gifts, none of the advantages which men so highly value; she was conscious of being understood by no one, and therefore was she silent; therefore she cast round her the deepest reserve like a shell. If a feeling of bitterness came sometimes into her heart, it was when she saw what large sums were expended in delicacies and fashionable trifles. She thought then of the sick and the hungry; she knew from experience what hunger was.

She had probably heard of the doctrines of political economy, and the encouragement of trade; of the benefits of industry, and of the mischievous effects of almsgiving; but she was persuaded that a prudent benevolence does only good, and that a judicious assistance never can do harm; and she felt only too vividly that there are, in fact, always people who are suffering through necessity and sickness, or who win their daily bread by the "sweat of their brow." To these unfortunate ones belonged Clara's thoughts, her heart, and her plans for the future. Yet for a while must she submit herself to present circumstances, to this life of dependence, which appeared to her the hardest service. Still must she, in order to

fulfil asacred oath, prepare that adornment which seemed to her so unnecessary—she must gain money in order to expiate the sins and discharge the debts of others. Then would she go into an hospital to live to her love—a love as warm, as true, as ever lived in the human bosom for knowledge, freedom, or honor. Here should her life glide unobserved away, amid labours that occasioned no scruple; but these labours should ameliorate the suffering of others. She would not live a single day in vain.

Travel to Rome, fiery artist! Build thy house, brave citizen! Win thee a pillar of glory, O hero!—yet the mere Clara achieves more than thou!—*Pax vobiscum!*

## CHAPTER XV.

### ON MARRIAGE.

Since how knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt make thy husband happy? or how knowest thou, O husband, whether thou shalt make thy wife happy?—*PAUL.*

MISS GRETA WAS now so far recovered that she was able to receive company, and to take part in the conversation. All her lady friends and acquaintances hastened to pay her a visit. One day came two young ladies, sisters, and both betrothed. Eva and Aurora were two pleasant, lively creatures, gladdening to the eye, delightful to the ear, fresh as roses, well dressed, well fed, active as wagtails, genuine as gold—in a word, they were charming, most loveable girls, and, moreover, full of life, full of views and purposes—I say nothing of penetration. They would improve the world, the good girls, the world which they fancied did not stand on a firm foot; they would ennoble mankind, and begin with their sinful, betrothed lovers; they would make society, education, the state, subjects of their attention, and undertook all this with the greatest courage in the world. Miss Greta amused herself vastly with their zeal, and had the art to bring them unconsciously to the unfolding of their principles, ideas, and plans. Then came forth all sorts of unions for the support of the necessitous—amateur theatres, institutions for the care of little children, subscriptions for objects of amelioration; but especially requests for the contribution of embroidery work, to form a lottery or a bazar, and all this mixed up in the most wonderful confusion. Here friends were snatched out of the air, there great air-castles built up—then followed, through a slight impulse, an enormous movement (Archimedes himself might solve the problem), and the king and queen took the whole under their especial patronage. The young ladies would now, all at once, by force ennoble and improve their fellow men, and the machine of state. Miss Greta laughed heartily at their great designs, at the same time that she did not omit to place the weakness of both sisters in the proper light; and the good children were forced to laugh too, without permitting themselves, however, to be beaten one tithe from their philanthropical plans. Clara, on the contrary, looked oppressed; she smiled sometimes, yet sighed only the oftener.

"My best Clara," at length said Miss Greta, "you must not listen with such silence and indifference. You also will soon enter the holy

state of matrimony, and then will certainly, like Eva and Aurora, think of improving and polishing your husband and your native land."

"Ah, God preserve me!" cried Clara with a sigh which came from the lowest depths of her heart.

"How so? how so?" cried the sisters as with one voice, full of wonder.

"Dear friends," replied Clara, blushing, and with emphasis, "You think that you are preparing joy for yourselves in the future, and you will only find trouble. You believe that you shall establish good, and you will only find mischief."

"How so! how so!" demanded Eva and Aurora.

Miss Greta turned herself to and fro in her bed with pleasure at this contrast.

"But do speak! What do you mean? What do you mean to say?" cried Eva and Aurora.

"It will be difficult for me," replied Clara, "to express quite clearly what I feel, and perhaps I have no thoroughly clear conceptions of these things, but I can scarcely believe that your undertakings will so far avail as to improve the world, and make you happier in your homes; yes, I confess that I already shudder at the bare thought of all institutions for that purpose. It seems to me much better and more fitting to concern ourselves rather with the things within than without the house, and to take care that every member of the family has the care and attention which are his due. The preparation of your pieces of embroidery for the poor costs far more than the price at which one can reasonably sell them. These schemes and subscriptions, if you won't take it amiss, are properly nothing, nothing but a genteel sort of begging. Perhaps I am wrong, but I only speak out what I think of these matters."

Aurora and Eva spared no pains to make Clara perceive how indescribably confined and one-sided were her notions. At this moment a lady entered who was received by the two young sisters with loud joy. She was related both to them and to Miss Greta, by the latter of whom she was especially valued.

Eleonore E. was no longer young, nor pretty, nor elegant; neither, on the other hand, was she old, or ugly, or ill-dressed. She was, both externally and internally, most comfortable; moreover, neither discontented with her position in life, nor extremely indisposed to change it; nor for this was there wanting an opportunity; for a very estimable man had now for the second time offered her his hand. She was undecided whether to say yes or no. She was full of ~~whimsies~~, ~~irs~~, and ~~sots~~; and had found herself for some time in that odd condition in which the whole existence of a person lies between the words, "Yes, No, Yes!" and "No, Yes, No!"

The sisters, her cousins, who knew her perplexity, began at first cautiously and gently to approach this circumstance; by-and-by, however, they became bolder; and finally would persuade her to decide for wedlock, which they declared to be the greatest happiness on earth; and without which we are not in a condition to be useful to our fellow-creatures.

Eleonore looked at first at this assertion like a startled hare, yet she at length collected her-

self so far as that she undertook to debate upon it; that is, found herself able to state her doubts and misgivings on the subject. These, however, were zealously combated and rejected.

"To make the happiness of a husband!" cried Aurora.

"To have a sphere of activity; to be able to diffuse joy and prosperity around one;" interposed Eva.

"If we could actually effect anything," sighed Eleonore.

"To bring children into the world!" burst out Miss Greta.

"And educate them!" cried Aurora.

"Ah!" sighed Eleonore, "that is indeed the worst of all; the very thought of it deprives me of all courage. How can one be certain that we can really make the children happy, and actually give them a good education!"

"What do you say to it, Clara?" demanded Miss Greta. "Say, what would you do in this most intricate case?"

"Yes, say, say!" cried both sisters.

"I must first beg permission to put some questions to Miss Eleonore," said Clara.

"Good!" replied Eleonore; "and I promise you to answer them as honestly as I can."

"Well, then, do you love the wooer in question?"

"No—yes—no! I feel no love for him, but the most perfect respect—friendship."

"Very well. My second question is, does he love you? Is it thoroughly necessary to his happiness that you become his wife?"

"Yes—no—yes! I believe that he really loves me, but I believe also that he might be just as happy with another."

"Allow me still a third question. Are you dissatisfied with your present condition? are you displeased with your present sphere?"

"No—yes—no! I cannot say that anything in my present situation dissatisfies me. I am as contented with it as most people who wish to live as long on the earth as God pleases."

"I get quite angry, Eleonore!" exclaimed Miss Greta, impatiently. "How can people know so little of what they would have!"

But Clara said with greater seriousness, "This, then, is my counsel, Miss Eleonore: don't marry." And she added, "Ah! the letting alone in this case can do so little harm."

"Yes, you are certainly right," sighed Eleonore; "but one would nevertheless benefit some one in the world by one's life—one would make some one happy."

"But how can we be certain of achieving this through marriage!" said Clara, with tears in her eyes, and with an animation very rare with her. "Is not life full of trial, disquiet, and sorrowful occurrences! Our own life, our own persons, can indeed so very easily become a fountain of trouble for those to whom we unite ourselves. What a wide field for misfortunes of all kinds opens out itself with the plighting of a marriage truth! And the children! ah! why introduce more beings into a world where already so many contend with want and misery!"

"One gives them a good education, cultivates a talent in them, and procures them a secure income!" cried Eva and Aurora.

"Can we tell, then, beforehand whether we shall be able to do all this?" demanded Clara,

with an expression which clearly betrayed that she in this respect had suffered painful experience. "There may be that in the character of the parents which may destroy the happiness of the children for ever. Oh! it is dreadful when the child must say to its mother, Why did you give me life! And when we give life to a child, how do we know that we shall be able to watch over its happiness! Perhaps we die early, and leave behind only little, poor orphans. Oh no! do not marry! it leads only to misfortune and misery. Are there not unfortunate enough already in the world! Is it not foolish to be the means of increasing this number!"

"But one does not die; one has a profitable employment," cried the sisters.

"It may be, it may be!" answered Clara warmly. "We may live; we may be rich; are we, therefore, sure of happiness and peace! Does a husband always continue the same? Is your husband precisely the person that can make you constantly happy? Do you know what it means—a miserable marriage!" Clara became more and more excited. "Look at the gloomy, wet, cold, foggy day"—she pointed out of the window—"it is like the life of a woman in an unhappy marriage! The sun, the flowers, all that is beautiful and amiable changes before it passes the threshold; all shrouds itself in hoariness; body and soul grow numb, and every hope grows pale before the ice-breath or the stormy character of a husband. He can play with impunity the tyrant in his own house, and she then is converted into a worm, a serpent, or an angel. To an angel! yes, if she perish in her misery—if she is able to suffer all for—but no! that is too heavy, too bitter! God send her death! Ah, venture on no such hazardous game! Do not marry! do not marry!" Clara's tears ran in streams.

Miss Greta, in wonder at the long speech of Clara, had raised herself in bed. Resting herself on the one fully-healed arm, she gazed at her attentively, and finally exclaimed, "Are you sane? are you actually in earnest to withhold people from marrying! My good child, how then shall the world be in a condition in honourable style to roll on its way! Perhaps you are of opinion that it would be for the best if some fine day it should go down altogether!"

Clara looked as though she did not see any great harm in that; but she only replied, "Those who really love each other, let them marry."

"Now God be praised!" said Miss Greta; "there I see at length an escape. But all the others, who have not the luck to be fooled in each other till death!"

"These may help the rest in the management of their households and the education of their children, and particularly fly to the assistance of those who groan under the weary yoke of this world."

"As I understand the matter," observed Miss Greta dubiously, "these good people shall indefatigably labour for others, and think no farther of themselves. But Clara, what fortune shall then be awarded to the poor wretches of helpers in this world, since it is nevertheless certain by the will of the Lord, that every one shall receive his portion of happiness and joy on earth!"

"I don't know," sighed Clara with tearful eyes. "I believe it was designed that there should be more joy than pain in the world, but it is rather a vale of misery than an abode of happiness; we are here, however, only in a state of probation. All will one day become good and manifest, when this is over. As things now are, it appears to me that she who remains single is always the happiest. She has only to care for herself; she can bear her burden alone, without distressing another with it. She can pass quietly through the world; needs burden no one, neither in conversation nor conduct; she is nowhere fast bound, and can without trouble go out of every one's way. She needs so little for herself, she can give away all that she has; she need please no one except God. What signifies it if we change, wither up, and lose all external charms! We do not depend on the humours of men; we do not wait their nod to withdraw ourselves; we come and go unnoticed and unblamed; a place on which to lay one's head at evening, that we find everywhere. Whether it be a soft pillow or bundle of straw makes no great difference; we are alone, we have only ourselves to care for, and seek nothing but the way to God."

Clara had spoken without passion, but with deep emotion. Tears stood in Miss Greta's eyes as she continued to gaze on Clara with astonishment. Some words of sincerest feeling lay upon her lips, but she suppressed them; laid herself quietly down; and only said—"It seems then, that though you have permitted marriage to those who really love each other, that you hold even this for half a folly, and are of opinion that it is best to remain unmarried, and to concern oneself with the world as little as possible."

"Yes, it is so," said Clara, and went on sewing with the greatest earnestness.

The three cousins looked in wonder on Clara, on each other, and all opened their mouths to speak, when Miss Greta made a signal with her hand, raised her voice, and spoke thus: "Listen to me, young ladies; and especially you, Clara, listen. I will relate to you a story."

She let Clara arrange her pillows: took a convenient, half-sitting, half-lying position; and began as follows:—

"One day the Virtues became weary of living altogether with the Bishop of Skara, and they therefore resolved on making a journey, in order to breathe a little fresh air. As they were about to enter a boat for this purpose, a poor woman with a pale child approached, and implored charity. Pity put her hand immediately into their travelling purse, and pulled out a piece of money: Economy, however, drew back the arm of her companion, and whispered in her ear—"What extravagance! give her a ticket for soup for the poor!"

"Foresight, who constantly carried a number of these tickets about her, after she had made more exact inquiries into the circumstances of the poor woman, consented to give her one of them. Pity, encouraged by a hint from Gener-

\* They who will open Bulwer's "Pilgrims of the Rhine" may trace the origin of this story, and judge of the imitations and essential deviations which present themselves in the scenes, as well as in the working out and application of it.

ently, pressed secretly the money into the meagre hand. Zeal presented her with a copy of the 'Penny Magazine'; and pleased and thankful, though with a glance of indifference at the latter gift she went away.

"The Virtues now began hastily their voyage; mild winds blew around them, and in edifying conversation on the last sermon of the Bishop, they were borne thence by the dancing waves. Suddenly, however, a black cloud drew itself over the heavens. Foresight, who had bought a new bonnet for the journey, begged that they might go ashore, and seek shelter from the coming tempest. Courage was for defying the danger, but Prudence came to the support of Foresight, and they finally agreed to land. There observed they a boat which steered directly upon them, and whose passengers were in the highest degree jovial, and made a tremendous noise. It was a little company of Vices to which Good-humour had joined herself, and who now pursued their journey with the greatest delight. In passing by, they gave, purposely as it seemed, such a rude jolt to the boat of the Virtues, that it was very near capsizing. Courage took fire, he seized the strange boat, and was in the act to deal his blows among the crew, when Humanity threw herself between, and received on her cheeks the cuffs which the contending parties designed for each other. This pleased Good-humour so exceedingly that with one bound she sprang into the boat of the Virtues, and in doing this, gave such a violent shove to that of the Vices, that it nearly upset, and was borne away. Zeal and Love of Truth prepared to send after the Vices a cargo of insults, but Generosity gave them a signal to be silent; 'For,' said she, 'vice carries its own punishment with it.'

"In the mean time the storm-clouds had disappeared, and they continued their journey amid the most agreeable conversation. The Virtues visited many cities, one after another, and everywhere they sojourned they diffused blessings. Trade flourished, men became cheerful, many marriages took place, and people could not comprehend how it happened that all went so gloriously on earth.

"One evening, as the Virtues drank tea in the good city of Jönköping, and ate gingerbread to it, they boasted of their effects. Prudence, enraptured with their beneficent achievements, was just rising to make a sort of royal speech on the influence of the Virtues on mankind, when her eye accidentally fell on Humility, who cast on her a dubious glance. A member of the company here, after much exordium, made the motion that the Virtues, as they could effect much more good if they did not all keep together, should separate, and spread themselves over all quarters of the earth, in order, like the Apostles, to preach reformation to the world. This motion was received by all with the most zealous approbation; though I must remark that Prudence and Moderation were not present; they had withdrawn shortly before the introduction of the motion, in order in the city to replenish the company's stock of sugar and coffee, which had pretty well melted away. When they returned they did not delay putting themselves in opposition to the adopted resolution, but Courage and Zeal bawled so loud that the

softer voices were scarcely heard; and as finally Generosity excited by Zeal, declared herself for the separation, Foresight dared no longer to raise her dove's voice, but bit her nails, and at length went out to order a new pair of shoes for the journey.

"The next day the Virtues separated, and went each, by herself alone into the world, after having agreed that day twelvemonth to meet again in Stockholm by the statue of Gustavus Wasa, in the Parliament-house square, and there to hold a 'plenum' on their own and the nation's affairs.

"Courage blackened his mustaches with *lapis infernalis* and directed his course to the north. On the way he met the knight Don Quixote, who advised him to arouse the ambition of the fair sex which had so long been suppressed, and to incite them to have self-assistance and self-defence.

"This pleased Courage extremely. While the two knights discoursed on the eventful metamorphosis of the hitherto so-called weak sex, they rode past a church out of which issued a marriage train. The new-made bride was an extraordinarily beautiful young lady, who did not seem quite a stranger to Courage, for she nodded friendly to him as she entered the carriage; this pleased Courage so much that he immediately selected her to become the model of her sex, and embraced the very first opportunity of introducing himself to her. What took place in the new household after this interview, is known in all the coffee-houses of the city of X., and they have pronounced their judgments thereupon. It is related that the young lady became immediately after the wedding as it were metamorphosed, and the husband thereupon nearly mad. Nothing was heard out of the mouths of the young couple but angry words and menaces, which speedily proceeded to blows. Finally the wife called out her husband to fight a duel; but upon this she was, on the recommendation of her own sex, clapped into a lunatic asylum, and the affair gave great scandal in the city and country round.

"Foresight chanced in Stockholm to read a long article in a newspaper on this occurrence. Horrified at the mischief which the folly of Courage had occasioned, she reflected on all the dangers and cross-grained accidents to which one is exposed in the world, and determined in her wisdom to withdraw entirely from it, satisfied that the highest good fortune to be attained here is to escape with a whole skin. In consequence of this conclusion she took lodgings with an old unmarried lady, who from fear of thieves inhabited a couple of attics four stories high. Here Foresight might have spent good and quiet days, if she had not been tormented with a thousand fears and fancies of all possible dangers. Out of terror of fire she scarcely trusted herself to cook anything; she was apprehensive of becoming ill from lack of fresh air, yet going out was not to be thought of; she might be run over by the very first carriage; a flower-pot might fall out of a window and kill her; she might break a leg on the steps, etc. No, no! going out was quite impossible; and such was the repugnance to this, that out of fear that she must one day be obliged to go out to purchase a new gown, she had not the courage to wear her

old one, which was already torn in sundry places. At length it came to that pitch that she could neither stir hand nor foot. She had infected her landlady, the old maid, with all her fears and scruples to such a degree, that when at length a fire broke out in the house, the two friends dared to make no efforts for their escape, and must certainly have perished in the flames, had not a chimney-sweep and a carpenter taken them on their backs and brought them out at danger.

"In the mean time Zeal ran out in the world, gossiped, cried, preached, and drove mankind first in one direction and then in another. He tore the peasant from the plough, the mother from her children, and the officer from his bureau, to give to each of them other employment. Then he ran suddenly off, and left them to take care of themselves. As he turned himself from Europe towards China, in order to convert the heathen, he came too near to a mine in Russia in the moment of its explosion, was caught by the powder, and lost—alas, alas!—both his eyes! Still he ran some time longer about the world, creating naturally nothing but confusion, and came into collision with the police. He was ultimately compelled to provide himself with a conductor, who for a certain remuneration led him back to the place whence he had come.

"Humility, it is true, had not passed through such hazardous adventures; yet neither had it gone extraordinarily well with her. Separated from her companions, she cut such a pitiful and lamentable figure that nobody would have anything to do with her. After she had dragged herself, with bowings and curtsies, through the whole world; after actually crawling on her knees, knocking at all doors, and everywhere saying, 'I am not worthy to loose the latchet of your shoes,' and had been everywhere attacked and ill-used, she turned herself homeward, and reached Stockholm completely in rage, and nearly dead.

"Here, at the foot of the statue of the hero-king, saw she, one after another, all her early travelling companions arrive. But, great heaven! how changed were they. They could scarcely be recognised. Zeal had lost his fiery eyes, and was lame of the right leg. Courage carried an arm in a sling, and had in the highest degree the look of a *mauvais sujet*. Mildness was covered from head to foot with sores and blue marks: on her former angelically soft brow angry passion had seated itself, and every third word was a curse. Generosity had all the air of a comedian; he declaimed and ranted incessantly. Patience and Pity were become so thin and transparent, that they could not be seen without the deepest compassion. Good-humour was anything but sober. Prudence found herself in better case; but she was become haughty and boastful; she measured with an air of deep thought her steps and words; took snuff every minute, carried her head aloft, cast looks at her companions over her shoulder, turned up her nose, and was unbearable.

"It may be imagined whether, under such reversed circumstances, the meeting again of the Virtues was a pleasant one. To confess the truth, they resembled, in their present assembly, the Vices far more than the Virtues. But scarce-

ly were they all together, had extended to each other the hand, and recognised each other, than their appearance began to change, and every Virtue to acquire its former character. Prudence took from her travelling medicine-chest an ointment, rubbed therewith the darker eyes of Zeal, which speedily opened them; so, beaming with their former fires. Good-humour was so struck with the dry, ghastly appearance of Humility, that she became sober on the spot; and the Virtues resolved to strengthen themselves in the next hour with a banquet and a bowl of punch: there would every one relate his travelling adventures, and take a resolution for the future. 'Brave!' exclaimed Courage, and gave Foresight the hand; Good-humour took Humility under the arm and led the way, the rest all cheerfully following.

"It would be leading us too far to repeat all the adventures with which the Virtues entertained each other over the bowl. Suffice it to state the resolve which at the end of the sitting was unanimously adopted by all present; this was, that from this time forward the Virtues should always travel together, and should separate as seldom as possible, since they found that each one given over to herself, without the counsel and support of the rest, only played the fool. With this resolution all the Virtues were highly satisfied. They concluded the feast with a song which Good-humour improvised, and which they styled the 'League of the Virtues.' As I no longer, however, recollect perfectly the verses of which it consisted, and have no desire by mangling them to convert good-humour into ill-humour, I here close my relation, leaving to my hearers the application of it."

The young ladies were enchanted by the story, yet would put questions and seek explanations; but Miss Greta did not go at all into them, but only begged her young friends to digest the matter each according to her ability.

Eva and Aurora soon rose to take leave. Eleonore followed them, after she had requested permission of Clara to come again, to speak with her farther on marriage. Miss Greta claimed for herself the right to be present, and that as an advocate for the lover. Eleonore, smiling and sighing, agreed; yet on her way home the question of marrying went on in her mind with a yes, then a no, then a yes, and then a no again. Aurora and Eva were deeply engaged in projects of purchasing for themselves elegant dresses for the next representation of the amateur theatre for the benefit of those who had suffered in the town of W.

Miss Greta, who now associated in her thoughts the tulle-devouring lover with Clara's horror of marriage, said to her with great seriousness, "Clara, either you are an extraordinary creature, or you are proceeding on a most perilous path."

Clara was silent; and Miss Greta continued—"Your repugnance to marriage is not natural. I can very well conceive that people do not enter it with so light a heart as they enter a ball-room: but your repugnance, and the views which you entertain of life generally, are equally unchristian and opposed to nature. Man is not made to be alone. I cannot indeed exactly say that it would be agreeable to me to be regarded by you as a person fit for a madhouse, if

I should take it into my head to marry, which might very well come to pass without my being quite befooled with my chosen one."

"And if you do some time marry under such circumstances, I will not therefore call it foolish; since no one seems to me so calculated as you to make a husband happy. You are accompanied through life by good-fortune and cheerfulness, which communicate themselves to all that surround you."

"It rejoices me, Clara, that you think so of me," said Miss Greta, pressing her hand.

"But if you knew," continued Clara, "what it is to suffer want, to hunger—if you knew how many there are in the world who daily starve—you would certainly not marry, but remain single, in order to be able to assist the suffering, and to feed the hungry."

"My best Clara," said Miss Greta, with her well-known arch smile, "I am certain that if I followed your counsel, that his Holiness the Pope would one day, on that very account, canonize me, and that I should be worshipped as St. Margaret; but that I should thereby effect any good, I do not believe: on the contrary, I fear that I should only increase the number of the giddy and good-for-nothing. As to what concerns 'works of mercy,' I have on that head my own notions. I hold *ennui* to be the greatest evil, yawning the greatest pest; and those who know how to drive these away by innocent amusement to be the greatest benefactors of mankind. A hearty laugh is worth more than *ducats*."

"That is true," replied Clara; "but *ennui* is a self-induced evil, and they who have cause to yawn might have cause also to be merry, if they were wise; but—"

"Well! but!—"

"But with the sufferers of whom I speak it is different. The deepest misery oppresses them. If they would raise themselves, they cannot do it; want and sickness weigh like a stupendous burden on soul and body. The unhappy moulder away in the living body."

"This happens indeed to many of the rich also," said Miss Greta: "I think it is the fault of people themselves when they fall into trouble. Honourable and orderly people always are able to help themselves. Besides this, it is very difficult to dispense alms properly, and the unworthy receive them generally far oftener than the actually suffering."

"It may possibly have its difficulties," replied Clara; "when, however, we shun not the labor, and do not begrudge the time, these are easily surmounted. Do not say, that every one is able to help himself. Ah! there are such inevitable misfortunes, there is such unconquerable misery. One may even regard the failings of men as misfortunes, which it is difficult to avoid. We talk often of the love of pleasure of the poor, of their intemperance. Ah! if you knew how sparingly pleasure is scattered on their path of life! And if life falls heavily upon them, and in a weak moment they are not able to resist the allurements of pleasure—if they sometimes enjoy a fleeting hour, shall they then do penance for it for their whole life? Shall that be punished in them as a crime, which in the wealthy is at worst termed a pardonable weakness? O if you knew how many of these

faults have their origin in want, in the privation of enjoyment! The poor need enjoyment just much as bread. Joy is the fresh air which makes man breathe more freely—that he is glad of life, that he believes in God."

Clara's tears flowed so abundantly that she could no longer speak. Miss Greta was silent; but Clara's words opened to her the view of a side of life which she had hitherto passed over unnoticed. She cast a long gaze over scenes which till now had wholly escaped her eyes, and her heart felt itself oppressed. What consequences this had, I do not say; they are too natural, too holy to be trumpeted abroad. If, however, my fair readers suppose that Miss Greta appointed her friend her treasurer, and that Clara therefore shed tears of warm joy, I will so far confess that they have in the main hit on the fact.

And thou, stern judge of merit, and abhorrer of alms, shake not thy head over it. Invest thy money in manufactories, in railways, in what thou wilt; but leave Clara alone. Fear nothing! she will certainly not give her silk gown to a poor woman; her money to a drunkard; she certainly will not, like a certain amiable young Countess, fling her Turkish slippers to a little barefoot chimney sweep. She will conduct the poor child into the school, give work to the unemployed, procure medicine for the sick, and deal out alms discreetly. Is that not putting out her capital to interest! And should it only penetrate at times as a bright moment into a gloomy existence, as a little alleviation of incurable pains, yet—

"Ah! let the wise ones order the world as they will, there will always remain room in it for misfortune, for unmerited suffering; and there will therefore never be wanting a stimulant to the activity of the Sisters of Charity."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### CONVERSATION IN THE EVENING TWILIGHT.

"This is needful that the right  
Ever fearlessly be done;  
Then be victory ours, or flight,  
Tis, and bideth—all as one."—GILDER.

THE day of Edla's departure was fixed and at hand. Nina alone knew nothing of it, and believed the hour of separation yet far distant. Edla desired to spare to the sensitive mind of her sister the pain of bidding farewell; she saw therefore very gladly, that, as the winter weather was so mild and fine, the Countess accepted an invitation to a neighboring seat, where it was the wish to entertain with great festivity the new year, the new-married pair, and his Excellency's lovely daughter. Edla observed how the Countess took all possible pains to keep them more and more apart, and how she sought to prevent every cordial advance, especially in the few days before departure, when the souls of severing friends are wont involuntarily to overflow with love and confidence. Edla saw the purpose of the Countess, but she disdained any attempt to defeat it. To wish now to hold back Nina, to occasion her tears instead of joy, Edla would have rejected as a piece of unwarrantable egotism. With a sorrow which was not without its sweetness, Edla thought, "She

shall be cheerful; she shall sport and laugh, while I forsake the paternal home; she shall not see that I suffer. The clouds shall fly rapidly across the heaven of her joy."

The Countess at parting was ice-cold toward Edla. "A pleasant journey," said she, with indifference. "I have given orders that everything that you require shall be made ready for your journey."

"I thank you! I have already prepared all myself," answered Edla as coldly. "Farewell, my father! my father!"—Her voice faltered.

"I shall see you again before you go," said the President, as he drew on, with a great bustle and much noise, his over-shoes, in order to hide his starting tears.

Now came Nina. She was wonderfully beautiful in the splendid winter dress, in the princely ermine. Edla combated with the most violent emotion. As she met Nina's tearful eyes, her inquiring glance; as she felt her tremble in her embrace, and heard her repeat with conspicuous anxiety, "I shall see thee soon, very soon again!" then Edla congratulated herself on having been enabled to spare the tender feelings of her sister, and to make her departure as easy as possible. She calmed Nina, and saw with a cloudless brow her family set forth.

The next day Edla was busied with her own affairs. She wrote a long letter to Nina, full of kindness and good sense. The evening of the last day arrived. Edla had taken leave of Miss Greta, who was not in the least deceived as to what went on in the house and in Edla's mind, and testified toward her the most cordial esteem. In Miss Greta, Edla embraced a sincere admirer, and went thence down into the sitting-room, where, before the comfortable fire, silent and composedly, she awaited the farewell visit of Count Ludwig.

Twilight and snow-drifts, a fire in the chimney, and deep silence in a lonely room, are the most auspicious spirits of confidence. In the hour of twilight, Mystery, that child afraid of the light, steps forth from its hiding-place; then wheel the bats here and there, the owls utter their ominous cry, "Come with us! come with us!" The fear of spectres announces itself amid its shudderings and terrors. But then also nobler apparitions of the hidden world come forth from the depths of the human heart. How gladly does Reconciliation kindle her beaming star in the glow of the descending sun! How lovingly and refreshingly descend the dews of Consolation! I will not speak of declarations of love; between the twilight and the fire they skip forth involuntarily, and are the lighter footed the more they resemble will-o'-wispes. The Christ-child, too, appears at this hour. In a word, it is remarkable how, in the goosying hour of twilight, everything comes to the daylight.

It is also remarkable how *mal-a-propos* this impromptu is here brought in, and how little it agrees with the present moment in the twilight by the fireside. Here sit Edla and Count Ludwig in the easy chairs, silent as statues, and gaze with thoughtful looks into the burning embers, as they sink down into charcoal and ashes. Friendly reader, your pardon! Perhaps you will kindly recollect that probably you have already in the world heard prefaces that did not,

by any means, agree with the matter that came after.

Finally Count Ludwig broke the silence, and said to Edla with an expression of deep dissatisfaction, "You depart, you withdraw yourself for a long time, and leave me behind in the most painful uncertainty. You will not allow that I express either to Nina or her father a wish which you yourself at the same time approve. How long is this restraint to continue? How long am I to appear to your parents—to the world—yes, to Nina herself—in a dubious light!"

"Not to Nina!" interrupted Edla. "She knows of your love—she knows on what account you delay your declaration."

"Good!"

"She is grateful for your kindness; grateful that you do not just yet require from her so important a decision; for which she considers herself still too young and inexperienced. She fears yet any change of her condition; she is not yet sufficiently prepared for it. She knows my anxiety on account of her health, on account of the tenderness of her soul. I believe that she must not marry till her health is more confirmed, till she is altogether better acquainted with the world, in which she must take her place as your wife. She makes now her first acquaintance with social life, let her move undisturbed in it—she is yet so young. By this you will be able to be near her, and to endeavor to win—"

"Win what?" asked Count Ludwig sharply.

"Her heart! How sincerely do I desire that this should become yours. I will not conceal it from you. Nina esteems, but does not love you."

"I know it," answered Count Ludwig coldly. Edla looked at him inquiringly and surprised.

With a tone of considerable emotion Count Ludwig continued—"Wonder not if he who from the cradle learned to do without tenderness; who, the only time that he thought himself beloved, found himself deceived; wonder not if his glance has become penetrative of the feelings of others, and if he be no longer liable to delusions on that head. I know it—I am not beloved—it is not easy to love me; and indeed, I do not require it. Who does not succeed in being beloved! Who cannot inspire passion, especially in women? Forgive me, Edla; but you cannot be so blind as others to the weakness of your sex. A singer, whose whole merit consists in a well-executed air—a good dancet—some bravura or bravado—a neat exterior—an agreeable temper—all this appears amiable, and can awaken love. I cannot do that. I have quite made up my mind on this score, and I demand from Nina no exception. Yes; I am even prepared to know that she can love another—that one of those small men whom I despise—"

"Count Ludwig!" interrupted Edla with astonishment; "do I hear aright?"

"Yes; but hear me to the end. That sweet, that bewitching feeling I cannot awaken, cannot expect it; neither can Nina feel it for me, but she may learn perhaps something of it from others. That is natural; it signifies nothing to me, and I can lose nothing thereby. I will deserve that which is better, will win that which

is more important—Nina's perfect esteem, her perfect confidence, and truest friendship. In the best and deepest meaning of the word, Nina will be mine. What I love in Nina is not her beauty, not her fascination of manner, not the accomplishment which as Edla's pupil she possesses; but the woman—the woman *par excellence*—the kind, sweet, unassuming woman. I am stern and hard—I know it. Only through a character, only through a mind like hers, can I become milder and happier; can I indeed become happy. Nina is the pupil of Edla; she will learn to value that good which I have in me, and will also by her angel gentleness make me more human. She will see in me her best friend, her conductor; she will love her children, her house, her influence over myself. Believe me, she will be happy!"

"I fear," said Edla with a deep sigh, "that you misunderstand the peculiar nature of love. Perhaps you call the same thing only by another name. Friendship and confidence constitute certainly the firmest, sweetest heart of love. If you, therefore, are of opinion that these sentiments are requisite to the happiness of Nina and yourself, pardon me if I say that you must not exert alone your strict virtues to acquire them. Confidence, especially, is a bashful child; we must seek to win it by kindness, by good will. Flowers only open themselves to the genial rays of the sun. If you will win the love of my sister, you must be kind and tender toward her. Oh! you do not know how sensitive she is—how she needs tenderness as well as strength. Be affectionate to her, Count Ludwig, or you will not win her. Be gentle and tender—"

"Edla!" interrupted Count Ludwig, "demand not from the oak, that it stoops itself to the tender flowers; accustom rather the flowers to wind themselves round its firm stem."

"Not so, Count Ludwig!" said Edla, "your comparisons halt, and the relations between man and woman may not be regarded so one-sidedly; it is not so indeed. My flower requires a tender waiting upon, otherwise she is not for you. Be kind to Nina, Count Ludwig, I repeat it once more! Be affectionate, or you will not succeed with her. Learn to value what is so beautiful in her; her angelic goodness, her heavenly disposition, learn to value this; abuse it not; exercise no harshness toward it. How easy were it for a hard hand to destroy her whole life. How often have I not blamed myself for my own severity, which yet was only called forth by the deepest tenderness. How often has her angelic soul made me meek in spite of myself. Remember, Count Ludwig, how she suffered as a child from the toothache, and when the surgeon had drawn her a sound instead of a decayed one, remember how she bore the continued pain so long as the surgeon remained present, and then begged me not to mention it to him, as it might be unpleasant to him. This is only a trifle; but numbers of such traits stand as lovely stars in the heaven of gentleness and amiability, which expands itself above Nina's whole life. She was thus as a child, she is thus still. Tell me, Count Ludwig, deserves not such a heart that it should be spared, that we should seek to win it by kindness and tenderness."

Tears stood in Edla's eyes. Count Ludwig

also was moved, as he replied—"Give me this angel to wife! Let me be daily, hourly, beneath her influence; then shall I perhaps become what you wish, what Nina requires. Yes! perhaps it will enable me to become amiable—at least to her." A smile which made him infinitely handsome, passed over his countenance. "And this," continued he, "would enable me so much the more easily to condemn the judgment of the multitude; for these will always regard me as a pitiless egotist, as a hard, proud, heartless man. On that score I am easily comforted; yes, it even flatters my self-love to be so judged, and the more so if in the future—should I myself not live to witness this—my native land shall flourish through improvements to which I have contributed; already do I bless those who in a thoughtless manner endeavored to degrade my name. See, Edla, this is the honor, the reward which I seek, and which I know how to win. If in aspirations after the actual, the enduring, I handle sometimes the superficial somewhat roughly, terrify a dove-like nature, or wholly pull down half-decayed fabrics—yes, if in pressing, important demands, sometimes forget sufficiently to spare; let not Edla therefore condemn, let not Nina therefore fear me."

"Count Ludwig!" said Edla, "I honour most highly the purity of your intentions, the firmness of your character; I fear only your extreme manner of thinking. More mildness, more philanthropy, more respect for personal feeling, if I may say so, would render your whole activity still more beneficent."

"Give me Nina to wife!" cried Count Ludwig with warmth; "constitute her my good angel, and the hardness of my nature will melt. If she walk by my side, I shall become less stern. She has a talisman in her hand, which can cause much power over me. Let her use it; let me daily, hourly hear her voice, see her sweet countenance, then—but not till then, Edla—expect not too much from me, not even for her. I will every day venture my life for her; but to be gentle, tender, amiable with her, to play the Caledon amid the throng that always are about her, that do not hope; do not require it, Edla! I should only make myself ridiculous. And I must repeat it, that I can make nothing out of what is called the amiable, the agreeable; nothing even out of what is called goodness. This is one ambiguous quality, which assumes the most miserable weakness for its shield. I have only too well experienced that the greatest amiability may be united with the greatest depravity of heart. I think you once saw Edward D. with me—tell me what impression he made upon you."

"I acknowledge," replied Edla, "that he struck me as extremely amiable; that the soul which spoke through his features, seemed utterly incapable of the crime which he committed."

"You only saw him," continued Count Ludwig, smiling bitterly, "but what is that to his conversation, to daily intercourse with him! It would have disarmed his bitterest enemy. I loved him," said Count Ludwig, with an expression of unusual softness; "never have I so loved any one, never so wholly and sincerely confided in any one! And he deceived me!"

He brought death and deprivation to my very heart! Certainly, I should at that time have become a man-hater; I should have steeled my bosom for ever against every better feeling, had it not been for you, Edla! With manly strength, with womanly gentleness, you again restored my soul to fortitude, and healed the wounds of my heart."

Edla turned away her face, on which deep emotion was visible.

"Have I really been able to do that, Count Ludwig?" demanded she, with a voice that was choked with tears.

"Healed—" continued Count Ludwig, as if conversing with himself; "healed is too much to say. These wounds heal never. There are moments in which it seems to me as if his blood could be the only balsam. The wounds healed not, but you have alleviated their burning pain. Edla and Nina have reconducted me to humanity."

After a short silence he proceeded painfully. "We met as boys at the academy. He surpassed me in every thing. That vexed me. I would always be first. I began to hate him. Then he fought and bled for me, in a most unequal contest into which I had fallen. My hate now changed itself into love. He returned it, at least as I believed. He tolerated me and my gloomy mind. He made me every day better, he was so amiable. And he was proud with all his gentleness; he permitted no protection; he accepted not the smallest support. This vexed and charmed me at the same time. He seemed to be the best, the most distinguished of men. I built upon him more than upon the whole world; yes, more than upon myself. He had a power over me which no one had besides—"

Count Ludwig was silent, as overpowered by his feelings; then went on, while a mild paleness clothed his features. "The serpent had a too seductive tongue, as the Bible says. How do I disdain this amiability, behind which so much crime, so much depravity can be concealed! The deceiver! the seducer! how I hate him. I know not whether he is gone; but I rue it, that I have not branded him before the world, so that he could no more deceive, no more seduce! Edla! if you ever meet him on this earth, trust not your sagacity—trust not the abhorrence with which his crimes have filled you—flee him! flee him! His amiability, his apparent excellence, his heavenly-speaking eyes, would misguide you! Do not see him! do not hear him! His tongue is false as seducing. He could win over the purest being. Flee him! Has he not dishonoured, murdered the sister of his friend? And goes about in the world unpunished; perhaps beloved, perhaps honored—in order to make yet many more unhappy victims! Why have I spared him? But Thou, Heaven! wilt punish him—Thou, the just Avenger! wilt consign him—"

"Ludwig cease!" exclaimed Edla, with sternness and dignity.

Count Ludwig was suddenly silent, but he combated in himself with only the greater violence; his lips trembled, and his eyes flashed forth flames of wrath. It was long before he became fully himself again. He then sighed deeply and said—"Pardon me!"

"These outbreaks, Count Ludwig, are un-

worthy of you," said Edla. "How much would they disturb Nina's peace."

"She shall never experience them. I will be worthy of you and your sister." Count Ludwig pressed Edla's hand to his lips, and hastily withdrew.

Edla remained behind with excited feelings. Her wishes, her thoughts, compared Ludwig and Nina; and there came continually over her mind, a doubt, a pain, which softly whispered the question—"Will he make her happy!" But she rejected this question as a spectre of her imagination.

Perhaps it may seem to my fair readers inconsistent that Edla should so warmly have favoured the suit of Count Ludwig; inconsistent with her clear sense that she did not perceive how unfitting must be such a character for the soft, love-requiring mind of her sister. I would willingly defend her against this charge, and therefore we will examine the matter closer.

There existed a similarity between Edla and Count Ludwig which drew them involuntarily to each other. Both of them in their childhood and youth had been treated with neglect; both were by nature denied the early faculty of winning the hearts of men, and of finding pleasure to themselves in intercourse with others. Both had a pure, moral, and upright character; although Count Ludwig, in consequence of inborn pride and bitter experience, had acquired a stern hardness; Edla, on the contrary, from the exercise of noble duties, had derived more kindness and gentleness. Count Ludwig's stern virtue had excited Edla's admiration; his unhappy story had called forth her sincerest sympathy; admiration and sympathy beget love, and this feeling threw a veil over all the failings of Count Ludwig. Edla would willingly have sacrificed her life for his happiness; but she judged too justly of herself for it to have occurred to her to make him happy through her own attachment. But Nina! Count Ludwig loved her; and the maternal tenderness which more and more developed itself in her heart for Nina became at length stronger than her feelings for Count Ludwig. There lay an infinite happiness for her in the thought of consigning her Nina to the most honoured and the most beloved man in the world. If a fear sometimes fell upon her that Count Ludwig could not make her sister happy, this became in turn expelled by the doubt that probably Nina was not fully worthy of the Count. These doubts were again reconciled by the internal conviction that the two beloved beings would certainly perfect each other; and Edla saw therein, not only her own happiness, but her heart beat warmly in the beautiful hope that out of this union would spring much good for others. So felt and thought Edla. Do you yet understand or not!

We will now seek Edla again at the fireside.

The last ember was extinguished, and Edla returned to her bed-chamber. Here she found all prepared for the journey, and an indescribable weight fell upon her heart. She felt like a stranger in her father's house. It was only by the compulsion of circumstances that she abandoned these rooms, in which she had been the quiet, ruling spirit, in which formerly she had been beloved and cherished. Now she was solitary, forsaken, and shunned—and all with-

out fault of hers! The atmosphere of the room, the aspect of the furniture, especially that belonging to her sister, a little shawl which she had carelessly flung over an easy chair—all awoke in Edla's heart the feeling of unpeakable sadness. An angry bitterness rose in her soul against her who had occasioned all these painful changes: but a feeling of hatred in her own soul was to her intolerable, and she resisted and combated with it earnestly. With what weapons? He who had seen Edla pale, sorrowful and speechless, seated on her travelling trunk, would not probably have believed that she at that moment fought out a fight more even, and achieved a victory more glorious, —an ever did Napoleon. With what weapons? Call them heavenly, my dear reader—thou knowest them as well as I.

Edla had parted with unusual coldness from her step-mother. She resolved to write some lines to her, in order to leave behind her a more favourable impression, and to press more earnestly upon her mind care for Nina's health. As she approached her writing-desk her eyes fell on a casket of red-morocco, which appeared to be placed with such a degree of care that it should not be overlooked. She opened it, and found a costly necklace of genuine pearls, and with it these words in the hand of her father—"To the best of daughters, from her loving father. Very early in the morning I shall be with thee."

Now first flowed tears down Edla's cheeks; but they were sweet, salutary tears. She felt that her father understood her, secretly thanked her, and all became light and bright about her. The parting had lost its bitterness, and how willingly now did she obey the divine command—"Thou shalt ever bless thy enemies."

Edla travelled away with a heart which had beaten warmly in the paternal embrace. There came in no one to talk over her journey, nor to assign reasons and suppositions for it; so well and quietly had she ordered this matter. Deep and powerful souls adjust everything in silence, and make no noise with their doings and themselves. They go on their way like the works of God. In deep silence the sun ascends the heaven; silently sinks the night down upon the earth. What prepares itself in greater stillness than the re-awaking of nature, and what is more glorious than the spring?

## CHAPTER XVII.

### SECRETS.

Thou shalt tell it to neither friend nor foe.

JESUS SHACH.

Two months were now flown since the fresco-painting of the little Filius, and since Miss Greta's accident. The broken arm could already tolerably perform again its office, and Miss Greta might very soon quit her sick chamber; but to say the truth, she cared very little about it. She had become acquainted with a happiness that was of more value to her than all the attractions of her former life. Ah! it is when the heart cleaves to another that life first becomes rich, and the spirit is satisfied.

Between Miss Greta and Clara an affection-

ate relationship had sprung up—Miss Greta herself knew not how—which, however, made them both thoroughly happy. They had neither of them imparted to the other their own concerns, neither had related the romance of her life, nor had sighed forth the Oh! and Ah! of the heart; and yet they knew each other sufficiently; yet cherished they a mutual confidence, which only waited the occasion by and by to convert itself into the most genuine friendship. Perhaps a tender friend will find this expression too weak and far-fetched; I for my part know no stronger and better.

Miss Greta was already carrying in head and heart a plan which was not yet fully matured, when one evening the Countess hastily entered her room, and exclaimed in great excitement, "Well! what say you to it?"

"What shall I say?" replied Miss Greta merrily; "I say first good evening, and then, like Clara, be seated, and let us be quiet."

"Yes, but it is precisely Clara who gives us occasion not to say this," continued the Countess. "Margaret! your Clara is a worthless, hypocritical person, who does not deserve the kindness which you bestow upon her. She is a serpent which you have warmed on your bosom!"

"Well, well, what is it then?" demanded Miss Greta seriously, but quietly.

"She has not kept her promise; she is to-day again for the third time gone out secretly."

"Well," replied Miss Greta, endeavoring vainly to conceal her vexation; "we need not on that account cry fire and murder! She has probably gone out to breathe a little fresh air; for on my account she has been obliged to suffer sitting enough."

"Very good! But must she in the fresh air enjoy the company of a young man? I have had her watched. Rosalie has procured intelligence of the house to which she goes. These visits have certainly been made frequently."

Miss Greta turned pale, for the tulde-vourer stood vividly before her eyes. After a short pause she asked—"And who is he? what is he? where does he live?"

The Countess named the house, but could only give confused information regarding the person in question. "They say," related she, "that he has committed some crime, coined false money, or something of the kind; that he hides from the police, and lives in the extreme poverty—in a word a most scandalous story."

"Poverty!" interrupted Miss Greta.

"Yes," continued the Countess, "and it is only all too probable that Clara supports him—not that I will criminate her—but her conduct is ground enough for the worst suspicions. The obstinate refusal to give any explanation regarding her promenades testifies how unworthy the object of them must be—"

"Of that I strongly doubt," said Miss Greta.

"I wish it may be otherwise," replied the Countess, "but it is scarcely to be hoped. Abandon Clara I will not, but I can no longer suffer her to remain in my house. The domestics are already aware of the circumstance, and I dare not, for the example's sake, take such a proceeding under my protection. Clara must be placed under stricter surveillance. I

will, for the present put her under the care of Mrs. F."

"Of the soldier's wife! Well selected! and when will you send her off?"

"Without delay! In the morning if it be possible I confess that the daily sight of such ingratitude and meanness is intolerable to me. Besides this, her proceeding demands speedy measures. I have already informed her brothers of it."

"That have you done?" interrupted Miss Greta warmly. "You have communicated to her brothers dark suspicions."

"I have done it," answered the Countess, "that in the first place they may know what they are to think of their sister; and in the next place, to justify my own demeanor toward her. They made a call just as Rosalie had communicated to me her discoveries. In my first exasperation I poured out my complaints against her, and trust moreover that their severity will better restrain the disobedient girl than my warnings could. She does not deserve to be further spared."

"You have acted precipitately and unkindly, Natalie!" said Miss Greta, much displeased. "Why did you not first speak with me upon it, and in concert with me first consider what was to be done? Who knows but that Clara will come clear out of all these suspicions? What then did the brothers say?"

"Oh, they were beside themselves; they were quite desperate, the poor men! at last they begged me to act in this affair according to my own pleasure."

"That is more than I could have done in their place! I cannot approve what you have done; and can as little give my consent to what you propose."

"Margaret!" exclaimed the Countess with pride and emphasis, "to my oversight and my protection was Clara consigned."

"I have nothing to say against that," replied Miss Greta somewhat shortly. "The only thing which I beseech of you is not to speak farther with Clara this evening: not to admit the brothers to her; and the moment she retires to send her up to me."

The Countess was obliged to promise this; and as a message came now from the President to apprise her that the carriage had already been waiting half-an-hour, and as it was the latest moment for proceeding to the great court dinner, the Countess left Miss Greta to her own reflections.

Miss Greta sat long silently in the dark, and wept. So soon as she was become calmer, and her thoughts had regained their accustomed clearness, she rung the bell, ordered the lamp to be brought, and in her sofa-corner awaited Clara's return with a composure which a fixed and firm resolve can give.

Clara came. Her step was lighter, the expression of her countenance more cheerful than usual; and her voice alone betrayed some haste and uneasiness as she inquired how Miss Greta found herself. Struck with the unexpected short answer, Clara went directly up to her friend, looked her true-heartedly in the eyes, and asked tenderly—"Are you not well? do you want anything?"

Her look and tone gave Miss Greta pain.

She turned herself away, and said short and sternly—"Clara, you have broken your vow; you have again gone out alone, and that in the evening."

Clara was silent. Miss Greta had not the courage to look at her, and went on—"You have been followed; you have been with a young man."

Clara was silent. Miss Greta looked at her. She was pale, and leaned with her hand on the table, as if seeking to collect herself. A long silence followed.

"Clara!" at length exclaimed Miss Greta, with a tone which revealed her inward trouble, "Clara! have you then nothing to say?"

Clara's pale lips murmured a soft but distinct "No!"

"Then," said Miss Greta seriously but dejectedly, "then Clara, I must tell you what fate awaits you, and what consequences your behavior and your obstinacy draw after them. The Countess, justly incensed at your ingratitude, has informed your brothers of what has occurred and of her suspicions. In the morning you must leave the house—leave it with disgrace, for the domestics know of your wanderings; they will not cease to relate them to every one who is ready to listen. Your character is lost!"

Deathly pale but composedly, Clara answered with a choked voice—"That has happened to many an innocent person: God sees it: can Him must I hope?"

"Speak not so, Clara!" cried Miss Greta warmly; "misuse not the name of God. I cannot bear to hear people talking of innocences, where the proceedings testify to the contrary. I do not believe in circumstances which are so unfortunately entangled that individuals cannot avoid appearing to their fellow-creatures as guilty; I do not understand how people can involve themselves in secret practices, and then call on the name of God to testify to the innocence of these practices. Have you not read in the Scriptures that good deeds do not shut the light? Such mysteries and such circumstances we find in romances—"

"Only in romances!" interrupted Clara with a sorrowful smile.

"Yes, only in romances," continued Miss Greta with unceasing zeal. "To them belong intrigues and secret passages; in them people conceal their doings from sympathizing friends. In actual life, Clara, people help themselves with somewhat sounder reason and an honorable confession. I ask you yet once more, Clara, will you confide in me! Clara, I beseech, I implore you, confide in me!"

"I cannot; it is impossible!" exclaimed Clara, combating with her tears.

"Clara," said Miss Greta, "I will not hear that! It is human to err, but one must not be stupid: that is not human, since man is endowed with reason. Your behavior at this moment is wholly irrational, and your obstinacy now sets the only person against you that could or would save you."

"I cannot help it," answered Clara; "it cannot be otherwise."

"You are intolerable!" cried Miss Greta, but collected herself again, and proceeded very seriously. "Do not be too hasty. Reflect on the

consequences! It may be hard to confess a transgression, but it is still harder to pass a whole life in poverty and contempt. Reflect, Clara! the countess may be softened: thy future yet rescued—thy failings shall be forgiven, but all on one only condition—*concesses!*"

"I cannot! I will not!" said Clara with a firm tone. "My life is pure, but I cannot lay open my motive to the day."

"One moment more!" exclaimed Miss Greta with icy determination, "and then I abandon all farther concern with you. Your brothers are instructed of your proceedings. You have to expect their reproaches, perhaps their persecutions; the countess exerts—"

"I shall know how to withdraw myself from them!" interposed Clara somewhat excited, and made a movement as if to go out. Miss Greta laid her hand on her arm, and said, as she looked keenly and inquisitively into her eyes, "run off, perhaps! Traverse the country with your lover, and play traged—"

"No! not no!" cried Clara vehemently.

"Choose the better part, Clara!" continued Miss Greta with cold seriousness. "I will liberate you; I will do everything for you; I demand, I implore only confidence. You can choose between my protection and public disgrace. Decide!"

"I have decided," answered with a low voice the death-pale Clara; "I am innocent—but I cannot, I will not prove it!"

"Go then!" exclaimed Miss Greta angrily. "go! I believe not your innocence, and will do nothing for you. In the morning you will be expelled from the house with shame!"

"I will not wait for it!" said Clara with so faint a voice that Miss Greta's fine ear could scarcely catch it. Clara approached the door, but in the moment in which she laid her hand upon the lock, she felt herself seized by two arms, and held back. It was Miss Greta, who conducted her back almost by force to the sofa, seated herself by her side, embraced her affectionately, while she addressed her in a tone which one must have heard in order to understand its effect.

"Are you not sane? Do you think that I spoke seriously? Do you believe that I could forsake you? Listen, child! These arms which now inclose thee thou hast cherished and healed. They will therefore embrace you your life long! Do not think that I shall let you go—you may be as contrary as you will. Hear Clara! my poor child, you have done wrong: you have been foolish; fear not, I will keep you if it be possible; I will turn all to your good. I am rich, and no one to care for; you shall be my child. Poor girl!" exclaimed she, while she pressed Clara affectionately to her heart. "you have been imprudent, have acted with a high hand; but that anything bad is concealed behind it, I cannot and will not believe. Fear nothing, trust to me; we will set all right again. I should hate myself if I could believe anything bad, anything blamable of you. I will take all upon myself, and bring all again into the right course. And you shall assign to me the right to do it: hear you Clara? you shall! For from this time forward you belong to me, and I shall exercise a merciless tyranny over you. You shall come to me, and share my house, my ta-

ble, all that I have. You shall tell me your wishes that I may fulfil them; and impart to me your cares, that I may dissipate them. Will you do that, Clara? Will you be my child?"

Clara could not answer; Miss Greta saw it, and held the sobbing maiden fast pressed to her bosom. "Hear, child!" she continued, in order to give her time to collect herself, "I do not desire that you should love me entirely on that account; don't trouble yourself about that; but we will see whether you will be able to avoid it, when once I have my hand in play in the direction of your destiny. I demand now no friendship, only a degree of confidence, some sound sense, and a little more obedience. You really owe me some acquiescence, for I assure you that you have made me quite ill with your secrets, and the lover who devours tulle and necklaces as another mortal fieldfare; and it would be much worse with me, if I could believe of yourself still more unnatural things. You may believe that all this has gone sufficiently into my arms to delay very considerably my recovery. In all this it requires only a word from you to put me in a position to combat successfully not only against your lover and patroness, but also against your own folly. And I tell you, I intend to do it without this word; yes! you may allow it or not, I have resolved one for all no more to set you at liberty, but to consider all that belongs to you as my affair. You may do as you will, you are henceforth my incomprehensible, beloved child!"

Clara had at first become speechless with astonishment and wonder; but at these words, at this tone of the most cordial kindness, at the certainty of possessing a real friend, her soul dissolved itself in a feeling of ineffable joy, but at the same time of infinite sadness. She laid her head on Miss Greta's shoulder, and gave free course to her tears. After she was somewhat more composed, Miss Greta said with a tender expression, "Give me, however, your promise not to run away from me, since I feel that my arms are yet too weak to detain you."

"I promise it!" answered Clara with tears.

"Good! and yet one more question. Whither do you think of going? What are you intending to do?"

"To go away—far, far away—into service—"

"Into service! with the lover—or with your husband?"

"No, no! I have neither."

"Dear Clara! do I deserve to be thus put off?"

"And will you, cannot you believe my word? Then you do not really esteem me!" cried Clara warmly, as she rose.

"Well, well, only don't run away from me!" said Miss Greta holding her by the dress. "We can at least speak calmly of the matter. You have no lover; you have no—the man that you visit then, must be your brother!"

"Ask me not, ask me not!" implored Clara violently agitated. As truly as I live, as truly as I hope to be saved, I cannot, and may not answer!"

"And may you not be ashamed of it! Can you calmly think of the ten commandments Can you lay your hand on your heart, and protest that you are innocent!" demanded Miss Greta, while she gazed inquiringly at Clara.

"I can! I am!" said Clara laying both her hands on her bosom.

"Well then," said Miss Greta, I will henceforward torment you with no more questions. I will not do like Thomas, I will believe without seeing. I believe thee, my friend," and she regarded Clara with an expression of the deepest peace and joy.

There is per ahs no more beautiful feeling than that of unaditional, blind confidence. It may be the most foolish, but it is at the same time the most divine in the heart of man.

"For you see," continued Clara, while she drew to her both the hands of her friend, and gazed into her eyes with an almost wild aspect, "I have taken an oath—a sacred oath! I have sworn on the Bible to preserve eternal silence! It was a horrible oath—a horrible moment! perdition—death—passed over in it—" Clara shuddered.

"Gracious heavens!" thought Miss Greta, here is probably some high-treason at work! God protect the king!"

"But now," continued Clara, while she lifted her clasped hands on high, and raised her eyes toward heaven with an expression of the most intense thankfulness, "now, from this day forth I am free from all participation, from all secret concerns; now can I walk openly before men! God be praised! God be praised for ever!"

A crimson flush suffused Clara's cheeks; her eyes beamed; Miss Greta regarded her in this moment as nearly beautiful, but was terrified at this extraordinary excitement, and at her words. Softly she laid her hand on the agitated maiden's arm, and said earnestly: "Clara, I must yet put one more question, and you must answer it: Is there not some strange suffering in thy secret? Perhaps some one suffers wrong; or there is danger at hand?"

"No, no!" cried Clara, "none, none in the world! All is good! all is over! and I repeat it, I can henceforth act freely and openly before the world. God be praised and thanked!"

"Well then, now calm and content yourself," begged Miss Greta. But the violent sensation had shaken Clara's otherwise so quiet spirit. Her whole being was thrown out of equilibrium, and she fell into violent convulsions. Miss Greta sprinkled her with *eau de Cologne*, poured out a little for her, and wished, for the first time, that she was less feeling, less excitable. By degrees Clara became composed; her head rested finally in a half slumber on the bosom of her anxious friend. As it, however, belonged to Miss Greta's peculiarities to give a humorous close to all scenes in which she played a chief part, both the friends, before the evening was over, were heard heartily laughing.

In the first place Miss Greta succeeded in convincing Clara that she would be far more useful to herself and her fellow-creatures in the position which she offered her, than in any other; that she in this manner would most beautifully fulfil the will of God, which consists, especially, in people making each other happy. When all this was arranged and settled, Miss Greta—who felt herself as Clara's, motherly friend authorized to labour at Clara's education—gave her, half in sport and half in earnest, a little lecture on her former behaviour, on her indifference, her eternal sewing, her uncourte-

ousness, all which she painted in the most repulsive features. She warned Clara for the future most earnestly to refrain from these things, and threatened to throw all luckless sewing apparatus into the fire which prevented her listening to people. Clara laughed, promised amendment; and Miss Greta promised on the other hand no longer to torment her with the subject of marriage. At the same time she wished that Clara would think seriously as it respected Baron H. But even here she had turned the page, and she no longer asked whether Clara were worthy of the Baron, but whether the Baron were worthy of her—whether he loved her sincerely from his heart, and did not merely wish to possess in her a housewife. The origin of the little Filius became again of importance to her, and she resolved thoroughly to search out what spirit's child he was. All this she proposed to prosecute at the most favourable opportunities. Finally, she made comparison of her present and former sentiments towards Clara, and, in conclusion, asked:

"But tell me, how could ye be so deaf and dumb towards me?"

"Because then I did not love you," was Clara's answer.

"And now?"

"Now—no, long, long ago with my whole soul—for my whole life!"

It is charming when young damsels attach themselves to each other, live with one another, and play like the waves on the shore, like the wind with the young leaves. But beautiful is it when ladies with a noble character, confirmed by life, prove each other, and value each other, and form genuine friendships. Such bonds of friendship take place more frequently in life than is commonly believed; and when I see two lady friends living under one roof, it does my heart good; for I know that there is found that which makes life pleasant, the days light and happy.

And what indeed require we more for happiness than a lawful freedom, daily bread, a friend, and—now and then a refreshing thought, a light breath from the sphere of a higher life—a little listening to the conversation which the good and the wise from antiquity to the present time hold with each other—a little attention to the great drama of the world, and the words of the poets—yes, a little intercourse with the things which expand the breast and amend the heart, so that we do not shrink together too much into the little narrow self, into the impoverishment of mere housekeeping existence.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### ONWARD.

"O very well, then—go on!"

THE YAWNING GENTLEMAN.

THERE are dead calms not only on the sea, but on land and in life. History has its periods of dead calm, man finds them in his life; even days and hours have their calms. This is a lazy, yawning time. The dead calm is not repose. It is a stand-still, a half-sleep, a dead lock, without progress or activity. If we write a story out of every-day life, we must indeed

treat of everything; only save us from having to paint the periods of dead calm—the quiescence of so many existences. These we must rush rapidly over, otherwise we run the hazard of not being read, or of occasioning a sea-sickness to the faithfully waiting reader. But with secret horror do I perceive that it is highly necessary to steer rapidly onward, for the wind in my story has for some time fallen conspicuously. The winter life in the capital, of which I sketched a little, has smothered and impeded it: therefore onward, onward, and forth from this time. While the wind, however, yet blows but faintly, it might not be amiss, for the entertainment of my passengers, here to lift a veil, here to draw back a curtain, here to peep behind a jealousy, and to look about a little in general after friends.

We cannot omit, in the next place, to depict with great delight, the consternation of the Countess Natalie, the joy of the three wild brothers, the long face of the lady's maid Rosalie, and the joy-beaming one of the cook, who was heartily devoted to Clara, at the moment when Miss Greta with her decided tone and manner declared that Clara and her affairs belonged now to her. By this decisive step, she smothered all tittle-tattle, and gave to the glory of innocence which surrounded the head of Clara a new splendor.

As little can we deny ourselves the pleasure of casting a glance into Clara's new home, and seeing how, in the genial sunshine of friendship and kindness, to Miss Greta's great joy, all the slumbering powers of her soul, and also many a forgotten talent developed itself. She possessed extraordinary skill in flower painting. Miss Greta read to her, while she painted, the *Memoirs* of the Duchess of Abrantes, and other books of the kind, which opened Clara's eyes to the living and brilliant play of the colors of existence, and at once amused and surprised her. Her ideas of life could not be disturbed, for these were grounded on firm and true views. It was the same with Miss Greta; and if the two had hitherto taken different directions in their opinions of things, this was now most beautifully and reconcilingly balanced. Miss Greta often laid the book down and watched Clara's painting, still oftener did she look into her quiet contented eyes, and laid her hand on Clara's shoulder while the souls of the two friends met in an affectionate glance; then Miss Greta returned to her book, Clara painted on at her flowers, and life seemed to both light and lovely. Clara's quiet, beneficial activity, enlarged also the view of her friend in the household sphere of life, gave to her a more attractive earnestness, and a multiplied interest.

We must also cast a passing glance on Clara's lovers: Mr. Frederiks did not love waiting, and aimed on all occasions at speedy results. After a second discourse with Clara, he pressed her hand respectfully, and said affectionately "God bless you!" Three months afterward the blessings of the church were pronounced over him and a new spouse.

Baron H., on the contrary, continued steadfast. He showed Clara constantly the most marked attention; which yet even more and more assumed the expression of fatherly affection. He divided his time and interest between Clara and Miss Greta, who again recommended her inquiries respecting Filius, but which the Baron continued with equal ingenuity to elude. Miss Greta had got it into her head—I know not how

—that Filius was the son of an opera-dancer. Miss Greta cherished, as we must admit, many prejudices. She scorned that existence, "with the legs in the air," and this suspected *liaison*, which moreover wounded her feeling of moral propriety, appended to the good qualities of the Baron a dubious—but. It was given him to understand that if Clara consented to a union with him, he could only receive her hand through the consent of Miss Greta. Baron H. replied with his wonted gallantry, that the beloved hand would only through this medium become dearer to him. Clara continued to behave in the spirit of her first negative answer; Baron H. continued not to trouble himself about it, and the cordiality of his disposition, the fatherly kindness of his demeanor, worked by degrees in Clara a pleasure in his attentions, and a sincerely friendly feeling toward him. Filius sketched her portrait in a vast variety of styles.

Nina was and continued the object of all eyes and all homages. Count Ludwig was perpetually about her; their behaviour to each other was friendly, but without confidence. All around her was glittering and attractive, yet her eye betrayed even more and more an internal joyousness. From day to day sunk she deeper in a dreamy inactivity, which the Countess constantly promoted. Languid and lovely, reposing on soft silken cushions, surrounded by splendid flowers, she read the newest French novels, with which the Countess continually supplied her. The talented but immoral Balzac, the highly imaginative but chaotic Victor Hugo, and the whole swarm of their imitators, were never out of her hands. By degrees a certain change in her seemed to take place. Her dress was gayer, and bore no longer the stamp of strict modesty; she lent her ear willingly to the manifold flatteries which became only the bolder and closer in their approach. She lost by degrees something of her noble simplicity, and descended more to the level of ordinary mortals. O Nina, Nina! instead of drawing up—as Edla hoped—those about thee, even deeper sankest thou down toward them! Poor Edla!

But not to judge too severely of Nina, we will observe her a little nearer. Let us cast a look into the depth of her soul; let us do this if possible amid all its needs—our blame will then often be converted into pity. We will observe her in one of those moments in which she endeavors to collect herself in solitude, and to reduce her thoughts to paper; an excellent usage, which I cannot sufficiently recommend to any fair young readers. Nina writes—

"Edla bade me write down my thoughts, my sensations, that I might thus be able to judge of the impressions of life upon me. Why do I it not? Why do I so reluctantly take up the pen? I have nothing to write. My impressions are weak; I cannot arrange my thoughts. All is so dark within and around me. All is so confused. Life—men—what are they in reality?

"Thou lettest them pass away as a stream, and they are as a sleep; like as the grass, which yet speedily withereth.

"We haste away like water, which we cannot detain.

"Edla gave me another and a higher doctrine. Why will it not become living in me? Edla! I admire thee! I admire thy strength; but I myself shall never possess it. Ah! my life is like the wind, which makes on, and knows not whither; it is like the waves of the sea, which

rise and fall, and leave no trace behind; it is like the fog, which damp and joyless floats over flowery meadows, and disappears.

"But, O my God! thou who didst create me, thou wilt not reject me on account of my weakness. The feeble seed which could develop itself in this earth, thou wilt one day call into life beneath another sun. Yes, yes, yes, that I do believe.

"It is certainly great and noble in life to desire only one thing, to advance unchangeably toward one fixed goal; to do the right without weakness and wavering! But must this virtue be wholly bound up with hardness and severity? Was 'He hard, the Divine one, who walked the earth as a model for mankind? Ludwig is hard—Ludwig gives me pain.

"O kindness! O love!

"Love! What was it which I lately felt in the innermost depths of my soul? It was as if a ray of light broke through it. What a heavenly sensation! Ah! to experience that in long draughts, which I now only have a glimpse of, and then—to die! It was like lightning—but it is past. All is again dark. My soul is faint.

"I permit myself to be led by other people. I become common among the common. Foolish speech! They whom I style common are probably better than I. Happier they certainly are. When Edla was near me, it was better with me.

"Ludwig does not love me. He loves only himself. Edla? Edla has given me up. She needs me not. To whom am I necessary? Mina! my little sister! why went you so early away to the angels of God, and left me alone? Had Mina lived, I had been different. But now—the darkness, the deathly-cold, which formerly enveloped me, I fear will never wholly leave me—I fear they have completely become masters of my life. Oh that night!—the coffin—the silence of death—the icy-cold—these I shall never, never forget.

"Life! what is life? To breathe lightly and joyfully? I do not live—and I fear to die. The grave is my image of horror, on which I cannot think! I would often so gladly, so very gladly wake out of the slumber which oppresses my soul. I see my fellow-creatures so joyous around me, I would so far be as they are. I endeavor to make myself like them, and to do as they do. I will yet seek what it means—to live! to enjoy!"

In our hasty transit to fresh occurrences, we will not however forget Edla, nor to withdraw the curtain from the scene of her present obscurity.

Beautiful and refreshing is the call to console innocent suffering. The highest duty which heaven demands, the noblest which earth offers, has this object. Even the potent tongue of flattery canst thou here employ, for the work is holy. But unspeakably heavy and irksome is the call, to raise again those who have sunk through their own faults. And this was Edla's employment.

Frivolity, folly, a glittering life, debts, bankruptcy, want and contempt, constituted the history of the married pair with whom Edla now found herself. Husband and wife had faithfully copied one another to bring to nothing a considerable fortune. Now they stood deserted: children and necessity grew up together in the house; the world pointed with the finger at them, and the fearful pressure of life came over them; a

pressure so well known, both to the innocent and the guilty: but to the latter—and justly—the most insupportable. To them morning comes, but brings no refreshment; the dawning day brings no light: spring displays all its enchantments, its transports thrill through all the veins of nature, but the soul of the unhappy is not exhilarated, is not made happy. Gloomy and thick as a December fog, it lies on their senses. The sight of their fellow-men gives them pain; they fly from their presence. The glorious pictures of nature and of art are lost to them, are without value, and all that is beautiful and delightful awakes only—bitterness. Ever more oppressively, more wearily roll the years away. Ever fainter, in more indifference and exclusion do they pass their days. They speak of death, of the grave, but only as of a long death-sleep, only as a respite from long enduring pain.

Such was the house and such the people to whom Edla came. She came with her firm soul, with her clear, circumspect mind, and her strengthening presence produced an auspicious change. The wife raised herself from her sick bed, on which the weariness of life had thrown her. The husband remained away from the noisy stupefying company in which he sought to drown the sense of his suffering. The children collected instinctively about the friendly considerate stranger. Edla did not permit the first impression which she made to go over. Her relatives were capable of instruction; people who possessed good, but neglected talents, and who valued themselves less, the more they perceived the value of their wasted life. She opened their eyes to the truths of life, to order and beauty; she revived in them the courage to raise themselves again, showed them the way, and called forth in them a noble desire of honour. Not like Job's comforters, did Edla comfort and exhort; she said with the Chinese philosopher, "Where are there men without faults? But we must make ourselves acquainted with these faults, and expunge them; and this change renews the heart. Repentance is the spring-time of virtue. Repentance and amendment make men great. Great and little faults, great and small trespasses, will then be forgiven. He who thus purifies his own heart, flings purity and a precious glory over all that surrounds and approaches him."

Edla's relatives listened eagerly to her doctrines, and took the path she pointed out to them. Not alone with good counsel and good teaching did Edla help them, but also—pardon me, Edla! methinks I see thy displeased glance! Thou needest not, and desirest not acknowledgment and the praise of men.

When spring came, and Edla saw courage and activity prevailing in the house which she found so deeply shaken, she was seized with an inconceivable longing for home and Nina, the dearest object of all her wishes, all her thoughts and feelings. Nina wrote but seldom, always affectionately, but briefly and on unimportant subjects. From her childhood writing had been her aversion. This dreamy life deprived her of the power of expressing herself. When Edla learned that Nina went to the Baths, she resolved also to journey thither and to surprise her beloved sister.

If we have no official intelligence of this journey to the Baths, it is because we forgot to make a formal visit to the President and his lady. The Countess was nervous—of course, and as

Miss Greta's strength did not progress quite satisfactorily, a journey to the baths was therefore prescribed, and the Countess knew how to time her physician, so that he found the very same remedy necessary for the President and Nina, whose pale cheeks reproached the life of the past winter. And as a general bath journey was resolved on, we, my readers, will follow the stream, and seek out refreshment too.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE WATERING-PLACE.

Oh! I would clasp the whole of human kind  
Up to my warm and love-suffusing heart;  
Would with its blood appease all human pain,  
And with its pulses kindle only joy.

SEEST thou, my reader, those long avenues of lofty lime-trees and maples, whose thick foliage is transpierced by the golden beams of the sun? SEEST thou how, right and left, they are surrounded by green meadows, on which neat houses are scattered? The doors of these are open, and on all sides you see people stream past with the water-glasses in their hands. SEEST thou how these greet one another, and begin their common promenade toward the fountain and the saloon? Poor and rich, high and low, invalids in body and soul, all move thitherward, in order to drink life from the bosom of nature. The kind mother! her rich wells flow for all, all! She makes no selections among her children; she knows nothing of a step-child, and offers to all her life and strength.

The morning is fresh and even a little cool. The dew lies silvery on the grass, and the beads bow themselves heavily beneath its pearly ornament. The fresh, sharp air causes many forgotten roses to bloom again on different cheeks. The swallows circle hither and thither, and the chorus of chaffinches and titlarks shout from the tops of the trees, a thousand-fold vivats!

The President's family distinguishes itself among the guests of the bath by a tasteful toilette, and a genteel carriage, the certain sign of aristocratic rank. Nina's beauty sets all the *lorgnettes* in motion. The gentlemen of the highest class among the visitors of the bath speedily surround this group. Many are old acquaintances, others would be so. Wealth, beauty, and rank assert their pretensions in the world, let people demonstrate as much as they please that all is but dust and ashes. No one noticed Clara, but Clara enjoyed more than they all. She had never before been at a watering-place; had never yet heard the song of the birds on a fresh, clear morning, had never seen the pearls of dew glitter in the grass, knew not the fragrance of plants, and the balm of the wide, free air. Now she perceived the glory of the earth, her heart was full, yes, overflowing; it swelled to thank the Creator for all his wonders; and she feared to burst into tears. Miss Greta observed the deep emotion of her soul, and sought with friendly sportiveness to moderate it. The two soon separated themselves from the rest, and advanced down the avenue. And who came toward them, tall, stately, and well-fed; the head somewhat thrown back, with a full, friendly, smiling countenance, and followed by a little boy, whose florid head nearly buried itself in his jacket collar, as if he would bend his ears from the morning air? Who but Baron H. and his Filius? In a

direct line he marched up to Miss Greta and Clara, who received him with some degree of surprise, but with great cordiality. Filius even is caressed by Miss Greta—who is not affectionate in free nature? They seated themselves on a bench under the trees. The avenue became every moment fuller of promenaders, whom the sunshine allured from the daisy saloon of the fountain.

Baron H. distributed on all sides salutations, hand-shakes, and friendly nods, for he knew the whole world. Miss Greta took the *lorgnette* to her aid, and Baron H. made known to her the passers-by, in his peculiar lively manner.

"There, my most gracious, goes a man who once alone in his life played the fool, and since then has certainly shown himself a brave fellow. This, on the contrary, achieved once an exploit *à la Titus*, set himself therefore to drink to the glory of it, and drank and drank himself down to the lowest step of humanity. One may see by this—"

"That one swallow makes no summer," said Miss Greta.

"Excellent! that is just what I mean. This oldish, venerable lady in the gay shawl is my gracious aunt S. In my youth I was much in her house. They were happy days for me when I saw her about to read a romance; on the contrary, anxiety pressed my heart together when she took up a sermon. Good-humor, acquiescence, and absolution for all faults, were the effect of the romance. A gloomily furrowed brow, severity, morals, and all sorts of interdictions, were the fruit of the sermon; from which one might obviously draw the conclusion, that we ought only to read romances, and no sermons."

"See!" said Clara, with an expression of the deepest sympathy, "see this unfortunate young woman who seems quite lame, and looks so ill. Do you know her?"

"Quite well. It is Fanny M., a poor girl without parents or relatives, and who does not know a single day of health."

"Good heavens!" sighed Clara with tearful eyes, "that is a sorrowful life."

"Not so much so as it appears. She has an amusement which lifts her above the troubles of life, and allows her to make many heavenly pilgrimages."

"And this is—"

"The reading of the best and most celebrated poets and authors. As it is her destiny on earth to be a worm-eaten flower, she drinks the dew of life out of a higher world, whose prophets are the poets. Who shall blame her for this, and not much rather from their hearts wish her happiness through it? Talk to her of Klopstock, and you will see how the languid eye will kindle."

And Clara's eye kindled at the thought of a comforted unfortunate. Miss Greta's attention was distracted by the passers-by.

"Tell me above all things, best Baron, who are this extraordinarily ugly and so faithfully-adhering-together family? Father and mother, five daughters, and three sons—did one ever see anything so owl-like? What people are they? I think they must be a great burden to each other."

"The best and happiest people in the world! Good, cheerful, witty, accomplished, well informed, and so affectionate to one another, that they are completely contented, and ask very little what the rest of the world thinks of them."

"I thank you for the conclusion! But tell me, I pray, who is the lady on the seat opposite to us? She greeted you a while ago. She makes a painful impression on me. Her features are noble, but not pleasing; there is something sinister in her expression. She is silent and gloomy as a mummy; has something happened to her? Can she be as others are? Can she speak a cheerful word and laugh?"

"That can she not; she can only pray. In these downcast eyes, this gloomy countenance, which belong rather to death than to life, we see that prayer only can save her from a deep thought which might degenerate into madness. I have been told that she had formerly a lover that was unworthy of her, and who died an evil death, that is, by his own hand. So much I know of Sophia T. that she is not happy in her paternal home. Father, mother, brothers, and sisters, are characters totally unlike herself, and therefore live in perpetual discord with her. Noisy contention and strife are the music of the house, and all exert themselves to outbawl each other."

"The intolerable creatures! and she the poor girl?"

"She keeps silence. She fleets away like a shadow, and lingers in this world only to pray for the unworthy one whom she loved, and for those who make her life a torment. Her expression reminds one of the martyr of Domichini. It is a silent, but living *Miserere*."

"Gracious heaven! an incessant prayer, and this unblest expression of countenance! It would make one despair."

"We ought never to do that. However long she may pray, she will finally gain an entrance into heaven; but everything has its time. Do not look so much at her; it is not good, and can do nothing for her. She must bear her burthen like many others."

"And if she become insane?"

"That has many a one been before her, and it is not the worst that can happen. The night of the crazed has also its morning. But let us notice something more agreeable. Can you imagine now on what that gentleman lives? What gives him strength and courage to bear his existence? It is *FORGETFULNESS*! He forgets everything but his dinner; care and joy, friendship and enmity. At night he has forgotten yesterday, and therefore he awakes in the morning a new man; or rather a new creature, if that seems to you more appropriate. And he there with the quiet manner, the serious brow, whose figure reminds you somewhat of a trunk—do you know what gives him joy of heart, activity, and freshness of life? It is *MEMORY*! His whole life is thankfulness. He lives, thinks, and strives only to acquire a fortune for the children of his benefactor."

"That is brave!" exclaimed Miss Greta.

"So say I too, and—ah! your most humble servant, Lady Presi—, a charming, dear lady. She has a delightful way of chatting on for whole hours; only it somewhat wearies one that she speaks always of herself, of her experiences and merits, and especially of her rule never to speak or think of herself. To listen to her, you would think that she lived from morning till night in a perpetual state of self-denial only for the sake of others, reckoning her own will and pleasure as nothing, but only taking thought for the comfort of her husband, the children, and the sister-in-law. (N.B.—I know many other ladies who live in the same sweet conviction.)

Quite touched by her own excellence, she receives with modest assurance all that the poets and other people of that kind say of the excellences of ladies, and looks upon herself as an actual angel. (See the N.B. above.) But a good friend has whispered me that her husband one day, on an acquaintance exclaiming, 'Your angel of a wife,' in the fulness of his heart replied, 'Yes, really a lovely angel!'

Miss Greta laughed and said, "You seem to find no angels among the ladies."

"Yes, my gracious one, I see more angels among them than is good for my head and heart; but my angels do not praise themselves."

"And in this they are right; for nothing is more fatal. But who is this? The gentleman looks like an author of great works, which I, however, have no desire to read."

"I must admire your good taste. He is actually an author, and indeed the writer of a book on the destination of the ladies; the contents of which may be said to be this: 'The wife shall be educated for the husband. Thou shalt be obedient to thy husband. Thou shalt endeavor to please him in every imaginable manner. He has faults; seek in deep humility to correct them, and that without his knowing of it. If they cannot be eradicated, seek then to hide them from the world, and love him only the more tenderly. In short, thou shalt only exist for thy husband, be submissive and perfect for all time. Amen!'"

"Do you know, Baron," said Miss Greta, "I often wish that you would turn author. I am persuaded you would give us many a good and profitable book."

"Do you know, my gracious lady, that I for a long time cherished the same conviction, and was already in the act of entering this path. I had already begun to write a philosophical romance, and was quite amazed at the wisdom and benevolence that flowed from my pen, and should pass thence into the hearts of men. It seemed to me that the world could not exist without my book, and I could scarcely conceive how it had been carried on without it till this time. I was already in the midst of my 'Opus,' when one day I took up the catechism in order to examine a little boy. I soon began to read for myself, and I can give you no idea of the impression which this perusal made upon me. Yea, I was as much moved as charmed and ashamed, when I saw as clear as the sun that the world was already in possession of all that it needed for eternity. I immediately arose and burned my manuscript, whose best thoughts I now saw were but an extract from the catechism; and from that time the voice of my understanding, whenever I have got a longing to instruct mankind, has invariably shouted to me in a tone of thunder—'They have Moses and the Prophets! if they hear them not, neither will they listen though one should rise from the dead!'"

"Very fine, dear Baron. But pardon me if I am disposed to believe that the 'divine laziness' has also a small part in the honour with which Moses and the Prophets inspired you against your work; and I confess that I am far from participating in your opinion of the sufficiency of a single book. Besides this, I need books to amuse me."

"You wished to be amused! Well then, my most gracious, do observe that gentleman with the heavy, and that lady with the light gait, who wander inseparably together in quest of pleasure, like two dogs in couples who continually snarl

and bite each other. Never did heaven, perhaps, create such a brother and sister. He finds difficulties in everything, in life, in death—in the latter of which he is probably right—in standing, going, sitting, and lying; enough, one cannot conceive how he gets through the world. She, on the contrary, belongs to the good-natured but obscure optimists, who, without knowing why, continually exclaim and protest 'that everything in the world is for the best.' She says of the earthquake in Lisbon, and of the horrors of the French revolution, that they were certainly for some good purpose. Is it bad weather? then she declares it will be all the finer for it to-morrow; and if the last day was arrived, and the destruction of the world, I am certain she would find a moment to assure some perishing fellow-christian that 'it will all turn out for the best.' And certain I am that this view of things *au fond* is quite correct, christian, and sensible, yet I cannot deny but that the good lady often reminds me of the parrot which, while a turkey-cock was pecking out its eyes, continued crying—'That is beautiful! that is beautiful!' I once had a mind to fall in love with her, for I would fain myself get on the best side of life, and it seemed to me that life must pass lightly with one who takes it so easily; but when she consoled me in a cursed attack of gout which tormented me for a whole year, also with her 'all for the best,' the affair broke suddenly off. For the rest, I can only from my heart wish her luck with her views of life, and must admire her patience with the heavy-blooded brother, who cannot live without her, and yet is in a continual fever of contradiction with her. The singularly dressed lady who follows her—"

"Ah! Madame K.: I know her," interposed Miss Greta. "This person has more than once tempted me to commit some folly or stupidity, or to defend them. When she spoke or listened, I became invariably thoughtless or giddy."

"You astonish me, since she is precisely the opposite of giddy."

"And that is the very reason; or rather, because she is so in a heavy, pompous way. She will be philosophical, I take it; and reasons, demonstrates, and refutes to eternity. A thousand times in her company occur to me the words of the Bible—'Let thy conversation be yea, yea, nay, nay; for whatever is more than this cometh of evil.' You smile, Clara; I see you think with me."

"And yet," observed the Baron, "this inquiry and disquisition may have a very honourable foundation; it is the necessity of explaining the world to her own satisfaction."

"You open up to me there a new view," said Miss Greta after a woman's reflection; "but in no case will I be one of those who receive the exposition from her, since she seems to me to have a wrong bent in her inquiries. I had a thousand times rather hear the good Madame N., who talks incessantly, but with all her soul, of her children and domestics."

"I admit that you are right, and am of your taste; this matter may also have its excellences, and the mind is much influenced by it—"

Here Miss Greta laid her hand on the Baron's arm, and said softly, but zealously, "In the name of heaven who is that?—who is that?—the lady there in the black dress, who just now goes round the elder-hedge? She looks like a wandering shade, and casts such a curious keen glance at us."

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Scarcely had Baron H. set his eyes on the black-clad lady, who at this moment disappeared behind the elder-hedge, than, as if struck with an electric shock, he sprang up and darted like an arrow after her. Miss Greta gazed after him with wonder and curiosity. They met first again in the fountain saloon, and the Baron, quite out of breath, flurried, and in perspiration, said only that he had fancied that he saw an acquaintance in the lady, but could not find her.

The little critical company now went on in silence, and filled and drank the prescribed pitcher religiously. While they are drinking and prom-enading, however, we will continue this criticism a little, hover with our eyes and thoughts over the swarming multitude, and confide to the reader our observations. For the doings and sufferings, life and action, of men, are a subject which does not soon weary the attention; to see how variously the world reflects itself in the many, and yet how we constantly recognize again the same men. All have the spirit of God and the prospect of death.

And death? Can we read anything of this in yon charming little head, which glances so gladly and full of life's enjoyment round it on the world? Its young possessor knows at least little about it. She loves the dance, music, a glad word and glad faces, the sun and the flowers. Her soul is turned completely toward the sunny side of life; she dreads the other like sin. She dances through life, innocent, singing and playing. Let no surly fellow shake his head at her; among men too there must be larks—

Sing, sing,	And thy mirth
Spread the wing,	Drive from earth
In the sunshine soar;	All its weariness;
Let the priests,	
Fat with feasts,	Still the worse
Hum their masses o'er.	Virtue knows;
	Let its path be trod,
Grief avast!	With glad chime
Let thy chaunt	Till it climb
Life's delights express;	To the throne of God!

LIFE'S WEARINESS!—Yes, if thou canst, refresh the spirit of life. See how yon bound heart steals to the fountain, not daring to hope, and knowing not joy. On the green tree on which I had already hung my lyre I will also sing for it a little air—

Is for thee earth's wide horizon  
Void of hope and full of gloom?  
Hopes thou to find no quiet  
But the slumber of the tomb?  
Oh! one means there yet is given  
For all suffering void of shame,  
One whose conquering force no'er faileth—  
Patience is its heavenly name.  
Yes, it is the tranquil haven  
Where the seaman drops his oar;  
Joy unto earth's weary wanderer,  
When his eye hath caught that shore.  
Patience stills all earthly sorrow,  
Calls forth day from midnight's gloom,  
And the thorn-crown of the sufferer  
Deth the victor's wreath become.

But where was I just now? Ah, rightly, at the watering-place. I sang joy and patience. Good!

But the poetical vein springs up with the lightest pressure, and its playful outpourings mingle with the waters of eternal life, which incessantly flow in the human soul from immortal fountains. I will pursue it, and observe the souls whom it will bless. Here are the good, the loving, they who breathe in mutual affection; how much good they do to my heart! How light and serene the air is in their neighborhood!

Here are the powerful, they who carve out their own fate with a mighty will, whose every respiration sends forth great thoughts; who observe life and themselves from the highest point of view. The sight of them is strengthening. Their eye is clear—is it to be wondered at? Have they not sought for and found the truth, the beautiful, the glorious, the love-deserving truth.

But they also to whom nature has not given great strength, has not endowed with the rich joys of life, who on the contrary receive with contentedness the crumbs which fall from the table of life, without wearying heaven with desiring wishes and prayers; the little insignificant ones, unnoticed by the world; how beautifully, how properly do these also make a part of the ordination of heaven? How much tranquil life does the flower enjoy upon the little window-sill, the little bird that sings upon it, the gentle sunbeam that falls upon the window; and while these care-free children of nature are supported by human exertion, somewhat of their tranquillity and their freshness of life pass from them into the breast of their human cherishers. It is beneficial and delightful to reflect how manifold are the fountains of joy and of pleasure which the all-good Father has provided for his children—and how he reveals himself in them. We become sensible of his presence not alone in the hours of religious observation; the divine spark lives in all the atoms of life: and wherever a pure human effort calls it out, it bursts forth in clear flames of joy. Love, nature, science, art, philosophy—are they not all thoughts of Him, emanations of God? Does not one or other of these regions offer to man a fatherland, in which he can build himself a home and dwell happily? The same heaven, the eternal sunbeam of the same love, expands itself over us all. How often does it not suddenly penetrate man as he goes on his way, amid his own activity, with an inexpressible clearness, with an infinite happiness; the beam of a higher, incomprehensible life passes over him, and he is compelled to exclaim, "There is a God!"

And yet there are so many poor forlorn-ones who are in want of everything which gives worth to life. It will not continue to be so! The prophets have had their time; the heroes their great days—now comes the Man. But mankind is legion; and every individual of this great mass steps forward in these days with his own authority before heaven, and demands room upon earth for his freedom, for his love, for his activity, and his happiness. That there should be at first much thronging, much cuffling and pushing is only natural. All press toward the healing, fresh-bubbling fountain—all will fill their cups. Many get thrust back and trodden down; but patience! it will be better: for the leaders of the people have spoken to the rocks, and these have opened their bosoms, and have poured forth a higher and a richer stream. In time all will be satisfied, all will have drank.

One fountain is there whose deep-lying vein has only just begun to throw up its silvery drops among mankind—a fountain which will allay the thirst of millions, and will give to those who drink from it peace and joy.

It is Knowledge, the fountain of intellectual cultivation, which gives health to mankind, makes clear his vision, brings joy to his life, and breathes over his soul's destiny a deep repose. Go and drink therefrom, thou whom fortune has

not favored, and thou wilt soon feel thyself rich! Thou mayest go forth into the world and find thyself everywhere at home; thou canst cultivate thyself in thy own little chamber; thy friends are ever around thee, and carry on wise conversations with thee; nature, antiquity, heaven, are accessible to thee! The industrious kingdom of the ant, the works of man, the rainbow and runic-records, offer to thy soul equal hospitality. The magnificence of creation illuminates not only thy eye, it glorifies thy thoughts, it enlightens thy understanding; oh, with such observations, with such impressions, feelings and adorations, has not earthly life enough? Enough! O inexpressibly, infinitely much!

But how is it enough—how is it so much? Eternal fountain of light and life! Because by that means we approach Thee, because by that means we press nearer to Thy being—learn to know Thee better! If, as a great author says, "The Pagan forgot the Creator in the creature," it befits certainly the true Christian everywhere to seek for the Creator in the created, to comprehend him, and to adore him.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE FIRE AND WATER ORDEAL.

Brother mine, keep thou good heart,  
Dance now! hark! they're playing!—BELLMAN.

And of a certainty we must make merry and be glad—nature will have it so, and so will the Creator. Music and dancing furnish the fundamental idea in the great opera of creation. The worlds dance, singing their circuit round the sun; the waves of the sea and the leaves of the trees dance in the wind, and the wind itself plays to their dancing; the will-o'-the-wisp dance on the moor; and heaven itself dances the shawl-dance, and rapidly, now in one way, now in another, drapes itself with clouds.

Savages dance in joy and pain; and the educated, who have brought those rude attempts to the highest degree of perfection, sing and dance, so that the animals listen, and the angels in heaven smile.

Upon a smooth green plot dance all the company at Ramlosa. Baron H. is kindly and zealously busied in introducing, right and left, dance-loving ladies and dance-loving gentlemen to each other. He compels, in all goodness, the dance-loving to advance, keeping time, into the circle, for Baron H. loved that people should be merry and sociable. He had, by a silent but universally accorded agreement, become the "*maitre de plaisir*" of the bath company. He knew all the world, and was in favour with all the world; and knew so well how to manage the world, that people willingly put themselves into his hands, and found themselves all the better for his guidance. This part was exactly suited to his lively, inoffensive humor, although much less for the corpulence of his person, which did not find itself most comfortable therefrom. He appeared, however, to have resolved to subject this to particular suffering; nay, he evidently was bent on getting released from his burden. Miss Greta joked with Clara on this proof of love, and prophesied that one of these beautiful days he would fall upon one knee before her, slender and genteel as Cousin

Pasteureau, and would get possession of her heart.

Cruel Miss Greta! While Baron H. was labouring to make life to everybody around him light and agreeable, she was devising in her head the most dangerous machinations against his peace—nay, even against his life. She had warmly determined, on the very next opportunity, to put the love of the Baron for Clara to several very hard probations. If she convinced herself that he sought Clara's hand out of pure, upright love, and that this courtship was not the result of a transient liking, or desire for a pleasant, comfortable life, with a quiet, patient, pretty young lady, then she would constitute herself his intercessor; if she found it otherwise, then she determined, with seriousness and energy, to put an end to all this love-making, which now had lasted more than three months, and made people already begin to talk. With this, she united the plan of getting at the knowledge, either by good means or bad, of whence Filius properly descended, and what relationship he had with his foster-father.

I must tell thee, dear reader, that Miss Greta was not a person, by any means, to play when she had once taken anything seriously into her head.

But where were we just now? O, at the dance on the grass-plot. The evening is beautiful. The wind has ceased to rock the leaves and flowers; he slumbers now in the wood; yet the little birds sing an evening song to the sun. Nina's bewitching sylph-like form floats around in the waltz. Her partner is a young man, handsome as a statue, with the features of an Apollo and the smiles of Cupid. What is his name? We will call him Don Juan. What is there remarkable in Don Juan? He is the hero of Lord Byron's longest poem; a cousin of Richardson's *Loveland*, and is renowned on account of his conquests over the weak of the fair sex, and consequently, according to the judgment of a certain thinker, an unquestionable favorite of all the ladies.

Holy Clarissa! Aurora Raby, thou the most lovely star-image which Byron conjured forth from his dark heaven! In your names protest we against this contracted judgment, and declare that that thinker only knew the ladies of great cities, already corrupted by the world, and not woman as she is properly and in truth!

Don Juan, in fact, was dangerous; for who could have foreboded treachery in that open, clear glance; in that cordial laughter; in that amiable unconstrained demeanor! Who believe that licentiousness dwelt in a soul which appeared to warm for all that was good and beautiful; in a soul that sighed, in the hours of confidential intercourse, because he had not found that in life after which he sought, and because he had not become that which he wished to be!

Nina foreboded nothing, and allowed herself to be carried away by a feeling of delight which operated pleasantly upon her. The Countess saw sufficiently into this state of feeling, and therefore interested herself in the highest degree for the fascinating foreigner and his extraordinary musical talent. He was one of the most familiar members of her circle. Miss Greta saw very clearly into this affair, yet she

was silent, and spoke shortly and coldly to Don Juan. Clara avoided him from a kind of repugnance, for which she could assign no cause, and which resembled that wise infallible instinct by which animals avoid an injurious plant; he, on the contrary, sought her—he very well knew why—and testified by so doing to the truth of the remark so frequently made, that the voluptuary seeks after the pure especially, but not in order to elevate himself to them, but only to draw them down to him in the dust. Clara, however, in the mean time, appeared to be only a secondary thought to him, and from day to day he devoted more exclusively his attentions and his homage to the affectionate Nina.

But now back to the dance—no, the dance is at an end. Baron H., who had taken for his partner a lady whom nobody else had engaged, lay panting in the grass after an exhausting Mazurka. Miss Greta with her own hand presented him with a glass of lemonade. The President waited for his Countess, who, somewhat uneasy, looked about her for Nina, but who very soon forgot her anxiety in a most interesting conversation with a handsome colonel. Nina, in company with several young lady friends and acquaintance, had undertaken a walk to a distant and shadowy part of the park. Don Juan followed her, and endeavored to fix her attention. Unobserved he separated her from the rest, and then, as they all seated themselves to rest a while, he selected a place for Nina sufficiently apart to speak with her unheard, and yet sufficiently near not to excite any anxiety in herself. The tranquillity of the warm evening, the shade of the leafy trees, all conspired to excite the melancholy tone of mind peculiar to Nina. Her beautiful brow rested dreamily on her hand, and she gazed into the twilight distance. The state of her feelings did not escape him; it was what he wanted. With a low, melodious voice, he spoke of the emptiness of ordinary life, of its fetters and its coldness. He spoke so warmly, and with such inspiration of Nature; in her, he said, was revealed the wisdom and the goodness of God. He spoke of a life conformable with nature; a life, therefore, beautiful and rich; a life like that which the patriarch led, or as man even now leads in beautiful, warm countries, and in which every man has legitimate pretensions. He extolled the power of love to govern all things; he called it the blessed dream of life that alone improved and ennobled. He quoted texts from the Gospel of St. John. His words were clear; his voice charming; his conversation poetical. Nina saw not the serpent which lurked under the flowers. She listened almost without thought; an enchantment seemed to have come over her. Strange, confused, but agreeable feelings swelled in her breast; she gave herself up to them with a sort of enjoyment. Nature, as it were, unfolded her; she had sunk into her bosom, had lost herself in her flower-odors, shadows, and dew-drops, and melted away into the vondrous life around her. A sea of pleasure rocked in her soul—tears gushed to her eyes, that were cast down before the burning glances of Don Juan, which were riveted immovably upon her, and as with magic power.

The other groups were set in motion, and people rose in order to return. Nina rose also; she raised her eyes up to heaven and looked at the twinkling stars. These made a painful impression upon her. They seemed to look sternly and coldly down upon her. Edla's penetrating glance came to her remembrance. Nina sank her eyes with an involuntary desire to remove herself from Don Juan: this escaped not his experienced eye, and hastily, but in a low and troubled voice, he said, "Thanks for this hour, after long joyless years. The remembrance of it will be my good angel, and will teach me to bear more easily the weariness of life. Perhaps I appear to you inconstant and frivolous; yet a deep sentiment breathes in my heart. I was solitary—nobody understood me—nobody rightly knew me—and I—never have been fortunate!"

The last words he spoke with an expression of the deepest feeling. He ceased, and offered his arm to Nina. She took it. He was indeed unhappy—nobody understood him. Silently they returned through the still shadowy trees to the company, whose noise was unpleasant to them. Nina walked along with drooped eyelids, a riddle to herself; but she felt the looks which people directed to her.

The company was still assembled upon the dancing ground. They listened to a flute-player, who blew the last quavers as the walking party rejoined them. Don Juan was surrounded, and besought to set the crown to the pleasures of the evening by his universally acknowledged talent. He did not require long solicitation, but taking a guitar from the hands of the Countess, seated himself upon a mossy stone and preluded.

It was beautiful to see him as he sat there; the lovely head, with whose locks the evening wind played, sunk in thought, while the skilful white hand touched the strings. He sang, and all were ear. People had never heard anything more beautiful. It was a wild romance, which painted the pangs of unhappy love. Passion, crime, wild happiness, madness, and death, were depicted. The singer grew pale before his own tones; the listeners with him. A shudder of horror thrilled through the company, and the leaf of the tree trembled sympathetically. All was silent, as if almost stunned, while the last incoherent melancholy accords, like death-sighs floated away. He then riveted a long, burning glance on Nina, and his voice became liquid and loving; the singer seemed as if drunken with enchantment. He sang now happy, free, paradisaical love, as Albano and Correggio have painted it. In Nina's heart chords were touched which never had resounded till then. Foreboding, desire, an infinite woe, and a nameless joy seized upon her. Was it an abyss—was it a heaven, which was about to open itself before her! She knew not. She would that she might have died at that moment, and yet never before had she such a foretaste of the fulgour and the affluence of life as then.

That which seized, however, so strongly on Nina's heart, was not without its operation on others; and many a heart overflowed, and many an eye, while it filled with tears, cast a glance into a lost Eden. Many a rosy remembrance awoke in the breast of the gray-headed

man and the elderly lady—no, that goes too far! We cannot spend our time reckoning up all the impressions which every song makes. Great is the power of song, but great also is that of sleep, at least in our good north. Miss Greta was the first who made this remark, as turning herself to Baron H., she said—"The song is very beautiful, but not beautiful enough to keep us here the whole night. Let us do something that is better than sitting here—namely, let us go home."

The Baron replied in a language which Miss Greta could not understand till she had observed him nearer; he lay in the grass, and—snored.

Miss Greta beckoned to Clara, and smiling, showed her the sleeper.

"He will take cold," said Clara with an anxious mien; took a shawl and laid over him.

Was it the consequence of a dream, or did the wicked man wake? Enough, as Clara bent herself in order to lay the shawl over him, he raised his arms. Clara drew herself up hastily, and he only caught hold of her hand, which he kissed heartily. Miss Greta looked on. Filius went on in the mean time with business on his own account. He had on this evening got up a little passion for a certain Caroline, a pretty fifteen-years-old German girl, and was making love to her by drawing arabesques upon her shoes and the hem of her dress with a piece of chalk. It was in vain that the young girl repeated—"Let that alone, dear Filius! let me be quiet, dear youth! you are insufferable!" In vain—he was now in full inspiration, and seemed neither to hear nor to feel. Miss Greta, who sat near the persecuted girl, and had watched the goings on of Filius addressed him in an authoritative tone. Filius turned himself silently round, and nearly in the same moment Miss Greta saw a great white Roman nose upon her own dark green silk dress. That was too much. While Miss Greta noticed the scene between Baron H. and Clara, her fine lips compressed themselves almost imperceptibly together; a certain bitterness showed itself in her countenance, and her white fingers found their way to the blond locks of Filius, and "au! au! au!" resounded his shrill cry of pain.

Baron H. sprang up with the agility of a squirrel, and exclaimed "Filius!"

Filius, with violent sobs, hastened to his protector, and could only bring forth the words—"She lugged—lugged—lugged me!"

A merry astonishment diffused itself in the company, as Baron H. looked at Miss Greta with a countenance that seemed to demand an explanation. Miss Greta raised herself with some dignity, and said—"My good Baron, I am not going in the first place really to assert that he deserved the chastisement. All that I have to say is, that in future you yourself may undertake the office which I have found myself obliged to assume, and truly wholly in the way in which I have administered justice; otherwise the buy will be insupportable."

Baron H. answered not a syllable, but took Filius, who was already pacified by Clara, by the hand, and looked as if he were about to depart.

The remainder of the company dispersed at

the same time. Clara hoped to receive her shawl again, but found that it was not the case. The Baron wrapped it very calmly about himself, praised its warmth, its softness, and its "gentle character."

Miss Greta gave Clara one of her shawls, for she had several with her, and went silently homeward. When they were about to separate, Clara besought in the politest manner for her shawl. Baron H., however, put it into his pocket, and declared that he should preserve it as a keepsake.

Nina was accompanied by Don Juan to her own door. Again he fixed upon her one of his fiery glances, and then left her; and as she was going to bed she was enchanted by a serenade which was sung delightfully from behind the hedge under her window. The moon shone bright; it shone upon her bed; the shadow of the dark cross of the window-frame lay directly upon her breast. Nina observed it. She lay under the emblem of suffering and renunciation, yet was she surrounded by a heavenly glory. Without lived love and song. Her heart beat uneasily; her thoughts were wildly tempest; her tears began to flow; and while she lay with arms crossed upon her bosom, she surrendered herself in still prayer to Him who read her heart better than herself, and who decided her fate.

That same evening Miss Greta called Clara to account for the words, "He will take cold," and gravely inquired whether she intended to keep him warm with only her shawl, or with her heart also. Clara negatived this question, at first laughingly, and then with much seriousness.

"Good," thought Miss Greta.

Notwithstanding this, Clara this evening had much to endure from her friend, who could be occasionally tolerably unmerciful, and who inquired often after the shawl which Clara had lost. Miss Greta declared also that she wished to see other proofs of the Baron's love to Clara than those of stealing her clothes. Then again she would exclaim with a roguish glance, "I am quite curious to know what will be the end of the affair." But Clara exhibited no sensibility about these jests; she remained quite calm, and permitted nothing to mislead her. The good understanding, however, between Miss Greta and the Baron was really somewhat disturbed. A certain constraint, a kind of cold politeness, for several days took the place of their former easy friendship.

But does it not really seem as if we had forgotten the President? We have truly not forgotten him; but near his brilliant wife, of whom he was very proud, and also somewhat jealous, he stepped always more and more into the shade. He drank every day with the utmost scrupulosity his twelve glasses, and complained somewhat of his stomach and his temper; about which the Countess did not trouble herself. She practised music for hours with Don Juan and Nina. Alone with them, and especially with Nina, Don Juan developed his most admirable talents. He swam, as it were, in music, and became intoxicated with his own melody. Nina felt herself as if bewitched, and every day fell more and more into a state of mystical melancholy. Don Juan's passion for

her betrayed itself every day more violently and more intelligibly. He surrounded her with his homage, with his songs, with his glowing poetical beings; her life swung itself upon a sea of sweet sound and poetical delight.

As strong flower odors operate, so operated this musical breath of incense upon her; it was a delicious but a stupefying sensation; a pleasant intoxication, a sweet poison—in which one may die, my reader—at least in the soul!

"But the pure angels in God's heaven they sing truly also! Song is of a truth, something so beautiful, so divine! How could the soul die of it?"

"The noblest work may, in the hands of the evil disposed, become a means of ruin. There is fire which illumines and warms, but there is fire also which destroys."

"But—"

"But! and but—thou affectionate angel, whose pure soprano I hope one day to hear in the chorus of the singers in heaven—I have not time to-day to spend upon thee. Besides which, Clara, who is more pious, who is purer and better than I, will answer thy doubts."

"Why do you almost always leave the room, Clara," asked Miss Greta, "when Don Juan seats himself at the piano, and sings so that Nina almost dissolves away, and Natalie looks inspired, and turns her eyes on every side, excepting to that on which the President sits, who, however, does all that is possible to look inspired also! Tell me, why do you always go out then?"

Clara blushed, and answered smiling, "Because I will neither be dissolved by Don Juan's tones, nor will I be inspired by them;" she paused for a few moments, and then added, blushing still deeper, "I love music infinitely, and I have not a harder heart than Nina—but there is something in Don Juan's music which does not please me. It excites and enervates, without again tranquillizing. There is a something in it which tells me that his intentions are not pure and honest."

"But your heart and your understanding are so!" said Miss Greta, embracing her friend; "I only wish that that 'beautiful and perfect Nina,' as Natalie calls her, had but half your sense."

"Speak to her! warn her!" besought Clara, with heartfelt warmth; "she is so young and so good!"

"With that I have nothing to do," returned Miss Greta with decision, "I do not properly understand that girl; and, besides that, there very soon comes somebody who will speedily put an end to this commotion about Don Juan. We expect Count Ludwig one of these days, and I think then that these hot music lessons may be discontinued. I have spoken, indeed, to Natalie, but that is the same as saying I have preached to deaf ears. Besides this, she has the talent of making white out of black and — But the hour of noon strikes. Put on your tulle pelerine, Clara—that is, if you have one left, it is extremely odd of Baron H. that he —"

Clara stopped the jesting lips with a kiss, and hastened to accompany her friend to the *table d'hôte*.

Miss Greta seated herself at table by Baron

H. It seemed as if they would become friendly the one with the other. The Baron, whose most brilliant time of the whole day was dinner-time, and who was possessed of the uncommon power of eating and talking at the same time, and of doing both with much zeal and taste—the Baron H. was quite “charmant.” He conversed a great deal with Miss Greta on the education of children, and she imparted to him, half in jest and half in earnest, several very palpable pieces of advice, which might be more wholesome than agreeable to Filius. Miss Greta spoke even of his future, and inquired whether it would not be better that he followed his mother’s profession on the boards—yet, remarked she at the same time, Filius appeared to have very little turn for dancing, and walked with his toes rather turned inward.

The Baron looked at Miss Greta with the greatest astonishment, coughed, drank a glass of wine, and replied that the boy might learn just what he liked.

Miss Greta then advised the Baron to let him become a decorating painter, and related with much liveliness the history of the Roman nose, and the lugging upon the dancing-ground. Both laughed at it. The Baron acknowledged that he had more than deserved the little correction, and besought Miss Greta’s advice in the business of education, but he said nothing of actual participation in it. Miss Greta promised to do all that lay in her power, and therefore took care that the Baron, at least, should be served twice with all the delicacies which appeared on the table. They agreed so excellently on all points and in everything, that Clara, who sat opposite to them, smiled to herself at it, but did not observe how they agreed most of all in their good opinion of her and her praise. The eyes of the Baron sparkled like two crystal balls on which the sun shone.

The great friendship of the antagonists even extended itself to the afternoon; and as Baron H., conformably to what Miss Greta called his “reducing system,” proposed a long walk after dinner, she assented with the greatest willingness, although otherwise no great friend to walks. Clara pleased herself with the magnificent scenery which Baron H. promised to show, and walked tranquilly and happily by the side of her friends. Filius, who was still angry with Miss Greta, and looked at her now and then with a distrustful side-glance, showed himself nevertheless very lively, and plucked the loveliest flowers for Clara and his father. Miss Greta remarked, that if the boy were rude, he was on the other side true to those from whom he had experienced kindness. She almost resolved to attempt for once the gentle method with him, in order to obtain some power over him.

The difficult gentleman and the careless lady were the only two of all the company who walked with them—we do not rightly know why. After they had left behind them a considerable piece of way, a thunder cloud which made its appearance in the sky occasioned the difficult gentleman to assume a most woful countenance, and Miss Greta to ask inwardly whether a storm, with lightning, thunder, and rain, might not perhaps belong to the magnificent scenery which the Baron had promised

her friend. Yet, either out of wantonness or good humor, she said nothing of her doleful presentiments. Baron H. looked up for once to the ever-threatening and blackening clouds, and still continued the ramble in the very best of humors. Not so the difficult gentleman. He lingered a few paces behind with his sister, and Miss Greta heard the following dialogue between them.

“It seems to me that this will be a pretty affair! We shall have a thunder-storm, as sure as I am alive! The foolish Baron! We shall get pretty well soaked!”

“I assure you there is no danger. The thunder-storm will go over—the wind is just opposite to it.”

“Opposite, opposite! Gracious Heaven! what a thing it is! If the wind and the thunder-clouds are opposed to one another, how can the wind help otherwise than by filling all the sooner our eyes with dust and blowing away our hats! The wind is perfectly horrible! I should only like to know how the wind is good for anything in the world!”

“Certainly it is good for something. It pleases me very much: one goes forward as swiftly when one has the wind behind one’s back. Besides this, an air-bath is now and then very agreeable to me—it is also healthy.”

“Bathe as much as you have any wish for, in air or in dust. I, for my own part, only desire to be excused. A drop of rain! Now we have it! It will not leave off again for eight days. Oh! I already perceive a return of my old rheumatic pain. Only see there—all the cursed water-masses are drawing together as if the Creator intended a second deluge.”

“You’ll see that we shall get under shelter before it pours down. These black stripes are nothing in themselves, and besides they are so far apart. Soon we shall be at the end of our ramble, and Baron H. has promised us good coffee then.”

“Coffee! Yes, yes, I’ll answer for it, we shall drink coffee out of a rain-water puddle!”

“That we shall escape.”

“Escape! I’ll tell you what, escape is not to be spoken of. We shall all be drowned. This walk will be the death of me!”

“Should we not perhaps turn back! We shall certainly reach the bath without—”

“We shall reach nothing but a proper bath, and a thunder-storm into the bargain.”

“But we can make the attempt, and hope for the best.”

“No, say I! No, no, no!”

“But then what shall we do! It is certainly better to go somewhere—either forward or backward—than stay here.”

“There we have it! What shall we do, is always said whenever people are about to commit some folly, and then people stand with their mouths wide open. Baron H.! Baron H.! we shall have a storm; we shall be drowned in a waterspout. I think that man is deaf! He hears no more than a stone. Baron H.—H. H.—Baron!”

Baron H. made as if he were deaf, and stepped onward quicker than ever. At last, however, he received such a violent pluck by the coat-laps that he stumbled backward a few steps, and fell with the whole weight of his

away into the arms of the difficult gentleman, who screamed out with the whole strength of his lungs, "We shall have a storm! we shall have a storm!"

"Ah, bah!" said the Baron, phlegmatically, and at some trouble to suppress his laughter.

"Ah, bah here, and ah bah there! We shall have a storm, I say, and shall all of us be wet to the skin, and that entirely because of your wilfulness."

"We shall have no storm, I say; but if you are so fearful, look only about—there stands a barn. There is a roof under which, and hay upon which, you can rest till the danger is over."

"That is charming, indeed," cried the sister.

"Charming! My sister finds everything charming; as if the people did not know that the lightning always strikes barns. Besides which, the hay smells abominably—charming!"

Miss Greta could no longer contain herself: the peal of hearty laughter into which she burst annoyed the difficult gentleman to that degree that he took the arm of his sister, left the company, and posted off by the directest way to the barn. After Miss Greta had satisfied herself with laughter, in which the Baron, and even Clara, joined company, she said somewhat gravely—

"For the rest, my dear Baron, I must tell you that a shower of rain, of natural scenes, is that one for which my curiosity, is least of all excited; and if you think that we shall soon have such a one, I beseech permission, at least for me and Clara, that we may enjoy it from the barn."

Baron H., who, perhaps on account of the coffee, was especially desirous of reaching the end of their ramble, would not hear anything about the barn; he pledged himself for the passing over of the storm—the few rain-drops would signify nothing—the sun certainly would be enticed forth again by a lively song; on which account he immediately struck up a song about spring, and that truly, as Miss Greta expressed it, "with the most infamous voice in the world." And see! the sun actually showed himself, the storm dispersed, and the company set forward on their way, after they had lavished in vain calls, signs, and beckonings of every kind, on the brother and sister in the barn. The wind, which impelled the clouds now ever more violently before it, and every minute increased in strength, was troublesome only to the ramblers. Miss Greta was very soon heated and weary, which they in part might perceive by her becoming silent, and in part by her warning Clara to wrap her shawl closer about her, to hold her bonnet fast, and not to walk on the mown grass, which Clara had not been able to avoid, as she helped the little Filius to collect plants.

Baron H., on the contrary, became more and more lively, and praised his beautiful weather, and his beautiful sunshine. They were walking along the side of a brook, across which, from one high bank to the other, people had laid planks by way of a bridge. This crossing, however, seemed to be of so fragile a nature that one might have feared, with reason, that it was not capable of sustaining a human being.

At this very moment a gust of wind carried

away Clara's bonnet and veil, and lodged them in a fir-tree on the opposite bank. The astonishment and confusion of the company were great.

Now I assure thee, dear reader, that I do not at all know what mischief-loving demon put it into Miss Greta's head at this very moment to put the Baron's love to Clara to the test.

Baron H. stood and looked at the bonnet in the fir-tree in a sort of astonishment, without giving the least evidence in the world of any design of venturing over the dangerous bridge.

Miss Greta looked at him with the words—"Now dear Baron!"

"Yes, my most gracious, that is a most disagreeable affair."

"A disagreeable! In your place I should call it a fortunate one. Here have we precisely one of those accidents so rare in our stiff, formal world, in which it is permitted a lover to serve his fair one, and to exhibit the chivalrous feeling despite of danger. Certainly you will not allow this opportunity to pass over unused."

"Your most obedient servant. But, in the mean time, we will wait a little; a gust of wind carried the bonnet away, a gust of wind may bring it back again. We will yet see; let us only wait a little."

"I admire your patience," said Miss Greta. "Now I foresee that to-morrow, at this very time, we shall be standing in this very same place; in the mean time Clara's pretty bonnet will be dragged about famously, and the wind will occasion her headache and toothache."

"May I not offer you my hat, Mamselle Clara!"

"No, no, Baron; she does not take it, make yourself sure of that. She knows quite too well how to value the head of a fellow-creature for her to deprive it of its covering. No; if you would benefit Clara, you must think of some other way."

Baron H. had eaten a great dinner; he was warm with his ramble; only a knight like Don Quixote would wonder that with his eight-and-forty years he delayed to expose himself to a cold bath. Clara asserted repeatedly that she was quite able to go home without a bonnet, and that if anybody was to venture over the bridge it should be herself. In vain endeavored she to release herself from the arms of Miss Greta, who held her fast.

The three stood for some time in the wind looking across at the fluttering bonnet, and waiting for the fortunate gust of wind which the Baron had prophesied. At length losing all patience, Miss Greta exclaimed—"No, I can endure it no longer! And as Baron H. thinks so little about Clara, and fears so very much to do anything for her, I shall go myself. Be quiet, Clara."

"That you shall not," said the Baron very determinately, and held her back; "for although I do not like to find myself unnecessarily in danger, yet I fear a cold bath not at all, and least of all if it were taken for the good of Clara."

And with this, without any more ado, he mounted upon the wooden bridge, from under which a flock of ducks comfortably quacked and hissed.

Miss Greta, who invincibly held fast hold of

Clara's arm, sent the Baron a half-loud observation on his word "unnecessarily;" yet very soon, however, did she follow with inward disquiet his steps over the wooden bridge, which bent more than she had expected. What feeling at this moment had sovereignty in her breast, whether fear or remorse, we cannot say, because she had not confessed it to any one.

In the mean time the Baron was almost within reach of his object, without having met with any adventure, when that happened which it was impossible that any one could have foreseen. The fatal bridge consisted of three planks, the middle one of which was decayed. Baron H. had hitherto avoided the "juste milieu," and had gone with one foot upon the left and the other upon the right plank, then by fashioning his legs into a sort of door, which excited the fancy of Filius to prepare a surprise for his father by making use of the same. He would, he thought, rapidly pass him by this means, and fetch the bonnet from the tree before him. Unfortunately the Baron was no Colossus of Rhodes, neither was Filius particularly agile; as he therefore suddenly threw himself like an arrow in the pass, instead of clearing his father at once, he got entangled between his legs. The father uttered a cry of surprise and horror, for he was very near losing his balance, and only recovered it by involuntarily raising his arm, which he let fall upon Filius. At the same moment Miss Greta ascended the bridge; in order, by separating the parties, to make an end of this extraordinary combat. This three-fold burden was too much for the wooden bridge; it bent—it cracked—it broke! and with a great noise the Baron, Miss Greta, and Filius fell into the brook, directly down upon the peaceful ducks, which flew away with loud cries.

The waves closed over Baron H. When his head appeared again above water, he sent forth such extraordinary notes and sounds, that people—I think with King David—might have said of him, "he cried like a crane, twittered like a swallow, and cooed like a dove." As soon, however, as he had sputtered out the water and wiped his eyes, he swam thence also like a swan, and hastened to the assistance of his unfortunate companions. Miss Greta in the mean time had not for one moment lost her customary decision. With one hand she had caught hold of the plank of the bridge, and with the other of the blond locks of Filius—this time, however, for a purpose quite different to the first—and during this she had called to Clara, "not to be anxious, for that she was already safe." We know not, however, for all that, how she could ever have been so, had not Baron H. shoved along with great dexterity, first Filius and then herself, to where the shore of the brook was less steep and offered a more easy landing-place. If the swimmers had had artistical thought enough to have grouped themselves somewhat more skillfully, they would have conferred a great pleasure on an artist; alas! however, there was not one there.

Baron H., with his lively, good-humored countenance, was a blameless river-god; Miss Greta, with her fair complexion, and her regular features, a stately Naid, and so on.

Baron H. had laid down his dear burden on the grass of the shore, where she was received by the pale and terrified Clara. He himself, however, who appeared to have found swimming to his taste, ascended only on shore to take off his coat, after which he again plunged into the water, swam over to the other side, and soon returned thence, bearing Clara's bonnet back in triumph. He held it forth with one hand, as he worked his way through the water with the other. Miss Greta was enchanted with this chivalric behavior; her taste for the comic had in this accident found welcome food, and the whole procession of the immersed gave occasion to the liveliest sallies. She was in the best humor in the world; the shores resounded with incessant peals of laughter; and the little lately occurred mischance—as so often happens among good people—only served to draw them nearer to each other, to make of them more cordial friends.

The unlucky company was conducted by Baron H. into a little cove, which was shaded from the wind by the high shore and an elder-thicket, and here they dried their clothes a little in the evening sun. Yet, as Miss Greta said, they could not end their days in the cove.

"What is now to be done?" was the general question. They found themselves in fact in an inconvenient condition. Clara offered herself to run to Ramlösa and fetch a carriage. This Miss Greta emphatically forbade, because, as she asserted, Clara would run herself into a consumption: should they, wet through as they were, in this wind, in this dust, tread back their way on foot! To Miss Greta this drying method appeared more than doubtful; the company was in the greatest embarrassment. We, however, are not in the least so, for we hear from afar the sound of horses' hoofs and the rattling of an ever-approaching carriage. Before long our friends perceived also this welcome noise. Baron H. sprang forward several paces, and cried with a loud voice, "Hallo! hobo! heda! hallo!"

The traveller was no other than Count Ludwig R. in his own particular person. How astonished he looked! how politely he offered his magnificent landau; how the wet company and Clara seated themselves therein: how displeased the post-horses were with this additional four-fold burden; how the postillion consoled himself with the promise of a double amount of drink money—all this leave I for the reader to picture to himself at pleasure.

The Countess Natalie was assiduously taking one of her singing lessons, and Don Juan was transporting Nina and her with one of his wild ballads, as the unlucky company, attended by their deliverer, entered the room. Great was the excitement produced by the arrivals. At first astonishment, exclamations, questions, and general confusion; then general constraint, when Count Ludwig came forward. Nina turned pale as the Count, with more than his customary friendliness, approached her. A slight crimson of embarrassment tinged the cheeks of the Countess as she presented Don Juan to the new comer. Don Juan alone looked indifferent as somewhat negligently he returned the inquiring glance to the stiff bow of the Count.

We cannot, however, yet lose sight of our wet-through friends, for an extraordinary fate stands yet before them. How they were dried—how they drank elder-tea, and went early to bed—how Filius, spite of all this, had a bad cold in his head, we will make so free as to pass over. On the contrary, we must mention that Miss Greta, on the day after the water ordeal—which, upon the whole, had only given a doubtful result—received an invitation from her aunt the Dowager Countess Nordstjerna, who lived at the distance of four-and-twenty hours, to visit her at her estate lying six English miles from Ramlösa. The card of invitation contained also the inquiry whether Miss Greta wished to be received in an "agreeable or a disagreeable manner:" to which Miss Greta immediately replied, "in a disagreeable manner."

It grieves me not to have time enough to make my reader better acquainted with the Countess Nordstjerna, for I am convinced—let them be as anti-aristocratic as they may—that they would have great pleasure in it. A better bred old lady one could not easily meet with; I mean by this, not so much well-bred and distinguished in regard to birth and behavior, but much more that *je ne sais quoi* which makes people the opposite of whatever is common, disagreeable, and rude, and speaks the more of nobility of soul, of purity of manners, and undeviating goodness of heart. How amiable the old lady was! To have seen and known her belongs to my dearest recollections. She was amiable to high and low—I use these words in their customary signification—toward old and young—and enchanted young people especially by tasteful, merry exhibitions and intellectual inventions—by her benevolence and—and—I cannot find any word to express that anxiety which she had for the entertainment of others, and which caused her always to diffuse life and gaiety around her. She was also rich, and therefore in a condition to carry out and accomplish her ideas and wishes, and to collect around her all that she blessed. I see, my dear reader, that you fancy her already surrounded with artists and works of art—with brilliant young people, and all the objects of luxury. No, no, dear reader—behold exactly the reverse! all, namely, that is ugly, poor, defenceless, and despaired—

O ye genii, zephyrs, graces, loves! If you had but seen the ugly young ladies and three lame widows—every one of them poor and forlorn—which she had assembled around her, I think you would have run away—run away for terror and horror! Harmony and Christian love, however, did not run away, they felt themselves extremely well placed in this select circle; and the ten planets circulated, after the example of the heavenly bodies, with order and clearness around their sun, the angelically good and serene Countess. In this sphere of uncommon ugliness and uncommon excellence, strangers were very gladly received, and it was also entered very gladly by them.

Miss Greta felicitated herself on this visit, and set off on the day appointed in the best hu-

mour in the world, accompanied by Clara. Several unforeseen hindrances had prevented her setting out from Ramlösa earlier than afternoon; and she felt—as we do also—a little dissatisfaction in knowing that the Countess would have been expecting her in vain for several hours. Baron H. drove his two friends with a deal of skill, and sang the while, in coachman fashion—but with little skill—a ballad, which somewhat annoyed Miss Greta. Baron H., however, possessed the little weakness of being pleased with his own false bad singing.

The journey was prosperous; they arrived and alighted from the carriage. Miss Greta was received in the magnificent hall by the Nine Muses, who, with Medusa-heads and extraordinary head-gear, stood between the Corinthian pillars, and made, with fire-tongs upon copper pans and kettles, such fearful music, brawling all the while a chorus, of which our reader may well dispense with the repetition. We can only assert that the party and the singing perfectly answered the accompaniment.

Miss Greta considered the music transportingly "disagreeable," yet still the whole scene was tolerably flat, as much wanting in wit as novelty. She wondered that her wise aunt had hit upon such an unwise reception of her, and sighed with compassion over the old lady's declining powers of understanding.

In the mean time the hostess appeared so very much pleased to see her, so amiable and agreeable to those who accompanied her, and seemed herself so indescribably enchanted with the grotesque reception-solemnity which she had devised, that it was quite impossible not to be as lively as she was. Several strangers from the neighborhood, both old and young, were assembled there, and made the company yet more lively. They spent the evening in telling ghost-stories, and those the most horrid that they could possibly think of. The Countess, herself, described with the fullest amplification the ghosts which from time to time she had seen in her own castle. The history of a beautiful girl, who two hundred years ago was married here in the night-time to the Lord of the castle, and was then murdered by her revengeful mother, made a most shuddering impression upon all, especially when they were told that this midnight marriage-scene was always repeated on certain nights, and had been seen by various inhabitants of the castle.

"It seems," said the Countess, "as if the lovers, by this means, would make known their defiance of and protestations against the fearful treatment which had separated them on earth."

Baron H. declared that he had always very much wished, for once, to see a ghost, and he should not have any objection, on that very night, to make some supernatural acquaintance. Miss Greta was silent.

At supper the farce was continued; and as Miss Greta, who had brought an excellent appetite with her, met with a variety of dishes, which in truth were no dishes at all, she laughed more and more constrainedly; when, however, an egg which she struck with her knife did not crack—because it was made of white marble—she ceased laughing altogether, gave

\* The whole of the extraordinary scenes which follow, are a true picture of some of those practical jokes, in which the Swedes find so much amusement and delight. The Countess Nordstjerna is a picture from life.—M. H.

up the attempt, and assumed a very serious countenance. They saw she felt hurt.

Clara and the Baron, on the contrary, continued in the beat of humors; they made a thousand jokes about the extraordinary dishes; Miss Greta only was annoyed; the hostess and the Nine Muses kept up one peal of laughter.

Miss Greta, however, was yet tried more severely, when on going to bed in the evening, she lay on three real eggs, which had been hidden between the sheets, and in this manner made a most unpleasant dish of buttered eggs. She was actually angry, and poured forth a violent philippic on such-like "old-fashion stupidities," into which she could not conceive how her aunt had fallen, and whose sense and taste she vowed to amend.

In the mean time Baron H. had to give battle with the cray-fish in his bed, which pinched him on hands and feet, and left it by no means a mistake of his to call them "infamous canaille." After he had manœuvred them, with unspeakable trouble, into his pocket-handkerchief, his first thought was to throw them down into the court. As he however opened the window, a soft wind came in toward him, which found its way as it were to his very heart. It blew away his indignation against the ugly but innocent creatures, and grieved him that they should die miserably in a dry sand, while he himself slept comfortably in an easy bed. Softly he shut the window, as softly as if he had been about some crime, slipped on his great coat, and sneaked through his door down stairs into the garden. Here he paused, standing beside a brook with his little bundle in his hand. The cray-fish moved themselves significantly, not anticipating the hour of deliverance, because, from ancient times, with them man's hand and the hand of the executioner mean the same thing. It was not without pleasure that the Baron heard his bedfellows fall into the water, and as he saw how the full moon mirrored herself in the clear waves, it was to him as if he saw the countenance of a good mother watching over her children. The pious wish rose in his heart, that peace reigned upon earth, and that not even a worm might be tormented.

Extraordinary! Did an angel hear his wish, and go to bear it to the Father of all being? For exactly at that very moment, a white veiled female figure glided thence among the trees and vanished. Baron H. wished to observe her more nearly; he hastened after her, saw her one moment, lost sight of her the next, and plunged into a morass. Here he almost fell upon his nose, and determined therefore to return to his chamber. Arrived there, he found himself heated and without the least inclination to sleep. The moonlight invited him to a midnight walk, and yet the company, which it was possible he might encounter, did not quite satisfy him. He closed his chamber window, and lighted his candles.

Baron H. belonged to that class of character which is not willingly alone. His joyous, philanthropic temperament required sympathy. A confidential evening talk with good friends was preferable to him to comfortable sleep. This necessity for companionship he felt to-night more vividly than ever. He missed his Filius, who had remained behind under the protection

of the Countess. Miss Greta's want of good-humor during the past evening depressed him. He would have given a good deal, at this moment, to have chatted with her, and to have been able to hear her hearty laughter, which, as well as the sight of her white teeth, always did him so much good—to have looked only for a minute into Clara's bright eyes would have made him happy. Thinking how impossible all this was, at that present time, the Baron heaved two deep sighs. An extraordinary echo answered them immediately behind him. He turned himself quickly round, but all was still and vacant in the chamber. The thing seemed very strange, and yet not altogether disagreeable, because it had something sociable in it. He now sighed intentionally; no answer—he coughed, sneezed—in vain. All remained silent, to his great annoyance. Out of humor, he laid himself in bed, and extinguished the light.

No *l'été-à-l'été* in the world could be so interesting to the listener as that between a man and his pillow. He confides to it his most secret thoughts, his silent wishes, his untold love, his hidden follies. Happy he whose last thought is of a beloved being, on whose faithful breast he slumbers; happy he whose last waking thought raises itself to God, because he reposes in his bosom.

We need not have any fear of imparting to the reader the thoughts of the Baron, in this *l'été-à-l'été* with his pillow; they were worthy of a good man. After they had elevated themselves for some moments to heaven, they turned again to earth, in order to seek out the best companionship. N.B. That is to say, if she be good—a companionship which the Baron had desired for a long time, that of a wife. Baron H. thought so zealously at this time on such a one, she stood so lovingly before him, that he could not resist heaving a deep sigh, and uttering the exclamation:

"Ah! my beloved, my beloved, beloved Gre—"

He was suddenly interrupted by a spectral voice, which exclaimed—

"Gustav H. ! Gustav H. ! Gustav H. !"

"What's amies?" demanded the Baron somewhat indignantly, starting up at the same time with a very uncomfortable feeling.

"Come and see!" answered the voice.

A slight shudder passed through the Baron, as, by the feeble light which a round opening in his window-shutter admitted into his chamber, he saw the white-veiled female figure at a few paces from his bed. Of fear the Baron knew nothing, and a ghost in the form of a lady had nothing terrible in it for him. He bethought himself for a moment, and again the apparition exclaimed slowly, "Come and see! follow me!"

"I will have the honour of doing so," said the Baron.

He sprang hastily from his bed, dressed himself quickly, and followed his guide, who silently and shadow-like floated before him through desolate chambers and long galleries. The ramble appeared somewhat long to him; he thought it necessary, therefore, to inquire rather boldly, but at the same time in a polite manner, what might be the object of it.

"Have no fear—question me not!" replied the shade with a deep low voice.

We must just now leave these wanderers for a moment, in order to look after Miss Greta.

We left her at the time when she had become angry. It commonly happened on such occasions that perhaps an angry word was forced from her, at which she herself was obliged to laugh. Now, as everybody knows laughter and ill humor are sworn foes, and whenever the first took hold of Miss Greta the second always drove it away; so happened it at this time. After several witty outbreaks, she became reconciled to the world and its "stupidities," and went to bed in the hope of forgetting in sound sleep the foolish supper and the marble eggs, etc., etc. Clara, whose bed stood opposite to hers on the other side of the chamber, was already fast asleep when Miss Greta closed her eyes. Quickly, however, did she open them again; for a dull noise, with certain whiskings-about and flutterings, together with low clatterings, approached her ear.

An alarm-drum had excited far less terror than this unearthly whisking and clattering. She started up quickly in her bed; the whisking-about and sweeping sounds continued. She was quite hot.

"Clara!" exclaimed she with an almost inarticulate voice. "Clara, do you hear nothing?"

But Clara heard nothing; she slept soundly, and her uncommonly deep breathing proved that. Miss Greta was courageous as far as men and animals were concerned, and she would have faced at all times any actual danger boldly and with self-possession; the most unpleasant moments of life would not have been able to make her pusillanimous; but night—darkness—silence—emptiness—and the invisible shapes of dread—ah! dear reader, all these, we must confess, were quite enough to make Miss Greta almost a coward. Notwithstanding all this she felt, as she heard these odd whiskings-about and clatterings, more vexation than fear.

"The bewitched old nest!" said she, "sweep it out however by daylight! It is quite horrible! Never in all my life will I come here again!"

Scarcely had she said these words, when a tumbling noise in one corner of the room drew her eyes thither. O horror! Miss Greta saw three little black figures, one after another, ascend from the floor. Drops stood on her forehead for terror. "Clara!" cried she with an almost stifled voice—but Clara slept on. The little black figures began now to bow themselves, as if they would salute her; then hopped toward the bed and exclaimed with hoarse voices, "Good-day! good-day! good-day!"

Quite out of breath, and yet in order not to be uncivil, Miss Greta replied, "Good-day, good-day, good-day! that means good-night! adieu! Clara!"

Clara was fast asleep—Clara heard nothing. Miss Greta was desperate; she rang the bell violently. With that the black Kobolds hopped about all the brisker, set themselves in a row, bowed and whispered, "All is ready! follow us!"

"No, I thank you!" replied Miss Greta, "I have not time—not now. I come to-morrow! adieu, adieu!"

"You must follow us!" answered the fiends, and approached the bed.

"What would you?" cried Miss Greta in the highest excitement; "go your way! In the name of heaven be off with you!"

The black fiends stood now by the bed, and looked as if they were about to mount upon it.

*Les extrêmes se touchent.* Great fear has more than once produced real heroism. It is a shame that the great Generals do not write their confessions. Their first battles would make us acquainted with odd things. Despair gives birth to the courage of heroes. Miss Greta gave a proof of this. Driven to the utmost, and as angry as she was terrified, her benumbed energies awoke at once. In the necessity of self-preservation she felt about her for some weapon of offence or defence, and caught the handle of a short warming-pan. Wo to you, ye black ones! Such sturdy blows on the head never had been dealt about—never did ghost cry out more dolefully; never was a flight quicker, especially before a weapon of tin! Miss Greta followed the flying, and struck about her with blind fury. The black ones speedily collected themselves in the corner, where they had risen from the floor, and began again to descend. Here again also Miss Greta struck them on the head, and they vanished with an outcry and tumbling sound, which had nothing at all of the spirit-world in it. Miss Greta in her zeal certainly would have pursued the fiends into their lower region, had not her victorious footsteps been suddenly stayed by discovering that the place at which they had vanished was nothing more than an open entrance into a kitchen, and that the narrow steps by which they had stumbled down, were not at all inviting. Besides which, there ascended from the hole not the slightest vapour of brimstone and infernal fire, but such a savoury smell of potatoes, that she gave up all thoughts of ghosts and shades of the lower world. Her ideas took quite another direction, and she pulled the bell so violently that the cord came down into her hand. This, and the circumstance that, spite of all her ringing, the house continued as quiet as death, increased her anger still more. She hastened to Clara's bed with her warming-pan on her shoulder, shook her, anything but gently, and exclaimed:

"Clara, are you dead! Are you bewitched! Will you sleep to the day of judgment! Clara, wake! Now—thank heaven!—get up, I pray you, and dress yourself quickly. Don't ask me many questions, but be quick!"

Clara did immediately as her friend desired; and while Miss Greta dressed herself she replied to Clara's questions only by incoherent, violent exclamations.

"Stupidities! They shall of a truth give me account for all this!—they positively shall not disturb me again in my sleep—I will soon let them see—idiotical jokes!"

The two friends were soon dressed. They left their chamber ready to rouse the whole house, and to receive every ghost that should approach them with blows of the warming-pan.

O Fate, how remarkably dost thou bring things together; how odd thy ways are! In thy midnight blindman's-buff gambols how one is thrown about between friend and foe, without being able to recognize anything. One stumbles about blindly; to escape the rain gets

into the gutter: flies from Scylla to fall into Charybdis.

Scarcely had Miss Greta and Clara entered the long corridor into which their chamber opened, than a white shadow floated toward them. Miss Greta elevated her fearful weapon. With a loud cry of horror the shade fled; but now—*Q all ye demons!*—a dark gigantic mass advanced, which seemed to fill the whole corridor, and inevitably barred the way against them. Miss Greta thought on the Minotaur, and aimed a blow at the monster with her elevated weapon. A low groan, to which was added a curse in a deep bass voice, followed: "Who dares to give me such a cursed blow!" added the voice.

Miss Greta shuddered, and in the same moment felt herself disarmed and taken captive. A powerful hand grasped her arm, and the same threatening voice continued—

"Hear you, my dear! the joke goes beyond all bounds. A goblin that deals such blows as that, and with heaven knows what kind of weapon, must not be at all ashamed if it be handled roughly, and like a captive of war—*adieu! march to trial.*"

Miss Greta was silent, perhaps intentionally, in order to give some *éclat* to the affair; but Clara exclaimed quite beside herself—

"Baron H., Baron H., it is Miss Greta!"

"Miss Greta!" returned the Baron in inexpressible astonishment as he slowly let go the arm which he had grasped, "my gracious lady, I must confess—hem, hem—I must confess I never could have supposed that you would have the design of knocking me to pieces. And Clara—but how in heaven's name!—explain it to me!—I acknowledge ladies—"

"Let us defer acknowledgments and explanations, Baron," said Miss Greta, somewhat warmly; "and if you really are Baron H., and not a spectre, conduct us to lights and people, or do you at least bring people and lights here, if there be such in this bewitching house."

"A spectre!" exclaimed the Baron, some little offended—"a spectre! I wish I had been one just now, and then I might have escaped the blow with this cursed thing! What! I really believe it is a bed-warmer. Whenever, in heaven's name I pray you, did it happen that people struck about them with warming-pans!"

Miss Greta's disposition to laughter was put to a hard trial by this speech of the Baron; but annoyed by the adventures of the night, she repressed her gayety, and said seriously, "I beseech of you, Baron, let us for the present forget all this, and conduct us to somebody. I must see lights and people, otherwise I shall become quite ill."

At that very moment a door slowly opened at the further end of the corridor, through which they saw the glimmer of a bluish light. Indescribably sweet music was heard; and beautiful voices, accompanied by softened tones of an organ, sang a solemn anthem. Astonishment and delight overcame the three.

"If that be a goblin, it is at least an agreeable one," said Miss Greta; "we will go nearer."

Baron H. discovered immediately, that his entire politeness had returned; he offered his arm to the ladies, and conducted them toward the spot whence proceeded the light and the music. At the end of the corridor they un-

wares found themselves in a sort of troilosed *loge*, from which, with surprise, they witnessed the following scene. They looked down into a large vaulted chapel, dimly but beautifully lighted, the walls of which were hung with dark red velvet, from whose rich folds gleamed forth old arms and old pictures, representing scenes from the sufferings of Christ. The seats in the chapel were empty; but before the altar, which was ornamented with two tall silver branch-lights, stood a venerable priest in an old-fashioned surplice. He stood so immovably that he resembled rather a statue than a living man. The organ sounded low; the invisible singers poured forth a harmonious Gloria.

The whole was wonderfully beautiful, yet unearthly; it resembled the worship of shades. Presently the scene became more animated, without losing however thereby any of its ghostlike appearances. Slowly and silently an extraordinary procession entered the church. Pale and beautiful, in the picturesque dress of the noble ladies of the sixteenth century, and conducted by an elderly stiff-jewelled dame—as one sees them in old family pictures of that time—floated in a young maiden. Two richly-adorned bridesmaids followed her; then came two stately knights, the one young, the other old, both of them in magnificent marriage dresses; and behind them came two young cavaliers. The young maiden and the young knight separated themselves from the procession, and stopped before the altar; around which the others, slowly, noiselessly, and with silent gravity, formed themselves into a half-circle. They all looked as if they had lain for many long years in their graves; yet still in the eyes of the bridal pair there burned that fire which death was not able to extinguish, nor the grave to cool. As the lovers stood before the altar, the old priest seemed suddenly to become animated; and when the singing ceased, performed, with a deep solemn voice, the marriage ceremony.

Miss Greta listened with breathless attention to catch the names of the bridal couple, but in vain: they were spoken so low that they did not reach her ear. It seemed to her, nevertheless, as if their features were not unknown to her. When the marriage ceremony was ended, the beautiful music again sounded. Baron H. and Clara, both connoisseurs in music, were in the third heaven. Miss Greta also was affected, and felt herself ever more and more transported by this lovely spectacle, which appeared to her every moment to have less and less of the ghostly about it.

The three were so completely occupied by what had gone on before them, that they never thought of speaking to each other of the scene in the corridor. But now the procession, silently and slowly, left the church, as they had entered it; the music pealed forth its sweet harmonies. Soon all was still and desolate—the very light itself of the lamps seemed to pale. A feeling of the supernatural came over Miss Greta.

"Do not let us stop here, dear Baron," said she, "till the lamps are extinguished. I consider it no pleasure at all to sit here in darkness among these old knights."

"We have weapons with us," replied he, le-

conically, and lifted up the warming-pan, which he had held between his legs.

"My dearest Baron," answered Miss Greta, turning toward him her pretty, merry face, "I must—"

But Miss Greta must suddenly break off, for all at once dancing-music caught her ear.

"What the thousand!" cried Baron H., full of animation, and tried to open the door of the corridor, but—it was locked, vain attempt to open it—it yielded not.

"I do not see," said Miss Greta, "why we should make such violent assaults on that door—here is yet another;" and as she said this a door, which had hitherto been concealed by the folds of the red silk curtain, yielded to her hand.

Our friends saw themselves suddenly transported into a magnificently-lighted saloon, at the lower end of which, and under a canopy of velvet, sat the bride and bridegroom, while round them stood in a half-circle the other members of the procession. In the middle of the hall splendid ladies and gentlemen performed the torch-dance—not of that kind, however, over which one gapes for whole hours in the palace at Stockholm, but the true, primeval dance, as it is danced in the Indian sacrificial nights, full of life and variety, and consecrated to Siva.\*

In the dimly-lighted part of the hall in which our friends found themselves, they perceived three arm-chairs. They seated themselves and looked on the brilliant show. Miss Greta very soon discovered in the torch-dance several of the Nine Muses, whose talent for singing she had duly estimated on the past evening. She believed also that she detected her aunt in the old lady who conducted the bride to the altar; and very soon she had no longer any doubt as to the company in which she found herself.

Baron H. felt himself, in the mean time, as if electrified; he started up, seized the torch from the hand of one of the cavaliers, and began to dance himself, while with great zeal and comic gravity he strove to keep the others in order; in this, however, he did not succeed, for the astonishment he excited occasioned very soon indescribable laughter, which dissipated all order and attention. Before long, however, these both returned, and how astonished was Baron H. as he suddenly saw Miss Greta with a torch in her hand dancing opposite to him as his partner! It excited in both of them the greatest delight to observe their hasty midnight toilet, which made such a whimsical contrast with that of all those who surrounded them. The hearty and unrestrained laughter of the others animated them only the more. They were carried away by a wild rage of dancing, swung themselves round in circles, and made rounds, chains, mill-wheels, and the most extravagant vagaries; the other dancers followed their example; the ball became more and more lively; more and more general. Bride and bridegroom stood up to dance; the old knight and the old noble lady stood up to dance; all danced and laughed. It was a passion, a rapture, a frenzy, a confusion. Even the music was as if seized by witchcraft—it

played as if possessed. Oberon winded his horn.

Clara only partook not the general joy. Neither accustomed to the life of the great world, nor to the facility with which its *habitudes* act their part in it, she could not comprehend the dancing-frenzy of her two friends. Notwithstanding the tranquillizing words which Miss Greta whispered to her at the moment when she rose to mingle in the dance, Clara felt so distressed and so confounded by this extraordinary scene, that she was unable to restrain her tears. The early part of the night lay disturbingly and bewildered in her mind: she did not understand it; she did not understand the world and the people that surrounded her. She could not reconcile herself to the sight of her friend dancing there in her nightcap with a torch in her hand. It seemed to her like folly, like insanity, and, as if driven by an irresistible impulse, she herself mingled among the dancers with the intention of taking Miss Greta's hand and drawing her away from the whirlpool. Yet now was Clara herself drawn into it; and they seized her by the hand, drew her into the dance, and she, like all the rest, made rounds, chains, mill-wheels, and so on. Clara danced, wept, laughed, lost her head and—her shoe. The torches blazed and sparkled before her eyes; she sees Baron H.; he too blazes and sparkles, for his coat-laps are on fire! Dear reader, do not cast reproachful glances on the light in Clara's hand, for I protest to thee that this conflagration had not its origin in her!

On first perceiving a heat in his back, the Baron took a great leap in the air; his second movement was to throw himself on the threatened and already suffering part on the floor with such force as to make the walls shake.

"Fire! fire!" cried several.

"Water! water!" cried others.

"Clara!" cried Miss Greta with a loud voice, as she now saw her danger.

The flames from the baron had seized upon Clara, and now were consuming her light dress. But others also shared in the same fate; the fire caught in all directions, and one ribbon, one gauze handkerchief, one ball-dress after another, became its prey. Clara sank senseless in the arms of her friend, who resolutely embraced her, and held her, burning, closely pressed to her. The burning dancers sprang screaming about the hall. The torches were thrown away: the fire seized on the window curtains, and then on the drapery of the walls.

Death and the devil! what a sight! what a cry! Fire! fire! water! water! Moment of despair! moment of noble revenge! Baron H. started up; seized the warming-pan, which he had disposed of in a corner of the hall, and emptied it over Miss Greta, who had already succeeded in extinguishing the flames which menaced Clara. Indignant at the unnecessary shower-bath, Miss Greta could not avoid saying, even in the moment of universal confusion, "Before you sprinkle people, do look and see if it be necessary!"

Miss Greta had justice on her side—there was no longer necessity for it in her case; but Baron H. had been deceived by his terror and his noble zeal. And the unfortunate, screaming, and burning people—are they to perish un-

\* Should any of the learned wish to commence a dissertation with us on the mode of the torch-dance, we answer on the subject—nothing.

aided! Good Providence! Two folding doors sprang open, and exhibited a sideboard on which stood bowls, bottles, glasses, and plates. O punch, bishop, cardinal, and almond-milk, hard is your fate! Instead of being tasted by knowing palates, and duly prized by them, must you serve to quench other flames than those of thirst! But necessity demands—the liquor streams forth, the bowls are emptied. Ladies become faint—streams of eau de Cologne, universal remedy! animate and console; ices are brought in—people cool and refresh themselves; people ask questions, and get information; they offer congratulations, and laugh; the goblin visitation and the wedding are both explained—that was fiction, this reality. Bride and bridegroom are introduced; people recognize them, and offer felicitations; in one word, there is nothing but joy and joviality. Only between the Baron H. and Miss Greta the double scene with the warm-water pan produced on atmosphere *à la grace*, which threatened to expand itself into an icy sea between them.

After all these scenes, the sleep of our friends was not the most tranquil, and repeatedly exclaimed they in their dreams—"Fire! fire! water! water!"

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE LAST ORDEAL.

After debauch, headache; after study, weariness; after bride, wife.—THE WARREN-TOWER IN KOATYEN.

AFTER storm, calm; after the deluge, the olive-branch; after trial, certainty; after a dinner, digestion; after noon-day, evening. Here pause we. It is evening. Miss Greta sat in a bower of blossoming lindens. She was alone, and was busied peeling oranges, which she was going to steep in sugar for Clara, who was gone with a party to Hôganäs, and was expected back. The greater part of the company at the bath were of the party; Miss Greta in the mean time, who thought the day too hot, remained behind at home. The descending sun shone with its last rays upon the beautiful fruit and the white hands which were busied with it. Miss Greta enjoyed the fine evening, and praised the Lord who had made all things so well. Recollections of the lately-occurred adventures passed now and then through her mind. Now she contracted her eyebrows together, and now a merry and good-humored smile played about her finely-cut mouth.

Quite unexpectedly Baron H. stepped into the arbor, yet with such an uncommonly grave countenance that all the roguishness vanished from Miss Greta's face. Baron H. seated himself upon the bench on which she sat, but as far as possible from her, and kept an obstinate silence. This placed her in some degree of embarrassment; she asked several indifferent questions, which were answered short, on which once more silence ensued.

"I leave to-morrow," said he.

"Indeed!" replied Miss Greta.

"I have endeavored for the last time," continued he, "to prevail upon Clara to alter her views of life and marriage. But it is in vain—at least I am not the one who has the power to persuade her, and I confess I have seen this for a long time."

"Nobody has had any presentiment of that," thought Miss Greta.

"And now that I have obtained perfect certainty on this point," said he, "I wish as soon as possible to leave a place in which not only old acquaintance themselves, but the very elements also seem to have sworn to torment me with trials which I have no longer any desire to undergo, and which perhaps as I conjecture were no otherwise designed from the beginning than to remove me."

Baron H. riveted with these words a keen glance on Miss Greta, who industriously strewed a piece of orange with sugar and offered it to him. He declined it with a movement of the head, and continued:

"In the mean time, I have in fact such a true friendship for Clara—such a fatherly sentiment—if I may so express it—that it is impossible for me to give up the design of a near relationship with this good, pure being."

"How will that be," thought Miss Greta, "shall Filius then perhaps marry her?"

"I have—I wish—" continued the Baron with bashful confusion—"I intended to invest a capital for Clara, the interest of which she should enjoy yearly from this time, and which should enable her henceforward to live independently. After my death she shall have the right of disposing of it according to her own judgment; till then I wish to be her guardian, and I can assure her she would have difficulty in finding a truer or better. I now beg of you to persuade Clara to permit me to gratify in this way a sentiment for her which I so heartily cherish. Beg of her to bless that wealth which Heaven has sent to me, and that indeed by permitting me to devote it with her. Beg of her, for mine or for God's sake, whichever will operate best—to accept it from me! Beg of her that she will think of me with friendship—that she will feel a little kindness toward me; or not to do not speak to her of that—that must be as it may or can—but beg of her—"

"It will be impossible for me to remember all your desires, dear Baron," said Miss Greta suddenly interrupting him—"they are longer than the Lord's Prayer."

"Now, good! say to her only that she must not refuse to show a kindness to a sincere friend; tell her if she rejects my prayer I must believe that she hates me."

Baron H. took his pocket handkerchief. Miss Greta's tearful eyes and their expression contrasted strangely with the tone in which she said—

"Do you fear in fact, Baron H., that I would let her die of hunger?"

"God forbid!" exclaimed he, horrified. "I am convinced that Clara is as well off with you as in the house of her mother. But who can foresee all chances which may happen—marriage, death, and such like? And then—"

"You speak of my marriage, my death, dear Baron—is it not so, of my death?"

"God defend you and all of us from such misfortune! but, but—"

"Good, Baron. But then have you not at the same time confidence in my sound reason? I have long since provided for Clara's future."

"That may be the case; but it is no reason why I should give up my intention. A double security is better than a single one."

Miss Greta paused for a moment, and then replied kindly, but gravely—

"To speak sincerely, Baron," said she, "I consider your generosity superfluous, and think it better that Clara depend alone upon me."

"That is egotistical of you, Miss Greta," said he.

"It may be so, Baron H.; I feel the subject in this way—and I tell you quite candidly I can neither promise to convey your wishes to Clara, nor say to her that prudently she could fulfil them."

"That is somewhat hard and extraordinary," exclaimed Baron H., reddening with displeasure; "you have for a long time called me your friend; and yet for long have you, as my enemy, done everything to prevent my happiness."

"This accusation is hard, Baron H.," said Miss Greta affected, "and would touch me nearer if I felt it were true."

"You have," continued he with yet greater warmth, "prevented my union with the only being whom I ever truly loved—"

"And this being?" interrupted she in a constrained voice.

"Is yourself," returned the Baron with increasing emotion. "You have—I am convinced of this, labored, on the contrary, to bring about my union with a young person whom I highly esteem, and whose hand might have made me happy. You oppose yourself at this moment to the fulfilling of my dearest wishes—that of being able to do something for her benefit. You have for ten years shown yourself on every opportunity my actual enemy—have set yourself against all my plans and all my happiness, and will still certainly not—"

"Go on, Baron—" "and will still certainly not—"

"Certainly not, to weaken my reproach for enmity—certainly will not take the care for my happiness into your own hands—"

"Yes!" answered Miss Greta, while she peeled an orange.

"What?"

"Yes, I say."

"Do I hear aright?"

"Yes!"

"You will?"

"Yes!"

"Accept my hand?"

"Yes!"

"Become my wife?"

"Yes!"

"Is it earnest?"

"If you continue to doubt it any longer, I shall begin to say no!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the Baron, pale, and with tears in his eyes as he seized her hands, "is it not a dream? Shall I really be so happy? Can you love me?"

"Baron!" said Miss Greta, mildly, and deeply moved, "I have been a longer time kindly disposed to you than—than I have any desire to confess."

"And you will become my wife!" cried the enraptured Baron, rising and giving a leap for joy; "you will be my wife, my friend for my whole life; but quickly—in a month?"

"Not so quickly, Baron. Besides this, all is not yet said. Hear and consider. My consent is knit up with two conditions."

"Speak! speak!"

"I will always keep Clara with me as now, or at least so long as she herself desires it."

"Certainly, certainly—that of course. She shall be our child. I will love her—"

"Only not too well, I must beg! Now for my second condition."

"Well?"

"I will know who are the parents of Filina." Baron H. looked astonished and almost in despair.

"Never!" stammered he.

"I will know it, Baron!"

"That cannot possibly be your serious intention. You cannot lay so much stress upon so trifling a thing."

"I will know it, Baron."

"Greta!"

"Gustav, I will know!"

"Never!" exclaimed the Baron, in the highest excitement, and darted from the arbor.

Miss Greta sat for a long time immovable, her hand upon her forehead, and sunk in deep thought. A low rustling was heard behind that arbor—a motion which seemed to bring with it a cold wind; a dark body, which stood between Miss Greta and the entrance of the arbor, occasioned her to lift up her eyes. She was astonished and terrified as she saw before her that ghost-like lady, dressed in deep mourning, who had at a former time come before her and had excited her attention, but much more that of the Baron. She stood now immovable; two large and almost extinguished eyes gleamed in their dark sockets; pale roses of the grave, tinted the hollow cheeks, and traces of long suffering exhibited themselves around the faded mouth. The whole figure seemed about to sink into the grave.

Miss Greta thought involuntarily on the Ancestress in Grillpazer's tragedy of that name, and was very near saying, "Why dost thou fix that stony gaze upon me?"

With the almost transparent emaciated hand laid upon the sunken breast, the dark form approached Miss Greta.

"Do you know me yet?" inquired she.

"No," replied Miss Greta.

"You once knew me," said the dark form, "but it is many years since. I am the daughter of Baron H.'s sister. Leo is—my son—yet—he ought not to have been so!"

Miss Greta observed her in silence, and endeavored to recall her features.

The stranger proceeded in broken sentences, which she spoke only with difficulty.

"The father of the boy sleeps in the grave—I shall soon follow him. My uncle has done every possible thing to conceal my error, and to stand in the place of father to my son. I wished to see my child and my uncle yet once more before my death; and for this purpose I am come here from a foreign country. His care has provided an asylum there for me, and thither I shall return without clasping them to my heart—I do not deserve to do it. He, the excellent one, shall not suffer through me. Therefore I now stand here and acknowledge my shame. Farewell! make him happy, and be silent on what you have heard and seen. Let him never dream that the unfortunate Cecilia has been so near to him; let him never know that my secret is known to you—it would disturb his peace. Farewell for ever!"

She made a parting movement with her hand, and withdrew.

Miss Greta rose hastily and went after her.

"Shall not I see you again?" asked she.

"Not on earth!" replied the bowed one. "In an hour's time I shall be far hence. Do not follow me. Farewell!"

With this an elderly lady came forth from among the shrubs, gave her her arm, and both walked off slowly.

Miss Greta followed them with her eyes till they vanished behind the trees. She felt as if she had seen an apparition; but the unearthly sorrowful impression was strongly mingled with a comfortable feeling, and she saw the glory of a saint around the head of the Baron. She could not, however, resign herself long to her observations, because she was again disturbed. It was the little Filius, who came to inquire after his father. She called the boy to her. He glanced at her distrustfully; but Miss Greta looked so kind that at last he took courage and went to her. She placed him on her knee, and stroked his cheeks and his bright locks, while she resigned herself to the most agreeable thoughts of the boy and his foster-father. Filius looked askance at the oranges.

At the same moment the Baron returned, seated himself by Miss Greta and the boy, and said with great emotion—

"It is impossible that it can be your serious meaning. It is impossible that you will sacrifice my happiness, and as I know, to a certain degree, your own also, to a whim, to childishness, to an outbreak of curiosity—"

"Whim, childishness, curiosity or not, all as one," said Miss Greta, "tell me if it be your serious intention, rather to renounce my hand than satisfy my curiosity, and tell me who are the parents of the boy!"

"I cannot, I will not tell it, let it cost what it may," said the Baron, depressed, yet with determination.

"Very well then," returned Miss Greta with a dignified cordiality that became her uncommonly well, "if you positively cannot tell me who his mother was, I at least will show who for the future she shall be."

With these words she embraced Filius, lifted him up, and kissed him with a warmth which the boy immediately returned. The Baron, who wept for joy, threw his arms around them both.

"The curtain falls," is commonly said in dreams when the author has succeeded in uniting all his characters in the last scene in a general embrace; and it is said so here also; for the highest joy of man, as well as his deepest sorrow, is only for the eyes of angels. But if we let the curtain fall, it must only be for a moment. We shall draw it up again directly, in order to present a little afterpiece, which is called—how, our next chapter will show.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### MISS GRETA'S ANXIETIES.

THE piece opens on the evening of the same day. Scene—Miss Greta's bedroom. Miss Greta feels herself, against her own will, in great disquiet. She wishes to confess to Clara what has happened, but does not rightly know how to do this, and what the effect of it may be. That word "to confess," as regards any affairs of her own, does not please her. For the first time in her life, she feels embarrassed and almost without courage. She sniffs the candles, coughs, puts things in their places, is hasty and uncertain in all her movements. Clara seems to remark nothing; an uncommon liveliness animates her whole being. She seems determined to talk incessantly of Baron H., which occasions Miss Greta great anxiety of heart, because she thinks that Clara has begun to incline to him and marriage.

CLARA. So much is certain, and I think one is convinced of it every day more and more, that there is an infinite deal of good in the world.

MISS GRETA. O yes!—but—certainly there are both good and bad.

CLARA. Yes; but the good far outweighs the bad. The better one comes to know mankind, the more one sees that every one has his advantages which make him worthy of esteem. Every one in fact has his pound of heaven's wealth. This pound, this goodness in man, seems to me like his good angel, which continually draws him toward goodness. Baron H. has taught me not to judge by the surface. For a long time I considered him bad; as one who only troubled himself to find out the faults of his fellow-creatures to ridicule them. Now, I know that he is witty; but, at the same time, much more good-humored than witty. He loves mankind, although he knows their failings. He would like best to do good to all. Besides, he laughs just as much at himself as at others; and then what a beautiful earnestness is there not with this in his soul!

MISS GRETA. Hem!

CLARA. I am convinced that Baron H. unites with his joyous temper the most estimable qualities. He seems to me to be one of the few with whom one might boldly venture on a journey through life.

MISS GRETA. Hem! hem!

CLARA. He certainly would make the wife happy who knew rightly how to take him.

MISS GRETA. Uf! uf! It is astonishingly sultry here.

CLARA. And what a joy it must be, to contribute anything to the happiness of so good and amiable a man.

MISS GRETA, *aside*. O heavens! that goes too far. *Aloud*. Yes, certainly; but how can any one be certain of making the happiness of any one?

CLARA. Oh, that is easily felt. If I had a friend who loved the Baron, I would counsel her with pleasure as quick as possible to have the marriage, and her happiness should be mine.

MISS GRETA, *who can no longer contain herself*. Clara! tell me boldly out—are you in love with any one?

CLARA. I am not, but—

MISS GRETA. But—but?—Will you speak quickly, child?

CLARA, *embracing her*. But I am convinced that you are a little, and—

MISS GRETA. Don't strangle me for it! Clara, forgive me! I am irritable—I am anxious—and you—you make a jest of it.

CLARA. Allow me to finish my sentence, and embrace you.

MISS GRETA, *with tears in her eyes*. Do as you will, Clara.

CLARA. Now, good then! I finish thus. I am convinced—but now I say I know—that Baron H. loves you again; that he has loved you for a long time.

MISS GRETA. That was well said, Clara! And you are convinced of it, Clara? You are glad of it, Clara?

CLARA. I'm right heartily glad; because you are worthy of each other, and will make each other mutually happy. I only wish I could give you both a clear idea of that which you feel.

MISS GRETA. I cannot possibly receive the accusation of having no clear idea of that which

feel. And in order to convince you of the contrary, and to show you how wrong you are, offer me your congratulations, Clara—I am betrothed to Baron H. I pray you, do not look so confounded; do not let your arms hang as if they were of lead. Throw them round my neck; your embrace is more in place now than before, and it is the dearest necklace that I ever possessed or will possess. There! that is right, there! Now see you, my Clara, my naughty girl, if it should so happen that you feel less kindly toward me on account of this marriage, or that you think you shall be less comfortable in my house—then, do you see, I'll end it all at once on the spot.

CLARA. No, no! never! Have no fear! I shall be happy in your happiness. I shall love the Baron—

MISS GRETA, *interrupting her*. Softly, softly. I give to both the Baron and you a dispensation from all vows of mutual love. I shall be perfectly well pleased if you are agreed in this, loving me. I, for my part, will do all that I can to hold you to the fulfilling of this duty. Tell me, Clara, that you do not consider it too difficult.

CLARA, *with a full heart*. It is the pleasantest, the dearest, which will be laid upon me in life.

*The curtain falls.*

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### PICTURES.

She went in the grove, to the red-rose bush;  
The nightingale sang in the evening's hush.  
SWEDISH POPULAR SONG.

THESE pictures are not fine—are not beautiful; they bear no resemblance to those which in the past winter delighted court and city. Besides this I have not the heart to jest—nay, dear reader, thou mayest believe me; on the contrary, I kindle my lamp with the greatest unwillingness, and only to honor Truth, for my soul is troubled.

It is even so with Nature. It is a hot summer's day. A gray, cloudy heaven oppresses the yellow, dry earth. Silence reigns in the trees; silence in the air; silence in the region of the clouds. All is solanguid—solanguid. Languidly hum the gnats; languidly hang the flowers; languidly and pantingly do the animals hang their heads; languidly lie the cockchafers on the sapless leaves; languidly glances the sun through the vapor, and burns even in setting.

The company at the bath are out on a rural excursion. Nina alone has remained at home. She has a headache, and at her own desire has she been left alone. Toward evening she felt better, and went out, to seek for coolness. A sort of melancholy insensibility clouds her mind, and her steps are languid through the vaporous neighborhood. She followed the rushing of a little waterfall, and went toward it instinctively in the hope of being refreshed by it.

Freshly sparkled the silver waves; green and flowery were the banks. Nina laid herself down upon the velvet-soft turf; her hand played with the waters; her eye followed their course; she saw how they flowed, idly, restlessly, without knowing whence they came or whither they went. Dark feelings and thoughts on the mysteries of Nature passed through her soul, which shook like a flower in the evening wind. She let it be shaken; she felt herself better; the air had here something refreshing in it. The deadness of her spirit seemed passing away; tears of melancholy

pleasure shone in her eyes, and the longing after happiness and life swelled in her breast.

She perceived then not far from her the tones of a guitar. The leaves concealed the singer, but Nina recognized the melodious voice of Don Juan.

Nina, fly, fly! Wherefore dost thou not fly, inconsiderate one?

Nina's first feeling was to rise and leave the spot, but an incomprehensible magic fettered her mind, and she had not power enough to overcome it. She lingered, and he sang in loving, melting tones—

Love, it is the soul of nature,  
And the breath of life is love;  
Flowers their fleeting odors mingle  
In the field and in the grove.

Birds pour forth from leafy branches  
Many a love-ecstatic song:  
Little brooks of true love babbling—  
Steal the flowery vales along.

Scant thou how one tender leaflet  
On its heart another warms!  
O how lovingly embracing  
Rest they in each other's arms!

Thus refresh themselves all natures;  
Thus themselves in love rejoice:  
Canst thou then, thou fairest maiden,  
Pause, ere thou make love thy choice!

Come and taste and know what love is:  
Love will by his word abide;  
Follow then thy bosom's impulse,  
Maiden, do not turn aside!

The song ceased. Why did not Nina fly? The singer lies at her feet. Here he made known his love in glowing sighs. He said to her the tenderest things, and made the most passionate declarations to her. Deeply and powerfully was Nina's soul seized upon. She saw herself worshipped; she believed herself beloved; yet she feared that which she felt; she wished to fly, but Don Juan held her back.

"Let us love! let us be happy!" whispered he in the most passionate tones; "let us be happy! Life is short and dark! Let us die in the arms of pleasure and joy!"

He had expressed the word that slumbered in the depths of her soul. An unspeakable tremor and weakness seized her heart; God and the future vanished—she desired only to love and—to die.

Yet her good angel still lived within her; she called to her her deliverer from danger—her lips stammered forth the name of Edla!

Saw she that pale, Nemesis-like countenance which suddenly rose up behind them both? With a cry of joy and of horror Nina exclaimed "Edla!" She sank at her feet, embraced her knees, and sympathizing nature threw a veil over her soul. She sank down fainting. Edla raised her; threw an annihilating glance upon the seducer, who seemed like one struck by lightning, and bore away her insensible sister.

With raging fury in his heart, cursing his fate, Don Juan stood there. His foot stamped the ground as he raised his clinched fist. He was about to leave the rushing waterfall, when he perceived a footstep. It was Clara, who, astonished by his look, merely remarked, "They told me that I should find Nina here!"

There was something in Clara's countenance and whole being which resembled a calm, clear, summer night. The voluptuary Don Juan had long been attracted by it, and at this moment he felt this with double force. His excited mind and the thirst for revenge suggested to him a devilish plan.

"The saints," thought he, "are as easy to catch as the children of the world, only one must make their news out of their own yarn."

But he craftily concealed his design. On Clara's assertion respecting Nina he replied:

"She will soon return. Ah, pardon for one moment! The evening is so mild, can your heart be less so? Will you vouchsafe no word, no look of comfort, to one whose breast is torn by unquiet?"

Clara remained standing, and said with a voice in which was some touch of sympathy, "What can I do for you? Tell me quickly, I have but little time."

Juan approached her and attempted to take her hand, which she withdrew.

"Tell me only," said he, "that you do not hate me—that you feel some kindness for one who would give up his whole life to be as pure and good as you, and to be guided to heaven by your hand. Stay—ah, do not hasten away! Your presence sanctifies even the air around me, and fills my heart with a pure desire. Beloved one! Holy one! Tell me that the heaven which you know will not cast me out!"

"Heaven casts out no one that seeks with earnestness," replied Clara mildly and tranquilly. "Seek heaven thus, and you will find it. Farewell!"

"Stay, heavenly Clara! Are you afraid of me?"

"Why should I be afraid of you?" asked Clara, stopping, and looking at him with quiet astonishment.

"Stay thus! Ah stay with him to whom your presence gives life!"

"I cannot. You can speak with me at Countess H.'s, if you wish it. Adieu!"

"O Clara! that is hard. You say that heaven casts out no one—do not be severer yourself. Strike not back the erring. Show me the way to happiness, dear angel! Save a soul! O Clara! let me hold this hand, press it to my heart, this hand which—"

But he had only taken hold of air. Clara was warned by her good angel; she had listened to his voice, and had followed his beckoning; for in her soul there dwelt no vanity, either spiritual or worldly. She vanished like a shadow in the darkness of night.

With an exclamation of extreme vexation, Don Juan followed her; friendly stars, however, watched over Clara, and she found her way; and when she heard the steps ever approaching nearer, when she could scarcely fly for anxiety and weariness, she sank saved in the arms of her friend, who came out to seek for her.

Don Juan had quickly withdrawn behind a tree. On its topmost boughs there was a magpie nest, in which the young once smacked and jabbered while he cursed and swore.

And now—shall we betake ourselves to the bed on which Nina reposed, and by which Edla watched? Shall we wait for the awakening of the sleeper? We will not. We will turn our glance from the meeting of the sisters.

O truly it is a bitter, bitter thing to see eyes which once followed us lovingly, now looking upon us sternly and with displeasure, or indeed turning wholly aside from us with painfully experienced contempt—nay, perhaps shedding tears over our weakness! Truly is it better, truly is it annihilating, and yet—blessed be the tears, blessed the severity in beloved eyes! Burn

burn into the soul of the fallen one! Burn to purify! Love, friendship, who will not bow himself before your chastising hand—who will not obediently open his inmost soul to your proving glance? Unhappy he whodoes it not! he is lost for ever!

Nina lay for three days in violent fever: Edla remained by her bed, a faithful attendant; but tenderness and confidence were vanished. Edla was quiet, but her pale cheek evidenced that which she suffered. One evening, when Edla thought Nina slept, she softly stroked back the curls which concealed the forehead, on which she so gladly looked. Nina perceived this, seized the thin hand of her sister, and placed it to her lips. Edla did not withdraw it. Nina covered it with kisses and bathed it in tears.

"Speak to me!" prayed she—"say one kind word to me!"

Edla bent over her and said with tenderness, "My poor child, I am always kind to you."

A hot tear fell on Nina's arm, which she kissed away.

"Now," said she with a comforted heart, "I shall soon be better."

A few days after this she was so much better as to be able to get up; and Edla no longer avoided an explanation, which both desired. Nina opened to her sister her whole soul. Edla searched sharply, but tenderly, into all, even into its most secret folds. Nina concealed nothing: she experienced an alleviation of heart in her confession; she felt herself under the hands of a skilful physician. Divine confidence—refreshing drawing together of affection! Strengthening sympathy—sweet bitterness—ease after pain! How beautifully Jean Paul says on this subject "When a person is no longer his own friend, he goes to his brother who is so; this one talks gently with him, and is able to give him life again."

And not the gentle word only; no, the severe also, nay, even the sentence of punishment, one hears willingly from beloved lips. The sentence of punishment! Art thou astonished? No! look deeper down into thine own heart, and thou wilt find it is so. Holy mystery of the soul, God dwells in thy innermost.

Edla found Nina's wishes pure; her own heart beat higher with joy because of this; but she was shocked at the state of her mind, at her weakness, at the slumbering of all nobler powers, whereby she had been nearly brought to the very verge of destruction.

With the whole strength of her clear vision and of her deliberate understanding, Edla now spoke to her sister, and showed to her her condition and her faults in the clear light which humbles, and yet at the same time raises up. She made her acquainted with herself; she made her feel deeply she had sunk under the worth of true womanhood; and awakened in her the longing desire to raise herself again to her former position. First a tear of remorse, then a prayer, then action—that is the course of amendment.

"You must give up this dreamy, frivolous way of life," said Edla; "you must be active, must be employed, and you will feel yourself happy, and be able to do good to your fellow-creatures. Nina, you must endeavor to make a noble man happy, and to look for a support and a guide for yourself in him. Can you now calmly hear what I have to say to you, or shall I speak of it another time?"

"No, directly, directly, Edla! It is better that I know all at first. Spare me not, Edla! Do I indeed deserve that?"

"Now, right!" returned Edla. "An unpleasant report has been spread about an intimacy between you and Don Juan. Do not turn pale on that account, Nina; turn pale rather because you gave any occasion for it. A jest on the part of Don Juan, upon you and me, gave some probability to the report. Count Ludwig has compelled him to retract his lightminded assertions; and that truly by a duel. Don Juan has received his deserved reward in a sabre-cut across the forehead."

"Good God!" exclaimed Nina; "and I, unfortunate me, am guilty of all this mischief? And is that all? Has there not yet greater misfortune befallen? Perhaps the life of some one is in danger?" questioned Nina, beside herself with terror.

"No; be calm. Don Juan has left the place. His wound is not in the least dangerous, and will only leave a scar behind it. Count Ludwig has been fortunate enough to chastise him and defend you without any harm to himself. He has made use of this opportunity to declare the sentiments which he cherishes toward you. He has solicited your hand from your father."

"He is noble minded—oh, he is good!" said Nina, deathly pale and highly excited. "Oh, how little I deserve that! If I were but in a state to thank him rightly. Here is my hand, Edla. Take it in yours—dispose of it as you think well. I have so misused my freedom, I resign it to you. Speak only, and I will do, willingly do, that which you desire."

"Your own wish, Nina, your own re-awakened knowledge of that which is right and best, must determine us. But you shall not decide in this unquiet moment. To-morrow, when a calm night has strengthened body and mind, we will speak farther on this subject."

That same evening, as Nina perceived more tenderness in Edla's attentions to her—as she read in her countenance traces of a lightened heart—in the evening when her sister, as in the days of her childhood, sat a watchful angel by her bed, and spread out the flowers which she had gathered for her darling upon the coverlet, Nina felt that Edla must decide her fate; felt that she could do anything in order to win back her esteem and confidence, and a peace, long absent from her soul, returned again to it.

On the morrow, when the fanning winds awakened with their light wings the sweet flowers, and a flood of light odour, and the singing of birds pressed in through the open window, Nina awoke also to a new and strengthened life. Pale, but self-collected and decided, she arose. Never, perhaps, had she been more lovely than at this moment, in which humility and strength had sanctified at the same time her whole being, and resignation had diffused over her beautiful brow an angelic charm.

Between the two sisters a conversation now took place, such as between mothers and daughters have often occurred, and will occur for ever on earth. The daughter agrees to that which the mother wishes. She considers her will the best and the most prudent in the world; only she complains softly of the wooer's want of love: she feels esteem, perhaps friendship for him, but—

—but—  
The mother talks of the stability of a union which is based on the rocks of esteem; of the

happiness of an active, useful life for those who are dear to us; of the necessity of having an object, an interest in the world; of the peace which is the result of duties fulfilled—and a great deal more.

Edla's words were by no means the suggestions of a cold heart and deficient understanding; they came forth from conviction. Count Ludwig, she said, was the noblest of men, and Nina alone by a union with him could develop that strength without the employment of which one could only lead a useless life.

Nina only repeated that which she had said on the preceding evening.

"Judge, determine for me, Edla!" was her prayer; "I trust myself no longer. That which you think, I think also—that which you wish, I wish. According to my best ability I will thank Count Ludwig for that which he has done for me, and for his faithful devotion to me. I will endeavor to be a wife worthy of him. I will, if I am able, regain the esteem of all, and make all happy; then I shall certainly learn to know true and real happiness."

Edla embraced Nina; and so happy was Nina in the regained affection of her sister that she allowed herself, with a feeling of satisfaction, to be conducted by her in search of their father, that he might dispose of her hand.

But before we draw up the curtain, and exhibit to the reader the scene which delayed the two sisters in the room of the President, we must present to him a picture which was seen on the preceding evening by more people than ourselves.

We saw on this sad evening the President, with uncovered head, as he endeavored with the greatest possible care to shield his wife from a violent shower; we saw him as he took off his overshoes in order to put them on his Countess, and then walk home beside her through water up to his ankles.

This may explain how it happened that the two sisters found their father sitting in an arm chair speechless, with distorted countenance, and unable to move. The President had had a stroke; the Countess Natalie the while was pacing up and down the bath-saloon, surrounded by her friends and her numerous acquaintances.

By the use of active and prudent means the President, in the course of a week, was so far recovered that he was able to speak and slightly to move; his memory, however, was weakened, his countenance still contracted, and the whole of his left side paralyzed. Several physicians unanimously agreed that the influence of a southern climate might perhaps re-establish his health; and a journey to Nizza was advised.

Whenever any great danger threatens, when on any occasion life is shaken, then the power of any fleeting bias gives way, and the strong feelings which are rooted in the better nature of the human being throw off the veil and step forth; then strikes the hour of victory for really faithful and loving souls.

Thus was it also with the President. When he felt the powerful hand of sickness laid upon him—when the necessity for a long sojourn in a distant, foreign country was announced to him, he turned from his brilliant wife and her made-up tenderness, and extending his arm to his daughter exclaimed, "Edla!" He seemed unable longer to live without her, and was tranquil when he only saw her. Edla's determination to accompany her father was resolutely taken at the very moment in which the physicians advised

the journey, and the Countess esteemed it an actual favour of destiny that a seriously sprained foot prevented her, "to her perfect despair," as she asserted, from following her husband.

Edla wished greatly to have seen Nina betrothed before she was compelled to leave her. Nina permitted herself to be wholly guided by her sister. The Countess, who had suddenly become cool to Nina merely out of aversion to Edla, maintained neutral ground, and made use more frequently now than ever of the word "*bien-séance*."

Count Ludwig urged, and that not without some arrogance, the accomplishment of his wishes. But who was it then that prevented it? No other than the poor, sick, weak-minded President! He seemed to imagine that betrothal and marriage were one and the same thing; whenever Edla spoke with him of Nina's betrothal, he answered, "In a year's time, when I come back again!" In vain Edla endeavored to make the matter clear and comprehensible, he still returned the same answer. At length he became angry and said, "Do you think that a gay wedding and my condition agree at all? No, in a year's time, when I come back again!"

Edla gave up therefore speaking with him any further on this subject, and resigned the hope of seeing Nina betrothed, before her journey, with the man whom she so highly esteemed.

"Take me with you," besought Nina from her inmost heart; "let me share with you the care of our father!"

Edla could not grant the wish of her sister. She feared for Nina's health, and besides this wished to dedicate herself solely to the care of her father, without being diverted from it by anxiety for her sister. She feared also, under existing circumstances, to separate Count Ludwig and Nina. It was determined to wait, and if in the course of a year, the power of mind and body of the President was not re-established, the formal betrothal of the young couple should then take place. Till that time Nina was to remain with her step-mother, who declared, that during the absence of her husband she should live wholly retired from the world, on one of her estates which lay far up in the province of Nordland. Thither also in the next year Count Ludwig himself should come, she said, in order to spend the spring and summer with Nina. Edla was convinced that a nearer acquaintance with the Count would awaken in her sister the inclination which she so very much desired.

Nina felt herself inwardly happy by this delay to the deciding of her fate, yet she dared scarcely to confess to herself this contest against the accomplishment of Edla's wishes.

It was evening. Edla was to commence the journey with her father on the following day. Nina had passed several days in the sick room with her sister, and now went out, at her desire, to breathe a little fresh air. Miss Greta was gone on this day with her betrothed, with Clara, and the rest of the company, on a country excursion, and the walks around the Wells were almost empty. Here and there only crept along an invalid, whose feeble limbs but not enabled him to become one of the party. Nina remained on the turf before her father's house, and inhaled the fresh pleasant air. The sun descended gloriously; small red and yellow flowers grew creepingly at her feet. The trees were tinged with the gold of the setting sun, and from their tops sounded forth a thousand-voiced song. Nina

looked around her full of enjoyment; it was a beautiful picture, and she herself the most beautiful feature in it. She glanced lovingly toward the sun; she kissed carelessly its beams as they fell upon her marble white hands; and the sun threw upon its daughter a glance of affectionate tenderness.

Nina now saw that a family, apparently of the working class, came slowly along in the shade of the trees, and at length seated themselves not far from her upon a bench. Husband and wife had good honest countenances, yet still marked with care. The children were pale and quiet; one saw in them poverty. A liveried servant with a basketful of the most beautiful fruit passed by them, and was asked by the man with some embarrassment—"Whether he could sell him some of that fruit?" The servant answered that he could not; that the fruit was a present to Nina H. At that moment he perceived Nina, advanced toward her, and gave her the basket with a deep bow. After she had commissioned the messenger with many thanks to the Countess Nordstjerna, and had laid aside some beautiful grapes for her father and Edla, she took the basket, and stepped, blushing deeply, to the poor family, and prayed them, in the most obliging manner, to divide the beautiful gift with her.

Nina's indescribable grace, the beneficence, and the touching goodness which was painted in her countenance, made perhaps a deeper impression upon the poor family than the gift itself. She took even the youngest child upon her knee and gave it of the fruit, which, amid renewed invitations to eat, she spread upon the table. As she saw all around her so satisfied, and felt the little one on her knee struggling for very delight of the beautiful feast, she was conscious of a purer satisfaction than she had often known.

The good people were soon communicative, and Nina listened with sympathy to a relation of sufferings that visit most abundantly the dwellings of the poor. Yet there was no lamentation, no discontent; but hope covering with its green leaves life which want and sickness had almost exhausted.

Nina was happy in this little circle, where inbred tenderness was at home; she also felt herself at home with these people, and kissed the child on her knee with hearty good-will. Suddenly she saw Count Ludwig before her; who, with an expression of displeasure on his stern countenance, observed this scene. Nina's delight had vanished at once, and a certain restraint came over the artisan family. The children pressed nearer to their parents; the parents left off eating.

Count Ludwig turned to Nina, and said with a sharp intonation—"Would it not better become Miss Nina to take a turn through the walks than to sit here? The evening begins to get cool."

Nina had hitherto felt nothing of coolness, but now she perceived it in fact. She acceded to the Count's wishes, and rose after she had kissed the little one, who parted from her unwillingly. The parents rose at the same time, in order again to express to Nina their warmest thanks. Count Ludwig scarcely permitted her to remain, or answer them with her usual amiability; he tore her almost away as he said carelessly—"Enough, enough, people! the children can take the remainder of the fruit with them."

"Do you know the people that you were there

with *en famille*?" asked he of Nina, as he went off with her.

"No," replied Nina, with an unquiet look on the Count.

"Neither do I," said he heedlessly; "they may perhaps be honest people, perhaps thieves."

"We will believe the best," said Nina mildly; "and I more than believe it. I am, after what I have seen and heard, quite convinced that they are good and honest people."

"They may be so," continued he; "but it is always most advisable to avoid such like intimate acquaintanceships, especially with people of that class. It is better for us, and better for them also."

Nina did not allow herself to be confounded by the condemnatory tone of Count Ludwig, but related quite simply and in good-humor how this little acquaintance had come about.

"I acknowledge," said the Count, curling his lip to a sarcastic smile, "that the affair, as well as the coloring of it, has something romantic in it; nay, you may even hope to see them next figuring in a novel."

"Believe me, I never thought of that," replied Nina, a little hurt.

"The affair would have passed off in quite another way, and as a mere trifle, if you had acted simply and rationally; that is, if you had sent the fruit to the artisan family by a servant. I would answer for it, that it would have tasted quite as good to them."

"That is in no way proved," replied Nina with animation; "how easily might not the tender feelings of these people have been wounded by my so doing. And then—why should not my way of acting, under existing circumstances, have been the simplest and most rational? Is it not, on the contrary, highly unnatural to keep oneself perpetually in a state of defence against one's fellow-creatures? In heaven, where, without doubt, all will happen according to God's will, people will certainly have intercourse one with another in a totally different manner to what is commonly the case here."

"Let us therefore defer this kind of intercourse till we are in heaven," said Count Ludwig shortly. "Now, however, we are living on the earth; and what disagreeable consequences result from inconsiderately formed acquaintance, we have frequent opportunities of seeing."

O my young reader! I see in spirit how thy eyes flash lightning here, and how thou, in Nina's place, wouldst have raised thy head proudly, and wouldst have made answer—

"If the Count fear that my inconsiderateness may occasion disagreeable consequences, I desire sincerely that the count should not have to suffer by them, and it is best that we here separate for ever!"

This answer pleases me most uncommonly from thee, thou good one; for it proves that thy heart and thy actions are pure, and thou hast nothing to reproach thyself with.

But it was not so with Nina. She had to reproach herself with much weakness, much inconsiderateness, and therefore she did not answer in this manner. She was silent, although her eyes filled with tears at the severity of the Count. Her natural humility, the consciousness of her past errors, the remembrance of Count Ludwig's chivalrous behavior, all these things did not allow indignation to rise in her mind. She was silent and depressed in the extreme, as with her arm on the count's she paced up and down the

dusty walks. Count Ludwig broke silence by saying: "If I have been too warm, or too severe, then forgive me. Nature has given me no flattering tongue, and I know, it will be difficult for me to win the favor of ladies. That is my misfortune. But believe me I mean kindly by you."

"I believe it, I know it," said Nina warmly, touched by the tone in which he spoke the last words: and she slightly pressed his hand as he raised hers to his lips. They continued their walk, and Nina felt, as she so often did in Count Ludwig's presence, visited by the spirit of silence. She found not one word to say; her thoughts and her feelings seemed alike fettered.

This state may arise from two very dissimilar feelings—love and fear. Nina's feelings were not love.

As they returned it had become dark. The air was damp, a cold mist lay between her and her home. A shudder passed through Nina's tender frame.

"Are you unwell?" asked the Count with sympathy.

"No," replied Nina, "but I am cold."

They walked somewhat quicker. This walk by the side of Count Ludwig was unpleasant to her. It seemed to her an image of her future life—all so cold, so silent, and so dark. Their way led them past the table where the artisan family had sat: it was exactly as they had left it; the remainder of the fruit they had not taken with them. Count Ludwig muttered something between his teeth about "idiotic pride." Nina, in the mean time, thought of another world, but said nothing. She hastened to forget, with Edla, the unfriendly impression she had received.

It was a misfortune that Edla had scarcely ever seen in Count Ludwig those humors and traits of character which show what the man in his every-day life is properly to those around him. Perhaps Edla looked too exclusively upon that which distinguishes the statesman in the eyes of his fellow-countrymen. Nina, on the contrary, was much more sensitive to the virtues which make the happiness of family life. She had however renounced her own will to that degree, that she would not permit her thoughts long to dwell on anything which was displeasing to her in Count Ludwig. She guided herself according to his wishes; she thought on his distinguished qualities and esteemed them; nay, she endeavored in deep earnestness to love him. Endeavor to love any one—Sisyphus-labor!

Edla set off with her father, who gave himself up like a child to her guidance. Deeply agitating was this separation for Nina, whose mind from so many causes had been so strongly excited. As to Edla, she appeared calm; the light trembling of her limbs alone betrayed the painful warfare which raged within her. She held Nina long pressed to her breast, as if she would impart to her the strength that dwelt there; she then laid the hand of her sister in that of Count Ludwig, and looked on both with an indescribable expression without being able to say one word.

It would be impossible to give all the histories, all the conjectures, and all the anecdotes, which the company at the Baths related respecting these occurrences in the President's family. They furnished an inexhaustible fountain of conversation, whose quintessence for the greatest part consisted in the exclamation of—

"The poor Countess! O, it has cost her dear!" and in the moral observation—

"How fragile we are! to-day full of health and vigor—to-morrow on the brink of the grave! The best thing is to be always ready!"

After Edla's departure, it seemed as if that earlier indifference to everything would again take possession of Nina, but she herself struggled against it. A still gentle seriousness, an indescribable amiability toward every one, gave to her an irresistible charm. This operated even upon Count Ludwig, who became even gentler in her presence. He felt that she alone was destined for his wife; he felt himself from day to day more fettered by her—she became more and more necessary to him; and he considered it almost as a misfortune, that by the death of a distant and unknown relation a great inheritance, of which he was become possessed, required his personal presence.

A short time after Edla's journey, he thus was also obliged to part from Nina. He did this with sincere and deep regret, and so much the more as he could not fix the time when he could see her again. How much easier Nina breathed after his departure, Count Ludwig had no idea. He thought that she had attached herself to him as the future support of her life, and we will not deny that the thought of having a firm support is sufficient with many weak female natures to induce them to give their hand to a man of stern and cold feeling. But it was not so with Nina. That which she required was an inwardly-animating power, was—sun. Count Ludwig believed that she looked up to him as to a higher being, and this was precisely the kind of devotion which his power-loving soul alone desired.

Soon after Edla's departure, Nina received from her the following lines:

"It often happens when we are distant from those whom we love, that we remember a word or an action which causes us to reproach ourselves: 'thou wast not gentle enough, hadst not forbearance enough! I also, Nina, have such recollections, and would so gladly extinguish many moments of the last time we were together.

"I am far from you and cannot speak with you—I write therefore. My good sister, preserve the following counsel in your heart.

"Be not too severe against yourself; judge not yourself too sternly; and above all things, do not let the occurrence which cast a shade upon your name degrade you to yourself. It is the actually accomplished deed which sinks us in the eyes of the world, because we have already fallen in its commission. The first thoughts, the first impure feelings, these are they which we must fear, against these that we must combat. Watch over the feelings of your heart, my sister, for these are they, if pure, which sanctify and give to you worth, properly speaking; but which, if they be impure, drag you down to the dust and make you despised, even without the commission first of the bad action. Our outward connections, the laws of society, the rules of prudence, prevent many an open irregularity. But how few people there are virtuous for the sake of virtue; and who take pains to be not only pure before men, but pure before God also. And yet this is only the true purity. When the endeavor after this in the human soul remits, then it sinks; when it wakes again, it becomes again elevated, and approaches nearer to God, even if it do not stand high in the esteem of man.

"But, Nina, no transformation is sudden.

The elements operate slowly and wearily on the chrysalis which at length develops the butterfly. Our daily occupations, our associates, conversation, thoughts, feelings, all are the threads which unobscuredly but intrinsically weave together the web of our life. Eternity is composed out of moments. If we waste these, how would we win that? Minutes make hours; hours, days; days, months; months, years; and years the whole human life! If we thought frequently on this, how different would our actions frequently be!

"My dear child, above all things, make intelligible to yourself that which you have now to do; think especially on the past time, in order to obtain light for the present; think on the path upward which you have to tread, and if your soul be pure before God, your will will resign itself to Him; then your heart will be tranquil, and yourself will be worthy of the noblest of men, and will make happy your  
EDLA."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

NOW-A-DAYS all the world travels. A great part of life is passed on turnpike roads and in steam carriages. Nations visit one another with as much ease as next-door neighbors. Travelling is become a fashion; and as the characters in my novel are people of fashion, no wonder is it that they are perpetually travelling. Many of my readers, at all events I hope so, will not unwillingly follow where I shall conduct them—namely to the East, toward

### PARADISE.

"And the gold of that land was good."

FIRST BOOK OF MOSES

Paradise is the name of the small estate which Baron H. inherited from his ancestors; it lies in the sunny, hospitable Schonen.

"Knowest thou that land?"

It is a glorious land! Rich harvests wave upon its plains. The heart is warmed there by the southern sun, and by the good-nature and joyousness that live in the breast of the inhabitants. Time spent among them passes lightly. The stranger preserves in his heart the grateful remembrance of all the kindness and hospitality which he has experienced there.

Paradise lies in this country, and thither Baron H. travelled after his marriage had been celebrated with the utmost quietness. The good and happy Clara went with them; and there they expected in a short time Countess Natalie, Nina, and several friends and acquaintances, for the celebration of the after-nuptials.

Miss Gret—the Baroness H. we should say, was on the journey in the highest degree inquisitive about the estate, whose name she was very solicitous to connect with swine, hens, and other unparadisical animals,\* over which she jeasted without ever succeeding in calling up even the least cloud upon the brow of her husband.

\* I take the liberty, with the permission at least of learned gentlemen, of considering these animals unparadisical. Bishop Spegel, it is true, in his erudite work on "The Creation of God," etc., named among the animals of Paradise "the unclean swine." But as many learned inquirers into antiquity have asserted it to be very difficult to decide on such subjects, we give ourselves permission to consider these words of Bishop Spegel on this important subject as a poetical license.

We must, however, confess that his estate of Paradise, taken in connexion with that unclean beast which furnishes bacon, did not appear to him altogether unparadisical; the two were not as much opposed to one another in his mind, as in that of his wife—nay, bacon and paradise seemed ever to be connected ideas with him.

And now let me tell thee, my dear reader, that a gayer nuptial festival than that which was to be celebrated in Paradise could scarcely be thought of. It is a pure impossibility to imagine a more magnificent feast, a better or happier husband, a more good-humoured or excellent wife, a better-beloved or more amiable lady-friend—we mean Clara.

But we must not forget to state that Filius through the whole of this important epoch conducted himself in a highly becoming manner, and dashed off several sketches of family scenes, in which his foster-father and his new foster-mother were always the principal characters.

After people had dined, laughed, and made their eyes acquainted with the beauties of Paradise—among which the Baroness did not omit to reckon also the farm-yard—after they had played and danced together; finally also, after they had yawned a little together, the guests began by degrees to journey away. The Countess took Nina with her to the North, obtaining the promise that the Baron, together with his family, would follow them in the winter to Nordland, in order to enjoy the Christmas festivities at her house.

How the Baron and his wife now cultivated their Paradise; how they there, with the help of God, like every young couple, renewed in their own way the golden legend of happiness and love of the first paradise; how the Baroness, the very reverse of the former Eve, unremittently warned her husband and her beloved Filius against the eating of apples; and how she, in the most cheerful humour, went examining about in her new world; how beasts and men stood and gaped at her; and how she diffused order and cheerfulness around her—all this, were it written down, would make a very interesting and instructive history. Above all things, I would willingly relate how active Clara was; how she was beloved by her friends; how she enlivened herself in the beautiful meadows and shadowy woods of Paradise—of all this I would willingly give intelligence, but—the happy are sufficient for themselves. I long to visit pale Nina, and to inquire whether life does not somewhere possess an elixir through which her own life may be strengthened and beautified—a life that, we acknowledge it, has hitherto resembled very little that of a heroine, and must have excited more compassion than interest. I leap over therefore, with the kind permission of all good housewives—the Baroness H included—the busy times of preserving, salting, and such like.

The November wind howls already before the windows; the heaven is gray, the earth is gray, the air is gray, the bird is silent, the leaf withers. Now the nose of the inhabitant of the north dyes itself blue and red; now the Englishman hangs himself; now people remain sticking in bad roads; now the soul of the poet and the last little flower of the valley are be-

numbed; now people require warm rooms and friendly souls—fire, everywhere fire! November, thou art an ugly, melancholy old fellow, full of storm and frost! But thou goest, and December comes, who is yet darker and sterner than thou! Now the the misty hosts of heaven assemble themselves, and in order to conceal the unsightliness of the earth, and to defend the hopes of summer, he brings the light flaky snow, and spreads its covering over land and sea. Now I harness Baron H.'s sledge, and amid the joyous ringing of the horses' bells, I travel post with him and his family towards Nordland.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### SHADOW AND LIGHT.

"It is Christmas! It is Christmas!"  
THE CHILDREN.

How cold, how gloomy it is! The window-panes are covered with ice; the morning twilight extends its hand to the evening twilight, and the dark night entombs the day. In Nordland, however, the midday has a few bright moments; the sun sheds still a few feeble beams, then he quickly disappears and it becomes dark. Farther up in the country people know nothing more of day—the night endures for months.

They say in the North, that "Nature sleeps," but this sleep resembles death; like death, it is cold and ghastly, and would obscure the heart of man, did not another light descend at the same time—if it did not open to the heart a warmer bosom and animate it with its life. In Sweden they know this very well, and while everything sleeps and dies in nature, all is set in motion in all hearts and homes for the celebration of a festival. Ye know it well, ye industrious daughters of home, ye who strain your hands and eyes by lamplight quite late into the night to prepare presents. You know it well, you sons of the house, you who bite your nails in order to puzzle out "what in all the world" you shall choose for Christmas presents. Thou knowest it well, thou fair child, who hast no other anxiety than lest the Christman should lose his way and pass by thy door. You know it well, you fathers and mothers, with empty purses and full hearts; ye aunts and cousins of the great and immortal race of needlewomen and workers in wool—ye welcome and unwelcome uncles and male cousins, ye know it well, this time of mysterious countenances and treacherous laughter! In the houses of the rich, fat roasts are prepared and dried fish; sausages pour forth their fat, and tarts puff themselves up; nor is there any hut so poor as not to have at this time a sucking-pig squeaking in it, which must endeavour, for the greater part, to grow fat with its own good-humour.

It is quite otherwise with the elements at this season. The cold reigns despotically; it holds all life fettered in nature; restrains the heaving of the sea's bosom; destroys every sprouting grass blade; forbids the birds to sing and the gnats to sport; and only its minister, the powerful north wind, rolls freely forth into gray space, and takes heed that everything keeps it-

self immovable and silent. The sparrows only—those optimists of the air—remain merry, and appear by their twittering to announce better times.

At length comes the darkest moments of the year, the midnight hour of nature; and suddenly light streams forth from all habitations, and emulates the stars of heaven. The church opens its bosom full of brightness and thanksgiving, and the children shout, full of gladness, "It is Christmas! it is Christmas!" Earth sends her hallelujah on high!

And wherefore this light, this joy, this thanksgiving! "A Child is born!" A child! In the hour of night, in a lowly manger, He has been born; and angels have also sung, "Peace on earth!" This is the festival which shall be celebrated—and well may ye, you dear children, sound forth your cries of joy! Welcome, even though unconsciously, the hour in which this Friend, this Brother, was born to you; who shall guide you through life, who shall lighten the hour of death to you, and who one day shall verify the dreams of your childhood; who shall stand beside you in necessity and care, and shall help to answer the great questions of life. Rejoice, ye happy children, whom He blesses! Rejoice, and follow after Him! He is come to lead you and all of us to God!

There are inexhaustible, love-inspiring, wonderful, entrancing thoughts, in which man is never weary of plunging. The sick soul bathes in them as in a Bethesda, and is made whole; and in them the healthy find an elevating life's refreshment. Of this kind are the thoughts on that Child—His poverty, His lowliness, His glory!

It is a beautiful and wise ordination, that the life of the church unfolds itself most richly at that moment in which nature lies dead. For this receive thanks, Thou all-good Father!

So thought the quiet Clara, as with her friends she slowly wound along the hill covered with dark pine wood, and ascended to the top, from which gleamed the illuminated windows of the present residence of Countess Natalie, which we call Umenas. Clara looked out into the gray mist which embraced every object. In the midst of this darkness the lights seen from the height appeared doubly agreeable, and Clara's eyes riveted themselves involuntarily upon them, while pleasant sensations filled her heart. She rejoiced in the thought of seeing Nina again, for whom she always felt the most cordial sympathy, and she questioned within herself—

"Is there also at last a light for thee, which warms and illumines thy life! Thou pale, beautiful, good, and richly-gifted maiden, wherefore should thou be less happy than the insignificant Clara?"

"Coffee!" exclaimed Baron H., sleeping.

"Presently," answered the Baroness, who did not sleep.

"What?" inquired the Baron, waking up.

"We shall soon be there."

"Impossible!"

"Certainly!"

"Impossible!"

"But, my best friend, I assure you."

"But, my best friend, I do not believe you."

"We see lights already."

"I don't."

"Yes, so I believe; when one sleeps—"

"One does not sleep! Only one cannot see it; only some folks have sharper eyes than others."

"It is inconceivable," said the Baroness, a little warmly, "that you, a person half asleep, should contend against that which two persons wide awake have seen. The window on your side is closed; now just see!" and so saying she extended her hand to open the coach-window; the Baron seized her hand, kissed it heartily, and laying it over his eyes, assured her that then he saw clear snow-light.

The Baroness contended no longer, and in tender peace or war—since it is extraordinary how often these two opposites are one—the travellers soon drew up at the door of the building, which the Baroness called *house*, and the Countess *castle*.

We had it in mind to give to our readers a detail of the existing circumstances there; but we see a pen in the hand of the Baroness, and we think it, therefore, much to our interest to present the following extract from a letter which, a few days after her arrival at Umenas, she wrote to her confidential friend—

"But enough of the journey and its languid adventures. The reception was most friendly. It did not look in any respect Laplandish at Natalie's. A beautiful drawing-room well lighted, new furniture, carpets, and an open fire! It would be difficult for Natalie to persuade herself, or others, that she leads here the life of a self-denying hermit. And the people in this hermitage! You know that always and everywhere I see people first. Natalie—magnificent! she seems as if she would enact the part of the fairy in her castle upon the mountain. She has grown younger; dresses herself in velvet and silk; plays the harp, and wishes to enchant the whole world; and I am convinced that she succeeds. It has given me actual pleasure to see Nina again; she has strikingly improved in beauty, and begins to look like a creature of flesh and blood. 'The air here occasions that,' says Natalie. Thus there must actually be a magic in the air of Nordland which has the power of renewing youth and increasing beauty. I, therefore, am very glad to have come here. I might not, in fact, be disinclined to become a little younger and a little handsomer for the sake of my good man.

"When I last saw Nini, probably four months since, she resembled a dove lamed in the wing, she looked so deadly pale and feeble; now she has recovered life and complexion—God knows if that be occasioned by the air. You know that it is not my custom to look upon people as ideal, to take them for angels and gods; but I see them commonly only as that which they really are. You will therefore be, perhaps, a little astonished at the description which I have in my mind to give you; but you must not, on that account, charge me with enthusiasm, for I cannot endure this; and besides that, it would be quite unjust. But now to business.

"The evening we arrived at Umenas we found several gentlemen in the drawing-room. By chance my eyes fell on one of them, and I found it almost impossible to withdraw them from him. Not that he was so remarkably handsome, or played any brilliant part; no, but he

was so altogether original. I never remember to have ever seen in a man anything so simple and amiable. You might have painted his forehead and his eyes. His complexion extremely dark, but clear and fresh. In his whole being is the most agreeable union of repose and animation, of strength and gentleness. There was a something both of the apostles John and Paul in him at the same time. I never before felt myself so soon acquainted with any one, and never rejoiced so much in having made an acquaintance. Natalie spoke much in his praise, and added, that he played the harp like King David. I see that you begin to be somewhat impatient over my description, and inquire, 'Who then is this Phoenix? what is he? what is his name?' This extraordinary man is the minister of the community here, and is called Edward Hervey. Is not that the name of a true hero of romance? How much his eyes, his words, his playing on the harp—to say nothing of the country air—may have contributed to the raising of Nina from the dead, I leave undecided.

"Do not, however, imagine that in the remotest degree I would surmise anything wrong. That one person can enliven and arouse another, is of the mercy and blessing of God. There is no need immediately to think of abduction and secret marriage. All that does not belong to our times; besides which, Pastor Hervey does not seem in any way like a hero of romance. He has the exterior of a very serious and serene-tempered man. I must, however, inform you, that if his eyes frequently rest upon her like two observant watchers, that they also very often rest upon my quiet Clara, which does not displease me at all. Never have I seen black eyes with such a gentle expression; sometimes they are rather melancholy, although commonly they beam with a wonderful clearness; but I really and truly believe that these eyes have almost turned my head. I must divert my thoughts. I will cast my eyes about, and tell you what I discover outside the house; for I sit at the window, and can look over the country both far and near. Horribly ugly!—coal-black woods—high mountains—all wild and waste! Farther off lies the sea, whose roaring one hears in stormy weather. On the right is the Ume river, which pours itself into the sea—down there, there is a beautiful valley. I have not seen it; nor have I any desire even to set my eyes upon it, for I do not think of going out the whole of the winter. This house lies upon a hill, and is stormed by every wind that blows. It is really extraordinary how it can be made so comfortable in the house. But then we make incredible fires, and thus it happens that the prospect over the wood is not so uninteresting. Remarkable cliffs rise up from the sea, every one of which bears an extraordinary name; one of them is called the 'Peasant, or Black Man,' and looks supernaturally awful.

"Now, assuredly, you will want to know something about a certain lately-married couple! Good! Husband and wife are both quite well, and on the whole get on tolerably well together. The wife sometimes is a little bitter, and has the greatest desire to take upon herself the entire government of things; yet she

fears daily more and more, that her husband, with his extraordinary good temper and great good sense, will nullify her power, and make her as tame as any other wife. In the mean time the married pair have a guardian angel whom they bear in their arms, and they agree in no one thing more perfectly than in the love which they bear to the holy Clara. They hope, with her help, not to miss of the way of heaven. For the present, however, we remain on earth, in order to celebrate the Christmas festivities. I really rejoice in the thought of hearing Edward Hervey preach on this occasion. He must look like an apostle. I must tell you that my good H. is as much taken with him as I am.

"Perhaps we remain here longer than at first was our intention. Natalie wishes very much that we should remain over the winter with her; my husband is obtaining the most exact information he can on the usages of hunting in these parts; and I, like a good wife, would willingly contribute all in my power to the pleasures of my husband. I should, however, be guilty of falsehood if I were to assert that I make any sacrifice thereto—yet with all that our little Paradise was in all respects a more perfect abode.

"I now must leave you, for my husband calls."

So far from the letter of the Baroness H.

The joyful song of the Christmas-night resounded; and now then is joy on earth, and dance, and sport, and light in the habitations of men. They dance in the castle by wax-light, and to pealing music; they dance in cottages and barns by the blaze of the pinewood torch, to the unpretending music of the fiddle; long processions of sledges, filled with ladies and gentlemen, fly through the cities to the jingling of the horses' bells; and ragged boys speed little girls in hand-sledges down the hill, and not unfrequently overturning their barefooted fair ones.

All goes on gayly at Umenas this year than ever before in the memory of man. The Countess's rooms were all illuminated, and music sounded to the dance, so that it was a very delight. She would with her gifts have overflowed the huts of the poor with luxury had not Hervey earnestly and decidedly opposed it.

"They have not the means," said he "to obtain better lights and better music. It is not well to awaken in them desires after things the want of which they do not at present feel, and without which they are perfectly happy. These lights may be preserved for the use of night-watching by the sick—where they will chase away many a gloomy shadow."

In the mean time the winter passed away amid social pleasures and domestic amenities. The Countess and the Baroness confessed never to have spent a more joyous winter. To Nina it appeared that only at Umenas had she first began to breathe.

For the life which reigned in the castle, for the agreeable manner in which the time was spent there, and the pleasant tone of feeling which was imparted to every member of the family—all had, in an especial manner, to thank Edward Hervey. We will observe him a little nearer.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

EDWARD HERVEY.

A clear and vigorous understanding; a strong and good heart; health and happiness—that is the worth of man.—*THEOLOGY.*

WILT thou see the preacher amid the peasant people of his community? There is nothing more beautiful! He went very much among them; he loved to see them cheerful; he mingled sometimes in their dances, and conducted their games. No festivity was complete for the country-people if Hervey did not participate of it. His presence occasioned not the slightest constraint, although it prevented every intemperance. On the least tendency to rudeness or violence, the faulty one felt Hervey's hand upon his shoulder; and before his glance, and his warning but friendly words, "Softly, my child!" every unruly thought bowed itself immediately.

Hervey was the favourite of the parish. One person esteemed his upright intentions and his activity for the good of the community; another, his glorious preaching; a third, his reverence before the altar and his care for the education of the young; a fourth, his knowledge and the willingness with which he imparted it; a fifth, his agreeable demeanour, his gentleness, and his animation. People said of him everywhere as was earlier said of Ansgarius, "That one never had seen such a good man."

The natural consequence of this was, that one had never seen anybody who was so beloved and so revered as he. All, high and low, rich and poor, received from him counsel and consolation; and he had counsel and love for all. He never turned away from any one; he never cast down the weak, never repelled the heart that was willing to advance. His rich soul could comprehend all, could direct all. He drew mankind involuntarily toward him, for his glance was clear, his way of life blameless, his will firm, and his heart that of an angel.

In the six years during which Hervey had lived and worked in this country, both man and the earth had been very much changed. An active spirit of culture occasioned grass and corn to spring from the bosom of the one, and sound thoughts and feelings to shoot up from the heart of the other. Thankless fields and depressing discouragements, morasses and rudeness, vanished ever more and more. Taste for literature and feeling for art, lucerne and clover, struck, by little and little, deeper and deeper root. What Fenelon taught, what Oberlin did, that taught and did Edward Hervey. The first in virtue, knowledge, and industry, he was in the most beautiful signification of the word the shepherd of his flock.

What made him especially dear to all was the worth, the importance, which man as man possessed for him. Pre-eminently the purely human in the life of every human being riveted his attention. With what love did he not regard the operations of religion in the still-life which, unobserved by the great world, his quiet days developed; and thus he felt the same interest in obscure and insignificant life as in the most splendid; he loved to compare these in his conversations, and to place each in its proper light. How many striking traits, how many Christian sentiments, thus became conspicuous!

How great, therefore, at times appeared life even in its own little, unobserved spheres! Hervey belonged to the romantic school—to that school which arose in that moment when Christ was born in a stable. History and romance has followed out this subject in endless variations. If from this cause a few strange marvels come to light, it cannot be considered as a human failing. Hervey, however, was free from all this; his soul was bright, and he loved to be just.

What was indescribably attractive in him was the unspeakable gentleness and benevolence of his glance, his beautiful smile—a decision, a clearness and freshness in his whole being—all these contributed to increase yet more his influence. His superiority might have been overbearing had not his goodness gained all hearts. And yet for all that he was feared—feared as a minister ought to be. People considered an angry glance, a severe word from him, as a misfortune.

Hast thou ever met with any one in whose presence the soul has strengthened itself by an unspeakable satisfaction, and from whom a blessed feeling of security has poured itself through thy whole being? Hast thou met with any one who made thee at peace with thyself, with God, with life, and with thy fellow-men? any one toward whom thou turnedst involuntarily as the sun to the light, or as man to a quiet, angelic nature? if so, then hast thou experienced what most men felt in the presence of Hervey. It was as if a mild sunshine diffused itself from his heart.

Who can tell the influence of Hervey's life and being upon Nina. A great change began to take place in her. She was no longer the feeble, almost lifeless beauty; no longer that dreamless shape. A vein of life and joy seemed aroused in her being. Like a child awakened from sleep, she looked clear and smiling into life. She beamed like the rosy light of morning.

But upon Hervey also Nina operated with irresistible magic. A secret power of attraction drew the one to the other, and made them conscious of a high happiness if they only saw each other. There was no need of words. And yet how delicious was the intercourse between them. How clearly she understood him—how rightly he drew her out. He was the sun over her earth; she the mild dew upon his. They acted upon each other indescribably well, yet she received most richly. It was more than life—or, rather, it was life itself.

Thus happily lived she—thus tranquilly; for no one thought of disturbing her, not even the monitor within herself. Even the sharp-sighted Baroness H. became by degrees assured; for Hervey and Nina were in the highest degree frank and undisguised toward each other, and the still Clara was almost always with them, and received also Hervey's attentions. That he admired Nina, and was willingly in company with her, was nothing but what was natural and necessary. Besides this, the baroness considered it rational that Pastor Hervey would much prefer forming a marriage with Clara than with the beautiful daughter of the countess, and therefore she did him not the injustice to believe the contrary. The baroness had very early acknowledged Hervey's worth; and the

more she learned to value him, the livelier was the wish in her that Clara and Hervey might exchange hearts; she herself would willingly have contributed something to the mutual happiness.

The Countess was at first astonished by Hervey's uncommon character and accomplishments, and then completely fascinated by them. She endeavored, on her part, to attract him, and exclusively to fether his regards. But she very soon remarked that he preferred Nina's company—nay, even that of the original Baroness and the quiet Clara, to hers—and then, somewhat wounded by the discovery, she withdrew from him her observation, and turned it upon a handsome Colonel who gave somewhat more to his handsome neighbor than barren admiration.

Hervey often spent his winter evenings at Umanas. His presence gave an increased liveliness to all. Moments of melancholy which at times passed over his brow, like clouds over the clear heavens, did not disturb his influence. They quickly vanished—a glance on Nina, the tone of her voice, dissipated them, and he appeared doubly amiable from the shadow of melancholy which these fleeting moments left behind. Often also was he as happy and as playful as a child, and then no one could resist his merriment.

When Nina saw the preacher among the strangers who often were assembled in the Countess's drawing-room, she could enjoy but a small share of his society. Then he was surrounded by all; all hands were stretched towards him, in order to press his; all glances seemed to enliven themselves in him; every one had something to say to him—something on which to have his counsel.

Then for the most part sat the young Captain Philip S. beside her, whose title of Count, and whose great property gave rise to many and many a prophesying—of what my readers may well conceive. (Nina's half-betrothal with Count Ludwig had been kept a family secret, of which nobody in that place had the least suspicion)—nor did Nina's behavior appear at all to contradict these prophesyings. She listened to the young Captain so willingly, so kindly, so attentively; his fine figure and his handsome countenance made all that easily natural, especially for those who could not hear upon what the conversation turned. And upon what indeed did it turn? What indeed would the reader believe was it that the young man spoke of to the young girl? Why of his friend, of Edward Hervey, of his character, of his mode of conduct, of his excellence. He spoke out of the fullness of his heart, without surmising why it was that he was listened to so willingly. Young S. belonged to the most amiable class of characters, which forgets its own peculiar *I* in whatever is excellent, and are happy in so doing.

And now, after all this praise-exhalation of one man, let us add yet a little word on mankind in general.

It has already been often said, but it is so agreeable to repeat what one knows is really so—that it is the peculiar impulse of man to glance upward, to admire, and what is admired to love; and if there be moments in which a

general feeling of brotherhood pervades mankind, they are those in which a great action or a mighty genius is revealed to the world. Then the whole world arises as one man and pays homage. This homage is a brotherhood in which all with all drink out of the same living well, and through which they all acknowledge themselves children of one Father.

My enemy, wherefore strive we one with another so bitterly? We must indeed all of us become of one mind, if we would see God.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### THE WOOD AND THE COLONIST.

It rushes and roars over stock and stone,  
And the witch she danced o'er the moorland.

THE COLLIER BOY.

The frost-flowers melted from the window-panes. The sun made its appearance in the parlor, even when the company had assembled themselves to breakfast; the sugar melted in the gilded cups; the butter on the warm-toasted slices. Delighted guests, who found everything well tasted, sat round the table. The fire glimmered on the hearth; it had lost evidently in size and brightness, and seemed to look back because the sun made his appearance in the room. The Countess's two little dogs nibbled rushes on the mat, and the parrot as he sat on his perch shouted "good morning!" And the morning was good, fresh and clear as a thought of Geijer's.

Nina stepped to the window. Rose-colored and golden-yellow clouds floated over the heavens; the wood put forth green points from its winter covering; the ice glittered in a million diamonds; and little sparrows hopped and played about upon the snow.

"A beautiful day!" exclaimed Nina, delighted; "Clara, we must go out! We will surprise the mountain-king and the magic-spirits in their morning sleep. We will go deep into the woods and lose ourselves!"

Nina now had thoughts like other young girls, beautiful, fresh, foolish thoughts. She began to be young.

Clara willingly consented. The elder ladies only besought them not to go too far. The Baroness in particular warned the young girls of the craft of the king of the mountain, and prophesied that their audacity would be punished, and that some really unpleasant adventure might befall them. The prophecy only inflamed the courage of the young ladies. They dressed themselves speedily, and set out on their wandering. The snow crunched under their feet. The cold was severe, and yet the air was so fresh that the cold only lent more animation to their motions. Active, light, and merry, with rosy cheeks and beaming eyes, they hastened forward. They were soon warm. Exercise, the fresh air, the magnificent winter landscape which lay before them in dazzling sunshine, made them enjoy the pleasure of existence. Nina's beautiful countenance beamed with delight and youthful life. Clara looked upon her with the admiration and joy which an angel's heart ever experiences when it sees the smile of happiness on the lips of a good man.

"Tell me, Nina," said Clara, "are we not happier here than they who to-day pace up and down the promenades of Stockholm to see and to be seen? They take out their vanity to be seen, and that prevents their seeing God's sun itself."

"Certainly, my dear little preacher," answered Nina merrily, "for everywhere where there are pretensions there is no want of unrest. If we cast our glances too much on ourselves, we cannot send them out into the world. But we ought not to extend these observations to the greater number of the walking citizens; many of them go also into the air on account of health."

"Unquestionably," answered Clara. "You, for example, have enjoyed the pleasure which gratified vanity can give to the highest extent. When you went into Queen-street, or when you drove about in your father's splendid equipage in green velvet and a rose-coloured bonnet with beautiful feathers, was there a single eye which did not follow you with pleasure? Still you never looked then so happy as now."

"Nor was I ever," replied Nina. "The attention which people showed me, and the idle applause which I gained, delighted me at times, but never made me happy."

"How could they make any one happy excepting for a moment!" said Clara; "and to these moments there succeeds only a void. O, I wish that mankind only understood how to be happy! Then they would leave cities, and live in the country in nature. In order however to enjoy nature with one's whole heart, one must be divested of self-seeking; all littleness, all miserable self-love, and all narrow-heartedness, must be rooted out, and with clear eyes and a pure heart we must look upward to God's creation. Here also may it be said, 'he who will lose his own life for the will of God, shall gain instead eternal life.'"

Nina answered not—she thought of one good man. She looked upward to heaven, and made Clara observant of its wonderful brilliancy. A tear of devotion trembled in Clara's eye. "How beautiful—how glorious!" said the young girls. They did not remark that a dark stretch of cloud rose ever higher and higher on the horizon; they turned into the wood by a side-path. The hare sprang forth from her form, yet remained standing at some little distance, and seated herself tolerably boldly on her hind-legs, to watch the peaceful wanderers. The cock of the wood flew about under the trees and threw the snow from the branches. Strange but agreeable tones resounded through the air, and in the mean time the very snow itself upon the rocks seemed to become animated—to take "shape and wing," and the ptarmigan flew whirling away. The young girls rejoiced themselves in the peculiar life of the solitude; it was so new to them—so astonishing. They went from one footpath to another, and entered with a feeling of awe a wild and lofty pine-forest.

Nina and Clara seated themselves on the fallen trunk in order to rest a little. The tall tapering trees were clothed in a snow-gauze which inclosed them in glistening folds, and high above the heads of our friends the wind whistled in the dark tree-tops.

"How magnificent—how solemn!" said Clara, as her eyes gratefully glanced around her. "It seems to me as if I understood here the life of the northern antiquity. The earth was uncultivated—nature dark and mysterious. Man grown up in her bosom was dark and powerful in action like her; yet was he great and glorious in his strength. I know not what a feeling of supernatural pleasure seems to seize upon me, when I think on these times and their strange existence; on their giants, dwarfs, and magic spirits—on their power of prophecy and conjuration. I would give a great deal if I could only for one moment conjure forth again this legend-world, and make acquaintance with its giants and mountain-spirits."

"Not I—not I!" exclaimed Nina with a repelling motion of her hand. "I feel only fear of these awful incomprehensible beings; we will not entice them forth with our wishes. Let us be thankful that we live in a time in which human industry has let light in upon earth; where law and good order have changed it into a place of agreeable habitation. We will not lament the vanishing of that Titanic time—its power was more rude than great and pure: let us rejoice that the hour of humanity has struck. When I hear people depreciating the present times in comparison with the past, the words or rather the thought of the poet Shelley comes into my mind—

"The spirit of religion and poetry has poured itself forth over the heart of the whole world; it penetrates even through the granite mass. Man is less powerful, but he is softer and milder. Every-day business becomes beautified through love."

"And truly," continued Nina, as she took Clara's hand in hers, "truly the pure, affectionate man and the world which he creates around him is the true and beautiful image of God. Do not you remember that on the last evening these were Hervey's words?"

"I remember it," replied Clara; "and I am entirely of your mind. Believe me," added she, smiling, "I don't wish in the least to have lived in the times of the Gygiornen and the Starkodarnen; I would only amuse myself for a moment with a few of our heathen ancestors, in order to know what people thought of life in those days. If they only had a right perception of God, and rightly understood him, I think they must have been happier than most people now-a-days."

"Happier, and why?" asked Nina astonished. "Because," replied Clara, "they were more alone with nature and with themselves. The earth had more woods than now: there was no want of space to move in, and a fresh breath blew through life. The world of society was not then created, with its petty pleasures and its great plagues, which are more burdensome and numerous than Pharaoh's locusts. Man then could not be very unhappy. He died often, it is true, a violent death, but he did not waste away so slowly as now. He was freer—had more space for action."

"More space for action?" interrupted Nina; "but no air, no atmosphere of gentleness and love. O Clara, without love, without a human heart wherein to rest, wherein to live, the most extended space is nothing but a void—the free-

dom nothing but a burden ! Nature itself, Clara, heaven itself, come not nearer to us—remain silent to us—before—”

Here she was suddenly interrupted by a shrill whistle, which appeared to proceed from somewhere in their immediate neighbourhood. The young girls sprang up terrified. The whistle was repeated many times, and each time shriller and louder.

“We have awakened a wood-spirit,” said Nina jestingly.

“Or perhaps a heathen dwarf,” suggested Clara, “who now whistles to scorn our remarks on the times in which he was mighty.”

“Is it the mountain thrush, or the misfortune bird as they call him here in the country ?” said Nina. “I have already once before heard his shrill cry. See there he flies over us ! let us go home, dear Clara ; it is quite awful here in the wood. Hark how strangely it thunders and growls !”

A fearful rushing and roaring, in fact, filled the old mountain forest ; it was the sign of an approaching tempest. Almost in the same moment gray clouds overspread the whole heaven, and it began to snow. The young girls set out with hasty steps on their homeward way ; but the spirits of the wood and the mountain had got loose, and began to play their unceasing pranks. The wanderers had lost their way in the wood ; they perceived that it was so, and first tried one path and then another, but these all by degrees lost themselves again and only conducted the girls deeper into the wood, while the snow wrapped them in thick clouds and concealed every path. The violence of the storm increased each moment : many trees fell before its fury—in short it was a perfect hurricane.

At first the girls began to laugh over the adventure—then they were silent—then anxious, and at last they deplored their want of foresight. They wandered about for a long time in the hope of finding a cottage, or of bringing some one to their help by their cries. Without complaint, but with ever decreasing power, the delicate Nina followed her stronger companion ; thus wandered they for hours. Fortunately for them the rigor of the cold abated during the snow-fall, otherwise we should certainly have accompanied our young friends for the last time.

It began to get dark as they came to a lofty bare hill, which it was their intention to ascend in order that they might, if possible, make observations from its summit. Scarcely, however, had they gone a few paces for this purpose, when Nina sunk down almost fainting. Spite of her own and Clara's efforts, she was neither in a condition to raise herself, nor to make any motion. The storm in the meantime had reached its height. It was a wild music of dissonant tones—a wild dance of trees and clouds—a wild running about and flying of terrified creatures of all kinds. All nature seemed in uproar.

Nina was strong neither in body nor mind. An indescribable terror seized her. She laid her head on Clara's breast, and whispered with tears : “Shall we perish here ?”

“No,” replied Clara, prudently ; “God will send us help !” So saying she clasped Nina in

her arms, and endeavoured to warm her on her breast.

“But indeed,” said Nina, with a faint voice, “there have been people frozen to death in the woods, or become the prey of wild beasts. Why should Providence do more for us than for other people.”

“Good, then,” said Clara, with heavenly submission, “if we must actually die here, we shall also rest here in the bosom of the good Father !”

Nina wept. “I am yet so young,” whispered she : “I have had so little pleasure—Edla ! Herv—” the name died upon her lips.

“You shall live ! you shall be happy !” said Clara, warmly and consolingly, yet, at the same time, full of anxiety. “I will call.”

“Who can hear your voice ! the storm, the storm !”

At this moment an extraordinary song reached the ears of the two friends. A voice rough and strong, without melody, but full of wild power, sang the following words, which appeared to control the tempest, for its raging abated during the song, and changed itself, as it were, into a threatening murmur. Thus sang the voice of the mountain :

“Mid the gloom of the night-hour,  
Mid the gathering storm-bands,  
On the heights of the snow-hills,  
A wanderer stands ;  
Sees vast trees uprooted,  
Sees rocks splintered fall,  
Yet stands he unflinching,  
Unfearing through all !

“In the woods there's a roaring  
It howls through the air ;  
There comes from the mountains  
A cry of despair !  
Yet calm is the wanderer,  
He goeth aright ;  
Neither joy, neither sorrow,  
His soul can excite.

“Loud crying, escape they,  
The terrified deer ;  
Before the fierce hurricane,  
All crouch in fear !  
The wanderer stands tranquil—  
In spirit he sees,  
A power more mighty—  
Lands other than these !

“Thou Father Almighty !  
I' th' stormy night-hour,  
I sing for thanksgiving,  
A hymn to thy power !  
Thou need but command it,  
The tempest takes flight,  
And forth from the tumult,  
Come sounds of delight.

“Acknowledge thy master—  
Thy rage be it stayed—  
Before Him bow Titan,  
Of Him be afraid !  
Be strong, feeble spirit,  
In need, God is near !  
And he who will trust Him,  
No tempest may fear !”

At the first tone of the song Clara sprang up. A break in the clouds enabled her to discover, in the midst of the snow-storm which whirled around the summit of the mountain, a figure which resembled rather a shaggy mountain-spirit than a human being. It was the singer. He stood upon the highest peak of the mountain, was clothed with the skins of animals, and accompanied his wild song with extraordinary gestures.

Clara shouted loudly, the singer, however, appeared not to hear her. She had not a mo-

ment to deliberate; but after she had whispered a few encouraging words to her friend, began to climb the mountain as quickly as possible. Nina, at first, without rightly knowing what she did, had attempted to hold back Clara; but when she saw herself alone, her soul was seized upon by an irrepressible anxiety. The song ceased; suddenly she became aware of a cry of terror. The storm rose again at the same time, and as if with renewed strength. Several trees near her were immediately broken before the fury of the tempest; she heard no longer the sound of human voices; she was conscious of nothing but the cries of the wild creatures. Unearthly shapes seemed to dance before her bewildered glances; at last, all seemed to whirl round—she felt as if a hundred weight had fallen upon her breast, and she lost all consciousness. Death had already hovered with his pale wings over Nina; but an angel stepped between him and her. It seemed to Nina as if she began to dream, somewhat confusedly to be sure, but sweetly and agreeably. She heard melodious tones and words. She did not understand their sense, yet they did her good. She felt herself raised from the earth, and borne thence as if on angels' wings. A pleasant warmth diffused itself through her breast, and recalled the beating of her heart. She felt no more depression, storm, nor winter. Paradisiacal landscapes seemed as if they would open themselves to her view; ever more blessed became the state of her mind; she feared nothing, except the waking too soon from this state of bliss.

We turn now for a moment back to Clara. The words of the song which she had heard animated her courage, and she actively climbed the mountain amid continued cries for help. But the shaggy singer was too much busied with his own voice to be able to listen to that of a stranger. It was not till Clara, nearly fainting with fatigue, had almost reached the summit of the mountain, that he became aware of her call, and turned himself towards her. He was, however, all at once so bewildered, and made such wild gestures as he sprang towards her, that she thought he must be insane. At that very moment, however, another man darted forward and struck powerfully back the shaggy one, stretching forth his arms to support the almost sinking girl. With a cry of joy and astonishment Clara recognised—Hervey.

The shaggy man wished to separate him from Clara. Hervey stood on the defensive, and a wild contest ensued between the two.

Like two strong bears they wrestled,  
Upon their hill of snow;  
They contended like eagles,  
With a raging sea below.

At length Hervey succeeded in overthrowing his antagonist, who cried out immediately—"Hold! it is enough!"

"Knut!" exclaimed Hervey astonished, as he recognised the voice of his opponent.

"Pastor Hervey!" said the other, "is it you that so firmly beset me?" And the contest ended with a shake of the hands.

"Where—where is Miss Nina?" asked Hervey with evident anxiety from the astonished Clara, who could only reply to him with difficulty.

"My cottage is in the neighbourhood," said the other, and pointed with his hand in the direction opposite to that in which Clara had come.

"Stop quietly here," said Hervey to Clara; "and you," said he, addressing the shaggy man, "do you remain in defence of her. I shall return in a moment."

In a few seconds he was out of their sight. The shaggy man looked after him. "He leaps and clammers among the mountains," remarked he, with a glance of pleasure, "like a goat."

He now riveted his eyes upon Clara, and as he gazed his expression became more serious, more heartfelt, and more tranquil; he then folded his arms, and tears filled his eyes. He resembled a fawn which worships a hamadryad. The hamadryad, however, was anxious, and would willingly have gone with Hervey to Nina, had not her feet been so weary.

Lying upon the snow, and as white and cold as it, Hervey found the one he sought. The sight of her went like a stab to the heart. He took her in his arms; he warmed her on his breast. With the precious burden on his beating heart, he approached Clara and her admiring worshipper. There rested he for a moment, and here was it that Nina awoke. She saw Hervey's eyes upon her—she found herself borne in his arms—her head rested upon his breast. She fancied she had seen an angel, and powerless, but happy, she closed again her eyes. Why did the color tinge her pale cheek? Did any one see the tear which fell from that manly eye? Night concealed it, but Nina felt it upon her lip—that warm tear of love and joy—and never did loving dew operate more refreshingly on a faded flower.

The path down the other side of the mountain was not so steep. Clara, spite of her refusal, was obliged to permit her shaggy worshipper to carry her; for she was completely overcome, and she was not able, in the increasing darkness, to find firm footing anywhere. Knut went foremost with her; Hervey followed with Nina: both of them happy in the dark stormy night.

After a short journey they arrived at a small colony. A friendly bright fire glimmered through the window of the cottage. The shaggy man raised his voice, and his call was answered by animals of various kinds. Dogs barked, cows lowed, sheep bleated, hens cackled; yet above all a certain shrill tone was heard, which no one, however, could tell whether to ascribe to man or beast. The shaggy man called "Becassine," and a dwarf immediately appeared at the cottage door with a pine-wood torch in his hand, whose crippled troubled figure, and bleared and deep-sunk eyes, did not at all remind one of an image of God. He saw the arrivals with a half-witted expression of countenance; yet a gleam of pleasure exhibited itself in his eyes as the shaggy man laid his hand upon his head and said to him, "Becassine, thou must fly. Strike a light and get ready."

In the clean and spacious cottage Nina was laid upon a couch of reindeer skins, over which a counterpane was spread. In the mean time Hervey, with the help of Becassine, had prepared a strong draught, which he placed at Nina's lips.

"It is bitter, but beneficial," said he.

"It is not bitter," answered she smilingly, when she had drank.

Hervey set the vessel to his mouth in the very place where Nina's lips had rested, and drank the remainder. Love himself may explain to us how it happened that the bitter draught had changed itself, with both of them, into sweet nectar.

Clara had to receive her life-elixir from the hands of the shaggy man. There was in this man's demeanor a singular mixture of bashfulness and boldness; of embarrassment and decision; of dignity and want of manner; and these two last opposites were especially observable in him. His features were handsome, his figure powerful. He produced at the same, an extraordinary, yet an uncomfortable impression.

After Nina had taken the strengthening draught she was consigned to Clara's charge, who, again perfectly recovered, rubbed the limbs of her friend with snow.

The Colonist had thrown off his shaggy covering, and now exhibited himself in the coarse dress of the peasants of the country. He set himself about to prepare the evening meal, while Hervey went out and fired off a gun at short intervals, three several times, which was the signal agreed upon for the people who were gone out in all directions in search of the young ladies. This signal, repeated at intervals of ten minutes soon brought all seeking parties to the colony. The Baroness herself made her appearance with a torch in her hand and a thorn in her heart, at the head of a great crowd of people, before the door of the cottage. The thorn, however, lost its smart as Clara clasped her in her arms; and instead of angry words came tears of joy; nor could she the whole night through regain her customary jesting humor.

Under the conduct of Becassine, people were sent to the Countess to give her information of the state of affairs. The Baroness would remain through the night with her dear young friends, and the next morning, with Hervey, would conduct the lost sheep back to Umenas. Hervey also dispatched a messenger to his mother; and after all this was done, a comfortable repose diffused itself over the little company, which but a short time before was so uneasy. The Baroness sat on Nina's bed, and Clara went out in order to assist the Colonist in the preparation of supper. He was somewhat embarrassed by Clara's entrance. There seemed to be considerable danger that the eggs would be altogether lost, and that the ox-tongue might get up a nearer acquaintance with the milk than would be entirely advantageous to either. Clara's tranquil and self-possessed behavior, as well as her acquaintance with all the affairs of the kitchen, however, soon reduced all again to order and to the usual routine of things. It was not long before she jested with the cook on his bewilderment; and it speedily followed that the two were perfectly contented with each other. But when, ere long, Clara saw the roguish and observant glances of Hervey fixed upon her, then came her turn for embarrassment and bewilderment.

The supper was carried in, and found to be excellent. The attention of Hervey made amends for the want of servants. Nina's eyes

filled with tears of gratitude as she heard the tempest roaring without, and saw all her friends assembled here round the friendly fire, herself the object of their care and sympathy. Her heart was filled with grateful sentiments. Under other circumstances this supper, with its lack of knives and forks, and the therefrom-ensuing laughable results, could not have failed being lively in the highest degree; but the late anxiety and danger seemed as if it had lamed the risible muscles. The Baroness sat silent; and Clara could not look on her and think of the danger to which she had exposed herself on her account without her eyes filling with tears, for the Baroness, in speaking to her, had candidly said, "You must not imagine that it was alone on Nina's account that I was so foolish as to go driving about in the stormy, cold, pitch-black night. I am only glad that H. was not at home, or he would certainly have kept me back, and then that would have occasioned the first married quarrel!"

Immediately after the evening meal, the ladies were left to the enjoyment of that rest of which they stood in such urgent need. The Colonist spread out straw in an adjoining chamber, as a couch for himself and Hervey. Hervey, who was interested in his chamber companion, when they were alone together, addressed to him various questions on his past and present life.

"I cannot give you any verbal information," replied the Colonist; "if, however, you wish it, I will make you acquainted with me by writing."

Hervey represented to him the life of separation which he led. Man ought, he said, to endeavour to make himself useful to his fellow-men. To this the Colonist replied only by a melancholy shake of the head, and these words, "I have served my fellow men most effectually by going out of their way. My life, however, is not entirely useless; I make the animals happy that surround me, poor Becassine included."

"A paradise for animals!" said Hervey, smiling and pointing to many hams and pieces of dried meat which, hardly less numerously than in a butcher's shop, hung from the ceiling.

"I will answer you that question early to-morrow morning," replied the Colonist.

When the morning dawned, the Colonist conducted Hervey to his cattle-yard. Here, to his great astonishment, Hervey saw, in a place separated from the rest, two guillotines—one for the larger and one for the lesser animals.

"Animals must die," said the Colonist; "yet nature herself will seldom provide them with so gentle and un suffering a death as they meet with here. When their little hour has struck, they come here, receive once more their favourite food, and then falls the axe, which separates them, without combat and pain, from a life which they have as perfectly enjoyed as is possible to animals in particular; and during which they have received food, shelter from the severe weather, space for exercise and sport, and caresses from the hand of their master."

A smile of approbation diffused itself over Hervey's countenance. "That is good," said he; "I will for the future follow your example. We are still unsparingly severe and barbarous in our treatment of the animals which serve

and feed us. Of how much importance should not man make it, to free that from suffering to which, after its earthly life, no immortality follows—at least not to the individuals of the species."

"You believe, then, in the immortality of the species?" inquired the Colonist with animation.

"Yes," replied Hervey; "I believe on a new heaven and a new earth—on the life of glorified man in a more glorified nature. I believe with Paul on the redemption of the creation. Man and nature are fallen together, and together also will they be redeemed."

"I rejoice on that account," said the Colonist, with his eyes full of tears. "I love the animals, the flowers, the mountains! I have found myself better in their society than in that of mankind. I acknowledge my being in theirs—their being in mine. They are parts of my life!" Here he extended his arms towards the wild country which surrounded him.

Wind and clouds seemed about to separate after their mighty contest; that sighed and murmured still at times in the wood, agitating ever its tree-tops more gently; these withdrew their gray, snow-laden masses toward the west. The Colonist released his domestic animals—tame, lively, and caressing, they surrounded him. Hervey observed this scene with his own peculiar smile. The Colonist soon talked to his animals as to children, and soon answered the question of his guest respecting their physical and moral treatment. In this particular Hervey resembled the Count in Titan, everywhere he botanized among the grasses and flowers of knowledge; no field was for him entirely barren.

As the sun came forth from the gate of the east, and threw his firebeams over the landscape, Hervey involuntarily turned his glance to the cottage—and behold, there stood at the door, more lovely than the sun—the lovely Nina, fresh and charming as a May morning. Hervey was quickly before her. She extended to him her hand—he pressed it to his lips and held it in his, and round about her there moved life and joy. The trees bowed their gold-coloured heads. The blue roof of heaven shone pure and bright. Hervey glanced on Nina—then around her—and lastly up to heaven. Her glance followed him. In both it was morning devotion—a silent espousal of the soul with each other, with nature, and with God.

Happy are the hearts which are united in purity and in piety—their covenant cannot be released by earthly fate!

And who other than Clara stands beside the Colonist! She emulates him in feeding and caressing the animals, or, rather, has it all to herself, for he, at that moment in watching her, forgot everything else. Hervey and Nina joined them, and rejoiced over the tame animals, that seemed living here one with another as in the concord of the Golden Age. The Baroness also came forth, and that with a brow as cheerful as the day itself.

Becassine's coffee found the company in the best of humours, and was praised by the Baroness, as was only reasonable.

A crowd of people, who had been sent by the Countess to cut a carriage-way through the snow to the Colony, now, between woods and rocks, made their noisy entrance into this peaceful

nook. By this means the Countess conveyed to them carriages, furs, and all imaginable conveniences.

The company now must separate from their kind host, after many prayers, especially on Hervey's part, for a mutual visiting. The Colonist made no reply to these invitations, but as his guests departed he merely cast a glance upon Clara, which seemed to say, "I remain alone behind!"

The late adventure, however, was not without its bad consequences on the young ladies; Nina in particular suffered for many weeks, and the Baroness preached violently against all that kind of crusading.

Did Hervey remind the Colonist of his promise regarding the written communication? Did the Colonist keep it? And is the reader as curious as Hervey was to know something respecting his life and fate?

We take the liberty of answering, yes, to all these questions. If, however, any reader should protest to the contrary, he is perfectly at liberty to skip over the leaves which relate to this subject.

At the moment, however, in which I seize the pen to draw forth long-concealed sufferings to the light, which many persons will not comprehend what can be the good of—at this moment I hear a spirit voice softly warning me.

"A proud and powerful man would hardly, after thirty years' war, days of judgment, changes of nations, rent-to-pieces sun-systems, tear open his clothes to exhibit to the world the wounds in his breast."

Shade of a great man, glorious Jean Paul! forgive, if a little worm of the earth dare to answer thee.

"The combat does not become wild because it is fought between great masses; misfortune is not great because it has reference to world-systems. It is very possible that the Thirty Years' War with all its horrors could not show such a dark perfected tragedy as may be borne in the breast of one man, even in peaceful times, and in the midst of the most attractive surrounding scenes! There is a God who operates in the times of war—it is a God also who bleeds in the breast of suffering men.

"Nought is mean, nought is great in the eyes of the Father Eternal,  
For he sees through the shell, 'tis only the kernel he heedeth,  
And nothing escapes him: be it little or great he regards it."—MELIN.

Therefore unfortunate one, whoever thou mayest be, present thyself before the universe; not all the songs of the spheres shall overpower thy voice. Yet I expect thee not in the hour of wild pain and sorrow! And if no other hours should dawn for thee then, lament not—suffer silently—praise God and die!

But hast thou found deliverance! Has light sprung up for thee in darkness! O then come, relate to us, how thou hast suffered, how thou hast lived, and thus impart to us a few drops from the spring which has healed thy wounds!

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### THE UNFORTUNATE.

"ONE beautiful June morning I found myself in the open fields. I found myself, yes! for I

had lost myself, my feeling, my consciousness, my thoughts and all! Driven forth by an untold unrest, and by the desire to fly from an unspeakable anguish, I had left my home in the city on the foregoing evening, and had wandered about the whole night, till a fresh morning wind—a flower odor—a pang at my heart—I know not what, recalled me to myself again. I looked up, looked around me, and was conscious of what I saw. Ah, it was glorious around me! The meadows glittered with flowers and dew-drops—the sun mirrored itself in them. The wood, still wrapped in shadow, shook, as it were, sleep from its twigs. The lark, raising itself on light wings to the rosy clouds, sang in jubilant melody the pleasure of life which all existence in nature seemed to feel. Yes, all—all but me. Dark and unhappy, I stood alone in the joyful bright world! And my misfortune? Happy he who understands it not! Happy he who can say, I know it not! He never has felt what it is not to be able to lift his eyes to look into the face of his friend, and never has seen how the friend in consequence of that has turned his face from him. He knows not how it is, if the tongue refuses its service, and his heart contracts itself backward at the moment when men come toward him full of sympathy and kindness; and then, when in consequence of that, they by degrees look shy and withdraw themselves. He knows not what it is to love—to love passionately, and to find no word by which to express his love, to be undetermined and trembling when by manly determination one should act and succeed. He knows not what it is to see her whom we love blush for us—to see how she turns herself from the closed heaven of love, and gives heart and hand to a bolder one, who loves not better, but who knows how bolder to speak. He has never experienced what it is to excite only laughter or opposition by his passion, and, with a pure heart, to win only scorn. Happy he who has no idea of all these pains!

"I love mankind, and I shunned them because my intercourse with them was a torment to me. I never could give expression to the sympathy which I felt, and never take part in the joys which they had. Never, when I saw others weep, came tears to refresh my burning eyelids; my tongue never found a word of consolation. With a world of feeling in my breast, I was doomed to silence. I lay, a Prometheus chained to the rock, while the vulture gnawed my heart. The ridicule which my temperament involuntarily excited, sounded like the hissing of snakes in my ear. I knew that I deserved it; and yet, O my God! I was an innocent, a kind-hearted man. There were no mean sentiments in my breast. I would have died joyfully on the cross for the well-being of mankind, and I was sentenced to martyrdom and—social life. Happy art thou, thrice happy thou, who dost not know what that embarrassment is which sets itself in the breast of man, and with a cramp contracts the free play of his nerves, tearing and rending with sharp claws, and dissipating all rest and comfort! There are very few who have not once in their lives had a blow from the pinion of this night-owl; yet there are, God be thanked! still fewer in whose breast it has constantly made its nest.

"Yet I was not always so. As a child I was untroubled, and my eye bore without embarrassment the eye of another. I remember myself then with pleasure, almost with admiration.

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"At my entrance into the great world, something occurred to me in itself insignificant. I was guilty of an impropriety in a great company—of such a one as too often happens to novices in the polite world, which is laughed at and then forgotten. The laughter, however, which excited aroused in my breast a feeling hitherto unknown to it. From that moment I never again forgot my awkwardness, and this feeling never more left me. It cast a spell, as it were, over my demeanor and my actions. My days became a chain of the most ridiculous incidents and the bitterest sufferings. All attempts to overcome this demon, or remove it, only served to deliver me ever more into his power. I wrestled with it, I cursed it, and it only clasped me the closer. The higher my rage rose, the more violently my combat against this invisible enemy was inflamed, the more unlimited was his power. O how with the weapons of reason and philosophy have I not combated in the still sleepless nights with this fearful spectre, and then when day and light and my fellow-men came, he has only held me faster than ever in his iron arms. He did not govern only my limbs and my actions, but also my thoughts and feelings. I passed one year after another in this fruitless struggle. My inmost feeling became darker and darker. 'I said to joy, 'What wilt thou?' and to Laughter, 'It is folly!' I wished to become blind. Happy are the blind! Their misfortune speaks to the hearts of all men. Their embarrassment, their little awkwardnesses, are not ridiculed. Their eyes never meet a scornful glance. O! if the eternal night sealed my eyes—if it had extinguished for all time their embarrassment, uncertain glance—then—then certainly should I have rest!

"There are the strangest sufferings on earth; one only of these is intolerable, nay, almost insupportable, for it consumes the marrow of human strength—and this is that falling out of man with himself which makes him burdensome to himself and to his fellow-man. Leprosy with unabated strength of soul, is hardly to be called a misfortune, nay, had I suffered from loathsome disease, surrounded by Job's comforters; or had found myself solitary in the desert, with birds of prey hovering around me, waiting for my corpse, I should not have felt myself so unfortunate as I was, had only my nerves and my glance been under the control of my own will. But give me riches, health, beauty, and with these this weakness, this nervous unrest, this embarrassment, and I must be discontented, hopeless, unfortunate. Unfortunate in so far not—yet of that later.

"I had read of some one who always saw a human skeleton before him, and who, consumed by the vision, sank slowly into the grave. This appeared to me a trifle in comparison with the curse which seemed laid upon me. A greater misfortune had been a refreshment to me. Sometimes I fancied that a crime, a murder, would do me good; and that scenes of blood and cruelty would arouse me out of my dream. Horrible! horrible!"

"Had I lived in times of war, when men stand in need of sacrifice and of martyrs, I should have given myself up as one of them; and in striving after the crown of martyrdom, I should have destroyed the demon of my life, and have regained myself. But all was peace and joy around me.

"A form of light stepped toward me on my path. A good and beautiful being spoke to me

with the tongue of an angel. The heavenly peace in her eyes gave to me again my lost tranquillity. I could look upon her; I could sun myself in the glance of a human being. Heavens, what delight! I lost her whom I loved through my own fault, or rather through the power which governed me—and like some one possessed by furies, I left my home and hers!

"Now in the fresh morning hour my eyes withdrew from mankind. I cast a long glance into my heart, and upon my past life. Several of my friends had told me that haughtiness, or a too easily wounded self-love, was the cause of the condition in which I found myself.

"Was I then haughty? Was my self-love so great? Ah, my God, the little flower at my feet which opened its eye to the day and waves itself with unconscious delight in the wind, appeared to me to be much more than myself—I envied its life. And the tree which lifted itself majestically above me, so proud, so tranquil, as if it were conscious of the strength which defied winter and its storms, and now put forth millions of leaves to afford shade to the wanderer, and shelter to the birds—this glorious tree! O how little I felt beside it!

"I went farther, while a crowd of ever returning thoughts mounted up in my soul. I had seen many now whose life was stained with crimes and vices, and their glance was clear and unblenching; their demeanor full of decision. They rejoiced themselves in the good wishes of their fellow-men—ah, they enjoyed the heavenly joys of love; they were beloved—nay, worshipped by affectionate and angelically pure beings. I had seen others—I myself was one of them—pure in heart and conduct; yet who, at the same time, could obtain no one little crumb of that heavenly bread, which the fortunate in life enjoy in full measure. Why is this so, thought I, in a world where God governs? God, who in his Word has placed the good on the right hand and the wicked on the left? The contradictions of life—and many a wherefore? that remained unanswered, raised itself like a chaos in my soul, and a restless wily one with another.

"In one of these moments I stood upon a rock. Below me roiled a waterfall. Vast masses of water were tumbled incessantly into the gulf, where, foaming and hissing in untamable fury, they struggled one with another.

"I saw the powers of nature rage; I listened to the wild, deafening thundering. Extraordinary emotions awoke in me, my breast expanded itself; a restless desire for combat arose within it. An indescribable longing after the deep took hold of me! It was not death which I sought. I had a dark, but violent wish to drown the unfathomable demon which possessed me in that depth; to free myself from him, and to come forth new-born! Here, in the thundering deep, would I struggle with him and overcome him—would come to myself and breathe freely. Ha! how deeply—how freely would I breathe! I was sensible of frenzy—I felt joy—madness! and with a despairing cry of exultation I sprang with outstretched arms into the depth below. It raved and hissed around me, my thought grew dizzy. The thundering flood seized upon me. It raged—raved and whirled within itself—my soul was benumbed—it was still.

"When consciousness returned to me, I lay upon the earth at the entrance of a grotto. A singular little old man, clothed in gray, stood beside me, and observed me attentively. He

was almost as broad as he was high, with a head disproportionately large. He had riveted his large gray eyes upon me. His high forehead was bald, and the snow-white hair that surrounded it dripped with water.

"This extraordinary figure, the place where I found myself, and the rushing of the waterfall which raged in my ears, gave rise to extraordinary thoughts in me. It was to me as if a river-god had taken possession of me, and I was now in his power. While I was giving myself some trouble to arrange my thoughts, a sarcastic smile spread itself over the coarse features of the old man, and he said in a deep bass voice—

"Ha, ha! he begins to move himself. A pretty play to force old folks to take a cold bath! Yes, yes! uff! uff! and he began to wring the water out from his coat-laps.

"I wished to stammer out an excuse, for I now saw plainly that I had not to deal with a river-god, but with a human creature, who, perhaps, had ventured his own life to save mine; but in this he interrupted me, scolding the while with the deepest of voices.

"Uff! will he be silent? That will come later. It is now no more necessary that water should come out of your mouth than words. Uff, uff!"

"And without further ceremony he seized me by the legs with herculean strength, and made me perform various pendulum motions. Unable to make the slightest opposition, I lost all consciousness a second time, and I believed for a moment that the demon which governed me had taken bodily shape upon himself, in order palpably to revenge himself for all my attempts to withdraw myself from him.

"Other thoughts came to me afterward as I lay in a state of perfect debility on a heap of straw in the grotto, nursed and waited upon by the old man. His voice to be sure was gruff, and his words were not even the softest, but in his behavior toward me he exhibited as much kindness as prudence.

"He appeared to inhabit the grotto, which was dry and conveniently furnished. He prepared our simple meals himself. In the evening he read aloud to me out of the ancient classics, and selected particularly such passages from them as were calculated to strengthen a weak soul, especially examples of stoical resignation; still oftener, however, he made choice of the Gospels.

"He spoke with me of the Saviour of the world. I had already turned to him. I was unfortunate. The comforter of those who mourn could not be unwelcome to me. Yet his image was not quite significant to me; now it was made clear to me. I learned to understand him; I learned to love him. I wished I had lived in the times in which he was on earth. I thought continually how I would have thrust myself among the crowd of the blind, the lame, and the sick, and more unhappy than they would have called, 'Jesus, Son of God, have mercy on me! Lord, if thou wilt thou canst deliver me!' I heard my own exclamation. I saw him stand still and turn himself to me. I looked at his glance; it was full of mildness, gentleness, and love. It penetrated me. I felt how it loosed the bands which held my eye and my soul fettered. A shudder seized me. My God and my Saviour! It was not the idle play of the imagination! Thus, thus hast thou looked upon me! Thus, thus have I experienced in the emanci-

pated soul, as thou drovest the troubling spirit out of it, and as, healed and happy, it sank down at thy feet.

"But, ah! this emancipation could not be my part on earth. I was come into the world two thousand years too late for a miraculous age—miracles are no longer worked.

"I was recovered. The old man besought me to remain with him. I consented willingly. The life which I led with him, but still more he himself, began to please me greatly. I wrote a letter to my parents, to make their minds easy regarding my sudden disappearance, and assigned as the pretext for my lengthened absence a residence with a friend in the country.

"My dangerous baptism had brought about a kind of revolution in me. My past life lay behind me like a dream filled with painful confused pictures. The demon which tortured me lived, it is true, still in me; but removed from the social intercourse of mankind, I still felt his power less, and I rejoiced myself heartily to see mankind no more, and no more to be seen by them.

"The old man was to me properly no man; his whole life and his exterior reminded me much more of a spirit of the mountain than of a man; and his firm, decided action, and his care for me, as well as his surpassing wisdom, of which I saw proofs every hour, gave him a power over me which was good for me.

"The new life which I led refreshed me, both body and soul. I helped the old man at his fishing, accompanied him on his long wanderings through the surrounding country, and was perpetually occupied.

"I wished most fervently to know who the old man really was; he never spoke however of himself, and I did not venture to question him. I called him 'old man,' and he called me 'young fellow,' and the relation between us resembled each day more and more that of father and son. I had for a long time determined to speak with the old man of my soul's malady, and of the cause which occasioned me to leap into the gulf. One day at length I gained courage, and had advanced to the introduction of my purpose, when at the very beginning of my description of my state of mind, my gray-headed friend interrupted me.

"'Yes,' said he, 'I know; I have already remarked it.'

"Hereupon he began himself to question; and inquired into my thoughts, my feelings, to the most secret folds of my heart. I endured pangs of martyrdom during this conversation, and yet patiently bore the anatomical knife, whose edge I felt at work in my innermost being. I knew that it was best for me, and I conquered my feelings of false shame.

"'Young fellow,' said the old man at length, after he had questioned and I had answered, 'thou describest with deep truth the experience of a state which is not unknown to me. Something similar to this led me to the life which I now—yet it is needless to talk of it. It is a strange thing, a very strange thing, this malady,' continued he, as he covered his eyes with his hands, 'strange to see from what various causes it is produced, and in what various individuals it can take root. Addison and Cowper, the most beautiful spirits of their age, suffered from this Alp, as well as many a dunderhead; mighty monarchs as well as poor bunglers like you and me. Nay, how many do we

not find in everyday life who secretly suffer therefrom? In how many persons that seems to be *hauter*, which in fact is only bashfulness—in how many foolhardiness, what is only a mask to conceal the want of repose and self-possession? How often should one sympathize when one accuses?'

"The old man paused for a moment, and then continued.

"'I will not say to you, young fellow, as many a one has done—everything may be conquered, if people have only the will and courage for it, and so on. There are certainly many maladies of the soul which may be cured by courage, determined will, and prudence; but there are others also which defy all our endeavors, and accompany us to the grave. Yet that ought not to cast us down, and make us ungrateful to God for his most beautiful gift—life. If we are not able to eradicate our sickness, there are still means of mitigating its pain—means which place us in a condition to enjoy the manifold delights of earth in the same degree as they whom nature has abundantly supplied with her best gifts. We will take a review of these means. But, uff! young fellow, we will first take a review of our supper; afterward, when the stars sparkle above our heads, we will speak farther upon our afflictions.'

"When the stars had lighted their lamps and the song of the birds was hushed, we seated ourselves upon the mossy piece of rock before the grotto. The still glimmering fire of the grotto threw an uncertain light upon the moorland around; the cricket sang its descent to the bassong of the waterfall, and the deep firm voice of the old man overpowered them both.

"'In former times,' said he, 'it was the fashion to become hermits, and flee from mankind in order to prepare for heaven; in our times people appear to know no other way to happiness but through social life, especially if one has some property or is come of what is called a good family, then one is as good as doomed to slavery with one's intercourse with mankind. And now! how many people there are—one may begin with them where one will—who are not suited to it! And why do they set such narrow limits to human activity? Here also on earth are there many habitations, and various modes of life and various employments for the variety of individuals.

"Philoctetes, with his disgusting wound on his leg, found among the solitary cliffs of Lemnos animals that loved him, and by winning his bread in the sweat of his brow, an enjoyment of life which had been denied to him among men. Alone with himself and nature, but above all things, with the great Spirit of the world, whose breath poured itself through all he saw, the fresh fountain of life flowed even for him, and he loved life! And who indeed can deny, that for those who have a wound—be it of body or of mind—it is not best to escape from the eyes and condolence of mankind, and to seek consolation in eternal nature?'

"The old man looked with quiet emotion to the beaming world above us, and folded his arms.

"There lies,' said he, after a short silence, 'in the starry heaven above us, in the immeasurable prospect which its immortality lends to us, a certain something before which our own cares and afflictions appear very small—and that is good!' exclaimed he, lifting up his tearful eyes to the friendly lights of heaven.

"'To live with nature in her simple accompaniments,' continued the old man, 'that is a balsam for soul and body—that is a happy life! Neither is it of necessity that such a life should pass uselessly to others. Assemble animals around you like Philoctetes, which will love you and become attached to you. Are you rich either in money or mind, be an unknown benefactor to mankind. And if you have lived only upon earth to purify and ennoble your own heart, then certainly you have not lived in vain—at least not for heaven.

"'If you cannot live in the society of men, live at least with them in their books. It is a glorious thing to think with and have intercourse with the first spirits of the earth, to be able to accompany them on their wandering through life, and on their road to heaven.

"'It is beautiful to illuminate the night of earth by their beams, kindled in their own peculiar light; and to be able to contemplate the world from a higher point of view.

"'That which for the most part opposes our earthly happiness, is that we seek for it in that which is impossible to us. Whatever we cast our desires upon—even if it be as unattainable as the Northern Lights—that we will have—that we strive after, and the world can offer us nothing worth even a wish except this one thing alone. We leap toward the sting till it wounds us. The bold and happy strength which can defy and conquer, may with justice maintain the contest; but the greater number act wisely in resigning in time, and seeking to reach their goal—happiness and freedom—by some other way. We must bear in mind that we are not combating against an enemy, but generally speaking, against the wise will of God, when we are bent upon obtaining that in which neither our social position nor our natural abilities can succeed. Much wiser would it be to see in these circumstances an ordination of the Almighty, and to follow whither His hand leads us, even were it ever so much opposed to our wishes and inclinations. There is a haven, a lonely untempested haven, where—uff! would he have a wife and child! Drop that entirely, young fellow, and don't think about a wife if a wife will not have you! There is no true pleasure without resignation. If a man have not courage to renounce something—uff! then he is, and must remain, a poor unfortunate!

"I covered my face with both my hands, and the old man continued in a gentler tone—

"'I confess that renunciation is not easy; it is difficult to make a sacrifice. It demands strength and determination. It is beautiful, a wife who leaned herself on my breast—with rosy cheeks and loving voice—a wife, with a child in her arms—my wife and my child!—'

"The old man had spoken these words so completely as if carried away by sweet and bitter remembrances, that he had forgotten my presence; he quickly however endeavored to master his feelings, and exclaimed—'Uff! I fancy, young fellow, you are weeping—Fy! Come let us go to rest. It is already late!' and, thus grumbling, he returned into the grotto.

"After this conversation, the old man was unusually still and serious for several days. The month of August was drawing to its close, and bringing with it cold nights and shorter days.

"'It is time for me to be setting out,' said the old man one day; 'but, young fellow, you must not ask me whither! Come, however, next

summer, and seek me again here, yet not in such a way as that I shall have occasion to wring out my great coat again in receiving you—come and visit me again like a reasonable person. If I am yet living on the earth, you will again find me here.

"We sat upon a piece of rock above the waterfall. The descending sun changed waves and foam into glittering silver. I had sunk down at the feet of the old man. My heart was this evening light and easy, and I observed with pleasure and reverence the strong, broad countenance of the old man, and his high forehead garlanded with silver hair, as with an expression of piety he looked in the direction of the setting sun. He laid his brown hand upon my head, and said half gayly and half with emotion, 'Uff! young fellow, you have been a vagrant long enough; to-morrow you must leave me, and return soberly home again. Uff! young fellow, keep your mouth shut, and don't say a word about the old man, or else the devil fetch him!'

"The old man spoke these words with such a thundering voice, and such wildly glancing eyes, that I looked at him in astonishment.

"'Now, now!' continued he mildly, and with his customary smile, 'it is not so dangerous if you only keep silent—nothing so bad will befall him.'

"After this he gave me much fatherly counsel for the future. He advised me to renounce the social life of cities for a considerable time; to live in the country; to make use of much exercise; to occupy myself incessantly, and so on.

"'The best way,' continued he, 'to stifle the demons of embarrassment and false shame is to treat them with the greatest contempt, and to permit them on no condition to disturb our soul's peace. There are many ghosts—believe in this respect, a friend who has had experience—which govern us despotically, till we look them sharply in the face, illumine them with the light of our reason, and ask from them Who are you?—Then we see nothing but shapes of vapor, phantoms that have no endurance; dissonances which cease as soon as the human soul casts off the earthly fetters.'

"These were the last words of the old man. The next day we separated. After an interval of a year I sought him in the same spot. Snakes crept about in the grotto; its friendly genius was not there.

"After taking leave of the old man, I returned to my family, without having formed any determined plan for my future life. I felt myself better; I fancied myself stronger. I loved domestic life; I loved mankind; I was attached to my family, and would not willingly separate from them; I wished to make one trial of myself in the world. But scarcely did I find myself in my former circumstances, than my former malady returned with all its sufferings. Once again I was a torment to myself and to those with whom I had intercourse. My nights were without sleep, and my short slumbers were disturbed by wild dreams. I fell off visibly. Horrible visions floated around me, and chased me as if it were through fire and water. They fashioned themselves at length to one fixed idea; waking or sleeping, working or resting, I saw perpetually two flaming, penetrating spectral eyes incessantly riveted upon me, with all that power which is ascribed to the eyes of the snake when it looks upon its prey. I feared to become raving mad—feared, however, is not the word—I was too un-

happy to fear anything, least of all absence of mind.

"I recollected very well the words and prescription of the old man, but I wanted strength to comply with them. I feared that at every step an abyss would open at my feet. I had a younger brother; he was good and beautiful as an angel. He loved me. I had been his instructor; I could be so no longer; but he attached himself to me nevertheless. I infected him, and his demeanor by degrees acquired all the instability of mine. I wished to die—I could not! I wished to go—I had not the power! That demon had taken possession of me which Goethe makes to speak thus—

He who is in my possessing,  
In the world has no more blessing;  
Endless night, o'er him impending,  
No sun rising nor descending;  
And in mind accomplished fully  
Only darkness breadth dully;  
And he knows, of all life's gaining,  
Nothing is for his obtaining.  
Good and ill are but ideal,  
What he knows mid plenty real:  
Be it joy, or be it sorrow,  
He defers it till to-morrow;  
To the future only steady,  
Thus he can be never ready.  
Is it going? or abiding?  
Power he has not of deciding!  
On the beaten track he keepeth;  
Tottering on, he feebly creepeth.  
Still a deeper maze pursuing:  
Every thing obliquely viewing:  
Others and himself oppressing,  
Breathing, yet scarce life possessing;  
Life and death thus strangely twined,  
Not despairing, nor resigned.  
Thus a painless roll and ranging,  
Painful suffrance, wilful changing.  
Now released, and now oppressed,  
Sleep but half—refreshless rest—  
Rivet him in his position,  
And prepare him for perdition.

"Unblessed spirits! I could exclaim with Faust. Alas! that I could not also say with him in the moment when, breathed upon by Care, he becomes blind—

The night seems doubly dark to press upon me,  
But in my inmost soul a clear light shines,  
And what I thought I hasten to perfect.

"One evening, as I sat in my chamber sunk in gloomy melancholy, there fell into my hand—I do not remember in what manner—a legend of St. Rochus. I will repeat it in a few words.

"St. Rochus was born at Montpellier. He signalized himself very early by fear of God, purity of life, and industry in study. After the death of his parents, he made a gift of his great wealth to a poor relation; and taking the pilgrim's staff in his hand, went to Florence, where the plague then raged. Here he exhibited miraculous activity, and performed many cures by prayer and the laying on of hands. At length he himself was attacked by the plague, and endured such horrible suffering that he could not resist crying and lamenting aloud. As he saw, however, that his cries disturbed the sick in the hospital, he stole out unobserved, and placed himself before the door. The people who passed by considered him to be insane, and drove him from the city. Wearied and miserable he sank down under a tree; a fountain sprang out of the earth here, and quenched his thirst.

"The people who lived at a country-house not far off noticed one day that the yard-dog stole a piece of bread, and ran away with it. It was punished for this theft, but spite of

that, he repeated the theft the next day, and the day following. This displeased the people, and they informed the master of the house of what had happened. He determined to examine closely into the affair, and one day, accompanied by several of his people, he followed the steps of the dog, and in so doing came to the tree under which St. Rochus lay. When he saw them approaching him, he called to them with a loud voice that they should not come near to him, as he had the plague and might infect them. Gianozzo, the master of the place, however, no way terrified thereby, had the holy Rochus conveyed to his house, and waited upon him till he had recovered. St. Rochus then, accompanied by Gianozzo, returned to Florence; and continued healing the sick. Gianozzo was consecrated by him to the severity of an anchorite life.

"After many years of temptation, and the exercise of good works, he felt the desire of seeing his home once more, and turned his steps thither. War raged there; and being taken for a spy, he was thrown into a dark dungeon. But St. Rochus thanked God for his sufferings, and was tranquil and joyful in the midst of them. After having passed five years in this dark subterranean hall he felt the approach of death, and wished to speak with a priest. When the priest entered the prison where St. Rochus lay, he found it illuminated with a bright light, and the countenance of the saint beamed with a celestial glory, which so astonished the priest that he fell with his face to the ground. After this he hastened out speedily to make the princes by whom he had been so cruelly treated aware of the sanctity of their prisoner. The report of this spread itself rapidly among the people, and an innumerable crowd streamed toward the prison where St. Rochus lay. He had, however, in the mean time, given up the ghost.

"That which particularly impressed me in this simple narrative was the behavior of the holy man during his illness. He left his couch, the comforts, the attendance which he enjoyed, and went out of the hospital in order not to disturb the other sick people by his lamentations. Forsaken, and tormented with violent pains, still he endeavored to keep at a distance those who hastened to his help, from the fear of injuring them. I read his words again and again—and what? was I not like him, visited by an unfortunate malady? Did not I also operate injuriously upon those who surrounded me? He left the hospital, he endured want, in order to spare others—he went out of the way in order to procure them repose. Why should not I do as he had done? How acted the lepers in former times? must they not also avoid mankind? and were not they still only sick, only unfortunate? I too was sick—I infected others—I must fly! Yes—and I would do so. The persuasion that by so doing I could do good to those whom I loved, gave me strength for a resolution which prudence otherwise might have forbidden to adopt. I would depart—ah! that is to say, I would bless those who belonged to me: I would relieve my beloved ones, let God do with me what he would!

"I wrote to my parents, described to them my condition, my intention, and promised some day to return to them. Before they received my letter, I was at a considerable distance. I changed my name, and kept secret the direction in which I had gone. Thus I came into this country. It pleased me because it was solitary and wild.

*See Faust, Second part. The demon here is Care.*

Here I built for myself a cottage. What I have done and what I propose, that you have seen. All is my work; Becassine alone has assisted me. He was my only friend and servant. I lived by the work of my hands. This strengthened me, and compelled me to turn my thoughts from myself. My mode of life and my solitude became dear to me. I understood or heard the powerful voice of the storm as a tone from the breast of the Almighty. My own breast replied to it. I saw the blue eye of heaven so large, so beautiful, looking down upon me. I read the Word of God in the flowers, in the blades of grass—they questioned not, they wounded me not. Silent and lofty stood the cliffs around me. I penetrated the shadowy woods, and there nestling rocked my soul to repose. All was great, fresh, and untroubled around me; all lived its own undisturbed, powerful life. I was inwardly sound. My soul raised itself, and I breathed again. I went to the church to hear the excellent Hervey. Accidentally I even made a personal acquaintance with him. He has often done me good. I found myself better beside him, and all embarrassment fled. I felt the necessity of loving and being loved. I obtained animals. Their glance disturbed me not, and they were not disquieted by mine. They received their food from my hand, and licked it thankfully. They leapt when they heard my voice; their caresses animated my heart. I made them sociable one with another, and endeavored that both their life and their death should be easy. I devoted the half of my time to them, and the other half to my labors. It was not long before my soul became so tranquil that I began again to read. By degrees I felt—happy feeling!—that the demon which had so long afflicted me had departed from me; and in its place came an affectionate, friendly spirit, which enhanced to me the beauty of nature, and enriched my solitude with her treasures. In the bosom of nature, drinking from her fresh fountains, and penetrated by her powerful life, I felt myself inspired to poetry. In the storm in the song of the birds, in the humming of the insects, feelings, thoughts, and images arose within me which clothed themselves in words, and from the depth of the wilderness arose the voice, of that lately one so unfortunate, which poured forth thanksgiving to the Creator for the life which He had bestowed. Never loved I God so much, never adored Him so worthily as in this solitude. \* \* \* \*

"Seven winters and summers have passed since the day on which I took possession of my beloved solitude. My soul was strengthened: I had enriched it during this time with a variety of knowledge. An agreeable repose had come over me. Amid this I became conscious of a desire for the society of educated people. I had a presentiment within me, that some time I might return to them without being a troubling spirit. There beamed to me a glimmering of hope that I also, in time to come, might be possessed of a wife and friends. Accident, a short time since, conducted a female form to me; since that moment I think only on her. She demanded not adoration, like a queen of heaven; she came rather with repose and peace in her whole being; she entranced every thought, without beauty; my heart beat light and tranquilly before her glance; she seemed to make all that she touched holy, all her looks were so gentle, all her words so kind; she was friendly toward me; she assisted me to prepare the evening

meal; she disclaimed not to repose upon the mat which I had spread out for her. I am conscious of an inexpressible tenderness for her. Oh, if she could become my wife! With her hand I should not fear returning into the world. She would be my good angel. With her the world would no longer appear a desert to me. I should feel at home and happy by her side. She gives me repose; repose which makes me uneasy distant from her; which makes my cottage appear to me poor and empty, my animals burdensome and unsightly to me. Yet how beautiful, how amiable, does mankind seem near her!

"I am not poor. I can offer my wife a good position in society. I know what I will do. Tomorrow I will leave my cottage; I will return to my family, and make another trial among mankind; I will prove my own strength. Should I again find myself as unhappy as before, I will return to my solitude, tend my animals, praise God, and die. If I find that my malady is subdued, or that I have power to master it, O then I will go to her whom I love, and say to her—

"Clara—I have heard thee called so, and how beautifully accords this name with thy being! Dear, good Clara, be my wife! I will dedicate my life to thy happiness!"

How deeply did Clara blush as she read this conclusion, which astonished and at the same time affected her. Hervey had left this manuscript behind at Umenäs; and, after Clara, no one read it with so much attention as the Baroness H.

"Now, Clara," said she, laying down the manuscript, "what do you say to this conclusion?"

Clara was silent for a moment, and then said smilingly—

"We will think it over together, as soon as Hervey returns. If it turns upon making a good man happy, one may not so slightly dismiss the subject."

"Yet we will very maturely consider the affair, and in no case be precipitate," said the Baroness, who had altogether other intentions for Clara, and who felt herself not a little annoyed by the Colonel's declarations of love. "What then is become of your disinclinations for marriage," continued she somewhat excited, "perhaps you have left them up there among the rocks and woods?"

"No," returned Clara; "you yourself have removed them. Why have you presented to me for a whole year so beautiful a side of earthly life, if it were not to remove my fears of settling down at home in it?"

"Clara, my good, dear Clara! promise me only," said the Baroness, "that if you ever should marry, to remain in my neighborhood, otherwise I shall run away from my husband that I tell you, and shall tell him."

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### MAY DAYS.

The Lord of heaven created all things, and revealed himself in the full spring.—CONFRONTUS.

AND the winter passed over and the spring came—perhaps somebody very justly remarks, that this extraordinary circumstance occurs in every one of these little books of every-day life. But is it at all strange, that we should admire spring? Spring is so deserting of love! The

earth never can weary of its visits, may my reader only not weary of my description of them.

The saps circulate in the bosom of the earth. The spirits of the elements pass over it, and nod, beckon, and call to one another. They desire to bloom in an earthly shape, and each one to express their souls in their own way. The eternal sun overflows all existence with a gush of light and warmth; toward which all buds shoot forth in order to be formed and fashioned by the spirits of the elements. Quickly do these move their glorious shapes—silently, without labor, without bustle; thus does genius form its most beautiful productions. The moment is come, and nature spreads abroad its marvels. There shoots the foliage, perfect in its minutest parts, a marvel as great as the greatest in the world. Out of the bosom of the rocks springs the tender moss, and clothes them with softness. A thousand blossoms open their chalice, a mystery of beauty, for mankind as incomprehensible as their Maker. The humming insects unfold in wide space their purple wings—they are the free-born of nature—therefore do they hum, drum, file, and sing. All is beautiful, great and small! Every individual part so perfect, and the whole—who is able to comprehend the harmony, the affluence, and the manifold forms of life?

The spring in the north is not what it is in the south, a slow wakening of nature out of a long sleep. It bursts forth at once, like a youthful, joyous laughter. Yesterday there lay yet a mantle of snow on the earth—to-day it is gone, and the trees are in leaf. How the snow-fowl crows in the woods, how play the grouse, how sings the thrush, how odorous are the birches! Mountain and valley adorn themselves with gay flowers—the heaven swims in a sea of light! The sun will not go down; the night shows its countenance only for some minutes, and then again disappears. In these moments of twilight, the snowy summits of the mountains all burn in flame, and fill the valleys with a fairy light.\*

A deep transport vibrates through the heart of nature. Everywhere breathes life, warmth, and fragrance—an activity in every creature, from man to the smallest insect—a voluptuous joy. In this aromatic world, in this air full of song, under this heaven full of transparency and light, stood Nina. She stood lost in wonder and delight in this fresh, marvellous life, and her being opened itself like the chalice of a flower in order to receive it.

By her side stood Hervey. O how beautiful for her were these hours of existence! They loved so deeply, so sincerely, so warmly; and silent nature participated in their love. All was in pure, harmonious accord. They did not speak of that which they felt for each other; they took themselves no account of it. One word might have annihilated their heaven of pure felicity. They were together—that was sufficient. Oft did they walk on in silence, and intoxicated with the strength of their feelings; and oft did Hervey give free course to his natural eloquence, which yet became more exalted through the presence of Nina. How vividly did Hervey grasp everything. How important were the subjects which he handled! The rocks revealed their secret treasures, the rocking of the sea received a meaning; the paths of the stars, the ways of men, the still working of the coral in-

sects, all streamed forth from his mouth full of light and order. His glance fell like sunshine on everything, and Hervey saw how God gazes through all things; all things proceeded from Him, all returned to Him. By Nina's side, and by her inspired, he became a Skald, the ennobled one of nature.

And she! she went by his side, and listened to his voice—his words. How beautifully changed the lights in her eye, the shadows in her world! How clear, how friendly were they! She felt at heart so warm, so infinitely happy! It throbbed with gladness, and full of a gayety hitherto unknown. Her being unfolded in such moments its richest blossoms. Roses glowed on her cheeks; her eyes exchanged their dark glance for a clear vernal light; her form, every limb, became fuller, her motions more lively—she was a speaking image of felicity!

And if this season of life's bloom lasted but for a morning, it is still beautiful to have enjoyed it; with the bosom bathed in love and spring to have tasted of the glory of life. This ruddiness of morning casts a bewitching splendor on the whole of after-life. One bears the heavy days of earth much more readily when the heart has once revelled in the fullness of happiness. But perhaps thou thinkest differently—thou who, after a life full of self-denial, wanderest onward in the silent gleam of the stars of the evening heaven, and lookest forward to a morning whose light shall never fail? Perhaps thou art right. I am not disposed to doubt it.

In the south, a passion like that between Nina and Hervey would speedily have burst out into a flame. It would have snapped asunder all bonds, have surmounted all impediments, and have kindled the marriage-torch or the funeral-pile. In the quiet, serious north, where love arose and developed itself between the two, it took, however, another shape. Hast thou ever seen two stems of trees, which, sprung from different roots, yet drawn as it were by an irresistible attraction, pressed ever closer toward each other, and united themselves continually more intimately, till one rimd inclosed both, and till it became almost impossible to indicate the spot where they grew together. The two stems are become one, and it is no longer in the power of man to rend them asunder without destroying the life of both. They draw in common their strength from the earth; their boughs are woven into one common crown; the same mantle of snow surrounds them in the night of winter; the same sun cherishes them; the same wind shakes their boughs, and the same birds find shelter under their roof of leaves.

Do happy consorts recognize themselves in this picture? May they be many! May they live long on the earth. They present a sight which is grateful both to God and man.

So deep, so still, so perfect was that feeling which united Hervey and Nina—and precisely because it was so deep and complete did it remain long a secret to both. It did not present itself to them as a strange feeling, which suddenly arises and establishes itself in the heart; but it harmonized with their innermost being.

Nina resigned herself without hesitation to a feeling which perfected her whole life, and opened heaven to her. The memory of earlier connections became, as it were, extinguished in her heart. She knew nothing more of them; she thought no more of them. Hervey constituted her world, her life, her fate, her all. But that

\* See the Introduction to the History of Sweden—Sven rikea Häfder.

word love never came into her thoughts; and as it occurred to Hervey, as it became clear to him what the feeling was which filled his heart, he then only formed the firmer resolve never to disturb her peace. He felt strength enough to keep the rein in his possession, if he could only be near her and ennoble her life; for he did not deceive himself regarding the influence which he possessed over her. But he did not call this feeling love. He desired not to excite love in her; he could not wish to unite her life with his, over which hung a gloomy shadow, an impenetrable, immovable shadow, which would inevitably present itself at the moment that he should propose to unite Nina's fate to his own. He cast this thought far, far from him; but he felt compelled to seek her welfare, to bless her with the best that he possessed, with his knowledge, with his heart. He would give her everything, and sought nothing for it. Her devotion to him was a necessity, perhaps more so than he admitted to himself. In Hervey's soul lay so deep a necessity of making others happy, that the satisfaction of this feeling had hitherto alone contented him. It is on this account that he thought so little on the return which people made him; it was through this that he did not at all read the word love, which the lips of Nina expressed so plainly in her smile at his approach—the word love, which painted itself in her beaming glance, and in the happiness which his entrance diffused over her whole being.

But he came every evening to see her, as the pilgrim of earth turns himself toward heaven when his day of labor draws toward its close. With a good-humored impatience he pressed his sister Maria to make herself ready, and with hasty steps led the way from Tarna toward Umenäs. At the sight of Nina he became quieter. Clara and she were then almost always prepared for a ramble through the wild but romantic country, in which Hervey knew every track and nook. They set out; the little party soon separated; Nina's arm rested within that of Hervey. They went on in advance, for Clara usually soon slackened her pace. She remained with Hervey's sister, listening with a soft melancholy smile to the theme which Maria generally adopted in her conversation; this was scarcely ever other than her beloved brother, his tenderness and care for his family, his words and deeds, and the love and confidence which were universally conferred on him.

Nina talked with Hervey with most especial pleasure of Edla. She described her as a lofty being, whom the sorrows and joys of earth could not reach; stern, yet mild; deep, but clear; concealing her good deeds as others concealed their evil ones; simple, yet uncommon, resembling no one but herself. She spoke of her own happy childhood by the side of her little beloved sister; of her long state of continued weakness after her death, and of Edla's influence over her. But her lips hesitated to express that which, with a thousand voices, sounded in her heart, namely, that she now first understood the beauty of life; was now for the first time young and happy, and now first praised the all-beneficent Creator, the giver of every good and beautiful thing. Hervey listened to her with quiet joy. He refreshed himself in her lovely spirit, which lay before him clear as a mirror. He listened with an enraptured heart to the melodious voice, to the pure and simple speech. O how he loved her!

Often did he conduct Nina to the new im-

provement which he was making himself, or to which he had stimulated others. It seemed as if that newly-ploughed land, that freshly-laid-down pasture, the nursery-garden, needed the glance of Nina, even as they did the rain and the sunshine, to make them flourish. Many men recognize the greatness of life and the power of God only in the grand events of history; the glory of Nature only in her sublime scenes, in her dazzling phenomena. Hervey saw in human life nothing more than what every cottage is capable of presenting; and in like manner he discerned in the development of the crystal, in the growing and ripening grain of corn, the power and order of all nature, her depth and her divine life. He called the attention of Nina to these things; he taught her to perceive how great, how clear, and at the same time how unfathomable, is the Creator even in the smallest of his creations.

He imparted to Nina his plans in reference to the improvement of the country, and the social management of its inhabitants, he solicited her opinions and her advice. Nina's eye for practical life extended its vision daily, and daily advanced in steadiness. She was inspired by the activity of Hervey; she instructed herself in his undertakings, and in all those which, through his recommendation and guidance, were commenced in the country. God be praised! Virtue and Diligence are even more infectious than Plague and Crime. One pure stem can engraft with its germs a hundred wild trees, and ennoble them all. From Hervey, Nina acquired a lively interest in the good of humanity, an interest which is the noblest characteristic of man.

The young friends often pleased themselves with making little plans for the ornament of the wild environs of Umenäs. A footpath was led winding down into a lovely valley, and again at the foot of a rock not far from the sea was raised a seat of turf. A lofty tree lent its shade, a spring murmured near it, a luxuriant hedge of wild roses extended on either hand from the precipice. This little spot, which Nina particularly loved, was named *Nina's Rest*.

Nina in the mean time remarked that a question or observation, as it would seem insignificant in itself, disturbed Hervey's repose. An expression of pain then painted itself in his face; he continued long silent, and appeared to wrestle with himself in order to regain his previous mood of mind. Nina endeavored to be guarded in her words; but as she yet awoke that painful change exactly when she least expected it, she finally resolved to speak quite frankly with him upon it.

"It often happens to me," said she one day to him, "that I say something which gives you pain, and seems to excite the most agonizing recollections in you. I beseech you, teach me to avoid this."

He gazed on her affectionately. "That you cannot do," said he; "no one can do it. In this respect I lie under an influence which I am not able to escape from. Grant me but one request," and he glanced at her with the deepest earnestness; "never speak with me of my past life; never put to me one question in reference to it. You might easily conjure up a shadow which itself is able to darken for me God's glorious sunshine."

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed Nina with blanching cheek, and involuntarily raising her clasped hands.

"Compose yourself!" said Hervey again with his usual gentleness.

"It is indeed a pain, but not a bitter one, and I know how this shadow can be exorcised. But grant my request."

"That I promise you," answered Nina complyingly; but her heart asked, "What dark shadow can it be which can trouble his days? Oh that I could expel it; that I could place myself betwixt it and Hervey, I would sacrifice my life for his happiness."

And what in the mean time said the Countess Natalie and the Baroness H. to all these walks and conversations?

The Countess Natalie had two great engrossments. The first was the laying-out of a large park; the second the Colonel Kugel, who was her assistant therein, and rolled stones out of the earth and sighs out of his heart, all out of love to the Countess. The Colonel was a tall and handsome man, strong as a lion—naïve, bad and good like nature: neither reasoning nor listening to reasoning; a sort of Hercules, who, after he had crushed the Nemean lion in his powerful arms, could cast himself down at the feet of a fair one and spin with her. The Countess regarded him at first in an artistic point of view, and afterward bestowed on him a warmer interest. "These great children," said she, "are so refreshing. In an artificial and over-accomplished world, they stand as something original and natural."

The Countess let the Colonel understand that she found him "refreshing;" he was thoroughly transported with her good taste, and so ended by falling seriously in love with her. She proposed to herself to educate him. She persuaded him that he had great talents for philosophy, and recommended him to read various books with which she supplied him. The Colonel rose every morning at half-past three, studied and wrote, and spun long yarns out of ideas. The flax-spinning of Hercules was far easier to him. In the mean time the Countess knew how to reward the Colonel for his labors. She belonged to those who shrink from an actually criminal digression, but still allow themselves much which borders on it. Flattered at being able at her age to excite a passion, she exerted herself to make it lively and entertaining; but she did this with such zeal, that very soon her own heart was involved in the game. The Colonel became more interesting to her than all the park arrangements in the world; but at the same time she was not without her cunning. The Colonel, on his side, employed his stratagems of war in his intercourse with ladies. Each of them wished to assure himself of the feeling of the other without committing himself, and thus they passed their days in laying plots and counterplots to this end. In such circumstances the Countess was desirous of removing all witnesses as far as possible, and therefore right willingly gave permission to the young people to carry on their rambles.

But we must now compel ourselves to acknowledge that even the Baroness H. had her engrossments; though these were by no means like those of the Countess. The first was her husband. I ask who has anything to say against it, that the two were now far more in love with one another than before their marriage? The other was a yet unborn creature—a future heir of Paradise, whose approaching existence enraptured the Baron, and led the Baroness to an-

ticipate a mother's joys. "Oh! these engrossments will draw away her soul from Clara, from her friend!" I hear one of my lady readers exclaim in dissatisfaction. No, thou good one, certainly not! But they hindered her from accompanying Clara as before—they drew away her attention a little from that which was passing around her. Besides this, Clara was quieter and tenderer than ever, and expected the child of her friend as if it were her own. Clara found herself on excursions of discovery in the neighborhood: the Baroness believed that all went on as it should. With the Countess and her fresh improvements she was less satisfied, and spared no admonitions in this quarter! but all these upon "stony ground."

## CHAPTER XXX.

### THE EXCURSION.

Virtue and gladness  
Kindle each other.

FRANKER.

It is a lovely Saturday afternoon, light breathes the wind, joyously sing the birds, sweetly the flowers exhale their odors, who can remain in the house? The Countess certainly not. She chooses this day for her first visit to the parsonage in Tarna, to Hervey's aged mother. The whole family, as well as the Colonel, shall accompany her. They will go thicker on foot, and return in the carriage. All are in excellent spirits. The Colonel heats himself with gathering flowers for the Countess, who shows him grateful glances. The Baroness throws sharp glances at her, yet has herself her attention agreeably diverted by her husband, who overwhelms her with attentions, smokes his pipe, and looks in the highest degree gay and happy. Filius . . . good heaven! what have we done with Filius? O, it is true, we have forgotten him, and beg our reader's pardon! We have neglected to say that before the Baron's departure from Paradise he was taken to an excellent school in the next town, where he at the same time had lessons in drawing, and opportunity to cultivate his talent in little and great compositions.

Nina and Clara are gay and happy as children, and feel themselves continually more like sisters. The Countess makes trial whether the philosophical plantations in the heart of the Colonel have yet taken root. She talks of Pascal—she talks of Cousin. The Colonel acquiesces in all her thoughts and ideas—finds "deep" and "sublime" what she finds "deep" and "sublime;" and makes giant strides in the—favor of his teacher.

Yonder rise the green hills of Tarna. Lovely and well lies the parsonage on one of them. A garden with trees and shrubs stretches greenly down its southern side. The whole country round is changed; everywhere have the plough, the spade, and the axe begun their labors. Hervey is in the garden with his young friend Captain Philip S.; they are busy trimming, amid friendly discourse, the trees beneath whose shade Hervey hopes ever to see his mother and sisters enjoy the summer evenings. So long as this little garden was encompassed with marshes, no newly-planted trees would make progress; but now these are for the most part drained, and converted into fruitful tillage land. In consequence of this the cold is diminished, and everywhere shoot forth leafy branches.

As Hervey desisted the approaching party, he flung down his pruning-knife, and hastened, beautiful in the zeal of labor—beautiful in his neglected dress, especially beautiful in his joy and benevolence, which pained themselves in his face to meet his friends. To Nina, the words, I believe of Sterne, occurred—"His countenance is like a blessing."

Gentle and quiet as ever, Hervey conducted his guests to his mother. In the house it looked like a tranquil festival day—all was so clean, so white, so tasteful, yet simple. A friendly directing spirit had set its seal on the whole economy of the house. In the entrance hall strewn leaves of the fir annoyed somewhat the Countess, but charmed the young ladies extremely. They passed from the hall into the sitting-room, and the Countess noticed with wonder the elegance of the furniture. Baron H. stood enraptured before bookshelves which covered the whole of a spacious and light apartment. Here stood also a pianoforte and a harp, the favorite instruments of Edward Hervey. Numerous and well-tended flowers breathed their aroma from the windows. Soon also a flower of the heliotrope, plucked by Hervey, shed its fragrance in Nina's hand. Some pigeons with lustrous feathers came flying into the house, and took food now from Hervey's and now from Nina's hand. Nina's soul was seized with an inward delight; never had she felt herself so much at home, so happy. It seemed as if a smiling angel of peace glanced at her out of every corner, and whispered to her—"It is good to be here!" Ah, she felt that it was so. Hervey's look, Hervey's spirit, had here sanctified and blessed everything.

Would you see a living festival? See there the aged lady, Hervey's mother. In the lovely, pure features dwell together seriousness and gentleness; and about the mouth shows itself yet frequently a smile, which reminds you of that of the sun. In her white dress, simple in costume and character, she is not wanting in a natural dignity, which so well becomes the handsome old lady. Her silver hair divides itself on her open brow, in order to cover her temples, and then to disappear under her cap. At the entrance of the distinguished guests she laid aside her book of devotion and her spectacles, and welcomed them with unaffected cordiality. The Countess had proposed to herself to be condescending, but it would not succeed. Virtue and misfortune, a strong and pious soul, had conferred on the mother of Hervey the nobility, the genuine good-breeding to which worldly accomplishment can add little, and from which a lofty roof and the accompaniments of poverty can take nothing away. Perhaps somewhat of this quiet character was derived from the pride which she felt in her son. She had not seen much of the world; she believed that in it one could meet with nothing better, nothing more exalted than Hervey.

By the side of this lady, and somewhat surprised that the representations which she had made to herself of Hervey's domestic economy did not altogether tally, the beautiful, rich, and world-experienced Countess was conscious of a wholly peculiar sensation. She felt herself thrown out of her own element, in a word, somewhat embarrassed, and to her great annoyance knew not how to carry on the conversation. The Baroness, on the contrary, was at once at home, so soon as with her fine tact she had felt out the presence of nature and human worth; and she

was therefore speedily carried away in a fluent conversation with Hervey's mother.

The rest of the company had in the mean time entered the music-room. At the request of the Countess, Hervey placed himself at the harp, and his fingers touched the chords with spirit and life. From a mild, melancholy, but infinitely agreeable phantasy, he passed with the skill of a master to the simple, profound accords which form the introduction to the splendid romance "The Sea Hero;"\* and in a fine tenor he then sung the northern song, in a strong but melancholy tone, with an entrancing, varying expression, such as the words of the poem dictated. The life of the olden time rose in its youthful, wonderful strength. Like a quickening breath it pervades the souls of the listeners. To their imaginations seemed

—Thus lovely the song of the waves,  
As they rock in the wild foaming sea.

Ah!

They come from the distant—distant strand,  
They know no fetter—they know no band  
In the sea.

Philip's eyes lightened at Hervey's song; even Clara's pious glance kindled with an unthought feeling. Nina had cast down her eyelids; the long dark lashes concealed the expression of her gaze: she was silent, but the song seized mightily on her soul, yet not so as it did on a former occasion. There was a strange sensation in her heart, but it was good.

"Where is Maria?"

I am at this moment a little ashamed of Maria, since no one can look less festively arrayed than she. She will only prepare a banquet for those who have forgotten themselves. She stands still and hot at the oven, and bakes fine bread. The greatest consternation shows itself in her countenance, while in the deepest anxiety she gazes round her with the words—"Our maid-servants are gone out! The house full of guests. The Countess! Supper! I here! white bread must be baked, and both girls are out!"

I will venture to assert, that none of my fair readers will peruse this without the greatest sympathy for Maria, and even a little sympathetic distress. If they wish, however, to get rid of this distress, it is only necessary to accompany me a little farther. Maria, between her oven and her anxiety, would have lost her wits, if her brother, like a consoling angel, had not suddenly made his appearance, and with friendly words, active help, and pleasant jokes, put to flight her trouble. She took courage—all will go well; and from this it came to pass that the baking turned out so admirably, for in fact when the cakes in the oven rise well, the heart of the housewife rises with them. Maria felicitated herself on being able to treat her guests with the beautiful white bread, especially the lovely Nina, whom with a maiden's enthusiasm she admired. For her was an especial cake baked.

Maria speedily spread the cloth in the eating-room, and her brother spoke courage to her. He himself helped to cut bread, and to set on the table the dishes of curd, so that his sister became quite easy and cheerful. Will you see Maria? She is like a thousand others, fair, kind, blue-eyed, of features by no means remarkable, but with an expression of good-nature. Her dress was something worn, but far from being worn out; a warm heart, a good understanding, in whose joys housekeeping and heaven occupy

\* Bikingen.

the whole space, without much fascination; diligent, conscientious, affectionate, indefatigable—the first up, the last to bed; you see, in a word, before you one of the many who live for others—of those who will probably think for the first time of themselves when the Lord of the world says to them—"Thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful in a few things, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." But for such an one what joy can there probably be, except that of being able yet more freely to live and work for those that she loves?

But we loiter—Maria does not. She has set the cold roast meat, the steaming potatoes, and the fresh butter, on the table; she has conducted the guests into the eating-room, and has invited them kindly and somewhat embarrassed to partake, and wishes that they may enjoy the repast.

Here also the Countess found herself quite out in her expectations, and saw not the smallest thing at which she could have smiled. For here all was too pretentious and too good. The meal resembled rather an idyllic banquet than a supper "at the Countess's visit." And in truth the milk, with the excellent cream, she found, as well as the rest, so delicious after the long walk, that she bestowed a particular attention upon the dish. It did not escape her, however, that Hervey was more gay and social than usual. He looked around him as if he would bless everybody. But while all are eating, chatting, and laughing, I will make a short digression, and say a word with the

#### FATHERS OF FAMILIES.

Thou who sittest at thy table like a thunder-cloud charged with lightning, and scoldest the wife and the cook about the dinner, so that the morsel sticks in the throat of the mother and children—thou who makest unhappy wife and child and servants—thou who preparest for every dish a bitter sauce out of thy gall—shame and indigestion to thee!

BUT—Honour and long life to a good stomach, and especially all good to thee who sittest at thy table like bright sunshine; thou who lookest round thee to bless the enjoyment of thy family—by thy friendly glance, thy kind speech, callest forth sportiveness and appetite, and thereby lendest to the gifts of God a better strength, a finer flavor than the profoundest art of the cook is able to confer upon them—honor to thee, and joys in abundance. May good will ever spread the table for thee; may friendly faces ever sit round thy dishes. Honour and joy to thee!

And now back again to the parsonage. Baron H. felt himself so unusually exhilarated, that he suddenly, to the horror of everybody, burst forth with a terrible song, at which every one laughed except his wife, who pulled him by the ear. After he had finished it, he bowed with great gravity to the ringing peal of applause, and begged of Nina also to gratify the company with a song. Nina blushed and would decline it, but, stimulated by the Countess, who felt herself somewhat wounded that the Baron had not first made such a request from herself, and overwhelmed with solicitations, she finally consented, and sang with a somewhat tremulous voice the beautiful song of Franzén—

"Yield thyself not to the pressure of Care."

Hervey immediately fell in with his fine tenor, at first only as it seemed to support the voice of Nina. She thanked him with a gentle nod. Her voice became firmer, her cheeks flushed, her

eyes beamed with joy. Hereupon Hervey raised his voice more and more, he followed hers no longer, but rather bore it on—a finer harmony no one ever heard. All hearts were enlivened. Involuntarily first one and then another voice joined the singing, and if the Baroness had not expressively pinched the arm of her husband, it would have been difficult to have restrained him from bursting out at the top of his voice with the words—

"Virtue and gladness kindle each other."

At the last verse, however, he was no longer able to withstand the temptation. All respect for the fine art was swallowed up in the vivid feeling of actuality, and at the words—

"After an evening—"

the Baroness pinched the arm of her husband in vain; he only screamed the louder—

"Calmly expended:"

she therefore took her part, and also began to accompany the singing. The Colonel let his deep but good voice resound, and the whole company sang in chorus:

"Cordially ended,  
Slumber we softly, and waken refreshed"

How delighted, and how heartily after this all shook hands at parting, need scarcely be remarked. But we must say a word regarding the parting of Nina from Hervey's mother, since this consisted in a wordless scene, which is better than words calculated to bring people closer to each other. We have already remarked that the old lady attached but little value to purely external advantages: toward beauty, however, especially when this was the expression of a lovely soul, she felt herself weak; and Nina's appearance, manner, and singing, had this evening made upon her the most vivid impression. When, therefore, Nina approached her to take leave, the old lady gently put her arm around her slender waist, led her nearer to the window, and regarded her with the deepest interest. Nina blushed; and as the old lady with a serious and almost motherly expression kissed her forehead, Nina was seized with a feeling of wonderful veneration. The lovely and high-born daughter of the President hastily stooped, and touched with her lips the hand of the aged dame.

It was homage which youth paid to age—ay, perhaps, which Nina paid to the mother of Hervey; and so rapidly passed this little scene, that no one but Hervey observed it. A lightning flash glowed in his dark eyes—then a dark cloud passed over them. He remained standing with a shawl of the Baroness in his hand, and forgot that he waited for him to put it upon her shoulders till she turned and jocosely said to him, "Will the Pastor wrap himself in the shawl? if so, it is very much at his service. Only in that case I must petition for a great-coat." Hervey smiled, and gave her the shawl, yet he was still and thoughtful as he accompanied his guests out.

The evening was uncommonly fine, and the Countess proposed to make her return home partly on foot. The plan met with universal approval. Hervey accompanied the party, without, as it seemed, being properly with it. The carriages came on slowly behind. The Baroness H. sought to awake the slumbering jealousy of her husband, by making him observant of Hervey's changed mood, and assuring him at the same time that this change had taken place at

the moment in which he had taken her shawl in his hand.

Baron H. promised to warn him solemnly against so unfortunate a passion, and if this did not avail, to assure him that he must expect to be called out.

Nina was as silent and thoughtful as Hervey. Captain S. had given her his arm, and endeavored to engage her attention.

The company passed a little neat house, gay with flowers. "Who lives here?" inquired the Baroness.

"A canting old crackbrain of a woman," was the Countess's answer. At the same moment the inhabitant of the house appeared at the door, an ugly, strange-looking, nodding, and grinning figure.

The party greeted her and passed on.

"This woman," said the Countess, "bored me lately with an intolerable morning visit; yet she occasioned me some good thoughts. She talked with a most absurd enthusiasm of her religion, 'and of her reliance on the grace of God, without which man is nothing.' She described with the highest rapture her happiness, which consisted chiefly in this, that she had a room, and six shillings\* for her daily support. She farther detailed to me the kind presents which she sometimes received from her benefactors, as well as a friendly invitation from one or other of them to their tables, and the like. She concluded with declaring herself to be 'the happiest of mortals.'

"When she had left me I could not prevent myself feeling a certain degree of compassion for this 'happiest of mortals,' and would rather endure actual misery than feel myself happy in this fashion. Never was so clear to me as in this moment, that that which the good man seeks in life is not happiness, so far as we understand by that the enjoyment of the convenient and the agreeable. The happiness which a noble soul strives after is perfection; is the development of its nobler existence; is goodness, is God.† This happiness does not exclude suffering. Pain and pleasure are the wings of the soul, on which it soars toward its ennoblement. Earthly enjoyments are for such a soul nothing; and, compared with its life, the happiness of Mrs. L. is a pure abomination."

Hervey here awoke out of his reverie; for he could not bear an injustice, let the being he ever so insignificant toward which it was shown.

"I think," said he softly, "that you are a little too severe upon her. A happiness so innocent as hers, and which, as you admit, is grounded on the fear of God, deserves in truth no contempt. Her contentment with the enjoyments of so humble a lot they only can comprehend who during the greater part of life have had to contend with want and necessity. And is it not indeed probably the will of the Almighty that we should feel ourselves even here on earth happy and at home? Yes, how is it possible that we can feel ourselves otherwise, if we in all cases follow his commands, by which we become reconciled to the heavenly and the earthly life, and are filled with peace and joy! If in that solitary room in which yonder poor woman dwells, a friendly sunbeam or a cup of coffee make a festival, her joy is not the less genuine

and lively than that of those who drink the noxious juice of the grape, or weep voluptuous tears on a beloved bosom. The best and wisest of earth have not despised these enjoyments. Have I preached too long?" asked Hervey, with a smile: "if so, pardon me."

"The sermon was good," said the Baroness H., "and I for my part shall certainly bear it in mind, especially when I see Mrs. L. again. Yet, dear Pastor, permit me to make a better acquaintance with the humble-minded people you speak of. I tell you plainly that such a species of moderation is to me intolerable."

In a friendly manner Hervey gave to the Baroness, and even to her husband, various admonitions against this intolerance. The Baroness contended warmly for her opinion; she would not give up the smallest jot of it—nay, she would even renounce heaven itself if the angels were so tediously discreet.

Hervey laughed, and begged her on this head to be at rest. "The fine, sweet sportiveness," said he, "which graces the lips with so agreeable a smile, and gentle satire, are certainly nowhere so much in place as on the lips of angels."

"I am glad of that, Pastor, and I find it most sensible," said the Baroness, without being conscious that she at the same time smiled as sweetly as any child of heaven possibly could. Clara took the hand of her friend, and said smiling, "Have you always been so desperate against the wearisome?"

"Always!" answered the Baroness positively "except that once indeed I was short-sighted, and was mistaken in a certain person. Abominable girl! you know that I amuse myself with no one so well as with you—"

Baron H. coughed expressively.

"And with Gustav," continued the Baroness, as she reached cordially her hand to her husband.

The Baroness was now tired; the company paused till the carriages came up. Hervey assisted the ladies into them, and took leave.

"To feel oneself happy—to feel oneself already at home here on the earth," thought Nina—"O how divine must that be!"

Rapidly rolled the carriages onward; rapidly sped Nina over the pleasant and wild landscape. It seemed to her as if her life would roll on as rapidly—as if she never should feel herself at home on the earth.

Philip S. stooped and plucked a little flower, which had slowly raised itself again from the pressure of Nina's foot. He kissed it, and concealed it in his bosom.

The two friends now went back, and in order the sooner to reach home struck across the meadows by a footpath. Philip talked with Hervey of his future plans; of the journey to Stockholm, which was now before him, in order to take possession of the rich inheritance fallen to him from an uncle. The sound of a carriage interrupted the conversation of the friends, and occasioned them to turn their gaze toward the highway, where the traveller was driving briskly on in his caleche. The traveller seemed to be equally observant of the pedestrians. He stopped, sprang from the carriage, and hastened to meet the friends at the stile.

"Ah!" said Philip animatedly, "it is my friend Löfvenheim, the new proprietor in this country. He has promised to spend some days with me. Come, Edward, I must make you acquainted with one another."

Edward had in the mean time fixed his eyes

\* Swedish; i. e. so many farthings English.

† My young fair reader! Dost thou wonder to hear the Countess talking in this strain? Such wonders wilt thou stumble upon in the world.

hoosily on the stranger, and said hastily, "Not now; another time. Good night!"

With these words he drew his arm out of Philip's, bowed, and departed. Philip, somewhat amazed at this unwonted unfriendliness, advanced toward his friend, and bade him heartily welcome. Scarcely were the first salutations exchanged, when the latter asked, "Who was the man that just now left you, and left you so suddenly? His gait, and a certain movement of his head, remind me vividly of one with whom formerly I was very well acquainted."

Philip named Edward Hervey, and proceeded as he always did, when the conversation turned on his friend, to speak of him in the most encomiastic terms. Löfvenheim listened in silence, and then said, "I was mistaken, then. I shall be glad to be better acquainted with him."

At the same instant was heard a wild cry of a child, and immediately thereupon the words, "Help! help! Save the boy! Ah! the mill-wheel! He goes under the mill-wheel!"

"That comes from the waterfall," said Philip; "a child has certainly fallen in!" Both of them ran to the waterfall. The voices of women exclaimed aloud, "Ah! he will be crushed! God help him!"

The friends arrived at the waterfall just as Hervey, battling with the flood at the danger of his life, seized a little boy who was in the very act of passing under the mill-wheel. Two minutes afterward he stood again on the shore dripping and panting, but happy. An oldish, little, meagre man stood before him. The man was beside himself with distraction and joy, and was scarcely able to articulate the words, "My child! my child!"

Hervey took the yet lifeless child on his knee, and rubbed his breast and stomach with his hand, while he watched attentively his death-like countenance. During his humane occupation Hervey himself was exposed, without knowing it, to a most keen examination. Löfvenheim, whose disposition and look were distinguished by a peculiar coldness, riveted incessantly his dark gray eyes upon him. Hervey, before he sprang into the water, had pulled off his coat. His breast was bare, and a scar showed itself upon it. Löfvenheim's gaze fell from his countenance to his breast, and riveted itself on the scar. "It is he! Yes, it is he!" said he half aloud.

In the mean time Hervey had succeeded in restoring the boy to consciousness. A stream of water poured from his mouth, his bosom heaved violently, and he opened a pair of large blue eyes. With some directions for the further treatment of the boy, he delivered him to his father. The man now turned his eyes from the child to his savior; suddenly he seemed no longer to understand what he said to him, and the thanks died on his lips. His gaze became fixed; a paleness more deathlike than before spread itself over his haggard countenance, and his mouth was distorted with convulsive twitchings.

Hervey was now called to bestow some attention on his friend Philip, who embraced him with tears in his eyes. "God be praised!" said he, "you have saved, and are saved. Permit me, Edward, to introduce you to my friend Carl Löfvenheim. He wishes to make your acquaintance."

"I am rejoiced, Sir Pastor," said Löfvenheim, bowing with a cold glance and tone, "to have been witness of your heroic deed."

"I only did what you would in my place have done," replied Hervey, in a soft and friendly manner, returning the bow and quietly drawing on his coat.

"But you must dine with me to-morrow, Edward," said Philip kindly.

"I thank you," was his answer, "to-morrow I cannot. An important business—another time—good night!"

He gave Philip the hand, greeted Löfvenheim politely, and went. He looked round for the father of the child, but he had disappeared. The man with every sign of terror, and with the words "It is he! It is he!" and hastened away.

## CHAPTER XXXI

### PATE.

Love is eye the purest ere it be expressed,  
And loveliest is the sorrow which wasteth unconfessed.  
NICANDER.

THE wind on the sea, the air on the mountain, the sea-like sound in the wood, the fresh, fresh breath of nature, which expels care and refreshes life—I praise you! Who has not felt himself invigorated by you, who has not felt himself elevated—when he has returned from the house of mourning, from the impure atmosphere of society, and from the exhaustion of business! Wonderful, powerful, care-free life in the air, in the water, and in the earth! Mighty Nature, how I love thee, and how gladly would I lead all hearts to thee! In hostility to thee, life is a burthen; in peace with thee, we have a presentiment of the repose of Paradise. Thy storms sound through the immortal harps of Ossian and Byron; in the songs of the sea-heroes—in the romances of the north, breathes thy life. The feeling heart owes to thee its best and freest sentiments. To her also who pens these lines hast thou given new life. Her soul was sick to death, and she cast herself on thy bosom. Thou didst raise her up again; she received power to lift herself up to God.

The tempest rolled its thunders over one of the wildest regions of the north. Its dark cloud-chariot careered over the pinnacles of the rocks and the abyss of the valleys. Two wanderers were seen hastening with rapid steps over the wild country. One of them was a man in his full vigor; and he was beautiful through the fresh life, and the union of gentleness and strength which strikingly displayed themselves in his countenance and his whole appearance. It seemed to give him delight to stride through the desolate country during the tempest, and to give his dark, rich locks to be tossed by the furious winds. A smile parted the well-formed lips, and his eyes glanced clearly around him. The other walked gloomily, and full of thought, by his side. The electric atmosphere seemed to oppress him; his young, blond head hung down as if it were overwhelmed with thought.

"So gloomy, Philip!" said Edward to his friend.

"So gay, Edward?" answered he.

"Yes," replied Hervey, "I am cheerful; that can I not deny. I am glad that I have been able to quell the tumult of the peasantry without force being requisite. And farther, I have

cause to be cheerful, since I find myself on a long ramble. What enjoyment and vigor of life lies there not in the free air! It is the finest cordial for man. These gloomy thunder-clouds have, moreover, for me an especial charm. Do not Ossian's ghosts hover upon them! Was it not on such a wild heath where Fingal sung, and gathered the shades of fallen heroes around him!"

"You are poetical, Edward. Over me hover melancholy images. The gloomy region reminds me of the wilderness of life. How well may the human bosom be compared to yon rocky surface, when love and faith forsake it, and leave it lying desolate. Storms are the judgments of God against sinners, or the thunderbolts of fate on the head of the innocent. Happy are they who feel neither remorse nor dread."

Edward was silent. His cheerful look grew dark.

Soon after Philip said, "We have not much farther to go; I see already our hills, the hills near Umenäs." He sighed, and added, "My journey to Stockholm is fixed for to-morrow morning very early. I shall probably continue there a year at the least. I must this evening take leave of you."

"So soon?" said Edward, unpleasantly surprised; and then added, with great cordiality, "Philip, how much shall I miss you!"

"Edward, you know it, I am rich. I have friends and relatives of great influence. Tell me, is there any way in which I can serve you?"

These words were pronounced with a certain coldness, and with the same coldness Edward answered: "I thank you; I need nothing which I cannot myself acquire."

"In a higher post, with your great talents, you could more benefit your native land, would be able to gratify a laudable ambition."

"I am contented here," said Edward, abruptly. "I only wish to be able to fulfil all the duties which my present office lay upon me."

"But you lead here, in fact, a most monotonous life, and your present field of exercise is very confined. You are so richly endowed by nature—you are so beloved by all men, and might so easily live better, might have more varied interests—"

"Love, labor, religion—these are life, liberty, and joy; these are happiness," answered Edward, with warmth. "And who can say, who only fulfils his duties as a man, that his field of action is confined! The effect and the extension of every pure action are incalculable."

"But, spite of this, there are higher and lower positions, narrower and ampler circles, in the state," added Philip, impatiently. "What would a Canning or an Oxenstierna have effected had the one remained a simple advocate, and the other continued living idly on his estate! Edward, you ought not wholly to close your heart against a noble ambition."

"No, Philip, no! I also have dreamed. I too—I too have wished. There was a time . . . but let us drop this subject," said he, excitedly; and then more calmly added, "the hand of Providence leads us better than our own rash desires. It has on this spot pointed out my place, and here will I remain."

Hervey's determined tone seemed to cut off

all farther attempts of this sort. The friends were for a moment silent, and then Philip said, "Then I really can do nothing for you!"

"Yes, you can possibly do something for me!" said Hervey, stepping up to Philip, and putting his arm around him. "You probably can! Give me my friend again; give me the open, cheerful, cordial Philip back again. For some time past I have known him no longer; and since last evening, all your offers of protection and the cold tone . . . in fact, Philip, they have made me shudder. What is come to you, Philip, my friend? Have we ceased to understand each other?"

"Edward," said Philip, with an expression of the greatest pain, "I acknowledge it; for some days I have been miserable."

"Philip, I am your friend, and you have kept this from me!"

"I will do so no longer, Edward. I feel that it would be impossible for me to part from you without saying all to you, and without hearing what you have to say. Edward," added he, in a tone bordering on emotion, "you know that I have loved you!"

Hervey gazed at him inquiringly, and with earnest attention.

"Yes," continued Philip, in the highest excitement, "I have loved you with my whole heart and my whole strength, for I have never known a more excellent, a more amiable . . . let me proceed, Edward! Yes, I have believed in you as in God. I was a wild youth, and took pleasure in an agitated life; you acquired power over me, I became attached to you, and learned from you the strong and peaceful virtues which constitute the happiness of human society. My faith in you has for years been my conscience, and the power which bridled me. I was happy in this faith; I would have followed you to the death—would have died for you with joy. Edward! Edward! it is a perilous thing when a beloved image in the heart of man is destroyed, since with it the best of his life is annihilated."

Philip covered his face with both hands, and seated himself on the trunk of a fallen tree. Hervey continued standing before him, regarding his friend with uneasiness and deep sympathy. After a pause, Philip continued:

"For some days all seems changed in me and around me. It seems to me as if the world staggered, as if the earth heaved beneath my feet. What, however, really staggers, Edward, is my faith in you."

Philip cast his eyes on the ground—an inexpressible agony gnawed at his heart. Edward was pale. He seated himself on a mossy stone opposite to Philip, and gazed at his friend with a penetrating, steady glance.

"Well!" said he after a pause, as Philip, sunk in bitter feeling, was silent.

"Well, Edward! there is come a man to me who says he knows you—who has dared to say of you that you bear an assumed name, and what is still more, an assumed character! A man who charges you with concealing under a mask of virtue a heart filled with vice—a man who dares to assert that in your youth you have perpetrated the lowest and the grossest crimes!"

"Philip," said Edward with painful seriousness,

ness, "all this you have kept from me; you have, therefore, believed it."

"Not believed, Edward! No, by God, so miserable I was not; then you would not have seen me here. But an agonizing doubt has taken root in my soul. Edward, if my peace and my better life be dear to you, tear this doubt out of my bosom. Speak to me—open your heart to me—tell me that you are innocent—convince me that your walk is as pure as your glance. Give me the right, with the sword in my hand, as I have threatened, to compel the liar to take back his words. Edward, my friend, you can—you will do it!"

But Edward's clear gaze had sunk to the earth. An expression of the deepest pain drew together his brows, while his pale lips slowly and distinctly said—"Philip. I cannot do it!"

The young S. saw his heaven fall in. Paler than Edward, he exclaimed vehemently—"You cannot! You are then a criminal!"

With his look fixed on the earth, and his arms crossed, Edward said as to himself—"It was a fond dream which permitted me to imagine that I could be believed for my own sake; that my present conduct would condemn those phantom-lies. It was a lovely dream which whispered to me that I had a friend who really knew me; whom rumor and no mistrust could alienate from me; who would believe me rather than the accusations of a stranger. Yes, but it was only a dream, it is past!"

"Edward, was your earlier, your real name D—?"

"Yes!" answered Edward, with a firm voice.

"Were you the tutor of the youngest son of Count R., and the friend of the elder one?"

"Yes!"

"Edward—did you carry off the daughter of this house?"

"Yes, that did I."

"Edward—you are a criminal!"

"No!"

"In the name of heaven prove it—justify yourself."

Hervey fixed on his friend a long reproachful look. "I have denied the crime," said he, "not without pride; and you have known me six years—that should be enough for you."

"Have you nothing farther to say to me?"

"No!" answered Edward, coldly.

"Edward! is that your last word?"

Edward was silent.

"Edward, farewell! I believe in no man more!" Philip stood up, and turned to depart.

"Philip!" said Edward softly.

Philip turned and looked at his friend. Edward arose and extended his arms toward him. With burning tears he flung himself, as for the first parting embrace, on the bosom of his friend. He sought then to withdraw, but Edward held him fast to his bosom, while he said—"Delay a little! I was too warm; you were hasty. Delay yet a little—we must not part thus!"

"Edward!" said Philip in the highest emotion, "kill me, but give me back my faith in you!"

"I have but little to say," replied Hervey, with a sorrowful seriousness. "I cannot demonstrate my innocence. A mysterious darkness envelopes my existence. My history is simple and—incomprehensible. I will tell it

you willingly. Once have I related it, and then—I was not believed, and he who has been my friend became my foe. If you have given no faith to my word and to my heart, Philip, why should you confide more in the relation of inexplicable events!"

"Edward, speak! Give me explanation; my heart tells me that all doubts will vanish; that I shall see light in this darkness, and again love you—again confide in you."

Edward was silent a moment, as though he would collect his thoughts. His eye had in the mean time fixed itself on a thunder cloud, which had drawn itself together into thick masses, and built up as it were a gate of honor, through which the kingly sun blazed forth clear and gloriously. This picture gave a striking image of the eye of the Omnipotent. The solemnity of Hervey's brow shone deeper and deeper; a beautiful gentle smile opened his lips, and as he pointed to the horizon, he said to Philip—"Do you see those clouds yonder, which but now rolled thundering over our heads? They have now divided themselves; they are illuminated by the sun, and the evening of this stormy day is beautiful and clear. This is the image of a faith which has accompanied me through life, and has irradiated my gloomiest hours. I believe in a clear evening sun, Philip; in a light which will scatter the clouds; in a rest after the tempests of the day. The most mysterious events of life have occurred to me. I have been condemned to dishonor and death by the hand of the executioner; and yon sun, yon last glorification of life, has pierced through the dark scene. This lives perpetually in my soul. Be the storms of the world's history, the dreams of human life, gloomy, tempestuous, strange as they may, there follows yet constantly a calm and splendid evening. In this I firmly believe, since it is the faith in the Great Master who, in His bosom overflowing with love, guides the development and completion of the drama, and whose hand conducts all with power and wisdom. Grateful scene!" continued Hervey, as his eyes, with beaming earnestness, hung on the glorious setting sun—"fade never from my soul! Let my earthly life be covered with shadow, so that thy serene splendor do but beam within me."

Hervey was silent for a moment sunk in thought, and then began—

"I was still very young, and had but just completed my studies, when I entered the court of Count R. The friendship of his eldest son, the Count Ludwig, drew me thither. He fancied that I might effect some good in it. In the presumption which is seldom wanting in our earlier years, I believed so too. It was a gloomy house: stormy, dark passions had long raged in it; its exterior was a true image of its interior. Dusky and dilapidated lay the old castle on the highest mountain peak of Shonen; the billows of the Sound played round the feet of its walls. I found a son, who in the bloom of his years was become nearly idiotic through terror and apprehension, the consequences of the severe treatment of his father. The mother was recently dead; the daughter, of fourteen years of age yet a child, still showing in her heart already the iron will of her father. Like a young oak, she battled against the storm, and the oppress-

sions to which she was exposed seemed only the more to steel her spirit to resistance. She was a beautiful, wild, but warm-hearted child. Although still so young, she was by her father's wish already promised to a rich, old, worn-out man, who in no respect was deserving of this fresh rose-bud. She allowed herself to be betrothed, since as a thoughtless child, she saw nothing in marriage but a fine wedding, and also because she wished by any means to get out of her father's house. It is indeed a terrible sight, that of a man who has so completely smothered everything divine in his nature that nothing remains but a horrible egotism. To such an one nothing is sacred; to accomplish his will, and to satisfy his humor, he hesitates at none, no, not the most criminal means, and finds a pleasure in making himself a tormentor—such a man was the father of Count Ludwig. I speedily abhorred him, yet I continued in his house in order to protect his child. Elfrida was demanded in marriage, and the marriage day was fixed, when a vehement repugnance, and with it an invincible resistance, awoke in the heart of the young maiden.

"'I will not!' was her only answer to the representations and commands of her father. She refused bluntly to marry Baron N. 'You may murder me,' said she, 'but never compel me to become his wife.'

"Now followed dreadful scenes. One day I saw Elfrida dragged by the hair by her merciless father, and on this occasion I opposed force to force; I menaced him, and rescued the bleeding child out of his hand. Count Ludwig was on travel in a foreign land. The terrified, half-childish Emil implored his sister for God's sake to submit.

"I stood alone on the side of this courageous child, and resolved at the risk of my own life to protect her. The hour of contest was not long delayed. Count R. in concert with his worthy future son-in-law, determined on a nocturnal, forced marriage; a clergyman was won over by bribery, and Elfrida was to be sacrificed. The evening before the preparation of this abominable scheme, the plan was discovered through Elfrida's nurse, who, drawn by the Count into the secret, was not able to support the pangs of conscience which assailed her. Elfrida came to me; related to me the whole, and conjured me with the agony of despair to save her. The danger was pressing, and the time short; if it were not to become too late, I must quickly decide. Count R. had a sister who was an abbess in a convent in Seeland. I resolved to conduct Elfrida to her, and to deliver the unhappy child into her keeping. But in order to avoid the forced marriage, it was necessary that she should that very evening be conveyed across the Sound. I communicated to her my plan; she threw herself on my protection. I wrote a letter to Count R., in which I announced to him in a few words what I proposed to do, without however naming the place to which I proposed to conduct Elfrida. I left the letter on my writing-desk, in the persuasion that, though our flight should be discovered immediately, they would not be able in the night to pursue after us.

"It was a dark tempestuous September evening, as, awaiting Elfrida, I stood in the

boat which I procured, and which lay under the castle wall. At the appointed hour I saw her white dress appear between the trees and vanish again. In the haste and darkness she had missed her footing, and fell with a faint cry. I hastened to her, lifted her up and bore her to the strand. I had just reached this when some one seized me by the neck behind. I set down Elfrida in order to defend myself. She sprang resolutely into the boat. I flung my assailant—who sought with curses and reproaches to secure me—violently down, got clear of him, sprang after Elfrida, and pushed off from land. In the same instant there was a flash on the shore, a shot fell, and a wild cry and confused clamor of voices struck on our ear; speedily, however, all was overpowered by the howling of the storm and the roaring of the waves. It was a dreadful night. I intended, so soon as I should have placed Elfrida in security, to return to Count R., in order to vindicate myself and my mode of proceeding; and hardly as was the attempt to make the passage in the night time and during the storm, yet I dared it, and hoped in reliance on my youth and my exact knowledge of the track and the shores, to make a successful transit. Yet, through the pitchy darkness and the tempest, I lost my course. By a current which I was not able to stem, we were carried out to the open sea; I felt it, but struggled against it in vain. Elfrida, courageous as a hero, and composed in the stormy night, thanked heaven for her rescue. Never in my life shall I forget this night. All around me the waves in furious uproar—above me the heavens black with menacing clouds—the storm howling with terrible rage—at intervals lightnings, by whose glare the nocturnal scene only appeared more horrible—and before me, in white dress, that heroic maiden, the angel who only spoke the most affectionate words of comfort, of hope, and of thanks. I steered the whole night through, and yet reached no coast. I knew not where we were, and suffered on Elfrida's account the greatest anxiety. Toward daybreak the storm became terrible. A squall threw us against a rock, our boat went to pieces, and I considered myself happy that, swimming with Elfrida in my arms, I at length reached land.

"We were cast upon a small island far out at sea. Only in one direction, and at a great distance, discovered we land. It amounted to a miracle that our little boat had been able at all to bear us so far; soon it lay broken between the crags, and the planks were strewn on the waves around.

"We were now surrounded by the foaming, raging surf; swarming sea-birds circled about us; little pale yellow flowers sprang from between the cliffs, and waved in the wind. It is at this moment as if I had them before me, and saw how Elfrida plucked them.

"The island consisted of several ridges of rock, overgrown with slender pine-trees. A fallen and deserted fisherman's hut testified that men had once dwelt here.

"We found ourselves alone in the wide, boundless ocean; dangers of many kinds surrounded us; we suffered want of all things, and yet were we almost happy; for such is youth—so strong and living are the feelings of that time.

"Elfrida seemed suddenly to have from a child become a woman. She looked to me taller; her countenance, her manner, expressed an awakened soul, and I felt in this moment for her something which I had never felt before. We were alone—in the world—we two wholly alone—in short, I felt the enchanting poetry of love and death."

"You loved her, then?" asked Philip, with great sympathy.

"Yes! as a youth of twenty in such a situation, under such circumstances, loves. Yes, I loved her. I kindled a fire in the ruined hut; Elfrida adorned it with foliage and flowers. We partook some bread and wine, which I had providently brought with us. The sweetest joyousness inspired Elfrida. Thus had I never seen her. During the oppression in her father's house, her glad sentiments had been like rapidly withering passion-flowers. Suddenly transplanted into an element of love and freedom, she revived, and displayed the purest joy, which, however, for the moment assumed that wild coloring which was, in fact, peculiar to her character. The wild scenes which surrounded us elevated her animal spirits. Familiar with the wonders of nature as a fairy-child, she sprang along the cliffs, and allowed herself with delighted boldness to be wetted with the spray of the billows, and tossed by the winds. I was obliged by force to hold her back from these dangerous sports, and to compel her to seek protection under the trees and behind the rocks. And here that wild child suddenly changed herself into a fascinating Grace. She played with the flowers, and adorned with them him whom she loved: her lips spoke the most beautiful poetry, her countenance beamed with the sweetest smiles. Now an obedient child, now a wilful ruler, always amiable and fascinating, fiery and charming—she appeared to be one of those beings from the world of fable, half goddess half offspring of nature. While, however, I gazed on Elfrida; while, lost in her contemplation, I drained the cup of pure and super-human love which she reached me—she began gradually to change. The color of her cheeks became more vivid, her eyes acquired an unnatural lustre; the sweet harmonious speech became by degrees confused; and, as I took her hand in mine, I felt that her pulses were chased by a devouring fever."

"The storm abated. I had climbed a pine-tree, and had bound upon it my white handkerchief, but no vessel was to be seen either near or far off. The sea looked dreadful. So passed three days. Then my heart was seized with despair. Elfrida sat meek as a lamb under the mighty hand of weakness; and incessantly raged the fever, undermining and consuming her young life. She thirsted, and I had not a drop of water with which to moisten her parched lips. That was an agony! She complained not, but ever and anon spoke comfort to me, and looked with the glance of an angel up toward heaven. She lay and faded away—reckoning herself still happy, while her voice already expired. On the evening of the fifteenth day I held a corpse in my arms—had opened a vein in my breast, and my blood ran warm upon her scorched lips in vain. They never moved again."

Hervy was silent. Large tears ran down his cheeks. After a pause he proceeded. "She did not suffer much, and she died happy, since she died loving and saw that she was beloved—this was, this is my consolation."

"She was gone, and nature seemed to have exhausted her mad strength. Tempest and waves laid themselves to rest. I saw a boat approach; life beckoned to me, but it was at this moment abhorred by me. Yet, the thought of my mother, of Maria—the hope of being able to do away the black suspicion which must fall upon me, stimulated me to live. With Elfrida's corpse in my arms I allowed myself to be conducted toward the land in which I had hoped to find shelter for Elfrida. I was now received with the horror which is felt for a murderer, and I became aware of the accusations with which the world loaded me. Count R., wounded dreadfully, had fallen on the strand, from which I fled with Elfrida; a pistol shot had struck him. In the same night an important sum had been stolen from him, and on me fell the suspicion of these transactions."

"Count Ludwig was returned; no longer as a friend, but as a foe he stood before me. I told him what I have now told you, and—he did not believe me! He had from his youth a strong disposition to distrust in his character. He was unable to distinguish the language of truth from that of deceit. Yet I here excuse him; he had been deeply wounded, for he loved his sister tenderly; appearances were against me; the lips of the angel whom I would have saved were for ever closed, and the murderous attack upon his father I was unable to explain. With hate and abhorrence he turned away from me. Images of the scaffold and the executioner came before my eyes, and I was innocent! In the consciousness of this innocence, and prepared to assert it before the whole world, I called loud for inquiry."

"I allowed myself quietly to be conducted to prison. The courage of youth and the feeling of innocence made me calculate on nothing else than an honorable acquittal. My hope, however, was soon overcast. All circumstances told against me; no one could witness for me. In order to clear myself of the charge of having by force carried off Elfrida, I appealed to my letter to the Count R., and this letter was not to be found. The murderer had not been discovered. A secretary of the Count, a man whom I had scarcely before seen, came forward as my accuser, and by a mixture of truth and lies succeeded in painting in the blackest colors my relation to Count R. and his daughter, during my abode in the castle. The impossibility of justifying myself, if no fortunate chance came to my aid, appeared every day more clear."

"During this time many an abyss of life opened before my eyes; but many a peak also rose cloudlessly above the dark world. Hell came near to me, but heaven also. During my imprisonment, which only continued a few months, my character developed itself, and I became that which I now am. My philosophy, my views of human life, of history, and of the eternal order of the world, then fixed themselves. I became clear of my soul, and looked calmly upon death. Of the time of my confinement I retain scarcely any but agreeable recol-

lections. Yes, since I was become strong and tranquil in myself, the sharpest weapon which the world had for me blunted its point against my heart—thanks to thee, Divine Grace! for it. Did I not suffer for the sake of that glorified angel, of that heroic child, who departed in my arms!—Often in the long evenings and solitary nights her image stood before me. I saw that wild excited sea—I saw that white, delicate figure swimming on the waves—saw her grow pale and slowly die. Elfrida—sweet, lovely child! oft has thy image for some moments paralyzed my busy life and active strength—oft has it in the most joyous hours, and amid the most cheerful associations, cast a shade of sadness over me.

"The moment drew near in which the public hearing of my case should take place. I prepared myself for it. I would be my own defender. I resolved to make the most determined exertions to vindicate myself. Should this not succeed, I felt that I should be perfectly deranged. The respect or the contempt of men loses much of its influence from the moment in which we see that they depend more on appearances than on actuality, and that their glance cannot penetrate to the real origin of the matter. Then, however, arises with double power the conviction that a loftier eye watches over us, and earthly bonds loosen themselves, while heavenly ones knit themselves faster.

"Yet I was bound by many ties to the earth. My mother and Maria were come to me, and partook my imprisonment. They had never doubted of my innocence. They cheered my soul, and the thought of leaving them was bitter. Count Ludwig I never saw during my confinement; but two of my judges visited me frequently. It is my greatest consolation to know that these excellent men also held me to be innocent, and that I had won their hearts.

"The day of the first hearing came ever nearer. In the night before this the doors of my prison suddenly opened themselves, and it was said to me that I was at liberty—to fly! I refused in this manner to acknowledge myself guilty. Then some one announced to me that the result of my trial would be, without question, that of death, or of a life-long incarceration; but that men who held me to be innocent had made way for my flight, and that it was their purpose to advance my future in a foreign country. My mother and sister implored me not to let this opportunity escape. I reflected with myself. My respect for public opinion had already received a severe shock. The idea of a perpetual imprisonment was intolerable to me. Here stood my mother and sister, whom my death on the scaffold would not only dishonor, but plunge into misery and poverty. Whom and what could my flight prejudice? I was offered life and liberty, and both presented themselves in lovely colors before my soul. The world is large, thought I; it will certainly afford a place for me and mine, where hate and calumny cannot reach us. I am in the hand of God, and shall be able to earn my bread.

"I followed the counsel which was given me. I fled with my mother and sister. Unlooked-for aid was given me, and made my flight to England possible. I went thence to

India, where I found labor and bread. A written vindication, which soon after my flight from Sweden I caused to appear, gave a bias to opinion in my favor. The belief in my innocence began by degrees to take root. The tempest which had raised itself against me gradually subsided. A year passed. New events and new crimes took the attention of the public. I and my affair were finally forgotten. Count R. recovered from his wound, but died soon after through a fall from his horse. My poor Emil had departed thither where no hard word could again reach him, and where the mild voices of angels would recall his bewildered soul to a clear consciousness.

"In the mean time my life in India took an unexpected turn. I was happy enough to rescue an old man out of the hands of robbers. From that hour he treated me as a son, and bequeathed to me his not insignificant property; on the single condition, however, that I took his family name, Hervey. I was attached to the old and amiable man. His will injured no one in his rights, for he stood alone in life, and had himself acquired his property; and I therefore did not decline his kindness; but before I accepted it, I made him acquainted with my history. The old man believed me; he, the stranger, did what the friend of my youth had not done—he believed my word. He became my father, and I his son. My mother and Maria cherished his old age; me, an unconquerable desire to travel seized upon, to see the world, and to dissipate my thoughts. I traversed as a missionary many parts of Asia; I penetrated even into China. The learning of the East opened rich wells for my soul; and not less profitable to me was the deeper knowledge of human nature, and the power of religion which I had acquired. It was a life full of labor, often full of peril, but also full of interest. After some years of this wandering life I returned to my family, in order to receive the last sigh of my benefactor.

"I wished now never again to separate from my mother and sister. I yearned after some quieter life, after some regular field of exertion. Certain scientific works had made my name known and respected, and in a charming country, and in a circle of beloved people, I might have lived on calmly; but a feeling, perhaps more irresistible than all others which move or consume the hearts of men on earth, seized upon me. I became home-sick; for the heart is always at length assailed by this longing, and dies if it be not appeased. Mighty, mysterious, wonderful feeling!—invincible power of attraction, who can describe thee, who can resist thee! The roots of the human heart rest in the soil of home; they draw thence their life. The joys and sorrows of childhood, the place where thou hast played, the wind which fanned thee, thy first steps into the world of knowledge, the first love—all bind us indissolubly to that spot.

"I had endured much in life, had contended with much in myself and in others,—and had conquered; yet to this feeling, which consumed me like a burning thirst, I succumbed. It is related of a Laplander, who had gone to the South, that spite of all the beauties of nature and the glories of art, he became affected with

home-sickness, and desired nothing more than a little lump of snow to lay upon his head. I was like him. The wildness and wintriness of the North drew me with irresistible power toward it. My mother and sister concealed a similar longing: I would not disquiet them, nor expose them to the danger which threatened me in my native land; but I thereby fell away from body, and lost the vigor of my mind. Like the banished Foscari, I yearned after my native land, should I even, like him, appease this yearning at the price of life.

"I soon discovered that I alone did not consume. Maria, young and gay, lived only in the present; but my mother visibly declined, and seemed to have lost all relish for life. My tenderness, the skill of the ablest physicians, availed nothing; silent and melancholy, she hid her secret thoughts. One day as I entered her room I found her bathed in tears. I folded her in my arms, and conjured her to open her heart to me. Then said she softly and painfully, 'Sweden!' 'Sweden!' I exclaimed with indescribable tenderness. We mingled our tears, we pronounced this dear name, which for a long time we had banished from our conversation, probably a hundred times. O, it was a madness, it was an ecstasy. 'O my son!' said she, 'I must see Sweden again or die.'

"We will away, dear mother," I answered, suddenly resolved and calm; 'we will there live and die!' From this moment it seemed to me as if a great stone was rolled from my heart. I disposed of my little property. We set out and fortune favored us. We saw again our native land!"

Hervey paused. His eyes were filled with tears, and he stooped down and kissed the mossy crag. He then went on.

"I was extremely changed; as well by the flight of years as the sojourn beneath the hot sun of India. I was not recognized. I went, however, out of the way of my former acquaintances; yet I sought out one of my judges, who during my imprisonment had shown so active an interest on my behalf, and discovered myself to him. He was still the same. I found in him a friend and protector. From him I learned that there was now some prospect of my justification. People had conceived a suspicion against the same man, the secretary of the Count, who had appeared as my accuser. They desired that his person should be secured; but he had suddenly disappeared, and spite of all pursuit, had not been again discovered. I was promised that this pursuit should be prosecuted anew, and with redoubled zeal.

"I sought for myself a place of refuge far from the district in which I had passed my youth, and chose purposely this wild, solitary, and little-frequented region. My mother, who was born far in the north, was rejoiced again to breathe the air of her childhood. Maria felt herself happy in every place where we were happy.

"I purchased a little farm in this country, which attracted me exactly because there was yet much to do in it; by diligence and labor this desert was capable of being converted into arable and productive land. I gave myself out for an Englishman, and became under my assumed name a Swedish citizen.

"Circumstances, which it would lead me too far here to detail, caused me to undertake the office which I now fill. I was desirous of this kind of activity. I loved my fellow men; I knew that I had much of good to say to them, and felt that I possessed the gift of impressing my instructions upon them. I felt an active drawing to do the state which had repelled me some benefit. I wished through my present life to give evidence of the blamelessness of my past one, in case those charges should be afresh brought forward; and resolved in my last hours to assemble my flock around me, and say, 'I am Edward D.; judge, friends, ye who know me, whether I be a malefactor!'

"I had raised myself above the judgment of the multitude, because it was unjust—but I laid much value on their just recognition; moreover, the quiet laborer in the vineyard of the Lord in this remote corner of the realm could not be very much heard of. Forgotten by the rest of the world, only in that circle active and known, my location appeared to me the most desirable so long as the mysteries which darkened my life were not fully explained. The inquiries from which I entertained the greatest hopes produced no result; the suspected person could not be discovered; I myself, however, lived in the mean time quite unmolested. I became even more secure, more hopeful, more happy. Often have I during the assemblings of the good men of my parish felt again the whole joyousness of my life revive in me—I have forgotten the past, and glanced void of care into the future. Years went by. I saw my mother grow young again, Maria bloom, and friends collect themselves around us. That meeting with Löfvenheim disturbed me: I could have wished to have avoided it. He was Count Ludwig's friend, and his keen observant glance is sufficiently known to me. Nevertheless, I trusted to my altered exterior, and that because none of my former acquaintance had hitherto recognized me. Löfvenheim never was my friend; I have everything to fear from him. I shall as little escape him as the fate which seems to pursue me. I shall calmly await the threatening hour, and if it comes, fight out the fight."

"Edward—Edward!" exclaimed Philip, gloomily. "Thou art then innocent, and thou canst not justify thyself to the world! Thou art innocent, and art pursued with the blackest charges! What signifies then a Divine Providence?"

"Providence?" interposed Hervey with a mild seriousness; "his operations cannot be disturbed by the confusion of this world. In eternal clearness he watches over us, and sooner or later restores everything to eternal order. Paradoxes, violence, crimes and darkness, will be always found on earth, but after this world comes another—after the grave a resurrection! That is the solving of the riddle—the mystery of Providence; and he has already in fact revealed it to us. Has not the Holiest One bled on earth, and died between malefactors? Has He not risen again, and made the world subject to Him? Let those who walk in the dark, that path of the divine one, look on Him and not complain. Let them still praise God if the hand of the executioner binds their eyes, for Providence lives!"

"Edward, I have doubted of your innocence—can you forgive me?"

Edward extended him his hand. Philip pressed it vehemently to his heart, while he said:—"Edward, thanks—thanks for your goodness, for your confidence! What I feel for you will I show by my proceedings. From this hour I will never rest till you are justified. Fear not Løfvenheim; he will be silent—his honor as well as his own interest are guarantees for him. I have bound him by these. Løfvenheim requires my help. Edward, my heart tells me that I shall detect the culprit; you shall be cleared, and nothing shall prevent your happiness. You will win the loveliest and most amiable being on earth."

"What do you mean?" demanded Hervey in amazement.

"Edward, you must know all. I have not been able to see the union of beauty and heavenly goodness without loving and worshipping it. But I did not understand my feeling for Nina before I knew that she loved you!"

"Me! me!" cried Edward hastily, and almost with terror. "Me, unhappy one! that is not true—that is not possible!"

"I sought her one day," continued Philip—"I saw her sitting on the seat of turf—she believed herself alone. I approached, because I heard her speak; and the word which she pronounced, in a tone which the angels in heaven might envy her, was—Edward, your name!"

Hervey was excessively agitated. "No—no! that is impossible—impossible!" he exclaimed, while he covered his eyes with his hands, as if he had become blinded.

"She loves you, Edward! The sweet angel of heaven loves you, and you cannot do otherwise than return her love. You are worthy of her, and it will be easy for you to win her."

"To win her!" exclaimed Edward. Heaven and hell battled in his soul. He concealed his glowing countenance, and was silent, overpowered by his sensations. At length, with more apparent calmness, he said—"You have erred, Philip; I am firmly persuaded of it. Besides, the chance mention of my name indicates nothing at all. It would be ridiculous in me to build any hope whatever upon that. I entreat you, do not let us speak farther about it. Already the idea of having gained the smallest space in her heart awakens the most tantalizing sufferings in mine. Away with these entrancing, confusing thoughts. Tell me, Philip, has Løfvenheim expressed to any one besides you what he supposes to know of me?"

"No; and he will not. I have his promise. I can rely upon it. Besides, I shall again see him on my journey, and both by good and threatening words bind faster his tongue. Wo to him, if he loose it on this affair! You may be perfectly at rest, Edward."

The sun was gone down.

"Let us go home," said Edward, "it is late."

When they arrived at the place where the path to Philip's estate diverged, he stopped, and said softly—"Edward, I must here leave you. Tell me again that you forgive my unworthy doubt—that you will still call me your friend."

Edward opened his arms, and pressed him to his heart.

Deeply moved, Philip said—"In life and in death depend upon me. O that I could but purchase back these hours! Could I but teach you to forget my weakness—my doubt!"

"Philip," answered Edward warmly, "I know you. Believe me, if I need a friend, I shall come to you."

Yet another hearty shaking of hands, and the two friends separated. Hervey soon reached an elevation whence Umenäs was visible. The evening red burned on the windows of the castle. Involuntarily Hervey remained standing, and his eyes fixed themselves on Nina's windows. Bitter-sweet feelings filled his bosom; his heart burned with the warmest love toward her. He was vehemently agitated. Now he calmed his soul, and pronounced over her the tenderest blessings. "Peace be with thee, adored angel!" said he softly. "Peace and joy be with thee. May no disturbing, no poisonous breath, approach thy heart, thou beautiful, affectionate being! I can renounce even myself for thy sake. I have suffered without complaining; I can also love without betraying it. Divinely beautiful must it be to live by thy side for thee; oh! divine even for thee to die. Bitter is it to renounce thee. That is my lot, yet far from thee will I watch over thee. From this time I will seldom see thee. Silence, stormy heart, silence!"

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### PHANTASMAGORIA.

Shades on shades abounding,  
Gather more and more;  
Hark! Charon's pipe resounding,  
The last delay is o'er.—BELLMAN.

One evening the neighbours assembled from far and near to Umenäs to one of those feasts where commonly nothing but the soul keeps fast. But against this chance the Countess was bent on providing—she would have a lively, agreeable, and gay company. The many formalities and great preparations are, said she, really almost always the causes that our parties are heavy and wearisome. If we would permit all to go on quite naturally, quite easily and simply, it would be far better. To this ease and nature she would now give the tone, and initiate her neighbors into this new mode of society. People should dance, but for the most part nothing but national dances, and to no other music than that of the pianoforte; that would bring life into society the Countess fancied. There should be but few lights, for the Countess had heard of dancing in a barn with only two tallow-candles, where it was far livelier than at any court festivity. The supper should be arranged in an easy fashion—no tedious, heavy sitting at table. For this purpose a sideboard should be set out; the company should eat standing, and the gentlemen wait on the ladies. The Countess hoped by this means to promote politeness in intercourse, and vivacity in conversation.

The Baroness H. laughed at all this lightness with heavy people, and warned the Countess of the evil issue of this attempt, especially however of that meagreness in her splendid saloon;

but the Countess was quite enamoured of her idea of making herself popular. With a little secret mischievous pleasure the Baroness H. awaited the upshot of this party.

The guests arrived; they came one after the other so slowly, so heavily, so indifferent, and did nothing except fill the room and spoil the air. Nina sought with melancholy eyes the kind and affectionate glance which gave her life. She found it not, and all became gloomy to her. She had not seen Hervey for several days; she had expected him every evening, and he had not come. A disquiet, hitherto unknown to her, subdued her soul. She recollected his unusual solemnity during the last moments of the evening at Tärna, and she asked herself with anxiety what could be the cause of this change. O how did she long to know that he was again calm and happy!

The company danced; the floors shook, the windows became laden with perspiration. The sun had already gone down with unobserved glory. In the saloon it was dark and oppressive. "Now," thought the Baroness to herself, "begins the free and easy." She looked at the weary shapes, that with weary faces and without the slightest sign of pleasure moved hither and thither. The Countess and the Colonel, who hitherto had danced diligently together, became at length tired.

The Baroness, as it regarded the advancement of pleasure, would not remain idle, particularly as she had promised the Countess to undertake the conversation. She brought various subjects on the tapis among her lady neighbours; but beside apple-soufflé and plum-cakes she found nothing which would take with the good housewives, and therefore took her resolution, and began to talk of nothing besides potatoes and sucking-pigs, which, larded with some suitable anecdotes from Paradise of these interesting little animals, produced the best effect. But a still greater sensation did she make, as along with the Misses Y—— she joked with Doctor X—— of Umea.\*

After Nina had danced several times, she begged pardon of her cavalier and left the dance, which at this moment indescribably oppressed her. She placed herself at the window, and observed the forms which sat around the hall. The dark, indifferent looks, the frequently peevish countenances, made an unpleasant impression upon her. She thought of him whose glances, whose words operated so auspiciously on all; on his rich heart, his fresh vigor, and the ascendancy of his spirit. Wonderful and powerful feelings sprung up in her bosom. "When shall I see him again? Shall I ever see him again?" These questions she involuntarily threw forth. She believed that it would do her good could she but catch a glimpse of the church-tower near which Hervey lived. She wiped a pane and gazed through; the evening twilight, however, already shrouded every object, and near and far all was dark. At once it seemed to Nina as if her life might thencefor-

ward thus darken and become deep night; as if the recently past sweet life were nothing but a dream. She glanced at the dancing, heavy, shadow-like shapes—they sprang to and fro, repeating their movements incessantly; an unspeakable sensation of anxiety took possession of Nina. She longed to be forth from amid the leaping figures, forth out of the dark vapoury room; she longed for air—life! A dizziness and extreme faintness seized her; she passed resolutely before the dancers, and left the room.

Clara, who with much good-nature was labouring in the dance, sent after the fleeing Nina, whose mood she seemed to comprehend, a glance of tender sympathy, and kindly herself continued to forget her own peculiar feelings, and to devote herself to render others satisfied.

Nina threw a shawl over her head and shoulders, went with unsteady feet down the steps, and found herself speedily in the fresh air. Ah! it was beautiful without. Moonlight, starlight, and the ruddy flush of evening at once streamed over her. Pure as crystal the air voluptuously embraced her limbs. The silver veil of dew lay over the field and wood. All was still, full of repose, full of enjoyment; all so lovely, so paradisiacally beautiful.

Nina breathed deeply, breathed lightly, inhaled the fresh air, and looked up to the stars. New life streamed into her heart. The load which she had just now felt on her breast, was gone. "O my God, thy world is beautiful!" she whispered, and stretched forth her arms towards nature and life. Tears fell from her eyes—she wiped them away with her shawl. She thought of Hervey, and a vivid feeling of sad pleasure passed through her frame. Light as the roe she sprang down the footpath towards the valley, and here a dewy flower touched her dress, there she awoke a little bird out of its light slumber, which greeted her with an affectionate twitter. If one might compare the dancers in the hall with the shades of Erebus, Nina resembled a shade out of the Elysian fields, so white, so airy and light, so beautifully floated she away amid nature intoxicated with spring.

At Nina's Rest she paused. The tree had intercepted the dew-drops—the seat of turf was dry. Nina sat down. The rose-hedges stood in full bloom, and breathed forth the most delicious odours. A thousand insects hummed over them, while they intoxicated themselves from their chalice. The little spring murmured carelessly as a playful child—and reflecting all the lights of heaven, lay in majestic rest the infinite sea.

How oft had Nina here sat by Hervey's side, listened to his beautiful language, and felt glad and happy! She called back his look, his voice, and it seemed to her as if she perceived his melodious tones. There seemed to float harmonies through the air. At first Nina regarded this as the sport of her fancy, but as there rose a livelier breeze these tones became more plain to her listening ear. They appeared to proceed from amid the boughs of the tree under which she sat; and she speedily discovered that an Æolian harp was fastened in its top. Now she recollected to have said to Hervey one evening that she wished once to hear these to her yet unknown tones, and tears of gratitude gushed

\* The authoress has never been in Nordland. She holds it to be very possible that the ladies there are light as the olives, and interesting as Corinne; that the gentlemen are as perfect as Gradison. She does not describe things as they are there—she describes that only which she knows is everywhere met with.

from her eyes. She thought on him, on his friendship, more delightful than the odour of roses or the tones of Æolian harps on the wind—more cheering than the freshness of the sea, than the light of heaven.

Suddenly the image of Count Ludwig stood before her soul. A death-shudder cramped her heart—she turned her gaze away in horror. She fixed it again on Hervey, and all was beautiful and good as before. "Were he but my brother!" she sighed.

At this moment there seemed to fall a shadow on her bosom and her arms which were crossed upon it. She thought with grief on the shadow which darkened Hervey's life. She opened her arms and closed them again, as if she would seize the shadow, and said—"I will pluck thee from this life—I take thee prisoner—thou shalt no more trouble his days." The shape whose shadow Nina enfolded, bent back a bough of the rose fence, and Edward Hervey stood before her.

She sprang hastily up with a cry of joy. He stepped backward, and said—"Do I disturb you? Shall I withdraw?"

"Oh no, no!" answered Nina, while she slightly trembled, yet she gazed at him with confidence and a joy which filled his heart with purest delight. She knew not herself how it happened, but unconsciously he was at her side, and her arm rested in his as it had so often done before. They descended together to the sea-shore. He saw that her countenance was pale, and bore traces of suffering. He felt an intense desire to do her good, and his words were more cordial and tender than they had usually been. She listened to him with a smile of happiness. Oh, how happy were they in this hour—how did their hearts love one another!

They soon found themselves by the sea—they two alone in the infinite space. Silence reigned on the water, silence in the immeasurable vault above them. Silently also stood they; but their hearts beat loud. From the depths of the wood and the sea arose strange, soft, charming, and voluptuous vapours, like the fantastic forms with which the imagination once peopled them. In Hervey's soul reigned disquiet; but over the mind of Nina an affectionate repose had diffused itself, which she always experienced in the presence of Hervey. The scene which now developed itself to their gaze had always made a great impression upon her; even at this moment it weighed on her heart, but not painfully as before.

Softly and with a nearly tremulous voice, she said as she gazed up at the stars: "What an immensity! what power! It bows me down. Behold there millions of worlds above us; and behind these yet other millions, invisible to the naked eye! there, where our imaginations, our thoughts cannot reach; there, in the, to us, invisibility, they wander from one infinitude to another! Unfathomable creation! What is man before the Lord of Eternity! Does He see him! Can He observe us?" And Nina covered her dazzled eyes with her hands.

"Will you set bounds to His creation?" asked Hervey, "set bounds to His love, and His power to call forth his creatures, to elevate and make them happy! Ah! the infinitude of crea-

tion is to the heart and the understanding, the best ground of tranquillity."

"Of tranquillity!" asked Nina mildly.

"Tranquillity in God," continued Hervey with the deepest feeling. Here he paused, and then again went on. "All the worlds live for one another, and operate on each other, although in an invisible manner; silently work they all at the web of beauty and happiness, which the All-good from eternity to eternity has unfolded before all created beings. Great is the Creator, worthy of all adoration—yes! but even on this account, because he reveals himself also in the very smallest thing, and because the smallest feeling and thinking being is of as much value to him as the greatest of his heavenly bodies. The earth on which the Saviour walked he has overarched with her canopy of stars, that his children may behold that he is as mighty as he is full of love. Ah! glance freely and full of confidence up to heaven, for it is also created for thee!"

"I believe it—oh, I believe it!" said Nina while she again fixed her weeping eyes on the stars. "Edla has told me the same—yet it is sometimes difficult for me to bear this sight. There have been times when at the sight of the stars I must have fallen to the earth. Ah! long did all the objects which surround me make a most strange and melancholy impression upon me, and long did I appear to myself but as a wandering shadow. Often did I feel within me and around me an infinite void. Now it is better—much better! Life is lighter, clearer, since—" She paused.

"Since?" said Hervey, eager for the word which should follow.

"Since you have done me so much good!" said Nina with cordiality but with composure. "Since I have become acquainted with you, I am happier, better!"

"God is good!" said Hervey with deep emotion.

"Yes, infinitely beneficial have you been to me," continued Nina, carried away by the feeling which sometimes causes us to speak as if we were already free inhabitants of heaven. "Even in this hour, in which I stand here with you in the presence of Infinity, I feel that it does not affect me as usual. I feel myself stronger when you are with me. I have never had a brother, I believe it would have made me happy! Permit me to say it, I have often wished that you were my brother. I wish to be your sister, like Maria. Oft have I felt how calmly I should, then pass through life by your side, and fear nothing, before nothing tremble."\*

He gazed at her with inexpressible love, and passionate feelings awoke in his bosom. She was by him, so beautiful, so sweet, so bewitching; he now believed in her love, and it seemed to him that she must become his. He burned with desire to press her to his heart as his wife; loving, protecting her, going with her hand in hand, heart to heart, from world to world. Ineffable felicity! Already he opened his arms involuntarily, already were his lips

\* Oh, if any one believes that Nina does not here speak out of an angelically pure heart, if any one believes that she only plays here the part of an ordinary Agnes, him will I—him will I—strike dead!

about to pronounce the sacred prayer for an everlasting union, when the consciousness of that which separated him from her seized him with a terrible pang—the recollection of the shadow which covered his past life. With an indescribable agony he turned himself away, and said only these words—"I would give my life to contribute to your happiness, if it could but promise happiness; but I am poor—condemned to renounce."

"You suffer," said Nina while she approached him—the expression of the deepest pain on her beautiful countenance; "You suffer, and are so good. Tell me, can nothing then be done? Say that it can, or say that you are not unhappy."

"That can I now not say! At this moment I feel all the bitterness of my misery. In my youth circumstances occurred which made my life wretched, and most so at this moment in which I feel that they separate me from you."

"And why from me?" asked Nina astonished, and with grief. "That may not be. Remain as before my friend, my fraternal friend. What can separate us?"

"Can you annihilate the past! Can the dead arise from the grave, and become witnesses of the truth? Can you tear out the tongues of the serpents of calumny, or forbid them to sting? No, no! No happiness is decreed for me. And yet—yet—" He was silent, overpowered by the vehemence of his feelings.

Nina understood him not; but painfully moved by his words, and by the desire to tranquillize him, she said, with feminine tact, "Perhaps I can do it. Who knows? Providence has armed many a feeble hand with wonderful power."

"Is there a hope? is there a possibility? Is there any prospect?" said Hervey to himself. "No; all is dark in the future. No, angel, thou canst not do it. I may not desire it. Never! never!"

In silence they walked on together. A radiant shooting-star spun its glittering thread from heaven to the dark earth below. This little circumstance, which Nina took for a good sign, threw her into an immoderate joyousness. "Away with doubts!" cried she. "Away with shadows from the land of shadows! They are the enemies of life. Has life no oracle now, as formerly, to determine the issues of mortal fate, and to give the solution to many a dark riddle? I will demand it, I will ask it in the silent night. I will ask it for us both. I, too, will for once glance into my future."

She sprang rapidly some step forward, took playfully a handful of stones, and turned herself gayly, with her shawl flung back, and with her heavenly countenance irradiated with the light of the stars, towards the sea. With a wonderful sweetness rung through the stillness of the night her pure silver tones, as slowly and with a comic seriousness she pronounced the following words: "Invisible Power! which givest us signs through stars, through animals, yea, sometimes through lifeless things—Mysterious Voice! which at times speakest when human wisdom is dumb—Spirit, Angel, or Demon, thou who whisperest what thou knowest of the everlasting decree—hear my prayer! Answer the question in our bosoms—give us a

token of our future fate—tell us that which shall come—give us a sign of—"

Nina's voice became involuntarily more earnest, till at length she trembled before the boldness of her own words. She ceased suddenly, and flung the stones which she held in her hand into the sea. At this moment Hervey raised his arm to hold her back, but it was too late; he let it fall with the expression as if he would say, "Childishness!" The stones fell splashing into the water, and all again was silent. The stars burned tranquilly on, and no voice made itself heard in answer to Nina's queries. Yet suddenly there raised itself up from behind the rock called "The Black Man," a spectre, as out of the depths of the sea, which glided along like a human figure in a winding-sheet. Slowly it paced along the water directly toward the spot where Nina and Hervey stood. A cold breath was breathed from it. Hervey concealed the horror which this spectacle occasioned him. With arms crossed, he surveyed unchanged the strange shape, yet rather with a rigid than a tranquil gaze. Its effect on Nina was more startling. "O horrible! wo is me!" she exclaimed with suppressed voice, covering her face with both her hands.

"Believe me, said Hervey, "this apparition is not for you."

Nina did not hear him. "Ah! I know, I know what it portends," said she, trembling. "See! that is the darkness, the cold—the two foes of my life—who come again to seize me, and to chill my heart. You had banished them from my existence—I have again called them forth; yes, I shall again fall their prey. Oh, what an answer to my question!"

In the meantime, the spectre clad in the winding-sheet had changed its form, and presented itself now as a shape of mist. It led with it a whole host of indeterminate forms, which came forth constantly in denser crowds and with greater rapidity from behind the Black Man. In an instant the whole heaven was clouded, and the sea wrapped in gray fog. Hervey gazed with unaltered mien at the pale shadow-shapes, and then said, "So, only mist, only mist. Ah, childishness, childishness!"

"Say not so!" implored Nina, with anxious earnestness. "Ah, these mists, I fear me, are the most actual accompaniments of my life! And this shape—tell me—it reminds me—"

"Of what?" demanded Hervey, in wonder and disquiet, as he drew near to her.

"Of him—of that person with whom my fate is united—of him whom I do not and cannot love, and yet to whom I shall belong! Oh, that cold, terror-inspiring form!"

Hervey fixed a look of the most rigid horror upon her.

"I should have spoken of this sooner," continued Nina, trembling. "I would have done it—I was not in a condition. Ah! I would fain hide it from myself. But so it is; Edla's wish, my father's, and my own weakness, have decided my fate—I have given my word—"

Hervey seized her arm with a convulsive vehemence, while with a suppressed voice he exclaimed, "Nina betrothed! and now—now first do I hear of it!" and he cast at her a wild and stern glance.

This was the first time. His stern glance

cut Nina to the heart; she was unable to restrain the exclamation, "Ah! you hurt me!" Hastily he let go her arm, and covered his eyes with his hand.

"Forgive me!" said he, confusedly; "I know not what I do."

"You have hurt me!" she exclaimed, with a mixture of painful and affectionate joy, as she showed him the mark on her arm, which he had vehemently pressed. She kissed it.

She knew not what she did—but young maiden do thou not likewise.

Hervey gazed at her while he battled with the wild storm which raged in his bosom. Suddenly he subdued it, threw an affectionate glance at her, and said with a voice whose expression it would be in vain to attempt to describe, "Farewell!" and disappeared rapidly in the darkness.

The mists surrounded Nina with their fantastic forms, and folded her in their cold arms. Was she more bodily than these? She scarcely knew. Her whole life—that which had just occurred—her whole being—all was to her dark, dim, and incomprehensible. She leaned against a rock; and while she gazed silently into the world of mist, she sighed forth softly Hervey's last words, without rightly understanding them.

Suddenly she heard herself called by name. She recognised Clara's voice, yet she acquired power to answer only when Clara had approached quite near to her. Clara devoted to her instantly the greatest tenderness and care. She wrapped her in a warmer shawl, troubled her with no questions, but received her as a sick child, and conducted her in silence back to the castle. Nina permitted her to do as she pleased—her strength was exhausted. "Lean on me; support yourself on me," said Clara, as she folded her arm round Nina's waist, and Nina reclined her head on Clara's shoulder.

"You do me good," said Nina, cordially. In fact there are beings whose quiet care, nay, whose very presence, immediately does one good.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

#### SIDE-TABLES, AND SUCH LIKE.

Oh, more—Oh, more!—THE LOVER.

IN the castle, the company paused to rest themselves after an exhausting mazurka. The Baroness H. implored the Countess to shorten "the Pain," and to allow supper to be served. She also counselled her to crown the meal with some champagne. Although it was scarcely eleven o'clock, the Countess yet complied with the wish of the Baroness, and hoped that after supper things would grow more animated. The Baroness hoped so too. The Countess ordered the supper to be served. By degrees all the gentlemen disappeared from the saloon; the ladies sat still, in patient expectation of what should arrive. But for a long time there came nothing at all. The Countess became fidgety. Finally, she herself went out, in order to compel the gentlemen to attend the ladies with all sorts of dainties. But, O Jupiter! or, rather, O Saturn and Minotaur! what a scene presented itself to her eyes! The gentlemen were storming the side tables, and pullets, sandwiches, salads, and pastry vanished in a twinkling be-

neath their hands. Melancholy prospect for the ladies! In utter despair the Countess hurried to the Baroness, in order to find Baron H., whose office it should have been to acquaint the gentlemen, with good-humour and easy gallantry, with what she proposed to introduce, and with brave example to lead the way. He was not in the saloon. The sinner! where was he then! The Countess rushed nearly breathless into the Baroness's room, where she found the Baron anxiously and tenderly busied about his wife, who had exerted herself too much in the heat, and was taken unwell. The dreadful news which the Countess brought had the effect of throwing the invalid into such an immoderate paroxysm of laughter, that the Countess took it ill, and the Baron wavered betwixt the desire to join in the merriment and fear lest it should do his wife any mischief. Moved, however, by the trouble of the Countess, and almost put out of the room with force by his wife, he hastened to reduce to order what might yet possibly admit of such restoration. Baron H. said it was really no trifle thus suddenly and determinedly to assail the ancient custom of the side-table; yet he resolved to spare no labour to reduce the confusion which his delay had occasioned. He procured at the side-table, after some exertion of his to us well-known good lungs, a hearing, and made the gentlemen, in a lively manner, acquainted with the proposition of the Countess; but he very prudently restrained his laughter at the universal consternation which his harangue produced. Some of the gentlemen seemed quite disposed to protest against this measure as utterly unconstitutional; others took the affair on its amusing side. What was to be done! The question here was not simply of politeness, but of humanity; and although Eve did Adam an unlucky service in giving him the apple, yet one has never heard that he, on that account, compelled her to suffer hunger as a punishment. The gentlemen, therefore, resolved to procure something to eat for the ladies, cost what it would; and they began immediately to march out with whatever stood next to hand on the side-table. Baron H. placed himself, with a dish of untouched bread and butter, at the head of the procession; the Dike-Inspector P. followed with an assiette of citron-cream; Doctor X. had the salad, one had seized the chickens, another the sauce, and so on. So it went on, heaven knows how, but at all events not "lightly." The young Miss Y. got only salad; Madame R. must begin with a cream; Madame T. got nothing whatever of either—the Countess was on the verge of distraction. The ladies, who made their supper in a most chaotic medley—if they were so happy as to get any at all—were out of humour. The gentlemen themselves wanted to eat, and waited on the ladies with anything but "ease." The confusion increased every minute; jostling and unpleasantness, spilled sauce, broken glass, great disorder, and general discontent. But bang! puff, puff, bang! the champagne corks fly. The Baroness steps in with a foaming glass and gives the king's health. The spirits of the company revive again, and out of the deep gulf of the champagne they drink fresh courage. They joke, they laugh, they grow obliging; the music strikes up, and hey! again goes off the dance; and now *con amore*.

Pity that the dance is interrupted! No, not a pity! An interruption is piquant. Travelers arrive, and the company sees itself increased by a German, a Frenchman, and an English lord with his lady, who all together are on the way to Tornea, to see the midnight sun. They had letters of introduction to the Countess, who in her former travels abroad had made the acquaintance of the parents or relatives of the strangers. The Countess was delighted to receive them, and to refresh her youthful recollections. The rest of the company too were pleased, partly because two of the strangers immediately joined in the dance, and partly because they afforded them an extra spectacle, especially Lady Louisa, whose costume and manner could not be sufficiently noticed.

Although the national dance, which just then terminated, was found by the Frenchman to be "*tout à fait piquante*," by Lady Louisa "a very pretty dance," and by the German "*herrlich*;" yet the company passed on to English dances and waltzes, in which the inhabitants of the north were as much at home as the strangers; and to French ones, whose tours and evolutions the Frenchman unweariedly but in vain exerted himself to teach a heavy beauty from Pitea to execute.

Colonel Kugel only was unhappy. He was jealous of Lord Cummin, who, from the first moment of his arrival, devoted the most marked attention to the handsome hostess. He overwhelmed the elegant Lord therefore with all the bombs and grenades of his Westmanland regiment, which he launched at him, however, only from his dark flashing eyes. Lord Cummin found him "a very amusing fellow."

People were partly so much occupied with the dance, partly with the supper, and partly with the strangers, that the absence of Nina was not observed; and Clara announcing that she was not quite well, her return to the company was excused. The Countess had the pleasure of seeing her party terminate quite gayly, yet as soon as all were gone the Baroness said to her most earnestly:

"Dear Natalie, do me the favour never again to bring the heavy and light into contact. It is only to bring our lords into temptation. Everything has its time, says Solomon, and so good night."

Not that abortive "easy party," however, but wholly new plans disturbed the sleep of the Countess. She had very long desired during her banishment in the north once to witness the splendid midnight sun. She now resolved to join the strangers in their journey and accompany them to Tornea, and she would propose it to her relations whether they too would go or not. She announced her scheme at breakfast the morning after the "light party," as it came to be called ever afterward, and behold! it was received with general applause. Even the Baroness would see the midnight sun. The strangers, especially Lord Cummin, were highly delighted at this addition to their party. In two days it was fixed to set out. Colonel Kugel undertook all the economical cares of the journey, the procuration of horses, and the payment for them, and so on. The Countess and Baroness, who knew that Hervey was well acquainted with these northern regions, and had penetrated

as far into them as it was possible for any one to do, were anxious to gain him for this journey, and to surrender to him its entire direction. They sent therefore a messenger to him, but he came back with the intelligence that Pastor Hervey was that morning gone from home, and no one knew when he would return. This was an unlucky chance, but the journey could not be delayed, and to the great chagrin of the Baroness they must resolve to make it without Hervey.

During the short interval before the setting out, the Countess was too much occupied, especially with her jealous Colonel, to notice Nina's unusual paleness and deep dejection, which caused her more to resemble a marble image than a living person. The Frenchman was struck with the highest admiration of her beauty, and her "*immobilité*." He discovered a wonderful likeness between her and the snow of the north. This he repeated perpetually; and as he learned from the mischievous Baroness that "*statue de glace*" was in Swedish "*snögubbe*," from this time forward he always called her "*la belle snögubbe*."\*

Nina's altered tone did not escape the quick eye of the Baroness. She asked Clara what was the matter. "Tell me not, Clara," said she, "that it is a cold, a fever, or anything of that kind for which Natalie has put her on a reducing regimen, that mien and colour proceed from other causes than bodily suffering." But Clara was not able to give her friend any explanation. Perhaps she had a suspicion of what was going on in Nina's heart. She approached her with silent sympathy, making no inquiries and learning nothing, and only with a view of removing out of the way whatever might annoy or embarrass her.

Good Clara!

Nina was still, and drew herself back into her own gloomy world. At times she seemed to herself as if surrounded with burning gulfs; but she turned her gaze away from them and dreamed on. At times Edla's lofty form seemed to stand forward, and to extend toward her hand; but this image also vanished. Now it became cold as ice to her; the mists came as in the night in which she saw Hervey for the last time, and folded her in their damp arms; then burst in a beam of light, and Hervey's last glance wept before her soul; it became warm in her bosom, and she rested. Toward everything which was about her she was perfectly indifferent. Without will, and almost without a wish, she permitted herself to be guided by others; she did generally what they desired, yes, she even sang when they requested it. Yet all was lifeless, strange, and melancholy. Clara fancied that the journey would arouse her benumbed senses; she begged Nina to accompany them, and she consented.

The journey commenced in the most splendid weather, and the greater part of the company were in the very best humor. Lord and Lady Cummin were of opinion that the midnight-sun would put the climax to their reminiscences of the north. In Stockholm they had seen the

\* Gubbe means an old man, and snögubbe the old man of snow which children make in the winter; so that the Baroness had led the Frenchman into the ludicrous error of calling Nina "lovely old snow man!"—M. H.

royal family and the royal palace; in Upsala, the library, the cathedral, and the statue of Linneus; had cut a piece of bark out of the tree "which he himself had planted;" and had also surveyed from a distance "the hillocks of old Upsala." Now only remained for them "Laponia," and the "Midnight-sun;" and on their return to England, to cast a glance at Polheim's Sluices, and to admire the cascades of Trollhättan, and they should have had enough of Scandinavia. Lord Cummin had, indeed, a wish of his own, a warm and eager wish, to get a sight of a bear; and if it were the will of God, to shoot some of these animals. The Frenchman employed every moment in peering into the woods with his lorgnette, and then saying somewhat fearfully to Lord Cummin, "I fancy I see something gray yonder," or he exclaimed with vehemence, "Parbleu! there goes a she-bear, with at least half a dozen cubs after her;" or he said with a mysterious voice, "Hark! I hear a strange growling."

It required nothing more to set the Englishman in fire and flames; he would spring hastily out of the carriage, and call to his servants for his gun, etc., spite of Lady Louisa's incessantly shrugging her shoulders, and uttering one "My dear" after another.

The Frenchman, on his part, inquired continually after the originals of Victor Hugo's "*Han d'Islande, Oglypiglap, Culbusulsum, Spiagudry*," etc.: and was quite astonished to find the people also here pretty much the same as they are everywhere else, but especially without that pride of ancestry which Victor Hugo's heroes possess in so high a degree. The Col. Kugel answered only in some measure to the idea which he had formed to himself of a Nordlander, and as named him "*Derstrombides*;" but he was within a hair of involving himself in a duel with the Colonel, who did not at all understand this giving of names à la Victor Hugo.

The German, who proposed to publish a "*Tour through Sweden and Norway*," was enraptured with the people and the country, and found everything "*herrlich! gross! erhaben! ausserordentlich!*"

At Mattarhänge, in the parish of Tortula, not far from Tornea, the travellers had engaged rooms. From one of the hills there they had proposed to view the solemn spectacle. The whole inn was surrounded by tents. Numbers of Lapland families, half-wild hordes from Finnmark, stream at this season of mid-summer towards this country, in order to feast here three days by the light of the never-descending sun, to play, to dance, and to go to church. Here the Frenchman saw with rapture, not indeed the originals of Victor Hugo's tragedy, but wild, strange, original shapes, with little twinkling eyes and broad hairy breasts, the miserable children of want and wretchedness, whose state of culture and inward life no romance writer has truly represented; because, indeed, the romance built on the reality of this district would turn out tolerably meagre, and because love, this marrow of all romances, knows here no nobler, fairer aim, than that which Helvetius would vainly attribute to it. The spirit of the earth holds the people here in captivity, and smoke-like, they creep only in the sand and about the roots of the tree of life. Sometimes, how-

ever, in their clear winter nights, by the indescribable splendour of the snow and of the stars, when they fly forth in their snow-shoes to chase the bear and the reindeer, then awakens in their bosoms a higher life—then breathe they to pensive airs to deep and affectionate feelings in simple, beautiful love-songs.

In the mean time the German was in the third heaven at this sight, and its lively contrast with the civilized world. Lady Louisa found all this "rather curious," and noted it down in her journal.

The weather—strange enough—favoured all the undertakings of the travellers. The sky was clear, and a silent midnight saw all our travellers assembled in glad sunshine on one of the green hills. Slowly descended the sun; it extinguished one beam after another. All eyes followed it. Now it sank—lower—ever lower—lower; suddenly, however, it stood still, as if upheld by an invisible hand. Nature seemed, like them, to be in anxious suspense; not an insect moved its humming wing: all was silent: a death-like stillness reigned, while the sun, glowing red, threw a strange light over the earth. O wonderful Almighty power! It began now again slowly to ascend; it clothed itself again with beams, like a pure, glorified spirit; it became every moment more dazzling.

A breath! and Nature lives, and the birds sing again!

"Oh!" said Lord Cummin, locanically, and took out a gold snuff-box. Lady Louisa immediately sketched the sun, the country, and the groups on the hill, on one of the leaves of her album. The Frenchman protested repeatedly, that it was "*tres imposant! tres majestueux!*" The German, at some paces distant from the rest, was on his knees beneath a juniper-bush. The Countess Natalie enjoyed this sublime spectacle with eyes overflowing with tears and with real feeling. The Colonel stood there like the god Thor, and with his hands on his sides gazed into the sun as into a hostile battery. Baron H. had involuntarily and with pious seriousness folded his hands on the knob of his stick, on which he supported himself. Clara leaned on Nina whose arm rested within hers, and said softly to her, "See the sun does not go down! It ascends again! It will not be night; it only threatens us with it." Nina thanked her with a look, but answered not. The Baroness looked with an expression of heartfelt pleasure alternately at the sun, at her husband, and at the young lady.

As the sun ascends higher and higher and the warmth increased, the party returned to the inn, in order to enjoy some repose. The hordes of Finns and Laplanders were in the most active commotion on the field. They were cooking, dressing, and adorning themselves; their breasts and heads were covered with gold and silver ornaments. A little, strange old Laplander approached the company with the most singular gesticulations. To his peaked cap of reindeer-skin hung two tinkling bells, and his bosom and shoulders were by places loaded with tawdry and tasteless ornaments. His raven hair fell down in long masses. It was easily understood from his action that he was a fortune-teller, and was desirous to give to the strangers a specimen of his art. People offered themselves free

ly; in tolerably bad rhymes, and in worse Swedish, he said to every one who extended to him a hand some commonplaces. The Baroness did not find it particularly sagacious, yet listened not unwillingly to his prophecy that she should have a son who should prove "a great man." The Countess could not refrain from blushing at what the old man said to her, though he spoke so low that no one except herself heard the prognostication. Suddenly the old man turned aside the hands that were stretched out to him, made his way through those standing around, and went directly up to Nina, who had gone a little aside. Long did he contemplate her with his little flashing eyes; seized then, almost by force, the hand withheld from him; looked into it; and spoke with much emphasis the following words, which had all the obscurity and wonder of an oracle—

When to thine eye death's realms appear,  
Life's great enigmas shall be clear,  
When thou art bow'd and most oppress'd,  
Thy happiness shall stand confess'd;  
Then life's own warmth the snow shall lend thee,  
The wilderness an answer send thee.

After this prophesying, with which he seemed to have exhausted his whole art, the old man would enter upon nothing more; he himself now stretched forth his hand, and that, indeed, for money. Amid merriment over the old soothsayer, the travellers reached the inn, where every one sought his own room.

The words of the Laplander made a singular impression on Nina, and raised a peculiar disquiet in her bosom. But these also soon shrouded themselves beneath the veil of half consciousness; and a deep sleep—the usual consequence of Nina's moral languor—conducted her to the silent flood of Lethe, on whose banks we so sweetly slumber, dream, and forget.

The strong light operated disturbingly on the sleep of the rest of the company. Lady Louisa awoke with a lucky idea, which she immediately communicated to her husband, whom it flashed upon also as "a very good idea"—"a famous idea!"

"They were here so near the North pole," said Lady Louisa, "that she could not conceive why they should not force their way to the regions of the eternal snow. They had seen and heard all that the world possessed of magnificence, wonder, and glory—Paris, London, Taglioni's leaping, Talma's acting, Malibran and Pasta's singing, Paganini's fiddle, etc. But how if they should now visit the realm of death—the eternal snow of the North pole? Then first could they say that the earth had nothing farther new to them, and that they had seen more than their far-famed countrymen.

Lady Cummin had got it into her lovely head that the Snö-Fjällen form the boundary of all life, and that immediately behind them commences the eternal ice of the North pole. Though not able to participate in his wife's hope of being able so rapidly to arrive at the end of the world, Lord Cummin was, nevertheless, charmed in the highest degree with the idea of being able in the middle of summer to wade about in snow, and to see the measureless, everlasting ice-plains, in which the polar star mirrors itself.

Perfectly enchanted with this prospect, Lord and Lady Cummin hastened to communicate

the plan to the Countess. The singularity of the enterprise captivated also her fancy; she consented with pleasure to accompany her guests thither too. The Baroness was not without a desire likewise to go, yet she yielded to the representation of her husband and Clara, and agreed to await in their company the return of the party to Tornea. She wished also to keep back Nina; but Nina was impelled forward by a secret disquiet, and dreaded in her present state nothing so much as inactivity.

"Then must you too make a journey my good Clara," said the Baroness. "You must be head and hand for Nina, who does not seem rightly to know what she does. I cannot answer it to Edla, to allow her young dove to fly through the wilderness so wholly unprotected. Natalie is now only occupied with her own ideas; Lady Cummin is, between ourselves, a sheep; and the gentlemen are all a little silly. You, Clara, are the only rational person of the whole party. You only can take Nina under your wing, and guide and support her. Will you, my Clara! I would go myself to look after you, if my husband, the tyrant, did not hold me back."

Clara agreed entirely with her friend in her views of their travelling companions, and consented to take charge of Nina. The affair was speedily settled. The foreign gentlemen desired nothing better, than, if possible, to travel to the end of the world in good company. There were found two men in Tornea who offered themselves as guides, to conduct the party to the boundary of the snow. The company provided themselves in the town with furs, eatables, and everything which could be required for the journey. The Countess caused two very picturesque dresses to be made for herself and Nina, richly trimmed with beaver skin. She banished bonnets, and substituted for them fantastic but tasteful caps. In this costume, on her lovely blond head the cap of red velvet, trimmed with gold-lace and ermine, Nina resembled the most fascinating beauty which ever enchanted the world of old romance. The German called her the goddess Fraya. Nina, however, continued silent, and was indifferent to her own beauty and the praise of others. The Countess and Lady Louisa, on the contrary, enjoyed perfectly their heightened charms, and the increased admiration of their worshippers. Fine masks were also procured to protect the ladies against the mosquitoes and the keenness of the air.

Besides the guides, they were accompanied by several peasants with staves and ropes. These went in advance of the party, in order to discover the best and securest route, and the company followed them mounted on little, lively, and docile ponies, which were accustomed to find their way through snow-hills and morasses. The travellers, for the most part, were in the highest spirits, and the Frenchman did *l'impossible* to enliven "la belle snögubbe."

The morning of the first day, however, threatened to put a tragical end at once to the journey. They had halted in order to breakfast. While the ladies dealt out with white hands bread and butter and meat, the Frenchman began again to peer around with his *lorgnette* after "something gray;" and he spied out "something gray," too, which he protested could be nothing else but a bear. The somewhat near-

sighted Lord now saw "the fellow" too, and followed in his track with loaded gun. The Frenchman, laughing in his sleeve, went after him. His Lordship was soon lost in the wood. The Frenchman was seeking him with some uneasiness, when he heard a shot, and immediately upon it a vehement cry for help. He hurried towards the quarter whence the cry came, and saw with horror his friend lying at his length on the earth, while a bleeding bear stood with his paw on his breast, and with his open jaws threatened the head of the noble lord. Lord Cummin's end appeared inevitable, when suddenly a shot from a side direction passed through the body of bruin, and stretched him with a terrible howl on the earth. Nearly at the same moment sprang a man from the thicket, flung down his gun, hastened to the unlucky lord, and, with the help of the Frenchman, dragged him from beneath the dying bear, which had fallen half upon him. Lord Cummin did not appear to be in a much better condition than the bear, for he was covered with blood, and pale as a corpse. Not far off they found a ditch with water. The stranger fetched a cap full, and dashed it over his lordship's face, who through this shower-bath again recovered his senses. It was soon seen that the blood with which his Lordship was covered proceeded from the wounded bear. When Lord Cummin had perfectly convinced himself of this, and saw his foe lying motionless by him, he soon found his strength again, and declared that he felt no farther pain than a considerable pressure on the chest. He embraced his rescuer, and was beyond measure enraptured with his hunting booty which the stranger very willingly renounced. The stranger who, to the amazement of the foreigners, spoke quite fluently French and English, inquired the object and destination of their journey, and learned not only these, but also the names of the rest of the party. He appeared startled, and shook his head at the whole undertaking. After farther consideration, he said, "I am a friend of the Countess G., and wish to join the company, that I may be able as far as possible, to protect them from the annoyances and dangers to which people on this journey are exposed. But I wish to accompany it unknown. Will you wait here a moment for me?"

They gladly consented, and gazed in wonder after their new fellow-traveller, who entered a Lapland hut at some fifty paces distance, and came speedily forth again in Lapland costume, and so thoroughly changed that they themselves did not recognise him till he said, "Promise me to communicate to none of the company what you have seen or heard of me; say only that you have met with a wood Laplander, who is willing to join the train for the journey, which he has himself often made before. I, on the other hand, promise you to be silent on the real chapter of the bear, which moreover would only alarm the ladies."

Lord Cummin gave his hand upon it; the Frenchman was transported with the romantic nature of the adventure; and all three set themselves to work to drag the huge bear to the breakfast place. The ladies had been in extreme anxiety, and now regarded Lord Cummin as an actual hero. The Laplander was scarcely

noticed by anybody, though the Frenchman gave himself great trouble to introduce him, while the man himself only the more drew back. Soon, however, his part became more prominent, and no one knew how it came to pass that the whole caravan had involuntarily put itself under his guidance. He said very little; his words came forth only in monosyllables, when it was absolutely necessary, from a great thick neckerchief which rose above his mouth: yet the gesture by which, in any dubious case, he signified the true direction of the route, was instantly obeyed by all. With the guides he sometimes conversed in a low tone; but he assumed his general position between the Countess and Nina, whose horse he often led by the bridle, in order to conduct her over dangerous spots.

The killing of the bear had yet more raised the spirits of the party; but it was remarkable that the Frenchman had wholly ceased to see "something gray," and Lord Cummin's eagerness for the bear-hunt had not the less strikingly disappeared. He talked now only of shooting grouse and ptarmigan. Lady Louisa wrote down the names of many places which were named to her, and was charmed with the good sound of the words: Valii, Almajalos, Laisan, Silbojock, Kamajocks-Dal, Karvek, Tjoris, Sutilma, etc. etc.

The journey became continually more difficult; it was necessary now to cross waters in boats, now—but it is by no means our intention to write a book of travels. In this sorrowful region the good spirits of the party ebbed rapidly, and at length entirely vanished. The higher the travellers ascended, the more they felt themselves oppressed. No one uttered a word, and every one seemed to be occupied with his own observations. From "The Reminiscences of Travel" of the Countess, or Lady Louisa, but especially from those of the German, might we easily learn the causes of this mood of mind; but I prefer to indicate them from the page on which a far more vigorous, and in Sweden well-known writer, has described in the following words the history of the animal and vegetable world in their last sighs in the contest with snow and cold:

"When we follow the Fjällen in a northern direction, we arrive first at the line where the tannen (silver fir) ceases to grow. This tree has, before reaching this line, assumed an unusual aspect. Covered from the ground upward with black boughs, and surmounted with, as it were, a burnt point, it presents to the wanderer in the waste region a melancholy spectacle. Immediately at this line cultivated berries cease to ripen; the beaver disappears from the brooks, the pike and perch from the lakes. The boundary line of the silver fir lies three thousand two hundred feet below the snow-line. The Scotch fir now only remains, which, however, is not so slender as usual, but has a low stem, and thick, far-stretching branches; ages are required to give it only a tolerable height. The morasses acquire a most desolate and dead aspect; not an insect shows itself upon them. The bilberry no longer ripens; the bear even goes no higher. Corn ceases to ripen, yet butts are still found, whose inhabitants support themselves by fishing and the pasturage of cattle, up to two thousand

six hundred feet on this side of the snow-line. At two thousand eight hundred feet below the line the Scotch fir disappears, and the low birch is now the only tree in the waste country. With its short, gnarled stem, and its rigid knotty branches, it seems to set itself in a posture of resistance to the keen, furious north wind. Its light green and lovely color is ever most grateful to the eye, yet is it also an evidence of the feebleness of vegetation. Soon these two become so low that from the slightest elevation you overlook the whole wood, and they become constantly thinner and thinner; and as thereby the sun obtains more scope of action on these declivities of the Fjällen, you find frequently on these declivities an excessive growth of mountain plants. At two thousand feet from the snowy boundary the low birches themselves disappear, and from this point you find no more fish in the waters. The red salmon is the last. All hills are termed Fjällen which rise beyond the line where trees no longer grow. Four hundred feet yet higher you still meet with bushes, dwarf birch, and black creeping shrubs. The cranberry still ripens, but no farther. The high waste country is still visited by the glutton. Then ceases all shrubby vegetation; the hill slopes clothe themselves in brown and green lichens, and the only berry which will yet ripen is the rock wortleberry. Higher than eight hundred feet below the snow-line the Laplander, the nomadic inhabitant of the desert, does not willingly pitch his tent, since beyond this line even ceases pasturage for the reindeer. The eternal snows now stretch themselves ever farther around. At first they form only isolated spots, between which, here and there, the lichens emerge from the brown and spongy earth; soon the snow islands press closer on each other, vegetation totally ceases, the snow forms an unbroken surface, and the snow-finch is the only living creature which trusts itself here. Finally, the snow is no longer moistened by a single drop of rain, and resists forever the beams of the sun—

So poor, so waste, so gloomily does nature here present herself—monotonous, but great! Great, since she is eternal, without change, without disquiet. Proud and immovable in her poverty, she casts from her the industry of men, the affluence of agriculture, and renounces every joy, but at the same time every fetter. She turns away her countenance from life, draws the winding-sheet over her, and seems to rejoice herself in everlasting repose.

The travellers grew continually more melancholy at heart; many a sigh escaped from the oppressed bosom. Anxious forebodings—the only guests in this forsaken region—hovered round them, like the shades of the lower world round the being who has dared to enter their realms. Evening drew near, and with it also the end of the journey.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### THE ETERNAL SNOW.

Ha, ha, ha!

Love in the shape of a snow-fowl.

The travellers stood not far from the peak of

the Fjällen. The heaven lay clear and cold above them. The icy air swept over the hill, and loaded the lungs of the wanderers. They paused to rest awhile before they ascended higher. Unobserved by the rest Nina disappeared, and went upward alone. Like a cloud chased by the wind, like a person who will encounter his fate, Nina climbed, without looking around her, higher and higher still. The Unknown only observed her perilous undertaking, and like lightning was at her side. True and silent as her shadow, he followed her step by step. They had soon left the rest far behind them. Valleys and mountains lay between them. They no longer saw each other. A superhuman power seemed to impel and bear Nina along. With the security and speed of the reindeer she climbed the rocks, and put back in silence the hand of her guide, which now supported and now extended itself to direct her. Suddenly she stood still. A boundless prospect opened itself: before her lay THE ETERNAL SNOW! Not a single mountain-peak covered with it now presented itself, or a valley filled with it, but a sea of snow, broken up at first by several gray splintered crags, and then extending far out, more and more regularly, more and more desolately, more and more immeasurable and terrific. It embraced the whole horizon—it united itself to the dark cold heaven. Not a wind breathed; no bird, no insect moved its wing. One could say with Alfieri—"A certain unutterable silence reigned in that atmosphere, in which one fancied oneself rapt away from the earth." From the Sulitelma only, which rears not far off its rocky horns into the air, is heard a dull sound resembling thunder; for the icy pyramids of the glaciers tumble perpetually into the deep ice-chasms, which seem to be openings into the lower world.

Nina contemplated this awful picture of cold and death; these mountains perpetually about to crumble in ruins; this heaven without warmth; the deep silence in the air; the fearful vacuity all around—and this eternally so! She perceived deeply in her soul the fearful actuality of life—she felt that there was a something in the human heart which bore a resemblance to this picture; a coldness, a lifelessness, which yet breathed and perceived—and that eternally so. She put aside her veil; she must breathe the fresh air, she felt as if she should be suffocated. An infinite pang, an unspeakable woe, took hold upon her. It seemed to her as if she had here discovered the watchword of her life—eternal snow! She folded her hands in deep anguish, gazed fixedly on the snow-sea, and shed tears without rightly knowing why she did so. A still, hopeless misery was painted in her pale and lovely countenance.

"This," said she, half aloud to herself, "is the image of my life upon earth—cold, empty, dead; without joy, without love."

"Without love?" inquired a voice near her, whose beloved tones sank into her heart. She turned herself round. The unknown had thrown off his disguise, and Edward Hervey stood with beaming eyes and crimsoned cheeks before her. Oh! was it indeed a wonder if he in the presence of eternal death perceived all the more forcibly the eternal life of his love—and if he surrounded with it the beloved being that how-

tile powers threatened to attack? Was it to be wondered at, if he here told her that he loved her, that he would dedicate his whole life to her? Was it to be wondered at, that he poured forth like a torrent of light and life the infinite love which he felt for her?

The words which he spoke she returned. He clasped her to his heart. Their souls flowed into each other, and amid tears of bliss they exchanged words of frantic yet heavenly love. They repeated them a thousand and yet a thousand times, as if in very defiance of the coldness of death around them.

One of the oldest of the Mythes says, "That when it became light in chaos, the earth only and love arose therefrom." How charming!

Thus the fable had been realized. The earth was desolate and void, but the spirit of God floated over it—and never had a more heavenly, a more blessed love united two beings, than now united Nina and Hervey. Let me here pause. Words are poor—the most charming music, the sweetest odor of flowers, light, color—all these things may give a foretaste of the most blissful love rather than words. Words blow the dust from the wings of the gods. Perhaps the novel-writer may some time have the power, if he choose his quill from the wing of an angel, to express in words that which yet he can only have a presentiment of—then he may make the attempt.

The moments of rapture, however, were but short for lovers. Footsteps and voices which approached them led them back into reality, which for a few moments they had forgotten. The first guide followed on foot the pale and anxious Clara, who every now and then shouted Nini. She was confounded at the sight of Hervey. The Countess was not less astonished, and was quite in ecstasies to see Hervey, who no longer concealed himself by his dress, but left it to every one to think what he pleased about his sudden appearance. While he, with a presence of mind which the Baroness H. would have admired, endeavored to make the affair either clear or confused to the Countess. Nini continued her blessed dream, and hardly knew what went on around her. This recognition-scene, after the supernatural impression which the perpetual snow had made upon the greater number, caused a most highly agreeable diversion of mind. Yet it was not long before all eyes turned themselves once more to the silvery sea.

Looking on this, Lord Cummin only uttered again his laconic "Oh!" Lady Louisa found the prospect "frightful." To the Frenchman appeared "*Le paysage un peu monotone!*" The German was pale with cold and with sublime thoughts.

The sun had sunk behind the Fjällen. The spectacle became paler and paler, and so also the impression on the soul of the spectator. With Edward and Nina this was not the case. What was death to them? Shone not the flames of life and of love bright and heavenly in their hearts? They throw a glorifying splendor upon the outer-world.

The rest of the company began to get a little cold, and the thought that it would be most extremely pleasant to turn some of the perpetual snow into boiling tea-water suggested itself to

many of them. When the Frenchman gave word to this thought, it was received with general acclamation, but most especially from Lord Cummin; they all betook themselves to the place in which it was determined to pass the night. It lay in the midst of crags; on three sides it was defended from the cold mountain-wind, the fourth afforded a free prospect over the country. Here and there grew green mountain-herbs and reindeer moss; from the peaks of the crags sounded the joyful twittering of the snow-finches.

The Countess invited the company to supper in her tent, and the cold proved itself an excellent incentive to appetite, as well as to joke and laughter. Hervey soon left the merry circle. His joy, as well as Nina's, was at this moment joy of another kind. His heart was full—he required solitude. He went out, and as he surveyed the free space around him, and felt how the night wind fanned his cheek, his mind was soon the better for it.

Singular was the picture which lay spread out before him at this moment. Like a sea in commotion that has suddenly become stiffened, the rocks extended themselves on all sides; their white, irregular, gigantic masses stretched forth toward heaven, which looked down upon them with a dark-blue tranquil eye. No life moved in the immeasurable space. The wind went forth with fettered pinions, and now and then lighted on the peak of a snow mountain.

It was this image of eternal repose, of immoveable lifelessness, which, in the youthful days of the earth, drew so irresistibly the sons of the south toward the north. In the south, the sun burnt hotly; the earth trembled under the feet of its inhabitants; fire raged in the mountains, and wild passions in the souls of men; up there, among the hyperboreans, the stars themselves stood still; there the earth was cool, the wood deep and still. In the north, a wonderful brightness illumined the nights, which seemed to testify of the presence of God and of a light which never descends. And an infinite longing took hold on the afflicted people; they left their burning home and wandered toward the north, in order to seek for a peace there which on earth was—not to be found.

Edward had seen the perpetual snow upon the Himalaya mountains; he had seen under the equator all the strength of the earth drawn upward by the sun; he had seen in the desert how the same power burned up all life; he recalled the changing scenes of earth; he thought how even the heavenly bodies had a perpetually changing place with regard to the sun; and he wonders how, in this universal change upon the changing earth, a life should yet spring up which feared not alteration and change—a life in which two happy beings became united, and spoke the blessed word—*FOREVER*.

Edward's heart beat warmly with this thought. Happy, and filled with the spirit of worship, he stood upon the eternal snow before the eternal Creator. The peaks of the snow-mountains grew grayer and grayer; the stars stepped forth more and more brightly from their mysterious depth; the wind laid itself; it became ever stiller and darker.

Suddenly however, a secret power seemed to retard the progress of the night. Midnight

was not far off, and the country became lighter rather than darker. A wonderful brightness diffused itself over the heavens, and mirrored itself in the snow of the rocks. It seemed as if the voices and glances of the lovers had awoke the slumbering genius of this country, and as if this now returned an echo to that short drama of love—the first, perhaps, which had been represented in his kingdom. Pale flames began to dance in changing shapes on the horizon. Now they flew forth, clear as glances of light from human eyes; now they were unfolded like leaves written in rainbow colors. The rays shot upward ever toward the mid-heaven; they became brighter and brighter, stronger and stronger, and extended themselves more and more; at last they ascended from all sides, and the aurora borealis embraced heaven and earth with its majestic glory.

Hervey found himself at this moment surrounded by the whole of his travelling companions, who had been enticed from the tent by the wonderful brightness of the night, and who now collected around him with exclamations of the highest astonishment. Hervey cast a glance on Nina; it passed into her soul, warm and clear as a flame from heaven. They stood now side by side, and the fairies of light wove above them a crown of glory and splendour.

By the light of the dancing, and by degrees again extinguished flames, the company returned to the tent. The Countess, who appeared to have remarked something, watched Nina with Argus eyes. She did this also on the next day; so that, however much Hervey might have desired it from his heart, he had no opportunity of speaking alone with Nina. But he was near her; he surrounded her with those tender assiduities which, when persons love each other, are so cheerfully rendered and so cheerfully accepted; in the mean time a sort of fear consumed him, and a certain disquiet was observed in his whole demeanor. He promoted the journey with a hasty impatience, which had not been seen in him before.

The day after the northern lights, the company fixed their night encampment in a valley at the foot of the Garða Fjällen. Here Nina, hovering, as it were, between anguish and happiness, found opportunity to separate herself for a short time from the rest of the company, and to seek for solitude. She went deeper into the valley, in which a rich vegetation displayed itself. Round about her reared the gigantic pyramids, cones and jagged points of the Garða Fjällen. Their snow-covered peaks flamed in the rays of the evening sun, and stood around the dark valley like burning giant torches. Thousands of flowers adorned the earth with their splendid colouring, and the song of the beechniches resounded from the bushes. Here Nina delayed her footsteps, for here it was beautiful. She seated herself on a mossy fragment of rock: the tranquillity around her diffused also a tranquillity in her soul. Here Hervey found her; here, seated at her feet, he said, with all the earnestness and fervour of his loving heart:

"Words have passed between us which can only be succeeded by others. Thine for ever—for ever mine!" and so saying, he held her hands in his, and looked at her with the strong

glance of undying love which has the power of appropriating to itself the soul of another.

"Yes, thine or death," replied Nina without effort, calmly, but with the deepest conviction.

After this he besought her to relate to him all which was connected with himself. He wished to know what were the impediments against which he should have to combat; there could be no farther impediments. He would overcome with ease everything which opposed itself to the fulfilment of their wishes. The fetters which held his own life bound should be released. She loved him, and that gave him courage for everything.

Frankly and simply Nina made him acquainted with her position. Her lips pronounced the name of Count Ludwig, and a deathly paleness spread itself over Hervey's countenance.

"He too—he!" stammered Hervey, and pressed his hand on his brow.

"Yes, he! ah, why are you so pale?"

"He was my friend—I was his. Certain circumstances separated us for ever. Yet neither he nor I was to blame. Gladly would I have spared him this new wound from my hand. But it must be," added he, with determination: "from this time forth you cannot belong to him. Nina is mine—she can only belong to me—to me for ever!"

Nina's hand rested in his, and her look seemed to set the seal to his words. She then continued her relation. Her tongue trembled, but she concealed nothing, not even when she came to speak of Don Juan; she was as little able to lock up the interior of her heart from him as from God. She related how Count Ludwig had behaved on this occasion. Hervey listened to her words with breathless uneasiness; but when she came to the deferring of her betrothal with Count Ludwig and of his journey, with the verbal promise of a future engagement, he breathed again freely, and covered her hands with kisses and tears of joy.

"Thus not bride," said he, "not bound. Thank God! How easy, how dear to me will be the contest for you! But listen to me, Nina! listen to me, adored angel! still, bands fetter me which your hands can only release. Tell me, Nina, if a stain rested upon my name—if the suspicion of a horrible crime fell upon me—if circumstances prevented me from proving my innocence—if I were pursued by the persecution of my fellow-creatures; tell me, Nina, would you then also, even love me—could you then also still consent to unite your fate to mine?"

Hervey's countenance was pale as death, but his eyes beamed.

"I love you!" answered Nina. Her whole soul, her faith, her hope, her future, her heaven, lay in these words.

"And if," continued he, "in order to defend myself against that which I do not merit—if I, in order to defy public opinion, which is not able to justify me, must ever remain hidden in this corner of the world, where nature is severe and pleasures only are few—would you then live with me here?"

"I love you!" was Nina's answer.

"And if hatred sought me out," added he, "and I should be compelled to find a place of safety in a foreign land—would you follow me?"

"I love you!" replied Nina. "O Edward—

where your home is there is mine also: by your side I fear nothing!"

Heartfelt happiness of perfect love, thou breakest down all impediments, all rocks, all doubts! For thee may it be said, "O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory!"

The feeling of being able to defy the world filled Hervey's soul with god-like joy. An indescribable feeling of joy, gratitude, emotion, and burning love, took possession of his whole being. He looked on Nina with adoring, blissful, love-intoxicated eyes. "Thou my own!" said he with a voice as heartfelt and strong as his love. He would have clasped her in his arms, and pressed her to his heart, but Nina gently put him back, joined her hands beseechingly together, and said with infinite affection, with that mild, holy dignity, peculiar to the angels of heaven—

"And now—hear my prayer! You know my love; you know my weakness. Be my good angel, Edward! Demand no promise from me; bind me not; let me be free till Edla comes. No cloud on your brow beloved! You have truly bound my heart forever! But hear my prayer—speak to me no more of your love till Edla returns! She alone can release me from the word which binds me to another—she alone shall dispose of my hand—she alone has the right to decide for me. To act in opposition to Edla would burden my whole life with repentance and ingratitude. Edward, beloved Edward, turn not from me—look at me—listen to me! I will be yours or—die! But Edla must decide for me between life or death. She gave me life, Edward—she gave me more—she formed the soul with which I love you. It must be so; O Edward, tell me that you acknowledge it also! Beloved, defend me against my own weakness. You know that against your will mine has no strength. Ah, Edward—understand your power—you must be strong for us both! But do not leave me—that I could not bear. Be my support in this time of expectation, of uncertainty. Ah, remain near me, remain with me, as before—"

"Nina, Nina—you know not what you ask," exclaimed Hervey with the most violent emotion, as pressing his hand upon his brow he turned from her.

"Oh, I know it!" said she, filled with heavenly confidence and superhuman love. "Are you not an angel! Have I not loved you because you take a high stand in life, and resolutely maintain that right and good alone rules! See, beloved—I lay the peace of my life, my conscience, my all, in your hands. O preserve me free from remorse, from shame before Edla, before my own conscience, and ah—before your eyes; for you, excellent one! could not love me if you must disapprove of my conduct. Let this hour have heard our last words of love, till the moment when Edla shall have blessed us. Oh then, then, and through the whole of my life will I thank you. Thou beloved, thou eternally beloved, fulfil my prayer!"

And with these words, with upraised and extended hands, and weeping eyes, she lay at Hervey's feet. Overcome by the sight, he sprang forward. "Lovely child!" said he with fervent lips—but these words were the last

token of passion in his soul. He slowly passed his hand over his eyes, as if he would rid himself of a misleading thought; and pale, but again assured, he raised Nina as he said in a broken voice—

"Be calm, Nina; your wish, your prayer shall be sacred to me. You shall not see the pang which they prepare for me!"

He bent himself deeply—he kissed the hem of her garment. At the same moment soft footsteps approached; it was Clara, who said in a trembling voice. "They wait supper for you."

With this, all three returned silently and full of thought to the company.

A great change had taken place in Hervey. Since he had spoken to Nina, since he had seen her love for him, he was capable of everything, except only renouncing her. His strong mind had taken the firm determination to obtain her spite of all hindrances. Calmly sunk in himself, and with fervent countenance, he revolved plans for the future. The hope of publicly being justified and acquitted had now taken root in his soul. A letter from Philip gave occasion to this; they thought they had found traces of the guilty one. Were this hope fulfilled, Hervey might openly seek to obtain Nina's hand. The time when people might have declared such a union a *mesalliance* was past. Were his hope unsuccessful, it remained yet for him to win Edla to his side, and then he would resign his office, and with Nina and his family once more—it might be only for a time—seek out another country. Edward had learned, in a combat with the world, how much a firm will can do. As he had said before, so said he now with determination—"The world is large—I will find an asylum for me and mine—and God is above us!"

The Countess cast a sharp glance on them; they however were too much occupied by their own thoughts to notice it. "The company ate strawberries and milk—but what do our friends care, what do we ourselves care at this time about that?"

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### PICTURES FROM THE LIFE OF THE HEART.

I learned to love, and, at that time  
Through love I learned what life is.—ATTEBOM.

Why was Clara so pale! Whence came the melancholy in her gentle eyes! Nina felt the necessity of inquiring after this. She wished, by fully communicating that which had reference to herself, to thank Clara for her tender sympathy, and by this means to open a path to her heart.

Besides this, Nina's breast was at the present time so full, that she longed for a friend, for a sister, to whom she could impart her feelings, from whom she could obtain counsel, and on whose faithful breast she could find calm for the present and help in the future struggle.

On the day of their return to Umenäs, in the evening after the company had retired, she sought out Clara. The Baroness had taken upon herself, in a grave conversation with the Countess, to warn her of her coquetry with

the Colonel. Clara was alone in her chamber as Nina softly entered.

Clara sat upon her bed, with her head thoughtfully supported by her hand. Nina seated herself beside her, kissed her cheek, and softly whispered her name. The cheek was wet with tears, and tears stood in the eyes which Clara mildly raised to her friend.

"Clara," said Nina, distressed, "you are not happy—you are suffering!"

"What does it signify if a person do suffer?" returned Clara calmly, as she carefully drew together the neckkerchief which she had just thrown loose.

"Clara," said Nina, "tell me what is amiss with you. Can I help you, can I comfort you?"

"Believe me," returned Clara, as she dried her tears with the corner of her neckkerchief, "believe me, suffering is not so bad; one is better from it. One suffers, it is true; but one loves only all the more for it. One learns from it to forget oneself. It is altogether my own fault," continued she, after a short pause. "Can one help loving the excellent, the god-like? If the heart becomes so warmly interested, if it beat so violently, that it gives us pain, it does no harm; on the contrary, it is very beneficial."

A painful light spread itself over Nina's soul. She covered her face with both her hands. "Clara," whispered she, "O how much better are you than I!"

"Do not say so," besought Clara, "that is not the case; for you can make him happy—I cannot. I never have had the audacity to believe—I know my own little worth only too well. I have only wished to be able to serve him—you—you both! But do not let us speak further of me. Let us speak of you, of him; for I know that now you two have only one common interest."

The conversation of the two young friends was here suddenly interrupted. The Baroness H. entered, and her displeased mien, her hasty movements, plainly betrayed that, with regard to the Countess, her trouble had been unsuccessful. Nina remained yet a moment; but the Baroness was cool toward her, and the conversation soon became so heavy, that Nina, though against her will, and with a depressed mind, felt it necessary to withdraw. Clara on this walked to the window, in order to conceal her excited state of mind. The Baroness followed her, but with noiseless steps, took hold of her by the chin and turned her face toward her, and observing her with a sympathizing and penetrating glance inquired—

"Clara, what is amiss with you! You have never been like yourself since the perpetual snow—and you hide yourself from me! That is not right—that is not good of you, Clara."

Clara could not resist the look and the tone; she opened her whole heart to her friend.

The beautiful night saw the most beautiful and the most devoted soul combat against the weakness of physical strength—saw a resigned heart shaken by convulsions—saw the most beautiful and tender endeavours of friendship—saw how the good spirits in the end were victorious.

The next day Baron H. and his wife were prepared for their journey. They explained

that important business demanded their presence in Paradise, and in the course of the forenoon they, together with Clara, set off thither. Just before they set off the Baroness sat down to write a letter to Hervey; after the first few lines, however, she stopped, saying, "Shall I teach that man the ten commandments! If I do not err, he knows them better than I do." She tore the letter in two. She reflected a moment, and then began a note to the Countess, but she interrupted herself with the word "admiring!"—I have no desire to begin such a part so late!" she tore the note in two. Next she began an epistle to Nina. Here again she interrupted herself, and tore in two that which she had written.

"Clara," said she addressing her, "I have to-day the desire to quarrel with everybody, but that leads to no purpose, and I will therefore rather let it alone. Do you write to Nina that which your own angel heart dictates, and let us quickly hence—that is the very best."

She kissed Clara, and left the room.

Clara, who after the agitations of the night felt herself too weak for a verbal communication with Nina, wrote to her the following words:

"I would serve him—serve you; that is my most inward wish. You are created for each other; you will make each other infinitely happy. If I can do anything to be useful to you, O say so, say so! Write to me, good Nina; relate to me everything about yourself, about him; tell me of your love to him—tell me very much on that subject. Impart to me your plans for the future. Miss Edla—Count Ludwig—shall I come to you when you expect them back! Say only one word.

"Do not be uneasy on my account, beloved Nina. I am calm. I have a friend who is God's best gift to me, his feeble child. O how good is he not! I shall first be perfectly happy when I am perfectly easy respecting your future fate. Do not speak of me if you write to me; grant me this prayer! I have now more than ever reason to forget myself. Ah, that is so beneficial! But speak of yourself, of your life—of everything which concerns him and you. In my thoughts I separate you no longer. I pray for you both,

'May a quiet blessedness with its pious cover you!'

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### NINA TO CLARA.

"HAVE you a sister, Clara? A sister like you in age, to whom from your birth you imparted everything—the mother's breast—the cradle—sport—caresses—instructions; and was she early torn from you! and was your heart and life encompassed by a horrible desert! Oh then you know the bliss and the pain also of my childhood!

"I cannot conceive a more beautiful existence than that of twin sisters who go hand in hand through life; whose enjoyments are mutual—who participate in each other's feelings and thoughts—who weep over the same sorrow—who rejoice over the same festivity, whether it be only a midsummer merriment or the Holy Supper. They stand in life like two young

tree beside each other, and each new spring twines the twigs of their crown closer together. The happy ones! How intimately known is each to the other! How well must they understand each other, and be mutually able to read in each other's eyes as in a clear mirror. Can life ever become to either of them empty and dark! And if the one suffer, then has the other indeed the key to her heart; she knows every fold therein, and can open the locked-up chamber to the beams of daylight.

"I too had a sister—a twin sister—a little amiable. Life and play we partook of with each other. We had only one heart—one will—one thought. For seven years were we happy together—then she drooped and died. Her death was my first sorrow; yet it did not operate upon me like sorrow. It was a benumbing blow. It was to me as if I had lost the half of my life. I longed for her, and wasted away. At length I followed her—yes, I died—I died according to my own feeling—I died as it appeared to others. What or who withheld me from the mysterious bounds, and commanded me to return and to finish my work, I know not; O my God, thou alone knowest it! I appeared dead; they laid me in my coffin. Warm weather was at hand, and I was placed in a cool dark chamber. Here now, Clara, that which even now I cannot relate without a shudder.

"I lay in my coffin, all was dark, vacant, and still; I slept deeply, deeply as the dead sleep. All at once I felt an iciness, a pang—it was life! My eyelids were heavy; with difficulty I raised them, and saw only night. I had always been fearful, and now also I was frightened at the darkness which brought me only the quicker to consciousness. I felt with my little hands about me, and took hold of the silver handles of the coffin. I had seen the same on the coffin of my little sister. I listened, all was still; I believed myself to be in the grave. I had not strength either to call or speak. I heard the rats gnawing on my coffin something crept over my face—I took it for the worms which were come to prey upon me. Small and feeble as I was, still I experienced in that moment a horror and a pang which neither time nor circumstances will ever be able to efface from my memory. I believed that I should thus have to continue living on in the grave, in darkness and in cold, but I did not endure this agony long, for my consciousness again left me. O Clara! listen now to an occurrence which I cannot think upon without joy and pain.

"I saw a light; it became stronger and stronger. I heard a movement—it approached nearer and nearer; I felt a warmth—it was more and more agreeable, it set my heart in motion. Hot tears fell on my face; ah, they called me back to life. I awoke; I opened my eyes—they fell upon Edla, who wept over me. I lay upon her bosom, and she gave me warmth and life.

"The next day had been fixed upon for my burial. In the night Edla had gone to her little departed sister to pay her yet one more farewell visit; she took me out of my coffin, and carried me into her chamber which I no more left.

"After this occurrence I had knowledge of but very little more. It has been told me that I lay for three years in a feeble half-conscious state

upon my bed, vegetating rather than living. I had seen the coffin of my little sister, and had heard my weeping father say, 'the Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' I myself had experienced the horror of death. That sight, this impression, and these words floated perpetually before my soul. In vain endeavoured they to infuse into me more joyous thoughts; in vain they tried by a little playfellow to replace my Mina; I could not endure the least noise, nor the least disquiet around me. The little stranger was a burden to me, and was obliged to be sent away. A frost of death had come over my life, and I remember only a few impressions from that time of stupefaction. I seemed to myself as a shadow, as a dream; I could not comprehend myself as anything actual; it was almost the same with regard to the objects around me. All was somnolent; so indistinct; so dark; so lifeless! It seemed to me as if all things flowed slowly down a passing stream—as if I lay in my coffin and floated away also—away to a boundless sea in which all things were lost. Those words, 'the Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away,' had to me a dark and gloomy meaning, and I very soon came to look upon the Creator as an unfathomable deep, out of which all things proceeded, and to which they all again returned—but not in the sense of the Christian doctrine. There hovered over the cradle of my childhood, as well as that of the human race, the image of a blind power, producing all and devouring all.

"But Edla sat by my sick-bed. I heard daily her gentle assured voice, saw her tranquil look, her quiet demeanor, her all-engaging activity; I enjoyed her care—her strengthening presence, and by degrees I experienced the benefits of them. My thoughts fortified themselves through hers, I began as it were to live through her: a drop of her strength flowed softly through my veins; I awoke, I raised myself, both body and soul. Formerly I had been a self-willed child; Edla taught me to obey, and before long I refused no toys nor nourishment which I received from her hands. Edla was never severe either in word or deed, and yet still she exercised an extraordinary power over me. It never occurred to me that any one could do other than obey her. The first manifestations of my newly awakened life were those of extreme excitability of feeling. The most trifling excitement of mind, the least joy or the least pain drew from me torrents of tears; nay, they often flowed without any apparent occasion. I think my life might have gushed away in tears; every time, however, that I wept, Edla left me alone in the chamber. No calling—no entreaties could keep her back, and this chastising absence I could not endure. In order to keep Edla with me, I repressed my tears and the convulsive agitations, which these outbreaks of feeling occasioned.

"That weakness, that warmth of heart exhibited itself in the great necessity which I felt for caresses. I put my mouth to Edla's lips—I could have kissed her hand by the whole hour, but she would not allow it—she never kissed me. Ah! why did she not? It was so bitter to my young heart to see its affection repulsed, I cannot describe how Edla operated upon me. She was law to me; she was my faith, my provi-

dance, my aff. I lived only through her—I wished only to live for her. Oh, that Edla had consented to this—had but permitted me to love her—had but needed my tenderness then, how happy should I have been! Edla was a mother to me, and yet I know not if she loved me; nay, I doubt whether she did. Amiable human weaknesses are not for Edla. Man is little to her, she loves only virtue—only immortality; her great soul encompasses the world; she embraces humanity.

“With awakened strength and the necessity for affection in my heart, I lay on my bed; Edla presented me with nourishment of another kind, and after it I eagerly grasped. I was conscious of want, and desired plenty. Edla was my teacher, she gave me knowledge; I eagerly drew in her words, and followed her beckonings. So, for years I lived at her side. ‘Let me learn, let me learn!’ was my only prayer—my best reward was Edla’s satisfaction. This occupation, intercourse with Edla, her conversation, exercise in the open air, all this strengthened by degrees, both body and soul. I had no delight in that which I learned; it always seemed to me as if I did not understand the meaning of words or things, and I never felt that fresh satisfaction which is so peculiar to youth. At times a strange feeling, like lightning, passed through me—it was a trembling presentiment of life and joy, a presentiment that some time I might enjoy the world, and might taste the happiness of all created beings. But that was only momentarily, and then again all was misty and dark. It was not unusual often for me to contemplate my hand, my foot, or my own face in the glass, and inquire if these things really belonged to myself? Ah! I understood my own heart still less. Often have I laid my hand upon my breast full of astonishment at that which below moved itself so unquietly. At times an inexpressible melancholy took hold of me, and with a longing after my little sister, which it was impossible for me to describe in words. Willingly would I have gone to her, only not through death. My extraordinary acquaintance with this pale angel had inspired me with a fear of the grave which I still feel; yet I now know how one can escape it. This melancholy was an anxious foreboding of my advancing life, accompanied by a weariness and an indifference which extended itself to everything around me.

“My state of mind disturbed Edla, and she listened, although unwillingly, to that which I told of my anxious presentiments, and my secret griefs; she seemed to despise them as the offspring of a feeble spirit, and of a sickly imagination. This gave me strength to repress them—that is to say, to conceal them; for I have never been free from them—and even now, Clara, when so much is changed in me, and a new life has sprung up in my soul, yet still these feelings, these forebodings, return at times powerfully even to this hour. At such times it seems to me as if I lived here only a counterfeit life, and a secret voice says to me, that I shall never be happy, and also that I shall never become old on earth. However, these forebodings now pass more quickly over. Hervey’s clear glance chases away all these dark thoughts.

“Religious instruction operated beneficially upon me; it enlightened my soul, and gave to

me a being that I could love—God. O Clara, am I worthy to say so! Can I love, comprehend the All wise? I cannot. My feeling was a sigh breathed upward to Him and nothing more; yet that, too, was good. I looked through Edla up to Him. I learned in Edla to admire virtue, and to abhor crimes and weaknesses; all only through her. Count Ludwig made no good impressions upon me; he made virtue appear stern, and in him I almost learned to fear it. In Edla I had learned to reverence and admire it; Hervey alone has taught me to love it. I admire Edla—who would not if he had seen her quiet, uninterrupted activity; her self-denial; the beneficence which she practices in stillness, and had seen at the same time the card with which she concealed everything which would have drawn upon her the praise of her fellow men. Edla’s soul is a severe temple.

“I was nineteen when my father married the Countess Natalie. Our quiet home, in which I had so long seen Edla the influencing spirit, was changed as if by a magic stroke.

“A certain weakness, which was the result of my delicate health, had hitherto made it impossible for me to endure social life. The murmur of voices of so many people, the bright lights, the passing backward and forward of a crowd occasioned me a painful feeling, and often the most violent headache. I was most comfortable when alone with Edla.

“By degrees this weakness decreased more and more, and I was, at the time of my father’s second marriage, tolerably free from it. Ah! on this there followed not only outward changes, but inward also, which were deeply painful to me. I was no longer permitted to be much with Edla, and I fancied that Edla had become indifferent towards me. She never expressed the wish that it should be otherwise, but gave herself up with zeal to serious occupations, which I knew were dear to her. Perhaps Edla was not dissatisfied with my removal; she obtained by this means more time for herself. Ah! I know not; but she seemed to forget me in her occupations. It grieved me, but I did not dare to complain. Yet, at the same time, I will not deny that my new mode of life pleased me; and I endeavoured in it to forget Edla’s coldness and withdrawal from me. Some time after the marriage of my father Edla left us. Why did she? Why did she leave one so young, and so inexperienced, alone in a world full of temptations? Perhaps Edla wished to try me. Ah! she considered me stronger than I was. With her my strength had vanished. I was left solely under the guidance of my stepmother. You know Clara—for you yourself have experienced it—what a charm can lie in her behavior, in her care and her tenderness. She showed me the greatest attention; and not she alone, but everybody who surrounded her overwhelmed me with a sort of worship. It did me good to see myself beloved, to hear myself praised; I was, as it were, intoxicated with this new delight. My days were consecrated to vain enjoyments and idle pleasures.

“In the house of my stepmother there reined pomp and elegance. Her social circle consisted of artists and lovers of the arts; of the most brilliant and most agreeable which the capital possessed. Beauty, wit, and intelligence found

there their point of union. I saw myself as the centre of this enchanting circle; I was the object of all eyes, of all flatteries. I let myself go with the stream, and be amused. I cannot say that life appeared to me more intelligible than before; yet my dream, on the contrary, was agreeable in the extreme. I gave myself up to the life of indolence which my mother, out of tenderness to me, prepared for me. I read many of the newer novels. They enchanted me, and yet they called forth in me disturbing and wild fancies. The people who surrounded me helped only the more to mislead me. When I reflected on them, I saw that the definite characteristics of virtue and vice existed in them no longer; all appeared to me mixed up together. If I had seen a Satan, and I had been tempted by him, I should have said, 'Depart from me!' But I saw myself surrounded only by good, amiable, agreeable people; truly, all of them chargeable with errors; nay, many among them I knew to be persons of most libertine lives; but then they acknowledged their failings themselves, and these did not prevent their being good: did not prevent their enjoyment of that which was beautiful, nor their being occupied in works of the highest order, nor their being amiable and beloved. They endured also the failings of others without blame; no one had therefore a right to be severe against them. There reigned especially in this circle an agreeable and, according to appearance, an innocent gayety—a lenient judgment of men and their failings. The boundaries between the good and bad became to me ever more and more uncertain.

"Edla had shown to me the good and the bad, in expressive, intelligible forms; she had taught me to know the two poles of life. The indistinct, less visible gradations she had not been able to show me; the knowledge of these is obtained only by intercourse with mankind and life itself. I had hitherto, as it were, only learned to distinguish night and day, not twilight; now I had a picture in more intermediate shades before me, and in its indistinct play of shadow and light I lost my way.

"And what principles heard I not daily expressed. They were those of a generally allowed laxity and scepticism. I heard everything made a matter of question, which hitherto I had considered as sacred and firmly established; and wit and jest thereon flew hither and thither. There was no decided spirit of disbelief; no, it was more a jesting confession, a sighing doubt, a light irony, often also a fleeting homage, and then every one lived again to the enjoyment of the moment, to pleasure or to self-love. They cherished in this circle a great horror of those whom they called fanatics; that is to say, people who erected a standard of ideal excellence, up to which it was impossible to live. I heard Edla frequently instanced as one of these enthusiastic souls, who lived in the world of fancy, and for whom actual things had no value.

"The actual world, what is it properly? So questioned I with myself. Could the actual be no other than this strange mixture of weakness and goodness, of virtues and failings, of pleasures and care, of all opinions, all possibilities, all aberrations, which I saw around me? Was

there nothing determined in life? Was everything only comparatively, conditionally good? They told me so. They repeated to me, to very weariness, that every time had its good and its bad; so also had every individual. This depends on nature and chance; there is no hell, etc., etc. Mere words and ideas, as half-formed and dim as my soul.

"These views and these people made upon me a strange, perplexing impression; yet I did not comprehend it as clearly at that time as now. I could not make it intelligible; and the inborn bias in me to indolence made me shrink from any strain upon my thoughts. I turned my mind from the difficult question, and gave myself more and more up to the life which surrounded me. A certain desire after life's enjoyment, and for that purpose that I might in some way feel myself a creature, took possession of my soul more and more. I was as it were upon the Island of Calypso; and still more and more under the power of enchantment, became weaker and weaker, I myself knew not how. Edla wrote often to me, and always tenderly, prudently, and admonishingly. But a fascination had come over me, and even her words failed of their customary influence.

"How was it, Clara, that at this time I did not ally myself with you? I recollect yet so well the gentle impressions of your quiet being, like that of a saint; and how you sat so tranquil, so self-sustained, and so indifferent to the life which surrounded you. But at that time there were so many things to sunder us, that I did not deserve your friendship.

"I saw Count Ludwig daily. I knew that he desired a union with me; I knew that this union was Edla's highest wish. Ah, for her sake, I would have loved him! But to be near him occasioned me constraint and a strange coldness of heart. A bitter contempt of people, nay, even of their virtues, often betrayed itself in his words. People universally showed him distinguished esteem; yet he seemed not to be beloved. I saw many bow themselves deeply before him; never did I see any one frankly and cordially offer him the hand. He appeared to me high and cold as an alp covered with snow. I froze when I came near him. I knew much that was good of him; I knew the sincere friendship which Edla cherished for him, and for that reason I reproached myself with feelings which, against my will, forced themselves upon me.

"I come now to a time, Clara, on which I cannot think without pain and shame. We will spare us both by only slightly mentioning it. You know it mostly already. You know the kind of power which an unworthy person obtained over my weak soul—but you do not know how nearly my guilty indiscretion brought me to humiliation. I did not love him, my wishes were pure; and yet I permitted him to fascinate my soul and mind with his music and his impure love.

"I have bitterly deplored this part of my life, in which I was so unworthy of Hervey and Edla.

"Edla returned. Terrible, blessed hour! Terrible, because I was deeply sunk; blessed, because it saved me! But O how I felt at first, when I saw that pure, lusty-minded Edla

despise me!—when I saw her weeping over me, and I could not lift up my eyes to her and say, 'I am innocent.' No, that I could not. But humble myself, confess and repent—that I could do, and that I did. It was my salvation that I was capable of despising my own weakness, and of acknowledging the pure and the good, from which I had fallen. With Edla my better self returned: with her my purer love, my admiration of excellence, which she had taught me to know. She seemed to me to be better and purer than ever. Virtue had surrounded her quiet being with a glory. Ah! this diffused over me, the fallen one, its pure brightness, and I longed after Edla's clear heaven. I felt the deep necessity to let myself be guided by her, and to subject myself in all things to her will, to her determination. Edla's power over me was more unlimited than ever. Had she remained with me, had I been able to live near her and under her influence, then perhaps had my soul met with no new agitation; she would have tranquilized it under her defence, and I should have had peace, if not happiness. But a higher power had otherwise determined it. You know the noble behaviour of Count Ludwig on the occurrence at Ramlosa, and how he demanded my hand at the moment when my reputation—and with justice—had somewhat suffered. You know also that which followed on his doing so: my consent, my father's illness, and the delay of my betrothal. Edla made a journey, and once more my life was a prey to its former want; nevertheless, because it was Edla's wish, and from a feeling of duty and a desire thereby to regain my lost self-esteem, I conducted myself friendly toward Count Ludwig, and felt patient with my fate. He however, also left me, I was happy that he did so. Ah! I felt that I never could love him. And this feeling made me wretched.

"I accompanied my mother into this country, where she had resolved to spend a year. I was glad of it: I wished to endeavour to collect myself in solitude, and if possible to obtain more clearness and repose of mind.

"Clearness and repose of mind I did not obtain. A deep disquiet reigned in my breast. With Edla I had lost my strength. The elasticity which she had called forth in my soul again slept. I tried to recall formerly beloved images, but the mirror of my soul was dark, it reflected nothing with distinctness. Oh, it is difficult again to purify when it has once become stained! I was weary of myself; I seemed to myself so devoid of any peculiar worth. I had lost the interest in my own life. If I had died on the morrow, who would have lost by it! I was so insignificant, and felt myself without a future. There lay, as it were, a veil upon me and upon the world.

"The gloom of the season and of nature round about me increased yet more this tone of mind. The dark, endless pine-woods, the rocks, the roaring of the sea, the north wind that whistled over it, the short days, the darkness, the cold—all occasioned me anxiety under which my health suffered. Edla loved the powerful and the great in life and in nature. I had often seen her eye beam with joy at a wide prospect, at a view of the sea, or of the starry heavens. She loved even wild scenes of na-

ture, storms, thunder, for they gave wings to her fancy. How different, on the contrary, was my feeling! Everything great, strong, and infinite caused me a kind of pain. The sea with its restless waves which lost themselves in infinity, resembled to me an abyss; neither eye nor feeling found repose. I longed for a coast—the little boat of my life was formed to follow its agreeable windings. I loved only the mild, warm sunshine, for only in it was I able to live.

"On a cold November day I went with my mother to church. The earth and the trees were covered with hoar frost, and a thick mist lay over the whole country. The carriage rattled along; and trees, mountains, and cottages flew like shadows before me. That feeling which dwelt in the depths of my soul took hold of me stronger than ever at this moment.

"How all things travel onward, thought I—how all rush past like a stream! Days, the year, events, things! all feelings, all thoughts, flee over, swift and traceless as mist. Life is the great dream which sustains the whole; and all men, high and low, good and bad, move themselves in it—they rise, they fall with swinging waves; they were formed but of mist and are again lost in it. Who knows himself—who knows others! We go past one another—past, ah, it is so cold! Who can build upon his own heart—who upon that of another, or upon life! Who can say to the future, 'that shall be!' We see everything only through thick mist—we stumble about only in thick mist.

"An infinite and inexpressible indifference towards life had taken hold of me. The words, to-morrow, joy, life, friendship, God, existed no more for me. All wishes, all feelings appeared extinguished in my soul, and it was to me as if I should swim in mist and lose myself in infinite space. A strong faintness came over me; I laid my head in the corner of the carriage—all swam before my eyes; all objects around me lost themselves in the depth. My thoughts went from me; but a deep repose came over my soul, and my tongue attempted to pronounce the words, 'the Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away! blessed be the name of the Lord.'

"The attentions of my mother recalled me to consciousness. I had been in a fainting fit. The air, sharp and cold, which entered through the opened carriage window, brought me back to myself. Full of anxiety about my state, my mother would have turned back in order to take me home; I wished her not to do so, we were just by the church. In a half stupified state of mind I alighted from the carriage, and we took our places in the house of God. Our seat was a few steps from the pulpit, just opposite the altar. The altar-piece represented the Resurrection; angels heaved the stone from the grave out of which the Saviour, beaming with light ascended; the rosy tint of morning tinged the horizon and fell upon Golgotha; I looked at the beautiful picture without understanding it. My thoughts were dead; the sun which had broken through the mist shone in now through the church window, and lit up the picture as if it would say 'behold!' There fell also a ray upon me, but I felt it not. They sang the hymn; I sang too, unconsciously. When, however, the confession of sins was read, a deep feeling of my own weakness, of my nothingness rushed

through me. I sank upon my knees in tears. I did not pray, at least not with words; but my whole soul, my whole state of mind, at this moment, was no other than the cry, 'Lord—Lord, have mercy upon me!'

"A deep stillness ensued. The low rustling of the trees in the churchyard was heard. I seemed to feel as if a breath passed over my soul; I lifted up my eyes, Edward Hervey stood in the pulpit with serious and beaming eyes. From the very moment in which he began to speak my soul hung upon his words. I listened, I understood, as never before in my life I had listened and understood.

"He spoke of the life which is the fountain, wherein all existences find each other again in joy; of the life which makes clear the whole world and endeavours of man; of the life without which all things are dark and separated; of the life which unites all and enlightens all—he spoke of love. He looked with a glance of fire into every human heart, and spoke to one and all. He censured the laxity which tolerated, and the severity which blamed everything. He invited all to purity, to holiness, to inward serenity.

"'Think not,' said he, 'that earth is a vale of grief. Think not, my friends, that this world is only a place of trial and affliction. God wills not that it is so. Has not infinite love consecrated it even as His dwelling-place, and has revealed therein the fullness of his being? Let us have love one for another, even as he has loved us, and we shall then comprehend that fullness. Let us love God; let us love one another, and then we shall see how light will life and its cares appear to be. Let every one ask himself the occasion of his sufferings, and he will find that it is no other than want of love either in himself or in others. On the soil of unkindness grow envy, hatred, revenge—the bitterest poison-plants of life. But sanctify your endeavours in love, acknowledge one another in love; then, my friends, joy and peace will soon reign in the homes of mortality. Such is the will of our God. The God of love is also the God of joy; for love is joy, is endless happiness.

"'I repeat it; let us have love one to another, even as God has loved us, then will there be joy on earth; friend will be united to friend, and no one will stand alone in life. So let us live, so let us one with another wander through these days of earthly existence; and when the evening comes, let us bless the field upon which we played as children, and say to the Giver of all good, 'Father thou callest me from earth, I come willingly to thee; I know that thy love is eternal as thou art, and as the gifts are which proceed from Thee. My sphere of action, my innocent joys, hast thou preserved for me in heaven, where I shall yet learn better to know and love thee.'

"I have, I know, given here only very feebly the beautiful words as they remain in my memory.

"What description, indeed, would be able to give again the power of the voice and the look, as well as the expression of soul which lay in every word! Ah! this doctrine of love and joy, as Hervey delivered it, whose inmost life is love and joy, took hold of my very soul. A

strange light penetrated my heart; a joy, never known till then, took possession of my soul, and from thence what life, what peace reigned therein! So, some time, will dawn the morning of the eternal life upon the again-arisen children of earth. I buried my face in my hands, and let my tears flow. Yet never had they flowed before from so pleasing a pain. There was the hope of a new life, the foretaste of a never experienced happiness; there was adoration in my tears. So sat I, given up to my feelings, till a hallelujah sounded forth, as sweetly and as strong as if it had been sung by the voices of angels. Hervey stood before the altar and praised God. The heavens looked blue and bright through the high church-window. The angels upon the altar-piece seemed to smile and to whisper to me, 'Joy, joy!' And I stood up joyfully with the community to give thanks, to sing praises. My whole soul was a hallelujah! When at last, I heard Hervey's voice blessing me, and all of us, I felt blessed in reality; I felt that the Lord had turned his countenance towards me.

"From this day a great change had taken place in me. The whole world seemed to me remodelled. It was not only the deep emotion which the moment had called forth, it was Hervey's presence, his conversation, his influence, which produced this change. Life and the world became clear to me; it was light within my soul. I awoke out of my long dream in order to love and adore. To love—yes! I loved Hervey, and through him God, nature, and life. But it was a long time before I knew that it was love to him which beautified my world, and made my inward self clear. This sentiment sprang up in me like life itself. I wished he was my brother, and I a member of his family—of that family where I saw him so beloved, so worshipped; of that family where piety, education, and gayety made life so rich—where every day had its meaning, its sunshine. Oh! it was this quiet, simple, holy, and yet cheerful life which my soul so much needed—that was the true atmosphere of home for my existence.

"I will not long tarry over the description of the changing sentiments of my soul, till the moment arrived when it became plain to me that our two existences were but one—that we belonged eternally to each other. I have trembled between the deepest despair and the highest happiness. I am calmer now, for I know one thing, and in this alone lies calmness, clearness, and happiness enough; I know that he loves me, and that no separation, no death, can rend our hearts from each other. Edla shall decide my fate. We have both of us determined to bind ourselves by no promise before her return, and without her consent. But no other than Hervey shall call me wife. Count Ludwig is nothing more to me, nor can I either be anything more to him; he would have in me only a half-dead being, only a half Nina. Hervey has called me back to life; to him my life belongs. Ah! I feel indeed that it is more his than mine. O Clara! with him and through him I could become a God-pleasing being, and one useful to my fellow-creatures. Like him would I give joy to human hearts, would sit by the suffering bed of the sick, would teach little children to be

good and love God, who encompasses them all with love. The labor would be dear to me, the trouble would be light. Care and want would I strongly endure—all for him; only to hear one approving word from his lips, for one glance from his eyes. There would be an end of my dreamy life; I should acquire human worth.

"Hervey shall not leave the path which he has chosen. He chose his profession from love. To accompany him on this path is the only lot which I wish for myself. Ah! the best, the highest! No rank, no position in society, is higher than the being his worthy wife. How charming to form a portion of life! How willingly would I be only the light which shines upon him at his labor, only the breath which fans his brow. What can I want by Hervey's side? He has love and wisdom enough to make a whole world happy. His home, my home; the daily beloved cares for him and for those who are dear to him, how pleasantly will they fill up my days! Wo to me, if I, with such a life, could experience want—if my heart did not every morning and every evening send forth the warm sacrifice of thanks for my happy lot! Then may the days and years roll on. Whatever trials, whatever cares they may bring with them, I fear them not. He will be near to me, will love me, will show me heaven. Stands he by my death-bed, and lightens me with his glance, I fear no gloomy thoughts. I will look upon him and God, whom he sees. He will bless my grave, and its terror will vanish. With him is light and life, with him is heaven. Eternity, infinitude, before your depths I no longer grow dizzy; his pinions sustain me, he hides me in his bosom—

"Yet hold—hold! What have I said! Whither does this blessed dream lead me! Edla, my high, pure Edla, wilt thou awaken me from it! Wilt thou make thy child unhappy! Oh no, Edla, that canst thou not—that wilt thou not! Edla knows not yet of my love; I have not ventured to write to her of it. She has seen me weak, she would not now understand my feelings. Edla must know Hervey, and then she will love him. Their souls are made to understand each other. Edla will desire our happiness. Should she not—good God! my hand trembles, my mind grows weak, at the very thought of her not consenting. Clara, I feel at the same time a necessity of happiness and joy—a desire to enjoy life, as I know it may be enjoyed; it is indescribable. If, however, it should be so required that this must be renounced—were the question only of my own happiness—I think I could be resigned, and say with you, 'What does it signify if a person suffer?' But Hervey! Hervey! Oh, it is as if a thousand voices cried to me this beloved name! Hervey loves me. It concerns also his happiness. My heart quakes at the thought of contest against Edla's wishes—yes; but I cannot leave Edward Hervey. Almighty God, guide me, and incline Edla's heart to him who is my life. Perhaps the moment already advances with giant footsteps which shall decide all; with me it is a matter of life and death. Yet I cannot mistrust the future; at least not now, when I yet see Hervey I must hope in a life full of happiness. Who, indeed, would not love Edward Hervey! Edla will wish my happiness.

"I have fulfilled your wish, Clara. I have only spoken of him and me; I have not talked with you, nor of you. One word, however, let me say—it comes from my inmost heart. I know that you are superior, far superior, to me, and that strengthens my soul: it does me good when I think upon you. O Clara! good, affectionate Clara! if I should be hardly tried—if I should be doomed to renounce the happiness of life—then—will you stand by me! will you then come to  
NINA?"

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### MORE LETTERS.

There dwells within the human heart  
Music most strange and wonderful.

About the same time that the two young friends corresponded, as we have seen, with each other, a friend of Count Ludwig's wrote to him, from whose letter we will communicate the following passage:

"I would not make you uneasy, but I must at least warn you. Endeavor to return as early as possible, otherwise you may lose your bride. A certain Edward Hervey, who before the committal of a certain crime bore the name of Edward D., threatens to contest your pretensions. I recognized him, although he is somewhat altered; you know, however, that my eye is certain. Besides this, I happened by chance to see the scar upon his breast, the cause of which you know as well as I do. This Edward D. is at this time the pastor of the community to which the Countess H— belongs. In some incomprehensible manner here all is secret, and nobody knows anything of his earlier life. He is universally beloved, and exercises a great influence on his community. People say that he has endeavored to win Miss Nina's heart, and that he has succeeded in so doing. As I live somewhat distant from the Countess, I have had only once an opportunity of seeing Miss Nina with this person. I saw nothing which could have given occasion to the report, and yet, at the same time, enough to make me counsel you to return as soon as possible. There exists no confidence between them, but yet a certain something between them which is very much like actual love. Miss Nina is beautiful as the goddess of love, and this Hervey is, in fact, an uncommonly interesting man."

We know now sufficiently of the spark which fell into the already charged mine. Edla's letters for some time had contained merely tidings of the decreasing strength of her father.

"His condition is free from pain," she wrote; "his temper is milder and kinder than ever: but he becomes every day weaker, his memory more confused, and his consciousness dimmer. I have rented a pretty little villa in the neighborhood of the city, and here my father can enjoy the fresh air, and the physician can visit him every day. He is, thank God, still capable of enjoyment. He walks in the garden, leaning on my arm, plucks oranges from the trees, and is delighted with the beautiful fruit; he smokes his pipe in the shade of the trees, and enjoys himself in the soft air. He is happy. He often mentions Nina's name, thinks she is married to Count Ludwig, and is happy in thinking—

"They give me no hope of his recovery; I,

however, cannot give this up. The mild climate has already operated so revivifying upon many in a state similar to his. May it, however, please God! My love, my dearest duty is to make his days easy and agreeable, be they many or be they few."

The thought of the probable decease of her father diffused a quiet sadness over the soul of Nina. But Hervey's presence, his liveliness, his care, prevented her from giving herself up wholly to depressing thoughts; he was more than ever to her, all—law and gospel.

In the mean time it was summer; nature was gloriously adorned—the harvest ripened—life was in full bloom, and our lovers saw each other daily. I know, my dear reader, that which thou hopest: anguish and strife of love—pain—frenzy—reconciliation—rapture—storm—passion; at last, a little murder or a secret marriage, and such like. Honor be to virtue and true strength! Nothing of all this have I to relate. Hervey would not win Nina with craft, but with perfect openness would ask her hand from those who had the right to dispose of it. He knew her heart—he had heard her prayer, and on that account he would not ask from her any binding promise. He wished that she should decide her own and his fate without any interference. On that account he watched over himself with the severity of an anchorite, and over her with the heavenly love of an angel. Resolved to venture the very extremest to possess her, he awaited with the deepest impatience the moment in which he might act—the arrival of Edla and Count Ludwig. Nina, in the mean time, was happy—that was all which Hervey desired. He surrounded her with an unceasing spring, and never gloomed even the least cloud these blessed days. By his love and by his teaching he strengthened and elevated her soul; and whenever the fervor of his feelings would have burst the bonds which he had imposed upon them, then he left her, and endeavored by labor and pains to regain strength and tranquillity; and then like a blessing of heaven, he came back to her. Was he unable to conceal from her the struggle or the melancholy of his soul, and her tender, questioning glance sought his, then said he, "Nina, you know why." She knew it—she gave him her hand, and they understood each other.

The Countess, deeply occupied with the Colonel, industriously pretended ignorance regarding the connection between Hervey and Nina. She wished by that means to escape from the blushes over her own inclination—she saw also, perhaps, not unwillingly, a rock springing up in Edla's path. The coldness and dislike which she had always cherished for Edla, had degenerated by degrees into actual hatred. We will see in what way.

The Countess felt that since the affair at Ramlösa, Edla could no longer esteem her. Edla, without ever asking her opinion, had arranged for Nina's betrothal with Count Ludwig, and had treated her, since the illness of the President, with coldness both by word of deed and by letter. The Countess knew very well that she deserved no better; yet this did not prevent the arising of a certain bitterness against Edla—a bitterness which was only heightened the more from the following circumstance.

The Countess had earlier been declared the idol of every great coterie, which consisted of nearly all the intellectual of Sweden from the north to the south. At that time people only

spoke of Edla, to assert her to be the ugliest and most disagreeable creature on the whole earth. Now, on the contrary, the star of the Countess was setting, Edla's had begun to ascend and was now in its zenith. Travelling Swedes, who visited the President in Nizza, could not relate enough of Edla's self-denial; and praised the prudence which she exhibited in her care and attention to her feeble, irritable father. Edla's behavior began to be a universal subject of conversation, and as a sort of antithesis to that of the Countess, was exalted and praised. People gave her the surname of Antigone, and next to her filial virtue they celebrated her "intellectuality," her modesty, and her pure and excellent character. The correspondents of the Countess—and she had very many of these—wearied her with their incessant outbreaks of praise of Edla. Antigone, often accompanied by not unintelligible hints at the part which the Countess, the wife of the President, played, in comparison with his daughter. Several floating rumors about the handsome Herculean Colonel gave a degree of causticity to these hints, which the Countess felt in their full keenness. She revenged herself by hatred against Edla; and thus represented her as a proud, power-loving being, who sought to triumph over her.

In a short time the Colonel took a journey. During his absence the Countess seemed to recover some of the former tenderness to Nina. Yet still, even in her tenderness there lay egotism; she would, as it were, adorn herself with Nina. She had for a long time been envious of the admiration which Nina cherished for Edla; and now that she calculated upon Edla's speedy return, she began to labor to turn away a heart which to Edla was so dear. She spoke often to Nina of her sister, and commended her in such a way as was secretly designed to cool Nina's heart toward her.

"She is a most uncommon person," said she sometimes: "so strong, so calm, so assured. Happy she who has not to combat against a weak and yielding heart!"

Again she would say, "Edla belongs rather to heaven than earth. She needs nothing of that which constitutes the happiness of others. She is sufficient to herself."

Or, "Edla loves humanity; the human being is nothing to her. She would be always ready to sacrifice the well-being of the few to what she considered the well-being of the whole."

"Edla ought to be king or prime minister," said she among other things, "for she has a strong and determined will. For the carrying out of a great plan she never asks who she sacrifices. There is something of Charles XII. in her."

By degrees also the Countess began to express her disinclination for Count Ludwig, as well as her astonishment at Edla's great inclination for him, and to let a suspicion gleam through, that perhaps a tenderer sentiment toward Count Ludwig made Edla blind to his failings, and with this the Countess sometimes cast a pitying glance on Nina.

In Nina's present position, and in the state of mind between hope and fear in which she was, the words of the Countess could not remain without their influence. Besides this she also came pretty near the truth, and there mingled therefore with Nina's feeling a certain bitterness. Her feelings toward Edla changed more and more into fear. Edla's image melted by degrees

into that of Count Ludwig. She turned her soul away from her sister, and bound it ever more inwardly, more strongly to the mild, strong, affectionate heart of Hervey. On the side of Edla and Count Ludwig, life appeared so cold, so joyless, so pale. On that of Hervey, ah! it was life itself—warm, bright—life full of love and joy. Without Nina remarking it, she came into opposition to Edla. She thought herself capable of complying with her wishes, and in reality was so no longer.

The summer was uncommonly hot and dry. It was now the beginning of August. The Countess, who endeavored in every way to make herself popular, and if possible to be misused as a joy-dispensing divinity when she left the country in the autumn, had determined to give to her tenants and all her neighbors a highly original harvest-festival. It was her intention to have a Sunday-dance for the peasants; and for this purpose she had had, on the plain not far distant from the Ume river, a beautiful pleasure-house erected, the upper story of which furnished a large dancing room, and the ground floor several pretty apartments. This light and agreeable building, called the Rotunda by the Countess, was surrounded by birches, which lent their shade. Hither, shortly before the festival, the Countess removed with Nina; partly, as she said, in order to have everything in readiness for the same, and partly because here they found coolness, which upon the bald height where the castle stood, it was in vain to seek. The Countess, besides this, had in truth another scheme *in petto*; but of that we will not talk just yet.

Everything was ready for the rural festivity; nothing was spared in order that it might be as brilliant as possible—when the tidings of death came, and put an end to all. Two letters of Edla arrived at the same moment. One, that of the earliest date, contained intelligence of the death of the President. "He fell asleep softly," wrote Edla, "without pain, without bitter presentiment of his departure. It is scarcely possible to die easier, and I thank God for this tranquil release. A few hours before his death he ate fruit, and that with considerable appetite. He was to the last moment kind and amiable toward every one, and shortly before his decease he fully recovered his mind. I have tender greetings from him to all those who were dear to him, especially to Nina. I have had the indescribable joy of dividing during the last days the care of my father with Count Ludwig. My father thanked him in words for his filial attention to him.

"Nina will reward you," said he; 'may she be all which I wish for you!'"

The other letter was of a date fourteen days later. Edla spoke therein of the interment of her father, and of her speedy return to Sweden. "I long," wrote she, "to see again the dear old cliffs. I long to embrace my Nina, and to unite her to her worthy husband. I return not alone—Count Ludwig follows my footsteps."

Edla said a few words respecting herself in the postscript.

"I have," she wrote, "during the long nights by the sick bed of my father, arranged the plan of a little work, the materials for which have lain collected in my mind for some time. It treats on intellectual education, particularly as regards my own sex. Its doctrines are the offspring of my own experience—of my own sufferings; and on this ground alone, I dare to

hope that, amid the many books of this kind, mine may not be without its worth. I have sent a prospectus of it to Professor A. He will tell me whether my work answers its design."

Quietly and deeply wept Nina for her father; but this long-expected sorrow was not bitter. A deeper pang, mingled with fear, took possession of Nina's soul on the receipt of these letters.

Edla returned full of schemes and thoughts, which in part were totally strange to Nina, and in part militated entirely against the happiness of her life. Nina, so full of love, so full of longing after a happiness of which Edla had no conception, felt at this moment only fear of Edla's heaven. She wished for her return, and yet trembled at it, for Edla exercised a power over her soul which no fear and no doubt of her tenderness could lessen.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### FOREBODINGS.

There blows through human life  
A waft of death.

TROEN.

THEY expected Edla, yet without knowing the day of her return. Hervey's apparent calmness and her love to him kept up Nina's strength. She felt more and more that she could dare all for him, only not give him up.

A small company was assembled one morning with the Count. The neighbors admired the charming pleasure-house; drank lemonade, sat on the benches in the shade of the birches, talked politics, jested, and found themselves in excellent spirits. Edward Hervey alone this evening was not in his usual mood. With a certain quick impatience he broke off every conversation which one or other of the guests endeavored to commence with him, and in his usually so friendly and open glance there lay a gloomy shadow. At length he turned himself to a corpulent, lively gentleman, and inquired from him abruptly—

"Are you a believer in forebodings?"

"I must acknowledge," returned the other, "that according to my own experience, or much more to that of my wife, I do believe on forebodings as well as on dreams."

"How?" inquired Hervey.

"Well! in the last summer—allow me—no! in the summer before last, my wife dreamed that three of our best cows died of the diseased spleen. She told me her dream—it was on a Wednesday morning—no—on a Thursday it was. On Friday evening all three cows were dead! What say you to that, Pastor Hervey?"

"I believe," said one of the company who had heard Hervey's question, "that one has had too many proofs of warnings and dreams wholly to doubt of their foreshadowings. It is a universally known fact, that, a short time before his death, Henry IV. heard a continual funeral cry, which filled him with anxious disquiet. The apparition which Brutus saw before the battle of Philippi, Napoleon's warning in Egypt, and many such like examples, appear to me to belong to the family of forebodings, whose mystical appearance are as inexplicable as their power is undeniable."

"I myself," said the Countess, "have gone through life without making the least acquaintance with them. Yet I have seen their influence of the most sorrowful kind upon persons extremely dear to me. One of my near relations,

a young, lively, amiable lady, who was most happily married, was about a year after her marriage possessed by a most sad presentiment of impending misfortune, for which she could not assign the slightest reason. In vain she endeavored to argue herself into consolation and reason; in vain her husband sought to banish by the tenderest care this preternatural feeling from her soul; it pursued her continually. It threw a black veil over the brightest day and even the most charming scenes of nature; in the most joyous tones of the gayest waltz she heard but sounds of mourning, even joy and laughter were to her only spectral tones. Her husband, in despair at this unhappy state of mind, determined to conduct her to her nearest and dearest relations, hoping that the journey and new scenes would dissipate her melancholy. His hopes appeared to be accomplished; she thanked him for his affectionate anxiety with redoubled tenderness. Every one exerted himself to eliven her and to divert her thoughts, and before so many friendly endeavors the dark forebodings seemed as if they must depart.

"After the young couple had passed several weeks, during the Christmas and New Year's festivities, in the country amid the most agreeable circle, the amiable Rosina had evidently improved; all anxious forebodings seemed to have vanished. One day the young couple drove over the frozen lake on a visit to a kind neighbor, with whom they very pleasantly took dinner, and spent part of the evening. Late in the moonlight they set out to return. Shortly, however, before she left the house, Rosina was alone, when suddenly she heard indescribably charming music before the window. She listened attentively, and plainly distinguished a funeral hymn. Trembling, she hastened to the window and withdrew the curtain; a beautiful boy stood without, in the clear moonlight winter night, and sang thus sweetly in this mournful manner. At her appearance he withdrew, seemed to dissolve into air, and the sounds died away in sighs. Deeply shocked, and again taken possession of by her sad forebodings, Rosina, pale as death, hastened to her husband, and imparted to him the circumstance and her grievous anxiety. She conjured him not to set out this night; the kind inhabitants of the house united their wishes and prayers to hers—but in vain. Rosina's husband was quite out of humor with the return of her diseased imagination, and resolved at once to oppose with the full force of his determination these spectral ideas. For the first time in his life he was deaf to her prayers and tears. He led her to the carriage, placed himself close beside her, and held her to his breast. With sorrow and submission she clung to him, spoke a mournful farewell to those who stood round, lay silently on the breast of her husband, and waited for that which should happen.

"Thick clouds in the mean time had come over the heavens, and concealed the moon; a strongly increasing wind soon blew out the lamps. The coachman was not perfectly sober, which, on account of the disquiet of their setting out, had not been observed. In the closed carriage all was still and dark; the horses sprang forward gayly on the smooth ice, and made their bells ring merrily. Suddenly, however, all was hushed. The ice cracked—the windows flew open—the water rushed in, and all vanished in a large opening in the ice! People found afterward the corpses of the young couple, clasped still in death together!"

Nina's tears flowed. "This was not a bitter death," whispered she; "it need not have been foretold by such sad presentiments."

Hervey contemplated her with an inexpressible glance.

The company was silent for some time; for the relation of the Countess had not been made without effect. Presently they related other experiences of this kind.

"I knew very intimately," said some one, "a highly rational family, in which all incidents which occurred in it were announced by a nightly apparition."

"With this faith in apparitions and warnings," said now one of the gentlemen with great warmth, "is, however, the door opened to the most foolish superstition and the absurdest imaginings. I am convinced that no one can ever have a stronger presentiment than was that which accompanied me through the years of my boyhood. I fancied, namely, firmly and fast, that I was to be torn to pieces by a lion; and yet here stand I now healthy and vigorous, without having ever even seen a lion, excepting in copperplate engravings, and hope also to go on thus, and to die a peaceful death in my bed. My sister, who read Miss Radcliffe's romances, had a presentiment, as strong as mine, that she was to be carried off by a pirate, and to become a Sultana in Turkey. But even to the present time, when she is fifty years old, she has not even found a lover! Seriously, I believe that one may with certainty maintain that out of twenty remarkable forewarnings, one at the most is fulfilled; but even for that there is some simple and sufficient ground. For how natural is it that feelings and thoughts, which have occupied themselves for long with one object, influence the imagination, and bring before it feverish images. In our changing world it is not difficult to stumble upon circumstances which accord with this or that presentiment; and the imagination which is thus called forth, sets about to make reality yet more to suit it. Many a warning also is first noticed after the occurrence."

"Granted," replied Hervey; "and yet there is an infinite number which cannot be so easily explained. One piece of experience which goes through the whole history, shows this, that there is a dark, mystical side of human existence, which appears to follow no determined laws, but which makes man acknowledge that he is surrounded by a spiritual world, whose power exercises a certain influence upon his whole life. Impossible as it may be for us to explain these phenomena, it is just as impossible for us to deny their existence. Probably they belong to the universal wise ordination of things, which we shall first comprehend on the other side of this world. The All-merciful would certainly have spared us the pang which the unintelligibility and the inexplicability of such passing impressions occasion us, had it lain in the ordination of his eternal and holy laws."

The tone in which Hervey said this expressed such a deep depression of mind, that Nina's eyes were riveted upon him with uneasiness and tenderness.

"I fancy that we, in these days," said Mr. N. with a well-bred air and a reproving manner, "are far removed from ghost and omen; and I confess, best Pastor Hervey, that I had taken you for a far more rational man."

Hervey smiled. He smiled indeed as an angel

might smile over the conceited wisdom of a human being. Nina's lovely affectionate eyes met his with the most heartfelt intelligence. He turned himself kindly to his neighbor, and said, "Above all things would it be foolish to allow these dark suggestions too great a power over us; and for this purpose means have been provided, for this purpose the sun is in heaven, and the human eye speaks kindness, truth, and beauty. What shadows are they which would not flee before these?"

At this moment a letter was given to him, which he hastily opened, and then left the company. Sunk in thought, Nina walked down to the river, whose restless waves seemed to-day to roll about more violently than common. Here it was that Hervey sought her. Great uneasiness and excitement were expressed in his features.

"I must leave you," said he; "I must take a journey." He gave to her the letter, which contained the following lines, written by a trembling hand—

"If you would mitigate the pangs of conscience of a dying man; if you would see an important secret brought to light, hasten without delay to W. Inquire to the inn there for a man of the name of Erik B. He will conduct you to the writer of these lines. But travel day and night; for I am weak, and my hours are numbered."

Nina, turning pale, gave him back the letter, while she said—

"You must hence! O quick, quick—ah, the unfortunate!"

A lively hope that the secret referred to might concern himself and might unbind the fetters of his life awoke in Hervey's soul; but the joy of this was almost crushed by the thoughts of separation. The letter came from a distant place out of another province; Hervey's absence must continue for several days. Edla might come in the mean time—Count Ludwig—Nina remained alone with them! This thought filled him with unspeakable distress. He could not conceal his disquiet—his deep pain of heart. Nina was now the gently consoling, sustaining friend, only it was a long time before he could listen to her words. He went and came; wished to speak and was silent. Suddenly he violently seized her hand, and exclaimed, "Vow to me—swear to me—no!" interrupted he himself, letting her go, "no—no oath!" He tore himself from her, walked backward and forward, then turned to her, and said slowly and firmly—

"I will not—I cannot lose you!" He held her hands in his, pressed them to his burning face, and Nina felt the hot tears upon them.

Nina also wept, but she found words to comfort her. "What shall be able to separate us?" said she with such warmth, as if she would overcome the future by its power. "Have I not freedom to speak and to act? Believe me, Edla shall not—cannot divide us. Ah, Edward! you are more to me than her, than the whole world. Since I have loved you, I am weak no longer. I have strength to withstand circumstances; nay, I feel that I could even oppose the will of my sister. But Edla will see and feel that there is no life, no joy on earth, no bliss in heaven, only in you and with you! Edward, I will pray, conjure—ah, I know it, I am sure of it, I can move her. She cannot sever me from you!"

Nina spoke long, warmly, tenderly, full of the sweetest affection. Hervey listened to her,

while his eye devoured her. A violent desire to clasp her to his heart, to call her his bride, burned in his soul. He wished thereby to conjure the anxious foreboding which spoke continually of severing, and at the same time to bind Nina to him for ever. Burning with pain and love, he clasped her—she looked at him terrified, and he asked with glowing eye, "Nina?"

"Beloved!" replied the quiet, pale, touching form. "It is in your power to make me happy or miserable. Do you see the waves at my feet? Throw me into their depths; I will be still and not complain. I should tremble less at that, than that you should forget your vow, and my prayers. Edward, kill me rather! Ah, death would be sweet to me from your beloved hand!"

At these words and tones the wild passion laid itself in Hervey's breast. He bent his knee before that adored being, and pressed her hands violently to his breast and forehead.

"Nina, forgive me," exclaimed he with agitated voice; "but do not forget that my life's well-being lies in your hands."

With these words, he tore himself from her, and disappeared.

Stupefied with suffering, Nina sat down on a piece of rock on the river's shore. She had never before seen Hervey so violent, or so excited. Tears, prayers, and a thousand softly breathed forth vows of love, brought at length tranquillity back to her heart: her whole soul was only one thought—one feeling for him.

The day after this parting Nina spent with Hervey's mother. She felt an inward need of obtaining strength and calmness from the excellent old lady. She longed so heartily to hear his sister Maria speak of her beloved brother. Hervey's mother received Nina with open arms, and as a mother, pressed her to her breast. For the first time she spoke with Nina of her son's hopes. She was too proud of him for the higher birth of his beloved to occasion her any embarrassment. To her it seemed so natural, so necessary to love him, and to wish to belong to him. Besides this she expressed such warm wishes for his happiness, and such a motherly love for Nina as penetrated her heart with the sweetest hopes and feelings. Maria was gay and happy, and set before her the best and the fairest which the house contained, and this was, thanks to her own skillfulness, not a little. Nina sang enchantingly, and drew tears from her listeners. What warm, beautiful words were spoken of Edward Hervey! Nina listened to them with a happy heart. This day was friendly and charming, as days always are to kind, intelligent people who share in one deep, common interest.

In the evening Maria accompanied Nina on her way home. The heaven was gloomy, and the air sultry, yet the two young friends remarked it not. Nina sang by the way a little song which was Maria's favorite. Maria wove for Nina a garland of the large forget-me-not. The heavenly blue glory became that loving Madonna's countenance bewitchingly.

They parted at Nina's Rest. Maria kissed her tenderly and went back. Nina stood by the brook, and saw her face in its pure mirror; it looked so heavenly with its azure garland and with the green surrounding bushes. Nina thought herself lovely; she felt it with joy, for her beauty was for Hervey. With this, with everything she possessed of good, with the gifts

of fortune and education, would she wind herself as a flower-tendrill in his life. It was a moment in which her soul, full of the image of her beloved, swam in the purest happiness.

At this moment she felt herself softly embraced. She looked around her, and was in Edla's arms. A slight shudder passed through her. She felt herself taken possession of by fate—by a separating fate—and Edla's grave features appeared in the deep mourning dress still sterner and paler than common. Yet no severity reigned in Edla's heart; she never had been tenderer, and soon Nina lay with child-like submission on her breast.

After the first outburst of feeling Edla stepped back, and surveyed Nina with joy and amazement. Nina's beauty had now reached its most splendid development, and was in fact bewitching. She was no more the pale, feeble girl, which a breath threatened to destroy; she was a blooming Hebe, full of health and life. Tears of the purest joy filled Edla's eyes, and she pressed her enchanting sister again to her heart. Nina's silence, her tears, and her visible constraint, distressed Edla, but she took no notice of it. She seated herself quietly beside Nina on the turf bench, and told her of her father, and of his last days, speaking all the while in so gentle a manner that Nina's emotion by degrees calmed itself. There is nothing so well calculated to still the uneasy beating of the heart for earthly weal or woe, as thoughts of the moment when all things cease to us, and all things change around us. There was also in Edla's voice and in her whole being an uncommon softness which did Nina good to her very heart. She involuntarily took courage for the future, and she breathed more lightly.

"And now," said Edla at length, "I have a prayer to you. Come into the castle with me, and I have much to say to you, and—I expect this evening still a visit; it has reference particularly to you, and it will not surprise you, Nina. Count Ludwig followed my steps. A year is passed since you separated. Nina, I bring you your father's blessing upon your approaching union. In the clear moments which he had before his death he spoke only of your marriage with Count Ludwig, and sent to his darling the prayer to make the noblest of men happy. Come, Nina, our mother will allow us to pass this first evening alone with each other—come, that I may lay your hand in that of the most excellent of men."

Nina knew no dissimulation, and it would have been impossible to her to have been false to Edla. Prudence would, it is true, have counselled her to have deferred the dreaded acknowledgment; but the surprise, her customary candor, and an inward impulse of heart to be open toward her sister, accelerated the dangerous declaration.

"Edla!—Edla!" stammered Nina trembling, and with pale lips, "I cannot follow you now!"

Edla also now turned pale, and laid her hand violently on her breast, as if she would stifle a pain which was there. Yet she collected herself, and spoke with almost beseeching voice.

"And why not now? Why not now? Ah! this now I have so long looked for—so long expected! I have so rejoiced myself over this now, in which I should again see my Nina, the child of my heart—in which I should find her willing to follow me, and to fulfil the last prayer of our father! Why not now?"

"Edla! Edla! ah, do not talk to me so," besought the deeply agitated Nina.

"And why not so?" asked Edla gravely.

"Why this emotion—these violent tears? Nina, what is amiss with you?"

"Edla, let me lie here—here at your feet. Let me open my whole heart to you!" cried Nina, as she sank before her sister on her knees, and hid her face in her hands. "Edla! be not severe toward me. Edla—my sister, my second mother!"

"Now?" asked Edla, with impatience.

"Now, Edla! I cannot see Count Ludwig again without explaining to you and him—that I cannot belong to him—that my whole soul, that my whole heart belongs to another!"

Edla turned away. "So then it is true," said she with deep pain, "that which they told me—that which I have so violently contended against—that which Nina dared not to discover to her sister! Nina! Nina, remember Don Juan!"

Nina raised herself. Humble, but full of self-respect, she said with glowing cheek—"I remember it, Edla! and with abhorrence for the weak creature that I then was: I remember that man only the more inwardly to love and to admire Edward Hervey."

"Edward Hervey!" exclaimed Edla with a cry of horror; "Edward Hervey then is his name? Thus then it is true. O my God! unfortunate, deceived sister!"

Nina looked on her sister with calm self-possession.

"Nina," continued Edla, "when I tell you that the man whom you love is an unworthy person; that he has deceived you; that his amiability is only the glistening cloak of a false soul; his goodness, sensual weakness; that he deceived his friend and benefactor, whose sister he seduced, and whose death he occasioned; that he has violated the most sacred duties,—will you then still love him?"

"Edla," replied Nina, "I know that a gloomy mystery rests upon his life; I know that a charge has been made against him of which he is not guilty. He will be able some time to justify himself; but should he not be able to do so, still he is innocent! I know it—he is innocent!"

"And if I produced a witness," said Edla, "of that which I tell you, and you will not believe? If Count Ludwig were the friend whom he deceived, and whose sister he made unfortunate—"

"Notwithstanding, I would not believe it," cried Nina. "Neither him nor any man would I believe who told me what was bad of Edward Hervey. I will pledge my life for his innocence."

Edla saw Nina's violent agitation of mind. She compelled herself to be calm, seized the hand of her sister, and drew her gently beside her on the turf seat. "Listen to me calm'y, my Nina," prayed she; "let your feeling, your own sense decide between us. I confess that your union with Count Ludwig was one of my favorite ideas. I have known him from his youth, and have never seen him other than noble, upright, and firm. It appeared to me that he was the most proper support for you; it appeared to me that you were pre-eminently made to beautify his life, and to moderate and soften the stern material of his character. I saw you pass through life happy and virtuous. Ah! I

saw more than that. O Nina! I had such beautiful dreams. I must tell you. I saw Count Ludwig made gentle and happy by you, and his beneficent influence widely diffused around. I saw—ah, it was a blessed night!—through your united activity, much good brought about, much light arise for our country. It seemed to me as if I saw humanity advanced by you, supported and assisted by you in their demands for happiness and right. I hoped to hear the blessings of the world pronounced upon you—to see the mercy of heaven beam around your beloved head. Tell me, Nina, has such a life, such an activity, no worth for you? Is the time past in which your heart beat warmly for it? Is your own little happiness more dear to you than the well-being of humanity?"

"Oh no, no!" cried Nina with tears; "but Edla—"

"Listen to me further," interrupted Edla, "I have yet much to say to you. Then I will listen to you. Nina! with these thoughts, with these long-cherished dear hopes, I come now back. Count Ludwig has, by the blessing of your father, still juster pretensions to you; and you, Nina, you now step back. All these reasons are nothing to you. You love another. Your own satisfaction, the accomplishment of your own wishes, are all you think of. Everything else is nothing, Nina. If it only come to the giving up of my own dearest wishes—to the sacrificing the joy and hope of my life for your happiness—if this happiness could only last—the man whom you love were worthy of you—then I would not ask whether he be of humble birth, whether his sphere of action be narrow and unknown; the shed small and hidden in which the flower whose beauty enchanted my heart has withdrawn from the eye of the world—for everywhere will it diffuse its heavenly fragrance—yes, Nina, the deepest wishes of my heart, my life itself, would I sacrifice for your happiness. But the man whom you love is unworthy—"

"He is not!" exclaimed Nina with strong emotion. "Edla, see him, hear him, become acquainted with him, before you pass judgment on him and me. Contemplate his actions, his human love; listen, how there is only one voice respecting him; inquire in the dwellings of the poor, where he is an angel of love and compassion. Ah, Edla! my soul was without strength, my life without value, till I knew him. Through him have I gained courage and will to act. Everything which you taught me, Edla, to love and to admire, all that love I and admire in him. Part us not, Edla! My father would not have parted us had he known Hervey. Become acquainted with him, and you yourself will love and trust him. Still no sacred oath binds us. You alone shall decide our fate; such are my wishes, such are his. Sever not the flower from the stem, from its root. Hervey is my stem, my root; separated from him my life would consume, would waste away. With Count Ludwig—O Edla, do not deceive yourself!—I should never have fulfilled your expectations. Without love, without happiness, I should be only feeble and helpless as I was; I should dream away my life. Listen to me, Edla! Let me pray you—let me move you. Sever us not from each other; or I might say, Why did you place yourself between me and death, as he would have laid me in my early grave? I should then never have experienced the weariness of existence, the heaven of life and love; I should have known

no combat, no longing; I need not now have stood before you to beg from you my own happiness. Oh! if you will not extinguish for ever the light of earth which you re-awoke on that night—if you will not make cold the heart which your love then warmed—Edla, oh give me life anew—condemn not my love—bless him whom I love—sever us not—sever us not!"

"You say," continued Nina, speaking more calmly, "that he has violated sacred duties. Edla, that is slander. It is possible that he never may be able to free himself from the shadow which an incomprehensible fate has thrown over his pure life. He himself has prepared me for this. It may be. What matters that, my Edla? God sees the heart; and human life is not so long. I will share his fate; I will help to bear his shame, if shame can rest on his head. Life, death, care, want, all are dear to me by his side. A higher power has for ever united our souls. Part us not from each other, Edla."

Edla's tears flowed. "So much love," said she, half aloud to herself, "and that for a deceiver!"

"He is no deceiver!" asserted Nina with the deepest conviction. "So surely as I believe on the eternal goodness and truth of God, so surely believe I on Hervey, his noblest work. If he be a criminal in your eyes, reject me also. Edla, am I so deeply sunk in your opinion, that you have no longer confidence in me? Edla, accept me as the pledge of his innocence!"

Edla turned away her face, covered her eyes with her hands, and said with a deep pain, "I do not believe you! Pitiable one! you love an unworthy man!"

Only injustice against Hervey could have wrought up Nina's beautiful spirit to rebellion to her sister. Her heart felt at this moment the deepest bitterness, and she turned violently away from Edla.

"You despise me, then," said she quite with desperation, but outward calmness, "you reject me! Well, then, I will flee to a breast that will not do so. Edla! I see now—that which I suspected—you never loved me; and that I henceforth—which I never considered possible—shall be able to live without your esteem."

She rose and was about to go.

With an outbreak of violence, such as Nina had never before seen in her sister, Edla exclaimed,

"You know not what you say, nor what you do! Passion blinds you! I must save you against your will! Follow me!"

She seized Nina's hand with the commanding look and the assured bearing which earlier had so much power over the tender child. Now Nina also felt herself incapable of withstanding her. A shudder went through her; she fancied she heard Count Ludwig approaching, she saw Edla place her hand in his; she tottered, her eyes closed, and she would inevitably have fallen to the ground had not the Countess, who at this moment came up, caught her in her arms. Nina withdrew her hand from Edla, threw herself on the neck of the Countess, and feebly whispered, "Do not leave me!"

Edla heard these words. An unspeakable sorrow passed through her soul. She saw herself deserted, mistaken, feared by the being who she loved most tenderly on earth; saw this being hanging even over the brink of an abyss.

Violent emotions of pain and envy went through Edla's heart as she saw Nina and the

Countess, who with the tenderest caresses endeavored to recall the half fainting girl to consciousness.

Edla softly approached, and taking Nina's hand, besought with a mournful voice, "Nina, my sister, follow me!"

"No! no!" was Nina's short answer, as she withdrew her hand.

"Let her be quiet! let her stay this night quietly with me," said the Countess, "to-morrow we will meet again up at the castle. She requires rest; you see, she wishes, herself, to remain with me."

"Are you afraid of me?" asked Edla, as she looked searchingly into Nina's face.

Nina made no reply. She pressed her pale countenance to the breast of the Countess, and perhaps did not hear Edla's question.

Edla, however, heard in this silence, saw in this turning from her, a heavy answer. Silently, and with a heart sick to death, she withdrew.

The Countess conducted Nina to her chamber; laid her upon her bed, gave her composing drops; and when she saw that, half stupefied, she sunk into comfortable sleep, she left her, locked her door, sent off the two maid-servants, who were in the pleasure-house, to a dance in the next village, and went to the upper story to wait for the Colonel, whom that evening she expected to see there.

With slow steps Edla went to the castle. Her head was deeply bowed to her breast, her arms hung down powerlessly; her gait was unassured, her whole being had not its accustomed bearing—her heart was violently torn. Poor Edla!

A moist wind whistled through the trees, then was the air as still as death. Large rain-drops fell heavily at long intervals. Behind her was heard the dull roaring of the sea. Edla slowly ascended the hill. The cricket sang, and the glowworm shone in the grass, but Edla observed it not. Her way seemed long and difficult. Arrived in her chamber, she found the air unbearably oppressive; she opened the window, looked into the wide country, and breathed with difficulty.

Deep obscurity was round about. The sea was dark and stormy. Heavy, black-gray, shapeless clouds passed over the sky; a blood-red stripe only edged the horizon, but even this rapidly sank into deep night. Black darkness covered the whole country, and a wild spirit seemed, with invisible, mischief-bearing wings, to hover over all.

Edla stood long and contemplated the night-world, which at this moment was a true image of her inward feeling. A painful sense of weariness and bitterness—those companions of her youth—fell upon her heart. She bethought herself how the lives of so many people pass on without joy; she thought upon the long nights of the troubled and the uncomfortable. The deep night of long centuries passed over her soul, in which lived whole nations, whose lives were a night-wandering—whose sun only a blood-red ray, whose repose only the hush of the storm. She glanced upward to heaven, yet not one star was to be seen; all was veiled in blackness. She thought on Nina; her heart bled, and her soul was "troubled even to death." It seemed to her as if there were nothing good, nothing lovely, nothing constant in life; that no friendship, no love was capable of withstanding the

fiery trial of time and temptation. Had not Nina's heart turned itself from her? Life looked at her from out of that dark night like a pale image of deceit, and the features of its countenance expressed only pain.

But Edla could think and feel thus only for a moment. In her breast, strength had only a short ebb. With the force of her will, with the light of her reason, she soon called back the stream, and her soul moved in its accustomed element. The words of the wise, the actions of the good, arose like bright constellations in her memory. She thought upon the transitoriness of life; on the Resurrection; on firmness of faith; she tried her own heart—a tear fell upon its wounds—and she was calm. Yet once more she let her glance pass over subjected nations and suffering humanity—over the shipwrecks of body and soul. She sunk herself into the sorrows of earth—she understood them all, pressed her hands tight upon her breast, and as if for every single one, pronounced with fervency the words, "Believe! Endure!"

And, as with this she raised her glance to heaven, behold! the clouds parted themselves directly over her head, and several stars gleamed forth like friendly eyes. Edla felt herself animated and strengthened. She stood looking upward, till the clouds again covered the stars. Then she went to arrange several things for the arrival of Count Ludwig, and never had her heart been more tranquil, her words and looks more kind.

When she returned to her chamber, she seated herself with a consoled mind, and listened to the ever increasing storm, to the heavy rain which lashed the window panes, and to the fearful roaring of the sea. Brightly burned the wax-lights on the table, though the flames were wasted to and fro; deep sorrow and a high joy dwelt at the same time in her bosom. She took her pen and wrote:

"Is the little happiness of an individual worth speaking of in infinite life? Human happiness! Hence with it! The greatest, the most virtuous, have worn crowns of thorns!

"To develop oneself, to protect oneself, for a higher light, for a higher strength. Yes! to comprehend the spirit of life—to endeavor to obtain it! That one must do.

"She shrinks before combat and trouble. Yes! It is difficult, I know it well, and she is yet young and weak; but my arm shall support her; shall combat for her. She shall not sink. With bleeding breast will I carry her, till my latest strength gives way. She shall not belong to him; no, never! Her heart will bleed; what matters that? Such blood-baths are strengthening. Mine will yet bleed stronger for her. O that I could alone suffer and endure for her! how happy should I be!"

"To be solitary—to be alone—to be loved by no one—to be necessary to the happiness of no one—to hear no sigh, to see no tear in our last hour! Why does this thought appear so terrible, so appalling to most people? The lonely are afraid of themselves.

"To be alone? Had we never inwardly loved—never given our hearts to another—then methinks, with the thoughts directed to the wonders and mysteries of creation, it would not be hard to pass lonely and alone through the world; adoring only the Eternal and Alone One who dwells above the stars; who is the origin

of all thought, the unfold of all mysteries and of all enigmas—then methinks it would not be hard to pass lonely and alone through the world. But from the moment in which one person loves another exclusively, he needs mutual love—or he feels life to be barren and empty—and this is a mournful weakness!"

"Man must endure pain and emptiness. They cease. To know this, to think on this, is already repose, is already strength."

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

A NIGHT.

Stars twinkling brightly,  
Thy life's path decay:  
Stars beckon brightly  
The weary on high.—THE STAR SONG.

NINA lay on her bed. Her violently agitated feelings had given place to a sort of stupefaction, and she had sunk still deeper into an uneasy sleep, or rather dreaming unconsciousness. Suddenly it seemed to her as if the walls and ceiling of her chamber had disappeared, and an infinite desert opened before her. In the depths rocked the limitless sea, and a great black cloud hung heavily over a desolate country. A terrific form, with the aspect of an angry god, lay reposing upon the cloud, and scattered abroad wild lightning. His eyes directed themselves to Nina, and his lips spoke the agitating words—"Renounce thy love! Renounce joy, and every happiness! Renounce thy beloved!"

It appeared to Nina as if her heart powerfully raised itself in opposition, and yet an irresistible force compelled her to say "yes!" She heard herself pronounce this "yes" of renunciation, and shuddered in her deepest soul. With that the cloud, with the form of terror, rose higher and higher, and vanished at length from her eyes. All appeared changed, and the sea was gone. Upon a bald dreary height she discerned yet another form; a still, pale, advancing form. The features became more and more distinct, and she recognized him whom she so inwardly, so inexpressibly, so above all others loved. He extended his arms toward her. The height upon which that beloved image stood seemed now firmly planted, as by an invisible hand, close before her. The form laid his hands upon hers, and looked long upon her with eyes full of sorrow. A smile of the deepest pain was round the mouth. Nina cried, "O tell me, tell me, that thou believest in my love! That thou forgive me!" The apparition let the hand fall from his heart, and Nina saw in its place only a deep and widely gaping wound, while the form still fixed upon her his heart-broken and inexpressibly mournful eyes. Nina felt that she must die. Suddenly, however, a strong, hoping feeling penetrated her soul; she felt the strength of love, and cried—"With my heart will I fill up the space in thy breast; with the glances of my love will I reanimate thy eyes!" She stretched forth her arms, and felt herself, as by an invisible power, raised up to her beloved. Her glance began to brighten, and her heart dissolved in rapture. With that there stepped between them a commanding figure; it was Edla! Icy coldness passed through Nina's breast, and paralyzed her limbs. She saw Edward no more. She saw only Edla close to her bed. Her eye was stern. She held a cup in her hand, out of which she

commanded Nina to drink. Nina was about to obey, yet the draught was bitter; she felt that it was the bitterness of life, and with indescribable abhorrence she thrust it from her. Edla raised Nina's head, held it firmly and fast, and compelled her to empty the cup. She felt the draught of death flow over her lips and down into her breast.

A confused sound of human voices, full of lamentation and horror—a mighty rushing and cracking—now struck upon Nina's ear, and woke her from that dream of anguish yet only to new terrors. She felt the earth under her totter. A dull frightful thundering filled the air, and a furious storm raged through it. Ah, no!—it was no imagining, no dream—a cold bitter wave struck actually on Nina's lips. Terrified, she raised herself and collected her thoughts. Flowing waters rocked her bed, and swung it hither and thither. For a moment the moon burst through the storm-lashed clouds; it showed a rocking sea, that rushed through the broken window in powerful gusts, and rose higher and higher in the room. The slightly built pleasure-house seemed about to fall, and from all sides despairing cries for help were heard.

Nina recalled to mind the sudden floods\* with which she had heard this country was often visited, and comprehended at once the greatness of the danger. She collected all her powers in order to think what was best to do. Hastily she arose, and endeavored through the water to reach the door; but she found it locked. She cried for help, but could not hope, in the general confusion, that she should be heard. Holding then by the walls, she endeavored to reach the window. She leaned far out, and saw only the ruin in its entire frightfulness. Dark, powerful, and tempestuous, the flood bore down everything; trees overturned; swimming cattle raised with distressed cries of anguish their heads above the waves, as if they would call for help. The moon's still beam rested upon the fearful scene, and showed no means of salvation. The flood appeared to have taken all by surprise as well as Nina. As Nina's cries for help were answered only by others like her own, and as the waves rose higher and higher, she felt that death approached her. Bitterly, and with a shuddering distinctness, this thought, like a foretaste of the last hour, passed through her soul. She saw how the waters already rose to her breast, and soon would stifle upon her lips all her cries and prayers; she thought how they would soon wash away the tears from her eyes, and close them for ever. And no beloved hand could clasp hers; no loving glance infuse strength and consolation! Nina wept: her hot tears fell into the all-devouring flood. In order to preserve her life as long as possible, she mounted upon the window-ledge; here the waters reached but to her knee. She held fast by the cross-work of the window, and waited patiently in this situation, while the wind and waves played with her hair and her white night-dress. Nina thought on Edla. An unspeakable feeling of remorse and pain passed through her breast; she longed to kiss her hand, and in this last moment to pray for her forgiveness. She thought on Hervey; she felt how inexpressibly dear he was, and how bitter it was to part from a world in which he lived. With her angel-like face looking upward to heaven, she fervently prayed for him and for compassion upon herself.

Higher still rose the waters; the waves beat

\* See Hjalper's Description of Nordland.

with frightful force; they bathed Nina's rich and unloosened hair, and struck coldly and murderously her breast. "It comes—it comes, bitter death!" thought the trembling sacrifice. "Oh, my second mother, couldst thou see me now, thou wouldst forgive thy child! Oh Edward—O Edla!" With this cry of longing and the anguish of death she stretched forth her arms as if she would take a last parting from those who were dearest to her on earth.

She observed at that moment a black speck upon the wild flood, which appeared not to be driven by the waves, but rather to govern them. Hoping and fearing, Nina followed it with her eye. It rose and sank with the waves, but always appeared again, and approached nearer and nearer. Amid the confused roaring, and the crashing of overturned houses, and cries for help and shrieks of terror, Nina thought she could now distinctly perceive the regular dash of oars; and as, foreboding death and almost beside herself, she exclaimed, "Edward—Edla!" the sound of her own name, dully, but yet distinctly, struck her ear. Aton and it sounded more plainly still. "Nina—Nina!" cried a well-known, beloved voice, through the storm and night. A boat struggled with the wild waters, and parted them with powerful strokes. Two persons were in it. In the forepart lay a female form upon her knees—it was Edla. Now the boat reached the window. Edla stretched out her arms, and caught hold on Nina. Nina tightly embraced her sister. In the next moment she lay saved upon a soft covering in the boat. Like a sheltering roof, Edla bowed herself over her. Yet for a moment paused the man who plied the oars before the house, whence despairing voices cried, "Save—save us!"

"Save them!—save them!" cried Edla, without looking up, for her eyes were riveted on Nina.

"Hence with us; the house is falling!" cried the man with the oars.

The roof gave way—one of the loosened stones fell upon Edla's shoulder; she sank upon her side, but still remained as defence and shield bowed over Nina. Struggling against the strongly advancing waters, the conductor of the boat only succeeded, by the most desperate efforts, to push off from the falling house. Death hovered over them. "We are lost!" said he, with a hoarse voice. Edla looked up. A spar shot down from the roof, and threatened to overwhelm that light vessel. Edla sprang up, raised her uninjured arm, and offered her breast to that blind missile of death. It fell, struck her breast, but by the force of her arm was directed sideways, and fell close to the boat in the water. The force of the fall threw the waves high up together; they mixed themselves with Edla's blood. At the same moment another boat rowed past them toward the tumbling house. The voice of Baron H. was heard calmly and firmly directing the course of the boat.

"Whom have you saved?" said he in passing them.

"Nina," answered Count Ludwig's voice intelligibly.

"Good!" cried the Baron, now driven far onward by the waves. The flood raged, the storm howled, the rain poured down in torrents; and amid horror and destruction might be heard the despairing cries of many voices. The words, "My wife—my child! Mother! Brother!" rang through the air, and went like swords to the

hearts of those who heard them. From half-diminished cottages sounded forth grief and entreaties. Mothers held their weeping children from the windows: Count Ludwig remained deaf to their cries. He looked with falcon eye only upon his vessel; it shot securely thence over the wild flood, and the stillness of death reigned in it.

With manly strength Count Ludwig worked the oars, but the sweat of anxiety covered his pale forehead. Whenever an impediment stopped the course of the boat, he sprang up to his neck in water and made it free. With ever renewed strength he rowed onward, and saw how by degrees he approached the height on which the castle stood. There shown lights; there were heard calling, praying voices; there flowed tears of anguish. There at length he landed.

## CHAPTER XL.

### THE LAST HOUR.

Let thought exalt us!—THEOBALD.

THE sun looked feebly down through gray clouds on the day after that terrible night. Feebly shone he upon Edla's couch, and upon the features on which death had already stamped his intelligible and inexorable "Thou art mine!"

A deep silence, interrupted only by a few low words, reigned in the chamber. An old clergyman at that moment, with the silver cup in his trembling hand, withdrew from Edla's bedside. He had administered the Holy Sacrament; he had united his prayers with hers, and now stepped silently aside, because he felt that this soul needed not his consolations.

At the foot of the bed stood Professor A—, whom the wish again to see Edla had brought to Umenäs, and who arrived at the moment when her soul had raised its wings for flight toward the other world. With the pain of a human spirit, but with the resolve of a philosopher, contemplated he his friend. Near him, with quiet firmness, stood Count Ludwig; at the head of the bed, Clara and the sorrowful physician; both saw how a still holier calm—a still increasing clearness, diffused itself over the pain-distorted features of the sufferer. Nina was not absent. She had lain unconscious from the time when Edla's blood streamed over her till within a few minutes of the present time, and now, almost borne in the arms of the Baroness, she entered the room.

Pale and tottering, beautiful and unearthly as a ghost which had left its grave, entered Nina. Her hands were folded close together; her eyes bathed in tears, her breath short and convulsive. An inward shudder shook her delicate frame; the pale lips whispered half unconsciously, "Edla! Edla!"

Edla's eye beamed upon her with heavenly tranquillity, with unspeakable tenderness; and as she sank down on the bed, Edla embraced her with the uninjured arm, and laid her face close to hers.

"Child of my heart! my rescued child! my darling!" whispered Edla, with the most heartfelt tones, as her lips, for the first time, kissed Nina's mouth and eyes. Now would she permit herself to do this. The deep pain of Nina's bosom burst forth at these caresses in endless tears. Ah! at this moment both sisters felt how infinitely they loved each other. Presently, bow-

ever, Edla interrupted this outpouring of the inmost heart, and inquired from Nina with earnestness,

"Wilt thou give to my last hour on earth repose and peace?"

"Command—govern me!" said Nina, with a sincere impulse to sacrifice herself to show obedience.

"Lay thy hand upon my breast," prayed Edla. Nina did so.

"Promise me never to become the wife of Edward Hervey."

"I promise it!" replied Nina. The thunder-bolt of fate rolled over her.

"Swear to me to avoid seeing him!"

"I swear it," answered Nina in entire submission.

"I thank thee!" said Edla. Great uneasiness worked in her features. Her eye shifted from Nina to Count Ludwig, from Count Ludwig to Nina; yet her lips spoke no word. Nina looked long at her, and at length gave her hand to Count Ludwig. She felt the most urgent necessity to sacrifice herself to Edla—to die for her.

"I promise obedience," said Nina to Count Ludwig.

He pressed her hand, and held it firmly in his.

Edla's eyes filled with tears; she saw the greatness of the sacrifice, but she accepted it. To leave Nina alone, unprotected in a world in which Hervey lived—and the Countess Natalie had the next right over her—was for Edla a thought before which she shuddered. For a long time, searchingly and penetratively, she contemplated Nina and Count Ludwig. An extraordinary strength had as it were elevated Nina's being; tranquil and self-possessed she stood like Iphigenia at the altar, ready to receive the blow which was to separate her from life. Edla did not see in this repose the strength of despair, but the power of a higher influence, the forerunner of approaching serenity, the final stability after long wavering. A ray of hope illuminated her countenance as she laid the hands of Nina and Count Ludwig in each other.

"Virtue unites you!" said she with the voice of inspiration. "God bless you! Beloved! Beloved! Live for goodness and truth, for the well-being of your country! Oh! I see better days coming! Receive my thanks!—receive my thanks, my heart-felt thanks, thou child of my heart! Thou, the dearest which I possessed on earth! Now I am calm, I can depart in peace!" She sank back wearied on the pillows. Nina seated herself on a stool by Edla's bed. The whole world was dead to her.

Edla's spirit, however, seemed to raise itself yet once more, higher and freer, upon the pinnacles of death. Is it not thus with many dying persons? I have often heard so, and have often seen it. When death approaches, many a depressed eye raises on high its glance, and beams forth in a wondrous manner once more before it is extinguished; many a silent mouth opens itself then, for the first time, and speaks beautiful, evangelical words. Many a breath for the first time, breathes forth, on the death-bed, a long-cherished love. In life it was so silent therein, so still, one fancied it was quite desolate there; but the deliverer approached, and now one hears the heavenly voice, which hitherto, like a captive bird mournfully speechless, for the first time sings therein. Yes, there are people who only first begin properly to live in the hour of death!

Edla's breast and shoulder had been shattered;

the great loss of blood, the quickly prostrated strength, left no hope, nay, scarcely even any means possible for her recovery. Edla clearly felt her situation, and besought the physician to leave her as calmly as possible. He agreed to her wishes; and after her wounds were bound up, she lay more easily on her bed. She looked tranquil and easy, and only when her eye fell upon Nina was an expression of pain depicted on her countenance.

"My dear friends," said she with the deepest cordiality to those who stood around her, "mourn not for me. Strengthen me in this hour by calmness and resolution. What indeed happens here more than that which happens everywhere all the world over, and every hour? A child of the earth goes forth to his heavenly Father; it is so natural, so simple a lot which stands before every one. A——, my best friend!" and her glance besought the bystanders to retire, while it motioned the Professor to step nearer. Nina alone remained unparticipating, sitting on the bed, hearing nothing and perceiving nothing. With low voice, Edla continued—"Why, my friend, this gloomy look? Ah! trouble not the bright day, which already casts its rays upon me through the night of death. I would so willingly see you calm and joyful. Is it so dark within you, or—are you not satisfied with me? Conceal not at this moment your thoughts from your true friend."

"Edla," said Professor A——, "what would I not give—what would I not endure for the certainty that that day will actually appear to you?" That it is not merely a reflection of the earthly sunlight which now, blessing your last moment, shines only deceitfully. I confess, I cannot reconcile myself to the thoughts of your death. I have seen people die who have lived to the natural age of man in science and affection—over these I have not lamented. But you, Edla! you were only yet in the beginning, you were only yet a seeker, a thirster: why must you hence? The fountain to which your lips approached so near runs dry; life, with its pure treasures, vanishes from your glance—the grave is there. Edla! what now is science to you? What the thirst after it?"

"What are they now to me?" interrupted Edla with great animation. "Oh! what they always were—life, joy. Believe me the thirst is not quenched; it is perhaps at this moment stronger than ever, and this to me is the prophesying of higher fountains. I go hence, yes—it is a wonderful going! It rushes before your mind. But think you not that wondrous, secret joy trembles through me when I think on the certainty that the mist-enveloped limits will soon be overstepped by me, and I shall tread the unknown land of promise? Yes, my friend, my soul is impatient and full of longing; as a child I sit I before the curtain, and yearn for the time in which it may be drawn up!"

"Childish curiosity on the brink of the grave!" said Professor A——, with serious reproof. "Is such worthy of you, Edla?"

"I fancy," replied Edla with gentle emotion, "that I am animated by purer feelings. O my friend! my soul is so joyful because I shall be soon able better to comprehend Him—the Almighty!" Edla laid her hand with fervency "I shall see the enigma solved, which presses so strongly on the human mind. I shall understand His wisdom and His love more inwardly; I shall better learn to love and adore Him. The

deepest mystery of human life is death. And did not the mysteries, in earlier times, consecrate to a higher knowledge, my friend? The hour of my consecration is come. I welcome it with joy. I know that it will conduct me nearer to the origin of all light and all happiness. I know that my soul will thence drink life and refreshment. In what manner, and by what organs this may be, leave I, in confidence, to the great Artist, who erected for my soul also the earthly tabernacle. He will do it well; he will make me capable of understanding and adoring him and his works. Yes, my friend, freed from earthly covering, I shall better understand myself, and learn more to love and to comprehend all."

"On what account," continued Professor A—, still discontentedly—"on what account is your path broken off, precisely at the moment in which your endeavors for yourself and others might be useful? The work you have commenced, Edla; that over which I rejoiced so much, shall now remain uncompleted and unused."

"This thought," replied Edla, "is, I confess, heavy to me. It appeared to me—yet, folly! I will not speak of it. It is past. Great works of the wisest men of antiquity have been lost—and should I, on account of my small labors complain? More powerful minds will complete that which I have begun. I know it, and rejoice on that account."

"And what makes you so certain of that, Edla?"

"Eternal reason which uninterruptedly bestows its revelation on humanity," answered Edla. "The words which my ears perceived, will also sound to those of another, and a tongue more powerful than mine shall proclaim them. The little sparks will be preserved, and be made to advance its purpose by him who kindled it at first. Perhaps"—she smiled—"I shall write on my book in the beautiful stars which already shine forth there."

"It is certainly not difficult," remarked Professor A—, "according to our own pleasure, to form fancies renecting one's state after death. The fundamental question ever remains; upon what ground rest they? Such a groundless, amusing fancy is it indeed, best Edla, if you speak of completing a work while your hand monders in the grave."

"I jested," replied Edla; "and yet I must believe that art is eternal, even as the human soul. Is there once a power in life; then must it also firm or find its creative organ. I have taken leave of my little work. I shall soon leave my hand to the earth; but my thinking, my creating power I take with me—this is part of my spirit. Here have I passed my school-days; now I am about to be advanced to the university, to higher studies. It is my belief and my joy when I think that now, for the first time, the true working-day begins."

"The angels do not inquire and perplex themselves," said Professor A—. "They live in the presence of God. Even Christianity itself shows us no other condition after death. But this state of abstract, inactive contemplation, if it were embellished also with harpings and songs of angels—would be for a soul like Edla's—allow me to speak the word—at least tedious."

"In the presence of God," repeated Edla softly, and a wonderful brightness beamed from her deep sunken eyes—"to see God! And what is all higher life, all effort of the soul, every pure suggestion, other than a seeing of God, a per-

ception of His being; the realising of reality; the foundation of all truth and beauty? What are great deeds, pure actions, noble works, than a consequence of this seeing of God? To see God is to live in Him in word and deed. That is happiness!"

"And shall we be sensible of this happiness with the same earthly vivacity which is our wealth here below?" asked Professor A— with deep emotion. "Shall we press life to our hearts strongly and certainly as now? Edla! shall I see you again, recognize you again? Will you listen to the voice of a friend whom you possessed here? May I press your hand—" he ceased, for his voice trembled.

"What shall I say thereto!" answered Edla. "Have you not heard of one who was dead and buried; how he arose from the dead, called? His friends by name, loved them as before, gave them peace and blessing? Beyond this assurance, beyond this promise, I know nothing on earth. I feel—it will be so. First the night—the shadows approach already. Night—then glimmers the morning. The sleepers awake—they become lively—ah, how beautiful! how glorious! Friend calls to friend; friend answers friend! There dawns heaven—wherefore question—wherefore fear? All is, indeed, clear! He has conquered—"

But earthly light, during Edla's heavenly visions, began to grow dim. Her strong soul sought in vain to struggle against the decay of nature. Consciousness left her; and only late in the evening, when the stars lit the heavens with their full splendor, she awoke from her trance of mind. The wild floods had slowly withdrawn to their bed; darkness laid its veil on the ruin; the wind ceased. The evening was beautiful and calm.

Edla prayed that they would draw her bed to the window. It was done, and with great rapture she glanced up to the beloved lights of heaven. "I shall soon be nearer to you!" whispered she. She then beckoned Nina close to her, and kissed the tears from her cheeks. She saw now how the bright drops stood in the eyes of her friend. She extended her hand to him and said—

"If you knew, dear A—, what bright hopes, what friendly appearances surround me at this moment—thanks to Eternal Love, which takes away the sting from death—you would rejoice with me!"

Professor A— was silent, and Edla after a pause continued: "I have often heard say that we saw here on earth only a thousandth part of the lights that dwell above the earthly atmosphere. This thought has a wonderfully beautiful meaning to me, my friend; is the hope indeed audacious, that when we leave this sphere of vapor we shall see that book of immortal knowledge wherein we here below read with fervency irradiated with a higher light, and therefore shall better understand its signification? You turn away from me? You are displeased with me? A—, my true friend, tell me why?"

"I will tell you," answered the professor. "Every one of your thoughts, every one of your perceptions, is to me, at this hour, of inestimable weight; therefore I do not hesitate by even a hard word to demand a clearer knowledge of your views. Edla! this exultation in the hour of death, is opposed to my feelings! The doctrine which you profess demands, methinks, more humility. Upon what does the Christian—if I rightly understand his religion—build his highest, his

most joyous hopes? Is it not in the certainty that there is no sin in his heart, no darkness in his soul, which could separate him from the Eternal? Edla! I wish you success—in this feeling of certainty!"

Edla was long silent, and when she replied a slight trembling passed over her lips. "Your proof is severe," said he, "but I thank you for it. Yet—I have loved him with my whole heart, the Holy One, the All-good! I have endeavored to go on the way which he pointed out to us—why should I not hope, not be joyful?"

Edla paused again; but soon afterward she exclaimed with animation, and as it were with elation:

"And were it even so! were my hopes audacious; and had I misled myself; should I then, in that higher light, see my heart and my pilgrimage in life other than enlightened. O thus welcome be the light that shows to me my darkness! Welcome holy correction which chastises my failings! Eternal, sacred, glorious truth, welcome! Even if thou humblest me, I love thee; I seek only thee! The greatest pang shall be a cordial to me if it lead me to thee! O my friend, let me be glad, let my heart be full of exultation! My hope and my joy, repose truly on the Almighty! This belief will conduct all souls to Him, and all will taste of His truth."

"Pardon me, Edla!" said the Professor, with increasing paleness, as he saw that Edla's eye ever became brighter.

But joyful images and hopes seemed to have taken possession of Edla's soul. With gentle smiles she turned to her friend and said—

"Is it not remarkable, my friend, how religion and philosophy unite in order to throw light upon our future life. The inquiries of reason show us that time and eternity are two different things, as is commonly believed; they show to us that they exist at the same time, live in and through one another. The temporal without the eternal would be empty, as the eternal without the temporal. Man belongs to both worlds. His life is, at the same time, transitory. It is a continual entrance and exit in and out of temporal life. If he live in God and strive after the kingdom of God, nothing within his soul can be taken captive and darkened. Amid all changes of infinite life he remains free, clear, and happy; a rational work-tool for that which the Eternal love will have accomplished—he stands in the most inward harmonious relationship with nature, with mankind, and with God."

"What said the Son of God! 'I am,' said he, 'the door, the sheepfold. Whoever enters by me, he shall be happy, and shall go in and out and find rich pastures.' How clear, how simple is this profound doctrine! Whatever spirit is born again through Jesus, through love and sanctification shall, amid all the developments of life, find again himself, his friends, his love, his sphere of action, the food of his life. 'He shall go in and out and find rich pastures.'"

"O thou!" continued Edla, with greater fervency she clasped her arm around her kneeling sister. "Thou, who art so dear to my heart—thus shall I again see thy beautiful, beloved face in that better home. Let me find it again as a true image of the same soul, only strengthened and more fully developed. My last prayer for thee is not earthly happiness, but the ennobling and perfecting of thy nature. And now," said she, as an expression of deep suffering passed over her features; "now I shall

not be able to speak much more with thee—for I feel that death begins his work. I will leave him tranquilly alone—he may unloose the earthly bands. Leave me not! If thou canst bear it, I wish that thou shouldst witness my death-struggle. Man should not turn his eyes away from human sufferings. He should endure all, see all, understand all—should become acquainted with all—life, death! A—, give me your hand. Thanks for your true friendship! Nina, thine—on my lips—"

She lost the power of speech, and seemed to suffer severely; but her eyes preserved their calm look, and continued fixed upon Nina. Death dimmed them more and more, yet still they remained riveted on Nina, though they saw no longer.

Not every good person breathes forth his life as the flower its odor; not every wicked one ends it with agony. Often exactly the reverse of this is the case. We should never fear to fix a firm eye upon this discord between the outward and inward life. It is the most certain pledge of an accord which shall clear up all, and reconcile all, after the diapason of the grave.

Edla's death struggle was long and difficult. The power of life was yet strong in her breast. She lived still two nights and two days without sign of consciousness. On the last morning of her life, Nina stood, pale and beautiful as we imagine to ourselves the angel of death, bent over her and wiped the sweat from her brow; for the last time Edla opened her eyes, looked fixedly and strong upon Nina, and said with deep joy, "Ah! it is thou?" smiled and closed her eyes. A few minutes afterward the anguished breast ceased to heave. Nina closed her eyes with kisses.

"A beautiful, a noble strength has departed from earth," said Professor A—— in a broken voice, as he pressed Edla's cold hand to his lips. "Farewell, thou noble, thou strong-minded woman! Edla, farewell! Thou hast left me behind impoverished!"

So felt all, with deeply troubled hearts. Baron H. and Clara bore Nina away from the death-bed.

"Write to Edward Hervey!" besought poor Nina, with her last strength, from the Baroness. "Write and tell him what has happened—what I have promised. I cannot do it."

The Baroness promised. Since Edla was deceased, and the Countess was ill from terror on the night of the flood, and thought of nothing but herself, the Baroness took Nina entirely under her motherly care.

Edla died; her face to the window and directed toward heaven. The stars looked down friendly on the pale features, and watched over them in the still night.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE CRIME.

"I have deeply repented and have suffered much in this repentance. May it move you."

Our readers will inquire, how and whence came so suddenly Baron H here on the night of the flood! For explanation we need only say that they, on a little flight out of Paradise, unexpectedly met with Count Ludwig on his journey to Nordland, and immediately formed the resolution of following him there, with what views—our readers can very well divine. Thus

they arrived at the same time with Count Ludwig, to save and console, yet without being able to ward off the blow which struck more than one breast.

At Nina's prayer the Baroness wrote to Hervey. With the truest, the most precise exactness, she informed him of all that which had taken place, and closed her letter with these words—

"After this, you see clearly what is to be done. That you do not again see Nina appears to me most important to her peace. It is even her own wish, her own most urgent prayer to you. A meeting with you could occasion her only the most cruel pang. The last prayer of her deceased sister was, that she should keep sacred the oath she had taken. God the Almighty strengthen her to do so! Let your strength be her example and her stay! Since Edla's death she has lain in unbroken slumber, and I thank God for it, for she needs rest after these agitating events; she needs the whole force of her powers for that which lies before her—

"I know you, and leave myself in your hands. Yet once more: you must not see her again! Believe me, I feel with you. I had wished, in fact, to prove to you how very much, with my whole soul, I am your sincerest friend,

GERTA H."

At the foot of the letter Nina's trembling hand wrote—

"Oh! Edward, farewell! Forgive! farewell forever!"

Before, however, this letter reaches Hervey, we must return to him, and accompany him on his journey.

A feeling like that with which he parted from Nina, Hervey had never experienced. It would have been easier for him to have parted with life. His sanguine temperament, and his deeply religious feeling, were at this time insufficient to remove from him the incomprehensible pain which gnawed at his soul, like a herald of misfortune, during the whole of his journey. At length his journey was completed. He was directed to a small house that looked forth peacefully from amid thick-leaved trees; it looked as if virtue and goodness dwelt there. Edward's guide led him into a room which was partially darkened by drawn curtains. A man with a pen in his hand sat at a table covered with papers: a clergyman stood near him.

"Now are you ready?" inquired a hollow voice from a bed, the curtains of which were thrown back.

"It is ready!" replied the writer in a stern voice—"it wants only your signature."

"Is nobody yet arrived?" asked the same voice with uneasiness and impatience. At this moment Hervey entered. The sick man made a convulsive movement. A spectral, yellowish countenance, distorted more by passion than suffering, looked out from the curtains, and the wild, wide open eyes pryed into Edward's face.

"It is he! yes! it is he!" said the sick man half to himself, "he who saved my child! Your name is Edward Hervey?"

"Yes," replied Edward.

"Were you always called so?"

"To what purpose are these questions?" demanded Edward, who now on his part attentively observed the man.

"Do you not recognize me?" asked he.

"You are the person whose child fell into the water on Tarna heath—"

"Yes, and whom you saved at the risk of your own life; but you have seen me earlier—earlier—"

Edward contemplated him for a long time. "It seems to me," said he, "as if I had seen you, but I cannot at all remember where."

"Mr. Edward D., I was secretary to Count R. at the same time that you lived in the family. My name is Christian Malm."

Edward made a sudden movement. The sick man motioned with his hand. "Wait, you shall hear all! Do you read, Mr. Judge—read aloud!"

The Judge of the district read aloud.

"Upon my death-bed, and about to appear before the judgment-seat of the Almighty, I testify and affirm before God the Highest, and before all people on earth, that Mr. Edward D. is innocent of the crime of which he is accused, against Count Rudolph R.; I alone am the guilty one. It was I who on that evening shot the Count; it was I who stole the money. I also, was it, who turned the false suspicion upon Edward D.—who spread about false reports of him and the whole occurrence; it was not done from hatred against him, but because I needed these circumstances for my own preservation. As regards Miss Elfrida, I am convinced that Mr. Edward D. acted only from good intentions; and that only as an honorable man, he wished to save the daughter from the degrading, crafty schemes of the father. All that I heard and saw on that subject, gave me the firmest conviction of his intentions. Let it be remembered that these words are the assurance of a dying man. Greater certainty of this, without doubt, may be obtained from Mr. D.'s letter to Count R. in his own hand writing, and which in his flight he left on the table behind him, and of which I took possession. It is appended unbroken to this. That all this is truth, and that I confess it out of my own free impulse, I protest in the name of God, before whose judgment-seat I shall soon appear. This confession will I certify by my own signature."

"That is right," said the sick man, with a weak voice, "give it here to me."

They gave him the paper and pen; he subscribed it with a visible effort, and then wearied he sank back on his pillow.

Edward stepped close up to him. Upon his manly countenance might be read the deepest agitation of mind. "Christian Malm," said he, "what induced you to act in this manner toward me?"

"Nothing! nothing in this world! Only you see—I thus saved my own life. The devil whispered to me to throw all the blame on you—it was so easy, so probable."

"And what induced you to attempt the life of the Count R.?"

"Revenge, sir, revenge! He had maltreated me; he had kicked me, called me a villain, and that before all his servants. And I was that which he called me—I was a villain. I was so, because he had disgraced me, because I thirsted for revenge. But I concealed myself under the mask of humility till the right moment came; I wound about and crawled like a

worm till I succeeded with my poisonous sting. Amid the darkness and confusion I had an opportunity of firing at him, and taking away the money without being discovered. I do not repent of that which I did to him. He deserved it, the furious, the mean—"

"Silence!" interrupted Hervey sternly. "Unfortunate man, think on yourself; think what awaits you. Think on pardon, not on cursing."

"The time for hypocrisy is past, sir," replied the dying man with a faint rattling voice. "I have lied much; now I will be candid. 'That which I did against Count R. I cannot repent of. God forgive it me—if he can. But that which I did against you I have repented of. So repented, that never could I enjoy my ill-acquired wealth; that I am dried up and wasted, both body and soul. Since the time in which you saved my child at the peril of your own life,—ever since that moment a hell has reigned in my breast, and I found comfort only in the thought that before my death I would justify you. I have repented deeply, and suffered much in this repentance—may it move you! If you can, give me your forgiveness. It will make my death less bitter. Ah! you look so good and gentle, sir; good and serious as an angel of God. Forgive me!"

"I forgive you," said Hervey, and laid his hand on the head of the dying man.

"Thanks, thanks," said he with incoherent voice. "Pray for me! My boy lives in your neighborhood—see the child! Saviour of my child, pray—pray—for me!"

He drew Edward's hand to his lips. His eyes grew dim. Hervey sank in supplication on his knees by the bed of the dying. The clergyman followed his example. It was dusk in the chamber; the shadow of death floated over it. The Judge, who had been present all the time, advanced near and contemplated the supplicant. He looked on the wild countenance of the dying man; he saw the deep inward devotion of Hervey's features; he listened to his inspired, half-whispered prayer, and he thought to himself—"No, it is no empty form, no unmeaning ceremony. Something glorious, something important, connects itself with this. And if the struggling lust spirit leave its covering, and all were dark both within and without, shall not the intercessions of the good be of some weight? Yea, they surround the struggling spirit like good angels; they find the way to his heart, and prepare him for reconciliation; they follow him on his way to the unknown land; they bow with him the knee before the throne of the Highest, and help him to pray—no, this is no idle deed!"

And as the stern worldly Judge saw the one so cruelly injured kneeling by the side of his enemy and praying thus fervently for his enemy's peace, he laid his hand upon his eyes, and was met there by a stranger—even by a tear.

A short time after this, Hervey was ready again for his journey. The astonishment, the agitation of these new disclosures awoke in his soul an overwhelming impression of happiness: he would be justified before the world, and the essential impediment which had been opposed to his union with Nina would be set aside. His heart burned with gratitude to God; and the

vehement longing once more to see Nina, to defend her, to win her, impelled him to the utmost speed. He journeyed day and night. The late occurrence, the future; hope, love, impatient expectation—all assisted to put him in that state of feverish excitement which drove him on from place to place. He saw at length the well-known country; he was greeted by terrible rumors. He hastened to his home, and there he received—the letter of the Baroness.

## CHAPTER XLII.

### MOONLIGHT.

Stilly, oh stilly  
Sleep after storm and snow,  
Lonely child, chilly  
Lie sea and dale so low;  
Now thou to death must go!  
Stilly, oh stilly!

Hush thee, oh hush thee!  
In sighs thy soul exhale!  
Silence! keep silence!  
Life now bids thee farewell!  
Poor one, good night, sleep well!  
Hush thee, oh hush thee!

*Swedish Song.—ATTENBERG.*

*Love makes all things possible.—LAMBRECHT.*

There is also a moonlight in human life—a moonlight in the hearts of men. It ascends cheerfully after a disquieting, stormy day. It has the reconciling of light and shade; a bright twilight; a still melancholy; a soft slumbering of feeling; a wo—but it also is a benefit: then are shed quiet tears, gentle and refreshing as the dew upon the scorched-up valleys. Often, however, is it a long time before this repose, this heavenly light, descends into the heart; often is it tempested so long.

A day of suffering was past; for the first time had Nina truly experienced what a storm of the soul is. She reclined on a couch; the door of the saloon was open, and she looked with fixed eyes into the large dark chamber in which so lately had lain the corpse of Edla. The moon shone through the window. All the friends had accompanied Edla to her last resting place. Nina alone remained behind; she had requested it as a favor. Deep stillness reigned around her; the dull rushing of the sea was only heard. Nina opened the window, but the coming air cooled not the burning pain of her bosom. The thought of Hervey afflicted her with unspeakable anguish; she felt herself so guilty toward him; she accused herself of having made his life desolate and for ever darkened.

"Can he forgive me?" questioned she of herself again and again.

When she thought how his beloved glance must rest upon her with pain and quiet reproach, O how she then longed that she might throw herself at his feet! but then she saw the bleeding figure of Edla warding off death from her, and she would do all for her who was dead for her sake—but Hervey, why should he suffer for her? Thus was her soul tossed hither and thither between contending feelings—between doubts and painful questionings; she no longer knew what to do, nor what was right nor wrong. She accused herself as being the occasion of all misfortune—she detested her own

life. And then—oh, dear reader! hast thou ever lost a friend who was dear to thee as life, and has thy injustice darkened your separation? Hast thou felt burning remorse, and hast known that *never* on earth canst thou confess that to the lost one? Hast thou had hours in which thy heart yearned after him or her so—so that thy soul was rent asunder, and it felt as a martyr—that thou wouldst give thy life, thy everlasting salvation, only to see him again for one moment, to press his beloved hand, to cling to the beloved breast, and to weep—and weep—?

Hast thou ever felt thus? Oh, then wilt thou understand Nina; thou wilt understand her sufferings, and comprehend how that involuntarily, with wildly beating heart, she extended her arms, and full of anguish, exclaimed, "Edward! Edward!"

The door of the saloon softly opened. A man habited in deep mourning stood there. At sight of him a shudder of terror and joy passed through Nina, and with a low exclamation she sprang up.

The dark-clad man approached the door of the room in which she was, and there he remained standing; he leaned against the door-post, and looked upon her with an indescribable glance. Suffering and death-like pallor lay upon his countenance. Ah! it was the look which Nina had seen in her dream; they were the beloved features; his hand lay upon his heart—was it to hide the bleeding wound? Nina heard his short, excited respiration.

Her first feeling was to throw herself in his arms, and hide her face on his breast—then she thought that she must flee away from him.

"Edward! Edward!" cried she, "why are you come? Know you not that we are separated—that I have renounced you?"

"I know all," replied Hervey.

"Forgive me!" cried Nina despairingly, and fell on her knees.

"I come with no reproaches—I come to bless you," said Hervey, with heavenly goodness in voice and look. He advanced toward her, raised her, led her to the sofa, and seated himself by her. He held her hands firmly in his, and looked at her with a serious penetrating glance.

"You did not doubt me!" asked he.

"No! no!" was all that she was able to answer.

"Neither did I doubt you," continued he; and his countenance was lit by an angelic smile. "Well then, beloved!" said he, "we are not separated—not for ever separated. For a short time here on earth are we severed from each other, then shall we meet again in heavenly love, in firm faith—our souls remain united! Eternally, inwardly beloved," continued he, "thou most lovely of God's gifts to my life! Have peace, peace—with thyself; peace with the Eternal power which disposed our fate! Thou hast—done right! Thou couldst not have done otherwise! A higher power has spoken—we must obey!"

"We must obey!" repeated Nina faintly. She bowed her head in the deepest grief, and leaned her forehead upon her closely clasped hands.

"Be calm—be happy, even on earth; then shall I be—not unhappy," said he.

"Not unhappy!" repeated Nina.

"Trust in the Eternal Goodness! It is with thee!"

"With thee!" repeated Nina, weeping vehemently.

Hervey arose. His voice trembled. "I would see thee once again," said he; "I felt that I must hear thee once more—must thank thee! Thy love has made me inexpressibly happy; the remembrance of it will brighten my whole life; it will be my joy in my last hour—my hope in that other land where we shall meet again. Peace—blessing upon thee, thou angel! thou beloved! fulfil thy duties; live—for God's sake!"

Nina rose up. She knew not how it happened, but he blessed her with such powerful, such heavenly words and tones, that a wondrous joy thrilled through her breast. She listened to his words as to the voice of God; and as he clasped her close to his heart—as he, for the first and the last time, pressed his lips to hers, then certainly stood invisible angels near them, and bowed their immortal heads in admiration of two loving and suffering mortals.

Nina woke as out of a dream. He was gone! She laid her hand on her forehead and felt his tears on her hair. She kissed them from her fingers with fervent love.

"He has blessed me!" said she, and her soul was still. And as she stood there, praying in pain and rapture, adoring and full of foreboding, she saw, as once before had been the case, that the figure of the cross fell upon her breast, while the glory of heaven streamed around her. Now were the dark passages of her life made clear to her. Courage and determination returned again into her breast, and awoke there a higher and a higher heaven.

BUT HE. After he had communicated to another tranquillity and peace, strength left his own breast. He stood still upon the threshold of his own lonely house, and looked back over the devastated country; he contemplated the ruins of his own happiness—his wholly desolated life. A wretchedness, never before experienced, came over his soul, and with the Divine sufferer on the cross, he exclaimed,

"My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?"

#### THE CHRISTIAN WARRIOR'S SONG.

Blanch thou cheek, but heart be vigorous!

Body fall, but soul have peace!

Hail to thee, Pain—searcher rigorous,

Kill me, but my faith increase!

Sin, o'er sense so sweetly stealing!

Cold, which would my strength impair!

Forth with you! from life and feeling!

Forth, my cross I gladly bear!

Up! with eye of clear sedateness,

Read Heaven's law, writ bright and broad

Up! a sacrifice to greatness,

Truth and goodness! up to God!

Up, to labor! up and shaking

Off the bundle of sloth, be brave—

Give thyself to prayer and waking,

Till I slumber in my grave!

Slumber—waken—and, ah! glory,

View entranced, face to face,

Him who pardons sinners hearty;

Him whom angels hymning praise!

But wherefore this song! the reader will say. It suits the repentant sinner; the constant nun; it becomes the martyr; but not the soft and early married Nina! Yes, also her; but not only her—it becomes all who suffer

and are tried unto purification. These will recognize it—it has tones and words from their own bosoms.

### CHAPTER XLIII.

#### MARRIAGE—THE CRADLE—THE GRAVE.

Weep not for me, although before my summer,  
Although before my autumn time I die.

TOWER.

We array ourselves for marriages in flowers; and wear dark mourning-dresses for the last sorrowful festivity which attends a fellow-being to his repose. And this often might be exactly reversed. But the custom is beautiful—for the sight of a young bride invites the heart involuntarily to joy. The festal attire, the myrtle wreath upon the virgin brows; all the affectionate looks, and the anticipations of the future, which beautifully accompany her—all enrapture us. One sees in them a new home of love raised on earth; a peaceful Noah's Ark on the wild flood of life, in which the white dove of peace will dwell and build her nest; loving children, affectionate words, looks, and love-warm hearts, will dwell in the new home; friends will enjoy themselves under its hospitable roof; and much beautiful activity, and many a beautiful gift will thence go forth, and full of blessing diffuse itself over life. There stands the young bride, creator of all this—hopes and joys go forth from her. No one thinks of sufferings at a marriage festival.

And if the eyes of the bride stand full of tears; if her cheeks are pale, and her whole being—when the bridegroom approaches her, fearful and ill at ease—even then people will not think of misfortune. Cousins and aunts wink at one another and whisper, "I was just so on my wedding-day—but that passes over with time!" Does a more deeply and more heavily tried heart feel perhaps a sigh arise within, when it contemplates the pale, troubled bride, it comforts itself, in order not to disturb the marriage joy, with, "O that is the way of the world!"

Thus also comforted herself the Baroness H. on Nina's wedding-day, without being able to find the least comfort in it. A hundred times had she whispered to her disquieted heart the above-mentioned phrase—yet notwithstanding, the tears filled her eyes as soon as she saw Nina. Baron H. had already remarked it several times. He went to his wife and took her hand: "The boy sleeps," said he, "Clara sits by the cradle, and will not come away from him."

The Baroness pressed her husband's hand. "Nina may become a mother," said she to herself consolingly; and in that she found the only comfort for the quiet, pale bride. Nina lay cold and almost unconscious in her arms on the evening of the marriage-day.

"I will myself care for my daughter," said Countess Natalie, "leave her to me!"

"I will not part with her out of my arms, let whoever may come!" replied the Baroness with decision, as even at that moment the bridegroom entered. The Countess went forward to meet him.

Probably a year after this day I saw Nina again, and never shall I forget the sight. Pale

from sufferings she had gone through, lay she upon a snow-white pillow. A white bandage was closely bound round her forehead, concealing her hair. The white delicate lace of her cap bent itself as caressingly around her delicate countenance. All that surrounded her was dazzling white; she herself was like a snow-drift upon which the last rays of the sun fall. At her side lay, in its first morning sleep, her little daughter. I saw that Nina felt the joy of a mother. It was a charming sight to see those beautiful eyes beaming, to hear those graceful lips say.

"Oh! no one knows what it is till they themselves have experienced it, at once freed from all pain, to see that a child is born—to stretch forth the hand, and really clasp it—to feel it near one!"

And her white, feeble hand was extended caressingly over the little one, which seemed to perceive it with pleasure. "She shall be called Edla!" continued she, tenderly; "I will give to her a guardian angel. May she resemble her—"

I left Nina with the consolatory feeling that henceforth her life would not be joyless. But the image of the young, pale mother stood sorrowfully before my soul. Never had I seen a human being so pale.

When I saw her another twelve months later she was still paler; but now it was natural, for she lay in her coffin, and was beautiful even there. Her little daughter was gone before—she followed her. I saw the stern Count Ludwig stand by the coffin. He wept like a child.

When Nina felt her death approaching she wrote the following words to Hervey:

"I have lived—because thou wishedst it. Because thou blessedst me have I had strength to live at a distance from thee; and I have not been unhappy. I have known the joys of a mother, but the pains of a mother also. I die, and thank God. If I loved thee above all things on earth, the righteous God will not condemn me. It was my strength—my virtue. In this moment, in which all becomes already dark, and in which my eye will be extinguished—in this moment art thou still the light and hope of my soul. O how like a beam of light didst thou break through the twilight of my life, and give to me warmth and color! Ah! and I darkened thee! But my time will also come to make thee happy—to make thee rejoice. Listen to me! My soul is about to depart; receive its last sighs, its last joyful hope—listen! In thy hour of death I will appear to thee. When it becomes evening to thee—when thy clear glance begins to grow dim, and the shadows of death to ascend around thee—then, then will it be permitted me to fetch thee into the world of light, where Edla is already beforehand, where she will learn to know and to love thee; where we forever inseparable shall be—I think. THOU WINE! I complain not that we are divided on earth. I was not worthy of thee. God has tried me, and has brought me nearer to thee. Edla, I come. When was I ever disobedient to thee, Edla! Edward! Beloved! O God bless thee, and be gracious to me for thy sake! God bless, God bless thee! NINA."

## CHAPTER. XLIV.

A CHORUS.

Oh let it please Thee, my free-will's up offering,  
 Those who dost scan the secrets of my heart:  
 I take with love the cup of Thy high proffering,  
 Even as with love that cup Thou dost impart.

VITALIS.

When a heart breaks under the burden of its sorrows—when sickness strikes its root in wounds opened by pain, and life consumes away slowly to death, then none of us should say that that heavily-laden heart should not have broken; that it might have exerted its strength to bear its suffering. No; we would express no word of censure on that prostrated spirit because it could not raise itself—before its resurrection from the grave.

But beautiful, strengthening, and glorious is the view of a man who presents a courageous and patient breast to the poisoned arrows of life; who without defiance and without weakness, goes upon his way untroubled; who suffers without complaint; whose fairest hopes have been borne down to the grave by fate, and who yet diffuses joy around him, and labors for the happiness of others. Ah, how beautiful is the view of such a one, to whom the crown of thorns becomes the glory of a saint!

I have seen more than one such royal sufferer, and have always felt at the sight, "Oh, could I be like this one—it is better than to be worldly fortunate!"

But I must here remark a difference. There is a misfortune in which we see a higher hand, an inevitable fate; it is like a thunder-stroke out of the clouds. But there are sufferings of another kind, of which the torture resembles a perpetual needle-pricking. These proceed from the hand of man; these arise in families, where married people, parents, children, only live one with another to make home a hell: there are the plagued and the plaguers; it were difficult to say which are most worthy of pity—the unhappy ones! The first kind of misfortune is most easy to endure. It is much, much easier to suffer under the hand of God than under that of man. Lightning from above gives death, or light and exhilaration; the prick from the hand of man wastes away life like a slow cancer; it embitters the heart—bitterness is the simoom of life; where it blows, there exists a desert. But even here is there a means of deliverance. There is an angel-patience which blunts the wounding-point, which sanctifies the sufferer under his pang, and at length improves others by his means. There is a Socratic courage which converts all Xantippean shower-baths into refreshing rain; there is a hero-mood that breaks the chains which it finds too heavy to be borne. Many a tormented one proves himself, but he proves himself before a higher eye; he may, if he will, prevent his heart becoming embittered, for that is the worst that can happen to him.

Observe this country, where otherwise thou sawest only unfruitful morasses, endless woods, desolate pastures. It is no more the same—friendly habitations extend themselves in the valley and on the heights; large corn-fields rejoice the eye; numerous herds cover the rich meadows. Everything bears evidence of a country where all goes well, in it. And who

has called all this forth! A man, whose life's happiness was destroyed by fate—who knew no happiness but that which he prepared for others. Edward Hervey was the creator of this prosperity. He only rescued himself from the suffering which seized upon his life by compulsory activity of body and mind. Thus he conquered his suffering; and after he knew that Nina was no longer on earth, this victory was easier to him.

Justified in the most splendid manner before the world, Hervey soon saw himself the object of the most honorable and distinguished attention; and advancement of every kind was offered to him. Honor and respect found him in his retired corner of the country; yet they had no longer any power over him, and he calmly declined all. He preferred completing the work which he had begun, in the sphere in which he was already beloved and known. He cultivated the land, and formed the manners of his little community. He hased all on order and duty, and gave the glory of it to God. His gentle glance—his prudent counsel—his strong hand—were ready for every one. He was never seen to be gay, but calm and friendly was he at all times. He loved mankind, honored goodness, and regarded with love all of beautiful which the world had to offer. His age was like his youth; his life was a divine service.

And might we not, my suffering friends, endure life better if, with powerful resolution, we turned away our thoughts from our pains; if we directed them to that which is higher and more beautiful? Does this world indeed lack of much for this purpose? Ah! there is so much that is good—so much that is noble in mankind—so much that is elevating in nature—so much that is rich in consolation in books—so much hope above the stars, and especially so much recreating strength in all occupation, and in all occupied persons. Who indeed grafts the fruit tree and does not enjoy the vigorous shoots and the promised fruit! The reader will remind me that I have forgotten the chief fountain of consolation and of joy—the deepest, the most curative, often the only one . . . . . But why name that first which we all know so accurately, so inwardly? Besides, if there were not this fountain, who could attribute worth to the others! That which alone gives life to all, is a drop from the Eternal.

But time speeds. The day of my history draws to its end—it is evening.

The mists descend from the heights of Tarnas. Like fleeting, beckoning ghosts, they float onward. They rise up and sink down. They breathe over the earth mournful and damp. They softly spread the death-veil over the grass; wherever they pause, they leave tears behind. The wind sighs dyingly in the trees. It is evening.

The mists creep around Hervey's small dwelling; they come up and gloom his windows, and veil from him the friendly earth. They seem as if they were come to fetch him thence, and draw up their light airy chariot. They seem to know that his last hour approaches, and that he is prepared for his journey.

But will not my friendly readers be astonished that the day, which ought only to be dedicated to pleasure, passes on from one death-bed

to another, just as if every-day life were a continued procession of corpses! Fear nothing! Follow me yet a little way—you shall see no gloomy picture. Joyful young maiden, fear nothing! That which I shall exhibit to thee is only joy—glorious, blessed joy! Do not let the thoughts disturb thee that this sketch is only fiction—I assure thee, it is *veritas*, *veritas*!

There sat at the window, in a comfortable arm-chair, the noble sufferer of whom our story has told. Powerless, but still and calm, he leaned with his head against the white pillows. A wonderful serenity rested upon the features of the dying man; dark looks, partially gray, fell over the clear, high forehead; he is not alone. The mother rests already in the quiet bosom of the earth; but Maria stands faithfully by his side. She alone, in this hour, will he have with him. How the flame of light yet flickers before it goes out! It sinks, and then ascends; it dims, and then brightens anew—it will not leave the covering in which it has dwelt

3

so long. Hervey sinks in a light sleep; it seems as if death had taken hold on him, but he awakens once more, folds his hands, and exclaims with a joy which is no longer of the earth,

"Ah, what glory! Is it possible that I am still on the earth! Is there here such bliss! God—my God! What an atmosphere of heaven! Am I yet the same! Is it possible that Edward Hervey can be participant of joy like this on earth! Jesus! rich in love, that is thy life! thou dispensest overflowing measure—Eternal love!"

Night passes over, the morning dawns. Still tarries Hervey upon earth amid images of beautiful delight. A beam from the ascending sun pierces through the mist, and brightens the face of the dying man. His cheeks are illumined with a living glory—his eyes beam; he raises himself, extends his arms, and exclaims with an expression of superhuman joy and love—"Nina!"

He sinks back a corpse. His spirit is departed. Suz conducts him.











**NEW**  
**SKETCHES OF EVERY-DAY LIFE:**  
**A. DIARY.**

**TOGETHER WITH**  
**STRIFE AND PEACE.**

**BY**  
**FREDRIKA BREMER.**

**TRANSLATED**  
**BY MARY HOWITT.**

**NEW-YORK:**  
**HARPER & BROTHERS, 82 CLIFF-STREET.**

**1844.**

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## PREFACE BY THE TRANSLATOR.

In presenting the present volume of my series of Miss Bremer's works, circumstances compel me to some explanation, not only on my own account, but for the interests of translated literature. An individual has proceeded not only to thrust himself into the very midst of my series, but has made an impudent attempt to injure my edition, as if I were publishing it in too costly a style.

It is a fact which testifies most strikingly to the honourable feeling, both of the press and amongst the publishers generally, that to my knowledge not only many of the respectable journals have refused to yield to the pressing entreaties made to them to sanction and introduce these dishonourable interlopers, but publishers who are importers of American works have declined to sell these cheap American pennyworths when sent to them. *There has yet been found but one man out of the vast mass of English publishers who has been mean enough to thrust himself into the series which I had introduced at my own risk, so much to the satisfaction of the Public; and what is more, there has not been found a single literary person, either in this country or America, who would put his or her name to another translation.*

But *THIS ONE MAN* has, forsooth, done it for public good! My edition was not cheap enough for the people, and the works were too good to be withheld from the people. For public good, therefore, he pokes himself in just before me on the literary causeway. Now there never yet was an especially mean transaction perpetrated which was not immediately coloured over with the convenient ochre of public good. But what public good?

If the man really wanted nothing more than that a popular edition should appear, he had only to inquire of me, as any honest, disinterested man would have done, and he would have found that in due course this would appear, with all the advantages of deliberate correction and improvement. But, in his zeal for public good, he put no such query to me—for the very sufficient reason that that was not his intention. His object was a public good turned carefully into his private pocket. Had he wanted public good solely, there was no need of his treading on my toes to extract it; the world is wide, and there is a world of excellent matter in foreign literature, if he had the sense or the information to enable him to collect it. I have no objection to cheap editions of any good translations that he or any other man may undertake on his own original sagacity; but what right has he to make me a jackal to such a city lion? I am as great an advocate for cheap translations as he can be; but I say, in heaven's name let not translators and publishers become a crowd of cannibals, to devour each other. I do not interfere with the speculations of Smith, or Clarke, or Tomkins—let them at least be good enough to let alone mine.

If a man will, however, advocate the public good, let him at least dare and risk something for it. But this man does not risk a doit for it. He does not move till he sees that I have tested the risk, and *created a public for the work*; when he steps in, passes over the volumes on which I am at the moment engaged, and pounces on the next before me. This marks the Prowler and the Literary Body-snatcher.\*

\* In a preface to one of his surreptitious publications, this person puts on a face of the most innocent simplicity, and confesses us that he never yet meddled with anybody's copyrights. Certainly not, for the best of reasons—he

Let it be clearly understood then, that this question is not at all one of a cheap edition; that is a matter of course; but it is a question whether it be fair and honourable for a man who ventures nothing himself, who learns and acquires nothing himself, to lurk as a Literary Buccaneer in the steps of authors of established reputation, till they have opened to his greedy eyes a safe means of profiting by their taste, and tact, and experience.

It is one thing to spend years in acquiring foreign languages; to spend other years in visiting foreign countries, and poring through the vast mass of foreign productions, in order to discover and pick out what is really worthy of being introduced to your countrymen,—one thing, when you have done all this, at a most serious cost of time, labour, and money; have then taken all other risks and in fact created a public;—and another thing, for a man who has done nothing of all this, to avail himself of the fruits of your labours, and of the public favour you have raised.

Such a system, I am sure, when once exposed, will, by all honourable minds, be stamped as most unfair, and as most prejudicial to the interests of good literature. The case is not my own merely; it is that of Mrs. Austin, and of almost every translator of note; and the consequence, if it go on, will be to deter all authors of talent and repute from the risk, labour, and research necessary for the selection of what is good, and from giving the time necessary for the production of excellence; the work of translation will fall into the hands of anonymous mediocrity, and become a disgrace to our literature.

For, whatever may be said respecting cheap editions, every one who knows anything of the subject will agree with me, that no good author will be found, who can possibly remunerate himself on such works. In that form they cannot be at first introduced; for they will not be, at first, bought to a paying extent. A library edition is the first and natural step. It is in this form that a moderate edition alone can be put out to test the public taste; a cheap edition must of necessity be a larger one, and it must involve a great loss if it do not succeed. But in a library form, it will be at once purchased by the librarians, and the wealthy to a certain extent; and, if good, will acquire that speedy *ecceles* which will enable the publishers, as the most eminent are now doing, to bring out popular editions, at once cheap and perfect.

These people, therefore, who, like the harpies of old, pounce down on the viands which you set on the public table, so far from being the public benefactors which they pretend, are actually the destroyers of the natural and true benefaction—the issue, in due course, of authentic and perfected editions. I will presently make this very case an evidence of this.

knows the law would then lay hold of him. There are persons—very sensible persons in their way—who never take what the law would make them smart for; never carry off what is too heavy, or touch what is too hot. But the catalogue of this person's Buccaneer plunder, published by himself, shows that he sells on my author's works the first argument that the copyright technically expires. There are various works of Sir Walter Scott, Crabbe, Keats, Mrs. Hemans, etc., which he has pounced on without the smallest regard of delicacy towards the authors or their families. They who will seize copyrights immediately after the law convales at it, would as readily, but for the terror of the law, seize them before. Thank heaven, that authors have the protection of a Copyright Act, or they would certainly be brained by the Buccaneers between their own houses and the printers, and their MSS. carried off.

I myself have not, as this individual would insinuate, published with a view to large profits. I commenced the undertaking, in the face of the advice and warnings of the most experienced publishers, with the probability of a considerable loss. But I determined, at any cost, if possible, to introduce these works, and I glory that it has been a woman who has done this. My editions have been moderate, so as to allow me every opportunity of revision by comparison with the latest editions of the originals; and any one who is capable of comparing my new editions with the originals, will see how carefully they have been brought up, *verderum et literatim*, to them. So much so that the amiable authoress herself, while highly dissatisfied with the German translations, has expressed her warmest sense of "den sanna grannhet och den nit skärmda ni för tillväga vid Er öfersättning!"—"the conscientious accuracy and zeal with which you execute your translations."

And what have we got instead, from this advocate of public good? *An importation and reprint of anonymous abridgments of these works, put up and curtailed both in style and quantity into the limits suited to the American cheap market, and abounding with Americanisms, which all well-educated persons will be careful not to introduce into their families; as "she is a going"—"vanity belittles a woman"—"sleighs, and sleds, and sleighing," for sledge and sledging—"surroundings" for environs; with such Yankee slang as "he got mad in love, and she gave him the bag," etc.; as any one may convince himself who looks into these eye-destroying small prints.*

That it is not a mere assertion that these are, in fact, abridgments, or at least miserably garbled copies, I will speedily show: but, in the first place, it may be as well to give the history of these American translations. Every one who has paid the least attention to what has been going on in America, knows that the American publishers have been tearing each other limb from limb in the matter of reprints of English new works. Works which cost a guinea each here, were reprinted there immediately for a shilling each. Such became the fury of American competition, that not one such reprint of such a work appeared, but half a dozen simultaneously. The madness was soon so great that these people were seen advertising, one against another, *shilling works*, of which the mere paper was worth twice the money. To such a pitch was this carried, that anything like native literature was quashed. No native author could obtain a copyright remuneration. There was no profit to give it. Our authoress supplied their market, and their authors were almost universally compelled to come to this country to obtain anything for a new work; and all sensible men lamented, and still lament, that under such circumstances no national American literature can possibly arise. What the result of this competition-mania has been many a publishing-house could show in frightful accounts on the wrong sides of their ledgers. The story however, is plainly told every day in their newspapers. The New-York correspondent of the *Boston Evening Gazette*, a family newspaper of July 8, 1843, says:—"As to the cheap republications—the system is dead. A few houses, the Harpers, Winchester, etc., print occasionally; but from the best information I can get, nothing is gained by it, and probably, publications will go back to a medium price, and a shape suitable for preservation—a consummation devoutly to be wished."

Such is the upshot of the American cheap republication mania; but the mischief did not stop here. They began to pour these wretched and maimed reprints of our works in shoals back upon us at home. Our literature too was threatened with annihilation from this source. Fortunately we got an Act putting a stop to the entrance of these pale and wasted ghosts of our own creation from the world beyond the Atlantic: but translators are still exposed to the whole evil. Accordingly, no sooner

did my translations of Miss Bremer's works begin to attract attention, than these ravenous American publishers began furiously to translate those at which I had not arrived, so as to get the start of their brother publishers, who reprinted mine. What sort of translations these were likely to be may be imagined. I had spent two years in the preparation for, and in the execution of mine—these were thrown out in a few weeks. They professed to translate from the Swedish, and to replace all the passages omitted in the German translations.

These are the translations which our London Buccaneer has avowedly reprinted. What kind of an article he had got hold of he knew no more than the man in the moon, for he had no means of knowing, being totally ignorant of both Swedish and German. But it was enough for him that there was a translation of some sort that he could rush into the field with, and a Yankee puff readily written to his hands, which he took wholly for his advertisement. The trick succeeded to a certain extent; for who was, at once, to expose it? So little have the language and the literature of the North of Europe been cared for by us, that I much question whether there be three persons connected with the London Press who are masters of the Swedish and Norwegian languages, both of which are necessary for the translation of these works. Accordingly, one or two of our respectable journals were unwarily caught in the snare, and boldly declared, in noticing these reprints, that they were excellent, and equal to mine.

The simple fact, however is, and I am now in a condition to demonstrate it most satisfactorily, as I now print my translation of one of the stories which has been reprinted from the American translation—"Strife and Peace;" and it will be in the power of any one to test the matter, and see that these American translations are not at all translated from the Swedish, but from the German; and so far, as I will directly show, from reprints of the numerous important passages omitted by the carelessness of the German translator, the Americans purposely cut away a vast number more, in order to reduce the work to as cheap a quantity as possible.

That they are translated from the German, and not from the Swedish, every page will prove, for the blunders and misconceptions of the German translator, often very ludicrous, are most regularly and carefully copied. As the Chinese, when they receive an order from England to make some pieces of china, to complete again a broken set, always make an exact fac simile of the china sent, copying most precisely every flaw and defect, as well as the regular pattern; so has the American translator done here. As I have already stated, Miss Bremer complains heavily of these ludicrous errors of the German, which have thus been so completely transferred into the cheap English reprints. It would exceed the limits of a preface to enumerate these. I will, however give a very good specimen of them, and pass on to the still more serious matter of the omissions.

Near the end of "Strife and Peace," Mrs. Astrid, writing to her friend the Bishop, tells him that all her troubles are now over, and bids him come and rejoice with her. "Kom," she says, "och mottag min anger öfver min klenmodighet, öfver min knot; kom, och hjälp mig att tacka!" "Come and receive my contrition for my pusillanimity, for my repining, come and help me to express my thanks!" This the German translates—"Kommen sie, und helfen sie mir denken!" Which the American translator, with Chinese fidelity, copies, and the Englishman as faithfully reprints—"Come and help me to think!"

As to the completeness of the translation, let us take at random a dip into "Strife and Peace." The chapter on Nordland, a chapter which, independently of the letter it contains, consists only of six paragraphs, has in Smith's edition, two out of those six omitted, besides a portion of the letter itself. These two passages are extremely descriptive of life and

scenery, and make no less than fourteen lines of the original. At page 6 occurs another omission, descriptive of the domestic life; page 27 another of no less than nine lines, descriptive of the wild Halling dance, this is immediately followed by another, descriptive of the Halling costume. On the next column of the same page is another, descriptive of the music of the Hardanger viol. All these break up dreadfully the beautiful and wild picture of Norwegian life and festivity.

Take again the mountain journey to Bergen, page 32 of Smith's reprint, there are two omissions; page 33, three others. One of these alone consists of nine lines of the original, and relates to most curious and characteristic matter, to the waymarks of stones piled in that wild and desolate region, where the actors of the story fall into the utmost peril and perplexity. Pages 34 and 35 occur two or three more, and so on through the book.

What is remarkable in this volume is, that the German translation, unlike those of the other volumes, is perfect. I believe there is not a line of the original omitted; while here in this reprint from the American, declared to be from the Swedish, with the German omissions replaced, there abound omissions of the most material character.

What is still more remarkable is, that this work, "Strife and Peace," is unquestionably, in point of style, the most eloquent and beautiful composition of Miss Bremer's writings, which renders it tenfold more unpardonable thus to have mangled it.

Another curious fact is, that all the mottoes, and indeed, the greater part of the poetry, of this volume are from Norwegian poets; given purposely by Miss Bremer, as the scene is laid in that country. Much of this poetry is left out: and the rest, not being understood, retains, in some instances, only a dim shadow of the meaning of the original; in others, has no connexion with it whatever. We have verses with a sonorous, Mrs. Hemans-like flourish of trumpets, but which as translations of what they pretend to represent, might just as well be taken out of any book that the translator had at hand.

For instance, these eight lines of the poet Munch have, I may say, a rude simplicity about them, and certainly nothing in the world about "flowers of love and life; or which shed their fragrance on our bier or clay-cold sod."

Hvad er det saa moer?  
Eetgaad den aar  
Dug en vœlle Strømmel  
Af Hjemmet lyende Himmel,  
Engang da u leu  
Under T-unplets toernde Baer—  
En silg Sekund  
Væter vel op i med Dødens Blund.

Yet these have their sounding substitute of half the number of lines.—

The flowers of love and hope we gather here,  
Still yet bloom for us in the heaven of God;  
They shed not their last fragrance o'er our bier,  
They lie not withered on the cold grave and.

These twelve lines of Wergeland—(as given by me);—

The first time, yes the first time flings  
A glory even on trivial things;  
It passes soon, a moment's falling,  
Then it is also past recalling.

The grass itself has such a prime:  
Min prize must spring's flowery time,  
When first the verdure decks earth's brow,  
And the heart-leaves twinkle the blossom.

Thus God lets all, however low,  
In the first time a triumph know;  
Even in the hour when death impends,  
And life itself to heaven a seedeth.

Are by the hydraulic press of Smith and Co. squeezed into these four:—

Fairer the first faint blushes of the dawn  
Than the full splendour of the noon-day light;  
Dearer the first pale flowers in early spring time born,  
Than all that summer boasts of fair and bright.

Of six extracts from the bard of Rein, in "the

Evening Hour in the Sitting Room," three, that is, one half of them, are suppressed. So also eleven lines of Foss, opening this chapter, and three lines from Velhaven, which occur in the middle of the chapter, are transplanted and substituted for them. A line of Tegner in this chapter, is also omitted. Eight striking lines of a Norwegian song, introduced as a motto to the chapter on the Halling dance, and illustrative of this festive occasion, are totally omitted. So also the stanza introductory to the chapter on Christmas, from Bjerregaard.

Kommer J sorpten, vingede Smæc!  
Kornbaard for eder ved Laderne stæc.  
Juul er i vente;  
Da skil I hente  
Føde fra guldgle, brødvænge Smæc.

But the number of these omissions is almost numberless: perhaps the most singular of all is that of the very passage in which the Strife ceases, and the Peace is concluded, by the side of the well, consisting of eleven lines.

These attempts to palm off the work, spite of all this mutilation, as from the Swedish by the introduction of Fru instead of Mrs.; Oefwerstinna, meant for Öfverstinna, that is simply, a colonel's lady; Herre for Herr, or plain Mr., etc., are quite ludicrous. At the same time almost every original word or proper name introduced, are erroneously introduced. The translator, not aware that the diæresis or other peculiar mark over the vowels in Swedish, does not merely change the sound, but converts the word into a totally different sense—gives us these sometimes in the English with the oddest effect. Thus we have Skäl and Skäl indiscriminately, while he all the while means Skål—the three have really the different meanings of, a hush or peal, a motive, and a health! The same obtuseness shews itself in marking the nice traits of humour and character for which Miss Bremer is so eminent. We are told that Susanna had two different natures, which are designated by contractions of her two Christian names—Barbara Susanna, into Barbra and Sanna. But this distinction is too delicate for the translator, and he regularly prints them Barbra and Sanna, whereby the indication is totally lost. But to go through a list the wilful omissions, and the ignorant misconceptions and disfigurements, would be too much.

These remarks apply not only to this but to the whole series. In them too is exactly copied the German translation, even to the very errors of the press. In the H Family, the German translator has unwarrantably altered almost every proper name both of place and person. Even the name of the narrator of the story—Miss Christina Beats Hvaldagelag—is converted into Charlotte Beats Every-day; Lönquist, into Lonberg; Bergström, into Britmund; Roelagen, into Koolapean; Bermds, into Berends, etc., etc. All these are carefully copied into the American translation. The notes of the authors in the original are omitted, and notes on totally different subjects by the German translator, are also given. The German has taken the liberty to foist in whole sentences of sentimental prating, which the American has also given. In short, he has never seen the original, and his translation is an impudent and worthless imposition.

So much for translation from the Swedish, and for the restoration of omitted passages.

Is this then the manner in which we should wish to see the best productions of foreign writers introduced into our language? Is it such works as these that any of our respectable reviewers will be found introducing to notice, and recommending as on a par with those which have been the result of long and careful study, and of the most anxious care and labour to produce perfect both in sense and substance?

Whoever has come in contact with foreign authors of eminence knows that it is a subject of some complaint that their works are translated into our

language generally in a most slovenly state, and obtain circulation by the side of those of the most faithful and able character. Whoever gives circulation to such inferior or defective translation does a fourfold injury—to the author, the honest translator, the public, and the literary character of the country.

Since writing thus far, I have seen that the introducer of these American translations has announced one of Miss Bremer's new work, "A Diary." This certainly cannot be from the Swedish, which is scarcely yet cut, and of which I know that sheets have been transmitted by the authoress only to myself. It must, therefore, be from the German translation—which is by far the most defective German translation that has yet appeared of any of Miss Bremer's works, having omissions of several pages at once.

I see too that another of the Buccaneers has taken the field with announ cements of translations from Miss Bremer; and who—no other than the very man who seized bodily on the Rev. Mr. Muzzey's "American Maiden," placed another name on the title-page, dubbed it "The English Maiden," and sent it forth as an original work! stating gravely in his preface, that in this, his work, "he had been very careful to inculcate the morality of the Bible!" Mr. Muzzey, amazed to see extracts from his own work in American papers, under another title and another man's name, hastened over to London, confronted the unudent freebooter, and issued an English edition of his own work.

In such hands as these, what beautiful translations of Miss Bremer may we not expect! The Rev. Sydney Smith has ably trounced the Americans for *their* dishonesty; we entreat him to hold the balance even, and chastise this dishonesty towards Americans on the part of our countrymen. Swindling is the same thing on one side of the water as on the other, and nothing more disgraceful to national character can be done on the other side of the Atlantic.

But at these men I am not surprised; they are only labouring in their ordinary vocation. The real cause of surprise is that any journal can be found, holding a respectable rank, which will sanction and encourage them. Their miserable activity is the natural result of such patronage. It is for the English Press, which is the guardian of the honour and integrity of our literature, to protect us from this state of things. It is for it to say whether it shall be possible for translations of excellent works from abroad to be made with the necessary care and leisure; or whether the moment a translator of known tact and repu-

tation announces a fresh work, he or she shall be torn to pieces by a pack of hungry wolves. It is for it to see that when we have a cheap translation, it shall at least be sound and honest.

I repeat my testimony to the honourable feeling already shown by the great body of the press in the present instance, and my confidence that all that is so obviously necessary will be effected by it. I have now stated what it was my duty to state in support of the purity and integrity of the translations of these works. In my own case I have spared no pains to ensure this; and I have had always at hand the ever-ready assistance of Mr. Howitt—an enthusiastic admirer of these Northern tongues. My plan has been when my translation was complete to read it aloud to him, while he held the original in his hand, so that no word or no misconception might escape; and I confidently, therefore, present my edition to the public as faithful and complete.

The *Examiner*, in a flattering notice of one of my translations, regretted that I had not given some more account of Miss Bremer herself, adding that she was in reduced circumstances. I am happy to say that wherever that information was obtained, it was totally unfounded. Miss Bremer is not only of a substantial family, but connected with the nobility of the country. It is not my intention to give a line respecting Miss Bremer more than is agreeable to herself; but in her kind interest in my translation she has voluntarily offered to write me a Sketch of her Literary Life, which, with whatever is proper to be added, will appear in my next issue—the concluding one of Miss Bremer's published stories.

Miss Bremer lately addressed to me these words: "Sweden is a poor but noble country; England is a rich and noble one; but in spirit they are sisters, and should know each other as such. Let us, dear Mrs. Howitt, contribute to that end!"

I am convinced that England and Sweden, including the fine kingdom of Norway, may become in both intellectual and commercial relations far better known to each other to the greatest mutual advantage. No one could have opened up more successfully the intellectual intercourse than Miss Bremer; and I regard it as one of the happiest and most honourable events of my life—of which nothing can deprive me—that I have introduced her beautiful and ennobling writings, not only to these islands, but to the whole vast English family. I have sent them expressly to Australia; and in America, in India, at the Cape, as well as in Australasia, Miss Bremer is now a household word—nay, more—a household possession and blessing.

MARY HOWITT

The Grange, Upper Clapton,  
Dec. 18th, 1843.

# A DIARY.

## THIS DAY—A LIFE.

THEOREM.

Stockholm, 1st November, 18—

### IN THE MORNING HOUR.

"ANOTHER day, another revolution of light and shade. Enjoy thy existence, sayest thou, holy dawn of morning, animating glance of love, beam of God! Thou walkest me once more from my darkness, givest me a day, a new existence, a whole life. Thou lookest upon me in this light and sayest, follow the moments! They scatter in their flight light and flowers; they conceal themselves in clouds, but only to shine forth again all the lovelier; follow them, and let not the shade find thee before thou hast begun to live!"

Thus thought I with a great, home-departed spirit, as in the dawn of morning I awoke and saw the beam of daylight penetrating into my chamber, and involuntarily stretched forth my arms to meet it. It was neither bright nor cheerful; it was the misty beam of a November day, but still light from the light which brightened my life's-day, and I greeted it with love.

May the light of my life's-day, like that of the morning, be—an ascending one! whether its beam shine through mist or through clear air is all one! if only the day increase, if only life brighten.

After an absence of ten years, I visit anew the home of my childhood; whether for a longer or a shorter time circumstances will determine. Independent in fortune and position in life, I can now, after a captivity of many years, enjoy freedom, and at thirty years of age follow merely my own will.

I arrived here last evening, a few days earlier than I was expected, and thus could not by any possibility flatter myself that on my account the house of my stepmother was so splendidly lighted up as I found it on stopping before it. Ah, no! On the contrary, it was terribly difficult to find anybody who would trouble themselves in the least about me and my things.

At length I stumbled upon a maid-servant, whose kind countenance and manner immediately pleased me, and who, as soon as she perceived who I was, busied herself actively about me and mine. "Ah!" exclaimed she, as she led me up a winding staircase covered with carpeting, which led to my room, "how vexatious it is! Her Grace gives to-day a little ball to celebrate Miss Selma's birthday, and now they have taken off their cloaks in your room, Miss; how it looks! But see! they did not expect you earlier than next week, and, therefore, nothing is in order."

B

"It does not signify!" said I, as with some consternation I looked round the room which my step-mother in her letter had praised as an 'excellent chamber,' and which was now filled with gentlemen's and ladies' cloaks, with fur boots and over-shoes. The music of one of Stranase's intoxicating waltzes came from below, producing an effect half-animating, half-depressing; and I thought, if I up here, sit myself down quietly among these empty human habiliments and listen to this music, and think, "here sit I, a forlorn stranger in the country, whilst they without are making merry with dancing, then—I shall become melancholy, and shall begin to write an appendix to Solomon's sermon, 'All is vanity!' But if I too go down among those joyful people, and entertain myself with looking at them, and whilst they whirl about in the gallopade and the waltz, make me—"

A dim idea unfolded itself suddenly in my head, like the butterfly from the chrysalis. I took hold of Karin—such was the name of my obliging maiden—and prayed her to inform nobody in the house of my arrival, but on the contrary, to assist me in putting on my black silk dress and other things, to make a hasty toilet. I wished to sneak into the company unannounced and unknown. Karin understood my idea, thought it merry, and helped me quickly and efficiently; so that in half an hour I could show myself with honour in the saloon, and hoped to remain unobserved by a part of the 'foule' which, as I knew of old, was very important in the soirées of my stepmother. And to tell the truth, I was not altogether dissatisfied to be able to look about me a little, and, as it were, to prepare myself for acquaintance with relatives whom I had now not seen for so many years.

As I entered the dancing-room a gallopade was being danced. I stole along by the wall, and soon fortunately found a place in a corner. The music, the noise, and the strong blaze of light, almost bewildered my head. When I had a little recovered my senses, I spied about curiously after the countenances of my connexions; above all, my eye sought for my young sister Selma, although almost without hope of being able to recognise in the young girl of twenty, the tender, delicate child which I had not seen for ten years.

"But the sole daughter of the house," thought I, "the heroine of the day, must still be easy to discover among the others: she must certainly precede every one in the dance, and must

be put forward and honoured before all others!" and I sought inquiringly among the couples who were floating round in the gallopade. The dance seemed to me enchanting.

'Ah, *les reines du bal*!' said now an elderly gentleman of an animated, and at the same time somewhat faded exterior and relaxed features, who stood near me; and I saw a young officer of dragoons dancing onward with two young ladies who riveted my whole attention, so beautiful and brilliant were they. I considered it a settled thing that one of these must be my sister Selma; but which of them? They had a remarkably great sisterly resemblance, and yet on near observation it was a peculiar manner which made them unlike. The lively, refined, captivating grace which distinguished the one who was dressed in white gauze and blond, was wanting in the other, who was dressed in bright rose-coloured crape, and whose growth was somewhat larger, yet who mean time was unquestionably the handsomer. Her dancing was characterised by that joyously-bounding life, which is said to constitute the spirit of Fanny Elser's dancing, whilst the dancing of the other—the white one—had more of the noble pure grace which I myself have admired in Maria Taglioni. Either might be Selma. The more I regarded the white one, the more I wished that she might be my sister.

But is it, indeed, possible, that the somewhat self-willed doll, 'little me,' as Selma called herself in her childish years, should have changed itself into this sylph-like being, whose countenance beamed with soul and innocent joy?

The other had more of the proud self, which looked forth in the child Selma; perhaps she might be my sister Selma! Should I be able to love her much?

Whilst this contest between the red and white rose went on in my mind, and I purposefully demanded no explanation from my neighbour, but would await the answer from chance, I heard the gentleman who had exclaimed, '*les reines du bal*,' congratulated by another upon being 'a rich old bachelor.'

"The life of a rich old bachelor," said he with a sigh, which awakened in me the thought that he found himself burdened with as many wives and children as Rochus Pumpernickel—"the life of a rich old bachelor is indeed a continual"—

"The life of a rich old bachelor," said the first speaker also with a sigh, "is a splendid breakfast, a tolerably flat dinner, and a most miserable supper!"

Whilst I listened to the communication of the two gentlemen, and observed '*les reines du bal*,' I remarked that a man between thirty and forty, in naval uniform, of a frank and strong exterior, with a pair of serious, honest eyes—observed me. This gave me pleasure—I do not know why. I also remarked that the son of Neptune steered ever nearer and nearer to me, and—unexpectedly seated himself by my side. I cannot at this moment rightly comprehend how we came into discourse, and still less how I came to confide to him my observations on the two stars of the ball, and last of all, how I could feel so communicative and well acquainted with a person entirely strange to me. The person smiled at my confidential communica-

tions, and inquired if I wished for any explanations from him? I replied that this evening I had set out on a voyage of discovery, and had taken Chance for my helmsman, and would have him to govern the voyage. My new acquaintance warned me of the danger of giving myself up to such a helmsman, and sought with delicacy to dive into the intention of my undertaking. I answered evasively; the conversation was jesting, and it seemed to me as if a great ship of war was amusing itself by chasing a little brig, which nevertheless succeeded, by rapidly tacking about, perpetually to escape it. In the mean time we came, quite unexpectedly, into very deep water, namely, into the innermost of the soul and of life, and we soon were contending about that which constitutes the highest weal or woe of human life. We had on this subject entirely different views, because, whilst I, in the calmness of temper and clearness of thought, sought for the haven of felicity, the son of Neptune found it merely in the life and strength of feeling. I asserted that in this way he never would come into the haven, but would always find himself on the outside of it, in the open stormy sea. He had nothing to say against this. It was exactly upon the open stormy sea that he had found happiness. I declared myself opposed to the disquiet of a Viking life; he against a life of quiet and ease. I spoke of the danger of shipwrecks under the guidance of the feelings, and remembered Odin's words in Havamal, "Insecure is that which one possesses in the breast of another." The seaman betook himself to Christianity, and thought with the Apostle, that without love all things in the world were sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. I bowed myself before human love: this was precisely my proposition. But in regard to private relationships, I found it to be in the highest degree necessary to be able to sing at all times,

"I care for nobody, nobody,  
And nobody cares for me!"

The seaman laughed, but shook his head and said, "You would not be able to sing so, and could not sing so, if you had had the happiness—to have children."

"Perhaps not," replied I, in an indifferent tone; pleased in myself to find that my new acquaintance was, as I had already suspected, a married man, and the father of a family.

We were here interrupted by the ending of the gallopade and the dancing ladies seeking for resting places, on which my neighbour stood up. The view through the dancing room was now freer, and permitted one through the open doors to look into the saloon, where turbaned "gracious ladies" occupied the divans, and several gentlemen with stars and ribbons moved about them.

"Ah, there she is!" thought I, with sudden emotion, as a lady of noble figure and noble bearing came in sight, whilst in conversation with an elderly gentleman, she slowly approached the dancing-room.

Yes, that was she; still the same as ever in appearance, grave, beautiful, and tasteful in dress. I recognised the strings of real pearls, with jewelled clasps, which surrounded her neck and her lovely arms, which I would so willingly have kissed in my childhood; I recog-

bleed the beautiful countenance, and the carriage, so imposing, and yet so full of grace. She was still the same as, twenty years ago, she had stood a half-divinity before my eyes in the magnificent saloons of the capital; when she, as wife of the "District Governor," did the honours, with the looks of a queen; yes, she was still the same as I then had seen her, and nothing more distinguished have I seen since then—although I have looked well about me in the world—and probably never shall, and yet . . . It was my stepmother! My heart beat not lightly, as I saw her slowly approach the side where I sat, and anticipated the moment of recognition; it came.

The glance of my stepmother fell on me; she started, and looked again observantly; I stood up; she hastened towards me, and we soon embraced each other; not without mutual embarrassment, which the surprise, and mutual excuses—from me, on account of my arrival; from her, on the condition of my chamber—helped to conceal. My stepmother now called 'Selma! Selma!' and the white sylph floated towards us, and I clasped my young sister in my arms, glad that she was 'the white rose,' and delighted to see such a kindly joy beam from her dear blue eyes, as blushing, she heartily bade me welcome.

At this moment my glance involuntarily met that of my former neighbour, who from some little distance observed us, with a gentle, half-melancholy smile. After this, my stepmother called 'Flora!' and beckoned; but Flora, occupied in lively discourse with some gentlemen, did not immediately hear. Selma hastened to her, took her by the arm, and returned with her to me. I saw 'the red rose,' the other queen of the ball, before me. Selma whispered, "Sophia! thy and my cousin, Flora!"

My cousin Flora Delphin, whom I now saw for the first time, greeted me courteously; and after a short and indifferent conversation, she turned again to her gentlemen.

"For this evening no more acquaintance, my sweet Selma," I now, besought. "I know that I here must have several, to me, yet unknown relations; but I would rather defer making their acquaintance till another time.

"All the better!" answered she; "then can I yet a while alone belong to you. I shall not dance this dance—I must chat with you." And now, as a quadrille was played, Selma's partner approached; she excused herself to him, and introduced him to a young lady who was sitting, and whom he led to the dance. On this, she seated herself near me, asked with warm interest after things which concerned me, and reminded me, with a voice full of tender emotion, how I had been so good to her in her childhood, told her tales, had brought about pastimes, and little merry-makings and such like, in order to please her.

"This time, Selma," interrupted I, "you must tell me tales; but, of course, only true ones; because I am totally unacquainted with the world which surrounds me here, and would willingly be conducted into it; or much rather, without any trouble on my part, have it brought to me."

"Ah! you have addressed yourself exactly to the right person," said Selma, with comic dig-

nity; "and in order to begin now my office of chief mistress of the ceremonies, thus—who shall I, in the first place, have the honour of introducing to you in this company!"

"O! the stately lady there, with the bird-of-paradise waving in the turban of silver gauze, and in a dress of black velvet—she, who now talks with your mamma and laughs—a fine woman; she might represent the queen of night."

"So she is," answered Selma laughing. "Signora Luna, as we sometimes call her, or, 'our lady with the bright eyes;' she is lady of honour to her majesty the queen, where, as one knows, night is turned into day; she will please you; she belongs to our very best acquaintance, and this evening, over and above, Signora Luna is at the full; shall I not immediately intro—"

"No! no! not this evening; Signora Luna is, at this moment, too splendid for me. Who is the tall gentleman who now talks with her! a stately figure also, but somewhat ostentatious."

"Respect! I pray for—Alexander the Great, or the Great Alexander—he has translated the logic and rhetoric of Aristotle; a most learned man, and the proper husband for the handsome Mrs. Luna."

"Humble servant! But my best one, here is the strangest company in the world—truly, not of this world. Signora Luna and Alexander the Great! I wonder what celestial dignity will next have the honour—that officer, for example, I would gladly know his name; he talks now with a gentleman who wears an order; a delightful countenance; but he seems to me to belong a little to the earth."

"Not so entirely, for he belongs more to the sea. We call him 'the Viking'—for the rest he is called Commodore Captain Brenner, a very brave and distinguished man. Do you know with whom he speaks?"

"No, but I would willingly learn. Of a certainty he is called Aristides, or—Axel Oxenstjerna. Methinks I have seen him before."

"That is Baron Thorsten Lennartson: you will often see him here; he was Felix Delphin's guardian, and is now Flora's guardian."

"He is the same whom I fancied I knew again. You have given him no character-name, Selma; but I should like to give him one!"

"And what?"

"I would call him 'My lord,' because he seems as if he could be lord over himself; what say you?"

"You have said it excellently. It seems to me as if you had known him long."

"I have seen him years ago, and—but there stands a person beside Flora, whom, I think, I have seen also formerly; a regular, but marble-cold countenance; rather sallow, Voltaire-like features!"

"One of your relatives too! My and your brother-in-law, the Envoyé St. Orme; who only a few months ago came here from Paris."

"Virginia's husband! Ah, I ought to have recognised him: but it is above ten years since I saw him, at Virginia's marriage. How beautiful she was! That she must so soon leave the earth! One year after her marriage!"

"Yes, on the anniversary of her wedding;" said Selma, with a voice that shewed a painful

remembrance. For this reason I continued my inquiries.

"And that young officer with whom you were dancing; a distinguished, handsome young man?"

"Another relation, Felix Delphin, Flora's brother. Is not Flora gloriously beautiful?"

"Very beautiful!"

"And how witty! how richly gifted! She has at least a dozen talents."

"That were almost too much!" said I, laughing; "and now, thanks my sweet Selma, that you have so richly entertained me. I now see a gentleman approaching you with dancing intentions, and you shall not any longer drive your partners to desperation on my account. Be easy about me; I amuse myself excellently with looking on the dance, and on the new, interesting acquaintance that I have made, Signora Luna, Alexander the Great, my Lord——"

"Bestow a glance on the philosopher," said Selma archly, and pointed to a servant in the livery of the family who approached with a tray of ices, and had a very grave countenance, with the features of a parrot.

"Take care, Jacob," continued she, merrily addressing him, "and look before you, that we do not waltz over you."

"O heaven defend me, Miss!" replied the philosopher with a rough voice, while a sudden illumination passed over his countenance, but which speedily resumed its dark expression, as he remained standing before me with his tray. 'Miss' floated away in the waltz, light as a breath.

Immediately after this, my stepmother came up to me with 'the rich old bachelor,' wearing the French order, and introduced 'your uncle, Chamberlain X.'

My uncle seated himself near me, and began the conversation with much politeness, which advanced from some compliments on myself to a tolerably witty criticism of others, but which had a less digestible relish in a spiritual sense.

Whether it were that I was wearied by the journey, or by the noise of the ball, or was spoiled by the conversation which I had already had, certain it is that this did not please me, and a sort of twilight mist spread itself before my eyes over that animated life which had just before been so brilliant. At the same time, I listened with pleasure to the praises of my stepmother. "A most excellent person," said my uncle, "I know no one in whom I have so great a confidence, no one on whom one can so much depend. When I would do a little good in secret, and would not wish it to be known, I always betake myself to her."

The Viking had left the company, after having, at going out, cast towards me a parting glance, which lived in my remembrance like a little point of light. Signora Luna's brilliant appearance vanished from our horizon, in order to ascend into the horizon of the Court, where she was at this moment in attendance. I only saw Selma when, between the dances, she came, with a friendly word or a question, bounding towards me: thus I saw her also now by the side of her mother, now by an elderly lady in the company, as if she would make all happy.

After supper, somewhat occurred, the impression of which I shall long retain. There arose

a lively movement in the saloon, and I saw how my young sister was borne in an arm chair under the chandelier, whose light beamed around her, and the most animated vivat-cry resounded from the encircling gentlemen.

"My lord" was among those who thus exalted the young heroine of the festival, and right beautiful and princess-like sate she there, in the strong blaze of light, herself beaming with the charm of youth and becoming joy. An exclamation of admiration and homage went through the whole assembly. As my eyes sunk from the almost dazzling view, they were arrested by a countenance whose expression gave, as it were, a stab to my heart. It was the countenance of Flora. Vexation, envy, anger, lay in the almost spasmodic movements which thrilled through and disfigured the beautiful features—but only for a moment. As her eyes encountered mine, that expression changed itself again; and soon afterwards she laughed and joked with the Envoyé St. Orme, who was seldom from her side, and whose observant and cold glance had for me something repulsive.

As I now wished to sneak away from the company my stepmother shewed a determined resolution of accompanying me to my chamber; but, on my warm opposition, allowed herself to be persuaded to remain quietly, and not to let Selma, who was again engaged for a dance, observe anything.

When I returned to my chamber, I found it changed. The disorderly, lying-about articles of dress had vanished, and order, taste, and kind attention had set its stamp upon everything in this large and handsome room.

"The young lady herself has been up here, and has looked after every thing," said Karin, again supplying the fire which had burned low.

"Thanks, my young sister," said I in my heart.

I was fatigued and soon slept, but had disturbed dreams. All the people upon whom, in the course of the evening, my attention had been directed, I thought I saw arrange themselves in a quadrille with threatening gestures, and ready to pounce on one another. I found myself among them, and just on the point of—skirmishing with my stepmother. At one time floated past a sylph-like being, with glimmering wings, smiling lips, and enchanting zephyr-like movements, and danced between us, and wove us together with invisible but soft ribbons, and this sylph, this other Taglioni, was—Selma!

During this apparition, the tension of mind allayed itself; the bitterness ceased, the enemies made *chaine*, and I sank into a refreshing, sweet sleep, which let me forget the whole world, till the new morning awoke.

And now, whilst all is quiet in the house, and seems to repose from the dance, I will take a somewhat nearer view of my past and present circumstances.

I have passed through with my stepmother two entirely different periods. The first I will call.

#### THE PERIOD OF MY IDOLATRY.

At the age of eleven I saw my stepmother for the first time, and was so captivated that I adored her. This continued till my fifteenth year, when I was separated from her. But bit-

ter were my days in this time of my idolatry; because never could a golden idol have been more deaf and silent to the prayers of its worshippers, than was my stepmother to my love. Besides this, I was a violent child, and in my whole being the opposite of the lovely and the agreeable, which my stepmother so highly valued, and of which she unceasingly spoke in quotations from the romances of Madame Genlis. I was compared with the enchantresses in these romances, and set down in proportion. In one word my stepmother could not rightly endure me, and I could not endure—Madame Genlis and her graces, who occasioned me so much torment. Ah! the sunburnt, wild girl, grown up in the 'moors' of Finland, whose life had passed in woods and heaths, among rocks and streams, and amid dreams as wild and wonderful as the natural scenery among which she grew; this girl was in truth no being for the saloon, for a French Grace. Transplanted from the fresh wilderness of her childhood into the magnificent capital, where huge mirrors on every side reflected every movement, and seemed scornfully to mimic every free outbreak which was not stamped by grace,—she was afraid, afraid of herself, afraid of everybody, and especially of the goddess of the palace. The governess and the servants called me 'the Tartar-girl,' 'the young Tartar.' My stepmother was never severe towards me in her behaviour, but crushed me by her depreciatory compassion, by her cold repulsion; and I soon could not approach her without burning cheeks, and a heart so full, so swollen—if I may say so—with anxious sighs, that the tongue in vain sought for a word. To find any fault in my stepmother was what I never thought of. Every, every fault lay certainly in me; but ah! I knew not how I should behave in order to become different, in order to become agreeable to her. I know that at this time more than once I besought heaven on my knees, never to give me a lover, if it, on the contrary, would only give me the love of my mother. But heaven, deaf to my prayer, gave me a lover, but—not the love of my mother; and I must learn to do without it; which was made easier to me by my being removed from her, and transplanted into another sphere of life, and—where also I suffered, but in another way.

Five years afterwards I came again into my father's house, and passed some time there. This epoch, in relation to my former idol, may be called

#### THE EPOCH OF OPPOSITION;

for it was in many things opposed to the former. I had, after severe combat with life, and with myself, moulded myself to a stern and truth-loving being, who would see reality in everything, and who despised all that appeared to be gilded in life as miserable froth. French worldly morality, accomplishment, and grace, were an abomination to me, towards which I now assumed as perfectly a well-bred demeanour as my stepmother had formerly assumed towards my world of nature. The shining veil through which I had regarded her had now fallen off. I now saw faults in her, and saw them through a magnifying-glass. She pleased me still, but I loved her no longer.

I had fallen in love with the spirit of Thorild,

had imbibed his love of truth and integrity, but at the same time somewhat also of his less pleasant way of showing them. And now clashed together Madame Genlis and Thorild, in the least pleasant manner, through my stepmother and me. For every quotation from Madame Genlis I had, always in warlike opposition, a quotation ready from Thorild, and my stepmother answered in the same spirit. Nevertheless, by degrees the French Marquess yielded to the Swedish philosopher; that is to say, she relinquished the field because such a rude fellow struck about him. It is to me a strange, half-melancholy remembrance, that my stepmother at this time was really afraid of me, and avoided me, evidently grieved by my unsparing earnestness. Several times also she endeavoured to govern and to overawe me; she would at times resume the sceptre, but in vain; it was broken in her hand: she saw this, and yielded silently and somewhat dispirited.

At the recollection of the harsh feeling I had at times, when I remarked this reaction in the relationship between us, I cannot preserve myself from a secret shudder; and would exclaim warningly to all over-severe parents, the counsel of the Apostle: "Parents, provoke not your children to anger!"

The fault was this time, for the most part, on my side. But I was embittered by the remembrance of that which I had suffered; and, besides this, to say nothing of Thorild, was unclear in my views of life, and unhappy in my soul; and this may obtain for me some excuse. My stepmother, a joyous, and pleasant, and much esteemed lady of the world, was entirely accustomed to the sunny side of life, and wished only to see this. I was more accustomed to the dark side, and thus we separated more and more.

One bond of union existed at this time between us; the little Selma, a weakly, but interesting child. She seemed, by I know not what incomprehensible sympathy, attracted to me; which yet, according to my Thorildish love of justice, did not at all accord with the reverence which was shown to her at home. But I could not help feeling myself drawn to her. She was her father's darling, and his chiefest occupation. He was a friend and pupil of the great Ehrensvärd, of the man with the severe and pure sense of beauty, and he wished to form of his daughter a being as harmonious and lovely as the ideal which he bore in himself: and not the eleven thousand heroines of modern scenes and novels, but the antique Antigone, so beautiful as woman, while she was so unmasculinely noble, was the prototype upon which he early directed the eye and heart of his daughter. Thus created in her a new Antigone, and enjoyed through her a life which very weak health had rendered somewhat joyless. My stepmother was about this time very much occupied by her daughter Virginia, who by her beauty and her character might well flatter the pride of a mother. Admiration of her, and tenderness towards Selma, led us sometimes to an accord of feeling.

We were again separated; and now that after ten years we are again come into contact, I am not without some uneasiness on account of our living together. Will it occasion a union,

or—a deeper separation? One of the two, that is quite certain; because my stepmother, just as little as myself, had stood still during her decennium. We both have lived to see sorrow. My stepmother has lost her husband and her beloved eldest daughter, and I, I have—yet nevertheless, that is now over, and I am free.

That I am now better than when we last met, I will venture to hope. The philosophy which then made me so proud and so disputatious, has since then made me peaceable; thought has quietly and regulatively laid its hand upon my brow; and life has cleared itself up, and the heart has calmed itself. Books have become my dearest companions; and observation, a friend which has accompanied me through life, and has led me to extract honey from all plants of life, even the bitter ones also. Thorild is still for me, as ever, a star of the first magnitude; but I no longer follow him blindly, and I have also become possessed of eyes for the constellation of Madame Genlis. In one thing will I always truly follow him—namely, in his doctrine, unceasingly to study and inquire after the good in all things.

On the shore where I was born, on the alder-fringed streams of Kautua, I often went, as a child, pearl-fishing, when the heat of the sun had abated the rigour of the water. I fancy still that the clear cool waves wash my feet; I fancy still that I see the pearl muscles which the waterfall had thrown together in heaps in the sand of the little green islands. Whole heaps of these muscles I collected together on the shore, and if I found one pearl among them—what joy! Often they were imperfect, half-formed, or injured; still sometimes I found right beautiful ones among them. Now will I again go out to fish for pearls, but in the stream of life.

#### The 2d of November.

I was yesterday morning interrupted by the messenger who called me to breakfast, and the messenger was my young sister, whose silvery clear voice asked at my door, “may one come in?” Yea, to be sure you may! besides, sylphs are not easily bolted out, and one opens willingly the door and heart, when a being like Selma desires to enter, and with benevolence and joy beaming from the diamond-bright eyes, bends before thee, and shews to thee tokens of friendship and kindly inclination. She was so charming, my young sister, in the flower of youth and life; in her simple, well-chosen, tasteful dress; and, above all, in her captivating manner, that I seemed to see in her the personification of the muse of Franzén, whose name she bears.

“God guard thee, thou lovely being!” thought I silently, as I observed her, and something like a painful foreboding brought tears into my eyes.

Not without a beating of the heart did I follow her down stairs, and prepare myself to see my stepmother and my home by daylight.

But my feeling of anxiety vanished as I entered the inner ante-room, and my stepmother met me with looks and words which seemed the expression of cordial good-will. Beyond this, every thing in the room was comfortable—atmosphere, furniture, to the inviting coffee service glittering with silver and real pearl.

“This is good indeed!” thought I.

Nothing here gave me greater pleasure than the sight of the collection of good oil-paintings which decorated the walls of the two ante-rooms. At the very moment when I was about to express my feelings on this subject, Flora entered. I scarcely recognised again the queen of the last night's ball. The delicate skin appeared coarse by daylight; the eye was dim; the dress negligent; and the beautiful countenance disfigured by an evident expression of ill temper. Selma, however, gains by being seen in daylight; her skin is delicate and fair; and her eyes have the most beautiful light, and the clearest glance, that I have ever seen in a human eye.

We seated ourselves to breakfast. We spoke of last evening's ball. My stepmother made on the occasion a little speech from the throne, which I had heard already in former times, but which had always somewhat embarrassed me. I was silent the while; but it excited in me a secret opposition, which I fancy my stepmother suspected; I know not otherwise why her glances were so often questioningly sent towards me. Selma's merry remarks interrupted the speech, and made us all laugh. Flora became again animated, and was witty and satirical. I put in my word also, and our gracious lady-mother appeared highly delighted. We brought into review various good acquaintance in last evening's ball; various toilets were criticised. In the mean time, Selma stared roguishly at my collar, and pronounced it somewhat ‘rococo.’ My stepmother looked at my dress, and pronounced this also somewhat ‘rococo.’ With that I started the idea, that my person itself might be somewhat ‘rococo,’ which was negated with the greatest and the most courteous zeal.

My stepmother said I was exactly at the handsome, ‘modern age,’ for a charming woman; in one word, ‘la femme la trente ans, la femme de Balaar,’ and added various things half unexpressed, but yet perfectly intelligible; as that I had grown handsomer, in my complexion, in my eyes, in my hands; and all this, to me, poor daughter of Eve, was a great happiness to hear.

Selma was resolute about taking my toilet in hand herself, in order to make ‘this also’ modern! I promised to submit myself to her tyranny.

After breakfast, my stepmother and I continued the conversation *à la-tête*; and I remarked during this that her countenance had considerably altered, and I saw a something uneasy and excited in her looks, which I had not seen before. Yet her features had not lost their noble beauty. While we talked, Selma watered her flowers, and sang thereto charmingly. The eyes of my stepmother turned often towards her, as if towards their light.

Flora was in a changeful humour. Now she opened a book, and now threw it from her; now she seated herself at the piano, and played something with good skill, but left off in the middle of the piece; now arranged her curls, and looked at herself in the mirror; at length she seated herself at the window; and made observations on the passers by. I called her secretly “Miss Caprice.”

Thus stood affairs in our ante-room, when, in a pause of the conversation, we heard a faint hissing whistling, and slow steps approaching the room where we sate.

My step mother cast an uneasy glance towards the door. Selma's song ceased, Flora looked quietly from the window, and upon—St. Orme, who entered the room. He and I were now formally introduced to each other. The repulsive impression which he had made upon me was not diminished by the shake of his hand. I receive an especial impression of the sort of person by the manner of taking the hand, and cannot avoid drawing deductions therefrom,—more however by instinct than by reason, since my reason refuses to be led by outward impressions, which may be merely accidental; but I cannot alter it: a cordial warm shake of the hand takes—my heart; a feeble or imperfect, or cold, one repels it. There are people who press the hand so that it is painful for a good while afterwards; there are also those who come with two fingers; from these defend us! . . .

But again to the Envoyé whose hand-shake, weak and sharp, although the hand was soft, did not please me. He went from me to Flora, whose hand he kissed; he wished then to put his arm confidentially round Selma's waist, but she escaped from him, and called to me to come and make acquaintance with her flower-bulbs, which she merrily introduced to me under the names of 'King Hiskia,' 'Lord Wellington,' 'Grand Vainqueur,' 'l'ami du cœur,' 'Diana,' 'Galathea,' and so on:—flower-genii hidden in the bulbs, which we rejoiced to see unfolding in the winter sun.

We were here interrupted by Flora's brother, Felix Delphin, who gave to Selma a half-blown monthly rose. She took it blushing. Aha, my young sister! But I know not whether I may bestow thee on the young Delphin. His remarkably handsome and good face has a certain unpleasant expression which tells of an irregular life.

The Envoyé said something softly to my stepmother which made her change colour, and with an uneasy look, rise up and go with him into her room.

I left the young merry trio employed in propositions and schemes for the pleasures of the day and of the week, and went up into my own room. It had a glorious prospect—my room, and afforded me an opportunity of observing, in a free and extended heaven, the play of light and shadow of clouds, and of azure blue, which gives so much life and animation to the firmament above our heads.

We dwelt upon the Blasieholm, exactly upon the limits of the fields planted with trees, where the Delagarde Palace, with its towers, had elevated itself for centuries, and had been burnt down in one night. I look out from my window, and see and hear the roaring of the broad stream which separates the city from Norrmalm, and on whose shores have been fought so many bloody battles; on the haven, the bridge of boats, the royal castle, with the Lion Hill; the river promenade, farther on, beneath the north-bridge; and on the other side of the island of the Holy Ghost, the blue water of the Mälär, and the southern mountains. From among the

masses of houses upon the different islands, raise themselves the bold spires of the church-towers. To the left I have that of St. Catharine; to the right, that of St. James; and farther off, the royal gardens, with their rich alleys, and — I should never come to an end, were I to name all that I have and govern—from my window. And in my chamber, I have my pencils, my books, and—myself.

*The 5th.*

I have looked about me in the family, at least as far as regards the outside of people. Because rightly to decide between minds, and to pass through the outward into the actual being, requires more time. My silent question addressed to every one for this purpose is, "What wilt thou, what seest thou in life?" According to this rule, I botanize among human souls, and classify them.

"You must see Flora's paintings! You must hear Flora sing! You must see and hear Flora play in comedy! Flora must show you her poetical and prose descriptions and portraits! they are so witty, and so droll!" Thus I have often heard Selma say in these days; and she did not rest till I had seen and admired all—and I have admired it with great pleasure, for Flora's turn for the arts is in many ways distinguished. But greater still, I fear, is her self-love, or what do expressions like the following denote:

"I am not like common people; if I were like others, so and so, but I am really quite peculiar and remarkable, I cannot lower myself to the point of sight of these every-day figures," and more of the kind.

So seems with Flora the chief person to be an *I*, with Selma a *thou*. Yet I will not too hastily judge Flora.

Selma furnished me with a most agreeable morning yesterday, by allowing me to make acquaintance with several masterpieces in her beautiful collection of pictures. They were presents to her from her father, who collected them himself during his residence in Italy. By the accurate knowledge of the spirit of the various colouring, by the pure and severe sense of beauty, one recognised the scholar of Ehrensvärd. In the mean time, the conversation turned to Selma's own residence in Rome. After Virginia's death, she accompanied her parents thither, who in this journey sought for the dissipation of their sorrow and an occasion of more highly accomplishing their beloved daughter. Here had Selma awakened to a consciousness of the beauty of life, but also to that of its pain, for here had she lost her adored father. Lennartson was then in Rome, had partaken with her happier days, and became in grief her support and consolation. With filial and brotherly tenderness he attached himself to the two mourning ladies, and conducted them, under his own faithful guard, back to their native land. Selma spoke with deep emotion of all that which he had been to them.

Towards evening came St. Orme and the young Delphin. St. Orme made Flora a present of a beautiful bracelet, over which she exhibited great delight, and allowed St. Orme himself to clasp it on her arm. After this, he held it forth and kissed it, and Flora—permitted it. Selma saw this with a disturbed look, and blushed.

We divided ourselves this evening into three

parties. Felix and Selma threw the feather-ball, and played comedy in the farthest ante-room, and their jests and her silver-ringing laughter came thence to us here; Flora allowed the firework of her wit to blaze before the Envoyé, who animated it by his satire, whilst he evidently ruled her and guided the conversation, which amused me, although I did not understand the frequent secret hints in it, and the vexation which these seemed sometimes to excite in Flora.

My stepmother permitted her lights to shine before me, and instructed me on the positions of the relationship in the State. I allowed myself to be edified, lent my two ears towards three sides, and made now and then one and another wise remark on my stepmother's views, as I with Sibylline solemnity laid my cards in order to read the book of fate. For I should be no worthy daughter of the home of the magic arts, Finland, if I had not been somewhat skilled in the prophetic-lore of coffee and cards. True it is that I never was an altogether worthy scholar of the celebrated soothsayers, Liboria, who had taught me her art; and I have never yet laid the cards with her devotion and her spirit, but—short and good, it amused me to see the play of fate in the cards, and I have often amused myself and others with it, and I did so also at this time.

When the evening was ended, the company separated; and Flora and I went through the little corridor towards our sleeping-rooms, which were separated by it; Flora remained standing, and said, as she suddenly turned herself toward me,

"You think certainly that I am in love with St. Orme."

"Hm?" answered I, "methinks it looks rather like it."

(For Flora this evening had really coquetted with St. Orme.)

"And know you not, wise Sibyl, that appearance often deceives! And so it is now. One must often appear that which one is not, in order to obtain that which one wishes. Craft and cunning were given to woman, in order to govern those who would rule her. They are her rightful weapons."

"So people often say," I replied, "but I have not found it so. I have found the force of truth and of earnestness—if they be used with prudence, and love—alone right powerful, and that in men as in women."

"Truth and earnestness!" said Flora scornfully, "shew me where they can be found. We altogether cheat one another every day through life, however sanctified we may conduct ourselves. How for example, is it with us two? Have we not for several days 'played off' the most courteous cousins to each other, and yet I believe that at the bottom we think very lightly of one another. What is your opinion?"

"I think with you," said I, animated by this candour.

"Well then?" continued Flora, "were it not quite as well that we openly assumed our position of hating one another?"

"Why not?" said I, as before, "that would be perhaps an entirely new way to love."

"Novelty pleases me," said Flora laughing too; "thus then, from this day, we are open

enemies, and mutually cherish a little hatred. Is it not so, Miss Philosophia?"

"Agreed! Miss Caprice!"

We shook each other's hand laughing, and parted better friends than we had been before.

Notwithstanding Flora's words, I made up this evening, according to my unlooked-for conjectures, two matches, and united Flora and St. Orme, Selma and Felix. There was yet my stepmother and myself to provide for. Good, now! We will become the comfort of each other's age, and will govern the state together. Thorild and Madame Genlis can help us.

*The 6th.*

My unlooked-for conjectures are rendered vain; and by whom? By the Baroa.

At breakfast, Flora and I declared in a lively way our agreement of the foregoing evening. My stepmother took the affair jestingly, as she would shew, and laughed at our 'baited contract.' Selma looked on the affair, not as a merry one, but regarded us with grave and almost sorrowful eyes. I endeavoured to satisfy her by representing that I would shew her our hatred as a new way to friendship. She became again gay, and singing

*A little strife and brawl  
Injures not at all,*

left us, in order to look after the domestic concerns. Soon after this came Baron Lennartson.

After some time of general conversation, he led Flora aside, and talked for a long time to her in a low voice. He seemed to beseech from her something earnestly, and during this seized, more than once, her hand. And Flora appeared not at all to oppose. I looked at my stepmother, and my stepmother looked at me.

"There seems to be quite a friendly understanding between guardian and ward," said I.

"Yes," replied my stepmother, "they are something more to each other than that."

"How! are they betrothed?"

"Yes! but it is not declared, and it will not yet be generally spoken of."

"Flora," continued I, "will next spring be of age, and will then have control over a considerable property."

"Merely over the income of it," said my stepmother; "over the capital her future husband alone will have control, according to the will of the uncle whom Flora and her brother have to thank for their property. He was a crabbed old man, and had no confidence in ladies' management of business. He ordered also that Flora should not marry before her five-and-twentieth year—which she completes in the spring—under the disadvantage of losing a considerable part of her property."

Selma entered. Lennartson ended his discourse with Flora, and went, after he had kissed her hand, and had said, slowly and emphatically,

"Think on it!"

"There was indeed a very warm conversation," said my stepmother somewhat inquiringly to Flora, as she, after a glance at the mirror, approached us with beaming eyes.

"Yes," said Flora, "he is as kind as he is excellent; one must do everything that he wills."

I sighed aloud.

"Now, why does Sophia sigh so?" inquired Flora.

"Because I conjecture that you will be right happy soon with Lennartson, and receive his hand. I must indeed nourish my hatred."

"O," said Flora, laughing, "do not mourn yet. It will not be so good with me," added she, half mélanchole. "The talk is now less about me than about Felix. My guardian wishes that I should be for him a prototype, and an example, and a guide—but my influence upon my dear brother is not much to be boasted of; and I well know who, better than I, could work upon him, and could change my dear Felix into a true bird, 'a phoenix,' if she would. What do you think, Selma?"

Selma turned herself away, and said, half to herself, "Do not let us talk of it."

"Well, then, let us talk of my masquerade costume," replied Flora with liveliness; "come and help me to choose the colours; you have so good a taste." She took Selma by the arm, and the two young cousins chatted, singing, out of the room.

"Later, as I went with a message to Selma, in Flora's room, I found them in eager discourse, amid gold and silver gauze.

"But Flora, that is too dear!" said Selma,

"But it is so divinely beautiful!" said Flora.

"But it may still be beautiful—and the difference in the cost is so considerable! You have indeed promised Lennartson himself to be an example to Felix."

"Yes, yes, in generale, but not in all trifles. In them I will follow my own head. So look Selma dear, do not assume airs of wisdom to me; they do not become you—be a little bit livelier. Let us come to my turban. Ah, aunt! That was divine! My aunt shall say"—and Flora turned herself warmly to my stepmother, who just then entered, and now without hesitation entered in Flora's plans respecting the expensive costume which should change her into a Circassian.

After this she said to me, whilst she embraced Selma, "What think you of this child here, Sophia, who will sit at home by her old mother, instead of going to the masquerade at W.'s?"

"I love her on that account," said I.

"How should Miss Philosophia do otherwise, towards such behaviour?" said Flora, somewhat pointedly.

"But if I," continued my stepmother, her eyes twinkling with delight, "take upon myself all cost of the dress, and—"

"That mamma should not do, if mamma loves me," exclaimed Selma. "It is really so, that I have no desire for this ball, and still less to ruin myself for it. My mother, beside, would merely go there on my account, and—one thing with another, I am convinced that I shall be far more pleased if I remain at home this evening."

"Now you wish to win Lennartson's heart;" said Flora, bitterly.

"Flora!" cried Selma, with a look of astonishment and wounded innocence. Her eyes filled with tears.

"Pardon," besought Flora, and kissed her burning cheek. "I did not mean what I said. That which I really mean is, you deserve him far more than I do."

We now, every one of us, got very deep into dresses and costumes.

The 9th.

Selma has altered my wardrobe, and has tyrannized me to become modern. And I have let myself be tyrannized over, because I see that it gives her and my stepmother so much pleasure. And my stepmother! she has embarrassed me with her beautiful presents. But she had such evident pleasure in giving, that I could not do otherwise than receive with gratitude.

To-day, in childish pleasure over my mid-day toilet, Selma exclaimed,

"Ah! I would that Balsac saw you. He would directly bring you into a novel, and let you awaken at least three deadly passions."

"That may be said I," "a strong proof of the power of poetical fancy, since, in reality, I should not indeed awaken one passion."

"Um, um, um!" said my stepmother with a courteously-designed diplomatic mien.

"Nevertheless I wish it any more," continued I.

The times of folly are gone forever  
The days of wisdom are at hand.

"A wisdom," said Flora, "which perhaps smacks a little of the wisdom of the fox under the grapes. I, for my part, never believe that a lady does not wish to please and win hearts, and incense and sacrifice, be she called Cleopatra, or Ninon, or St. Philosophia."

"St. Philosophia may sometime teach you otherwise," answered I seriously; and my stepmother, who at times seems somewhat afraid that the hatred between Flora and me might become earnest, hastened to turn the conversation by dinner, during which the merry jests of Selma put all in good humour. Flora and I said many amusing things about our 'hatred-contract,' and added many clauses and paragraphs. My stepmother scattered over them laughter and joke. From what I see, I suspect that we are a set of clever people here together, and can make merry with one another.

The 12th.

Our every-day life begins to assume more and more shape before my eyes. A deal of dissipation reigns here, and I am glad that I am withdrawn from this to my own solitary chamber. The two young girls sport away their lives, but with very dissimilarity.

Flora has perpetually changing, and for the most part, vexatious, tempers. The least adverse occurrence brings on a storm. Selma, on the contrary, has a golden temper; her whole being is harmony, and one sees this in her light graceful gait; one hears it in the joyous singing which announces her approach or her presence, here and there in the house; while she now occupies herself in the domestic concerns, now keeps a sort of dancing attendance by my mother, now takes part in all Flora's revolutions, or now cares for the strangers who daily visit the house. The domestics obey her with joy, because she always speaks kindly to them, and her arrangements evince a good and wise understanding. The Philosopher himself glows at the sight of her. In one word, she is the life and sunshine of the house. The only thing that disturbs me in her is an often-protruding too satirical humour, which at times—shall I say it—degenerates into malice! The word is severe, but I think that it is true. But with such gay animal spirits as Selma and Flora

have for their daily companions, it is not easy to maintain here also the right tact and the right harmony. And then the pleasure which my stepmother has in everything that awakens life and spices it, and her love to the young girls, makes her often not observe that they scatter about cayenne pepper instead of harmless salt.

Between me and my stepmother much politeness prevails,—although no confidence. I fancy that we are rather afraid of each other. We have commonly an hour's *tête-à-tête* each day, in which we together care for the affairs of the state, and make our '*reflexions chrétiennes et morales*,' on the course of time and things. In these, and in all our politenesses, I remark that we secretly strive to enlighten and to convert one another, and even as with our profound words and views to startle one another. Thus it happens, that while we are trying to set together the state-machine, it sometimes, between us two, is near going a little to pieces. For, although we both of us maintain that we stand in the most exact '*juste milieu*' of heavenly right; still my stepmother leans considerably to the aristocratic side of the state, just as I towards the democratic. My stepmother, who in her former importance as wife of the District-Governor exercised no inconsiderable influence upon the affairs of the government, conceives herself to have not only all the knowledge of experience, but also the skill of a ruler. I, on the contrary, conceive that from my philosophical point of vision, I see everything and understand rather better; and all this occasions at times a little strife between us, which, however, never becomes violent. Because when my stepmother raises her voice with a 'believe my, friend,'—I am silent, and amuse myself by assuming a disbelieving air; and although I also put myself in opposition, I still let my stepmother always have the last word or tone, namely, the diplomatic 'Um, um, um!'

In the evening the family, however, is mostly at home (they say that in the New-Year this will be different); and Felix Delphin, St. Orme, and Lennartson often join it. I see plainly that the Baron has directed an inquiring glance upon Flora and St. Orme. It seems to me often that his eyes turn from the brilliant effect-seeking Flora to Selma, and rest upon her with a certain tender observation; and she—why are her eyes in his presence so continually shaded by the long dark eyelashes! Why hears one nothing of the gay sallies, of the sagacious and fine observations, which otherwise are peculiar to her! Yet Flora would of a truth not endure that. I have seen this in one and another pointed jealous glance which has flashed from Flora's eyes. But I also have received my share in this glance when Lennartson gives me any considerable portion of his attention, which, I say it with pleasure, not seldom happens.

The Baron—no! No description of him. Bulwer, who has thrown so many deep glances into the nobler class of the female mind, observes with justice, how indifferent to them is the beauty or plainness of a man. It is the impression of the character in demeanour, gestures, and words, which fetter or repel. Thus, not a word about the Baron's height, size, hair, teeth, and so on. Neither should I have much

to say on the subject; but I know this, that the impression of his personal appearance is such that one does not forget it, and never will. One feels, as it were, exalted by it, and his look—yes, of that I must say one word.

There are eyes, in which one looks as it were into a brightened world,—so must the eyes of Schelling be, and therefore I wish for once, to be able to look into them;—there is also a look which I call especially the look of the statesman. Some one has said, "philosophers see more light than shapes;" and I say "most others see more shapes than light;" but the true statesman sees at the same time the shapes of life, and sees them in the true light of life. His glance is at the same time bright and distinct. Such is Lennartson's glance, and one sees soon that sun as well as lightning can speak from it.

I am glad to have seen and known this man.

St. Orme makes beside him a decided contrast, although he also has a distinguished exterior, and is rich in knowledge, wit, and experience of life. But he wants a something in his being, a something which ennobles the whole. He inspires no confidence, no esteem. Besides this, he has a certain uneasy activity in his arms and fingers, which reminds one of a spindle, and makes him—at least to me, disagreeable.

How should I understand the way in which Flora acts towards these two men? It seems to me certain that she loves the Baron; but why then coquet with St. Orme? Why accept presents from him?

A guest, who also begins to present himself here more frequently is, 'the rich old bachelor,' my uncle. He is tolerably agreeable and entertaining; and if I might not fear being proud, I might believe that his visits had reference to—me.

He sees in me perhaps a '*passable souper*.' My stepmother begins to give me one and another well-meant little hint on the subject; I pretend that I understand nothing about it.

Among the frequent guests here are the two sisters von P., Mrs. and Miss, commonly called here the Lady Councillors of Commerce, who drive an important trade in the city with the phrases 'they said,' 'they think,' 'they know.' To us this is somewhat ridiculous; but yet we are no despisers of the commerce which we laugh at, for both sisters know a vast many people, and the unmarried lady is a wide-awake person, whose great, peering eyes see very sharply and correctly, and whose tongue is more amusing than keen. She has above ninety cousins; all on the side of the ladies, as she told us the other day.

#### The 14th.

Yesterday evening I made the acquaintance of 'our nearest,' as Selma calls the circle of the most trusted friends of the house, in contradistinction to 'our remotest.' When I, as usual, towards half-past seven, came down into the room of my step-mother, I saw Signora Luna sitting in one corner of the sofa, but evidently in the wane, as Selma also whispered when she introduced me to her. The beautiful Countess saluted me somewhat coolly, yet I was pleased with the pressure of her warm, silky-soft hand.

The rest of the company consisted of Baron Alexander G —, a young lieutenant, Ake Sparrsköld; a sister of Flora's, a widow, and

ten years older than herself; the Baroness Bella P., whom we call 'the Beauty,' and whose features are of the first class, but in expression only of the second; of the handsome old lady Mrs. Rittersvård, and her daughter Helfrid; and of St. Orme and Lennartson.

They spoke of a now greatly-admired French romance which St. Orme had lent to Flora. St. Orme extolled the strength of the characters, and the boldness and pomp of its colouring. The young Sparrsköld considered the last to be false; and in the first he found an exaggeration which robbed them of all strength. Every human effort immediately mounts up to insanity, and loses as well proportion as design; even virtue cannot appear sublime, without being placed on stilts and becoming unnatural. And the object of the actions! Always merely single, contracted motive, always self, selfish, isolated happiness; never an endeavour, an interest, which embraces the great interests of humanity. And these faults he believed were to be found in the whole of the new French literature.

Lennartson agreed warmly in this; "and the aim of this literature," said he, "is not merely false in itself. They are untrue as chronometers, and libel the nobler and one may say the UNIVERSAL SPIRIT of the times—the spirit which places individual efforts and individual well-being in the most complete connexion with the universal good. In regard to this feeling towards the UNIVERSAL, towards the WHOLE, the present young France might go to the school of the old Rousseau. With all their faults, still his romances are, to a great degree, patterns for pictures of this kind of citizen social life. See how here the single individuals represent the chief varieties of mankind; and how, when they embrace one another in love, this love stiffens not into egotism, but expands itself, in order to embrace the most sacred institutions of the citizen social life, the life of humanity and of nature in its divine existence, and domestic life steps forth, as it must do, as the point from which the great life of the world will be sanctified and blessed."

St. Orme shrugged his shoulders. "Poor Rousseau! With all his ideal romances he was merely—a fanatic!" said he, and went to join Baron Alexander in the great ante-room.

"I feel that you have right on your side," said I to Lennartson, "but—still I would so willingly see the progress in every important formation of harmony—see an actual advance forward, a step upon the path of development—and it cannot be denied that this French literature presents characters and situations of a variety and depth such as the world has never before seen; it presses into every corner of social existence—its every moment of suffering, darkness, and dissonance: this is probably only a descent into hell, but—must not an ascent into heaven be near; a change in which night's deepest night shall be illumined by its most beautiful morning? Is it indeed possible that the highest point of this literature shall be only—a return to Rousseau?"

"Yes," replied Lennartson, smiling at my zeal, "but as I just observed, merely as concerns the looking to, the feeling FOR THE WHOLE, the universal. I see, like you, in this literature,

a decided new development, and it is not the first time that the people who exhibited this have broken up new paths for the world. But it is yet merely fragmentary; it contains studies for a great composition. And some day certainly will the master step forward who will arrange these chaotic creations into a harmonious world. Yet—perhaps, the model for this must first of all present itself in actual life."

"How do you mean?" asked I, excited.

"Permit me," continued Lennartson, "to direct your attention to the principal feature in the better, beautiful literature of our time—namely, to its tendency,—that of presenting woman as the point in life from which animating, renovating strength proceeds. And I confess that I accord with it. I expect at this period of the world much—from woman."

That the female auditorium, before whom the Baron spoke these words, looked up to him with pleasure and acknowledgment, was merely natural. A modest joy glowed in Selma's beautiful eyes, whilst from the flashing eyes of Flora broke forth something which I might call—great.

My stepmother now made the move that we should go into the saloon and hear some music. We followed her.

Flora called Lennartson to the piano, and sung and played bewitchingly for him; at intervals they talked in a low voice.

I attached myself to Helfrid Rittersvård and Lieutenant Sparrsköld, who, with his honest countenance and his frank way of acting and speaking, pleased me particularly. 'The Beauty' joined herself to us, and seemed to wish to make a deathless impression upon Ake Sparrsköld, but he seemed for the present, like myself, to be more taken with Miss Rittersvård.

When I see a young lady who is as ugly as Miss Helfrid Rittersvård, and at the same time has so tranquil a manner, and has so pleasing and happy a way of acting and speaking, I form a very high opinion of her. I feel that some way a high consciousness exalts her above all the petty miseries of weakness; she has a full confidence in the noble within herself and in her fellow-beings, and calls forth thereby their esteem and every sound feeling, which easily vanquishes all outward troubles. I found Helfrid's conversation spiced and animating, and I fancy that Sparrsköld found it so too, although 'the Beauty' exercised upon him certainly her power of attraction.

My stepmother played piquet with her good friend Mrs. Rittersvård. This amiable old lady suffered from a nervous affection of the head, and is come to Stockholm in order to consult the physicians there on the subject. Her daughter obtains the means needful for this by her translations of foreign works, and also assists thereby in providing for two younger brothers. Well deserves she the name in earnest of "Miss Estimable," which Flora gives to her half in jest.

Selma was here and there in the company, and took a friendly part in every thing that went forward.

St. Orme played cards with the Baron Alexander and Felix Delphin, but he threw often from his cards sharp glances upon Flora and Lennartson, who, at the piano, had forgotten

the music for a low but warm conversation. This was suddenly interrupted by St. Orme, who exclaimed—

"Flora! my best Flora! bestow upon me one quarter of a thought. I am to-night an unlucky player; come to my help with a piece of good advice. Tell me in which colour shall I play. . . Is black or red?"

"In black," answered Flora.

"In black!" repeated St. Orme, "why do you not rather council me in red? Red is your favourite colour—crimson red—is it not? or do I remember erroneously?"

"I do not remember!" said Flora, with apparent indifference, as she rose, and a crimson glowed upon her cheeks.

"But I remember it, I!" returned St. Orme. "Crimson is your colour, and therefore—gentlemen! Six in hearts. This game I hope to win," continued he, nodding to Flora, who suddenly went out. She soon returned; but her joyous mood was gone, and her cheerfulness for the remainder of the evening was constrained.

As St. Orme went away, I heard him say to Flora half offensively, "Thanks for your council, dear cousin! I won my game! and with your colour upon my heart, I hope to win it also in the future."

"Do not make yourself sure of it!" said Flora, out of humour.

"Defy me not!" said St. Orme, slowly, half in jest, but with warning earnestness; and he seized her resisting hand and kissed it, and bowed smiling to her.

What may that portend?

#### The 16th.

I went out to-day far and alone, and enjoyed myself with my own thoughts. Returned home, I found visitors, and among them the Chamberlain. I saw certain strange telegraphic signs between my stepmother and him.

Flora lives only in her costume, and in her thoughts of the ball at Minister — What weariness for—an evening!

Many projects for balls and other pleasures, I, for my part, say 'No!' to all of them. I say that I am too old to dance.

"Um, um, um!" says, politely negatively, my stepmother.

I think, however, of being present at the New-Year's assembly, because I there shall see the royal family more nearly.

#### The 17th.

Noble flowers have nectaries, honey-containers, in which the noblest juices of the plant are preserved. But in order to come at these, one must sometimes—if one has not the genius of a bee, or of Hummel, but has merely unskilful human fingers—one must sometimes wound the flower. The human soul has also its nectaries, which we must often handle as we do the flowers.

The occasion for these reflections is the following—I found Selma and Flora, as well as my stepmother, occupied by reviewing the acquaintance and friends of the house. They made sharp work of it, and most of them were treated without mercy or forbearance.

Flora was the severest, but Selma soon followed her footsteps. My stepmother laughed

a deal at this mimicry and these caricatures of the young girls. I also began to laugh, for the satire was strikingly witty; but when a couple of good, estimable people, and whom the young girls liked with their whole hearts, were handled quite remorselessly, I felt myself wounded, and was troubled at all the poison which these young human flowers, as it were, breathed forth.

I made use of a moment, when my stepmother was out of the room, to tell them, affectionately, how deeply I felt this.

Both blushed; and Flora said, "I could very well see by your silence that you were thinking about reading us this lesson. But my best Philosophy, if you will preach, do it in a Finland church, but not in the saloons of Stockholm, where you will convert nobody. It is here as everywhere in the great world, '*tous les genres sont bons, hors le genre comique*.'" Besides this, when people are young they must amuse themselves and laugh. It is time enough to be grave and silent when the years of wisdom come. And when we shall be old maids, then we shall be, perhaps, as moral and virtuous as you."

I was silent; for what was the use of replying to anything like this? and when my stepmother came in I went out softly, and up to my own room. I was inwardly uneasy. Selma is not that which I fancied, thought I, and looked up to the beaming stars, which, in the evening twilight, began to step forth from the deep blue, and thought of the stars which I had seen beaming in her eyes, and mourned sincerely over their dimming.

But I had not been long alone, when I heard light footsteps springing up-stairs. My door opened and—Selma threw herself into my arms, and said—

"Are you very indignant against me?"

"No longer, now, my sweet Selma!" said I, affected by her heartfelt manner.

"But you have been indignant, you have been dissatisfied with me, and that certainly more than once. Is it not so?"

I assented. I told her how I feared that Flora might mislead her to an unworthy passion for censure and severity, and how it grieved me to see dark specks in her soul. I spoke earnestly of that blameable sharp-sightedness to little things, which blinded the mind to what was great and conciliatory; of the disposition of mind which led us to depreciate others in order to exalt ourselves. I became severer than I had wished to be, and pronounced this judgment to be self-righteousness and phariseism. Selma listened to me in silence, and became more and more grave and pale.

"You are right!" at length she said; "you are certainly quite right. Ah! I have reflected so little upon myself; till now I have given so little heed to myself.—Everybody has been so kind to me, has, in fact, spoiled me. But do you tell me of my faults, Sophia! I will alter, I will improve myself!"

"But you must not weep, Selma."

"And what matters it if I weep? Tears truly must wash away the hateful spots from my soul. Be not afraid for me, and spare me not, Sophia. Tell me always the truth, as long as you consider me worthy of hearing it."

I embraced the affectionate girl warmly, and told her how happy she made me.

We talked now calmly of the difficulties of a true middle-path along the field of social criticism. I agreed as to the difficulty of finding it; and that although I watched over myself, I had often to reproach myself with sins of the tongue. An affectionate tone of mind, which regarded more the intrinsic than the accidental in man, would be the safest guide to this. And for the rest, the more experienced, and the more prudent we were, should we, all the more, find better subjects for our sharp-sightedness than the short-comings of our neighbours.

"You speak of something," said Selma, "which I for some time have dimly felt. Since the death of my father and teacher, I am, I fear, gone back in many things. I know not how it is now; but my days are trifled away in nothing. I often feel an emptiness—I fear that I have sunk. Ah! thank you, Sophia, that you have awoke me to it. But help me now again into a good way. Help me to occupy myself with that which makes wiser and better. You are indeed my elder sister! Be now also my friend!"

How willingly will I be so. We now projected together a new arrangement of life; we laid our plans for the future, and continued our conversation long, by which I was permitted to see a soul which is capable of the noblest perfection.

That which had begun so gravely ended, however, jocely; inasmuch as I promised, as an equivalent for Selma's instruction in singing and Italian, to teach her Finnish; she promised in return to exercise my patience severely, because she never would understand Finnish.

When Selma had left me at the call of her mother, I felt that I loved her, and that truly for the whole of my life. Never, never shall I forget how she stood before me, and said,

"What matters it if I weep? Tell me always the truth; I will alter, I will improve myself." And the quiet tears in the noble, soul-beaming countenance—I wish that Lennartson had seen and heard her. Oh, there are still beautiful things on earth!

#### The 19th.

Selma was right in her prophesying. The masquerade evening was to us home-tarriers a far pleasanter evening than if we had figured in the most magnificent parts.

Whilst Selma gave the finishing hand to Flora's toilet, I went down to my stepmother, and found Felix, the Viking, and the Baron, with her.

The latter was very little talkative, and often turned his eyes towards the door.

When Flora, attended by Selma, entered in her magnificent costume, he seemed struck by her beauty. I was to that degree, that I could not withhold an exclamation of surprise and rapture. We were all carried away; and Selma's beaming eyes went beseechingly around in order to collect honour and incense for the beautiful Circassian, who stood there in proud consciousness of her youth, her beauty, and her splendour. Lennartson's admiration, however, quickly cooled; his glance became serious; and when St. Orme entered in an ornamental Turkish dress—he and Flora were to dance together

in a quadrille—he suddenly vanished, without taking leave of any one.

Flora's countenance plainly showed an expression of disquiet; but it soon vanished, and she smiled with pleasure as the Envoyé, with well-selected oriental compliments, conducted her to the carriage, where her sister awaited her, in order to drive her to the ball. The Viking remained with us, and so did Felix, although he was to have been at the masquerade.

We spoke of Baron Lennartson; and I expressed my delight in the strong feeling for the worth of woman and for her usefulness, which he had acknowledged a few evenings before. The Viking said—There is no one who thinks more highly of woman; and no one also who is severer in his requirements from her than he. The admiration and love which his mother inspired him with, seem to have laid the foundation of this.

My questions drew forth many relations of the childhood and youth of the Baron, which I have collected together in the following picture.

Lennartson's father, General Lennartson, was a man of violent temper and dissolute life. All care for the children and their education devolved upon the mother; a noble, highly accomplished lady, but of feeble health.

The eldest son, our Lennartson, was in his youth of a delicate constitution and irritable temperament. The mother dedicated to him the greatest attention; not an effeminating, but a tenderly cherishing care, which makes strong in love. By the bed of the boy the quiet mother often sat, and related to him, or read aloud of men who have overcome the infirmities of the body by the strength of the soul and the will, and who have become the glory and benefactors of their nation. Especially dwelt she upon the great men of his fatherland; those strong-minded and pious men, who by the union of those qualities, laid the foundation of the character of the Swedish people when this is true to itself.

The boy listened inquisitively; his breast opened itself to great thoughts; and the soul, nourished by the marrow of heroism, soon raised up the weaker body. This also was strengthened by useful exercises. At the age of fifteen, Lennartson excelled the greater number of his companions in pliancy and strength of body. The mother soon saw the affectionate spirit of her son break forth in its whole wealth, but with its dangerous propensities likewise. The young Lennartson had, like his father, a violent and inflexible temper. His father's severity towards his mother, excited him in the highest degree; and this gave occasion to scenes between father and son which unsettled the weak health of the mother, but—strange enough—broke also the rude power of the father. He became, as it were, afraid of his son; afraid, at least, in all things which concerned the mother, and he no longer dared to offend against her. This St. John-like nature had brought up an eagle; and this eagle now spread its wings defensively over her. Happy in the love of her son, but terrified also at the almost fearful temper which she saw break forth in him, she wished to teach this young power to govern itself; and sought to strengthen him in that which alone gives all power its truth, its proportion,

and its right direction; namely, in the true fear of God. Early had she permitted the great figures of humanity to step forward before the eye of the child. Now she endeavoured to let the inquiring understanding of the young man ascend to a clear conception of the reality of life, and of the doctrine which had cradled in unconscious love the heart of the child. For this end she went to work in quite another way to most parents and teachers. Instead of removing books, which are looked upon as dangerous to piety, she brought these forward. She read with her young son the works of the most renowned atheists and deists, from the oldest times to the present day, and let his reason exercise itself with comparing their doctrines with the doctrine in which a personally revealed God gives most complete solution of the enigma of life, as well as in this revelation of His will and His being, the only secure, fully-efficient guarantee for the fulfilment of man's deepest longing, his holiest hope on earth.

She let him in this way surround himself with perfect difficulties, and, as it were by his own strength, open the way to the innermost centre of life. She it was who brought forward objections founded upon the doctrines of the Naturalists; he it was who answered them. But the joy which beamed from the eyes of the mother at the happily solved difficulties, probably enlightened the son secretly in his inquiries.

And whilst she thus conducted him to an independent and firm point of mind, she taught him to have esteem for his opponent, and to value all honest inquiry and all sincere opinion, and to acknowledge the sproutings of truth even in immature doctrines.

Lennartson often spoke of this period of his life, as of the happiest and richest. His mother's affectionate glance and approving word were his dearest reward. She caressed him but very rarely, although he often fell upon his knees before her in fanatical reverence, and kissed her and her dress. Only sometimes at those moments, in which she remarked that the young heart was too violently consumed by a desire for reciprocation, did she allow his glowing cheek to repose on the breast which only beat for him, but which already bore the seed of death in a cruel and generally incurable malady.

Carefully concealed she from her son the pangs by which she had been wasted for many years. For the first time, when an operation was necessary, Lennartson became aware of the sufferings and the danger of his mother. She wished him to be absent during the painful hours, and sought by an innocent guile to deceive him as to the time. But he allowed himself not to be deceived; he allowed himself not to be sent away. His arms sustained her in the painful hour; her eyes rested during it upon his, and for his sake she bore all without the slightest complaint.

And she was able to live yet three years for his sake; yet three years to be happy through him. Then broke out the malady incurably. Whilst she spoke of immortality and of the certainty of seeing him again, and besought of him to have 'patience with his father,' she departed in his arms.

The effect of this loss upon the youth of eighteen was terrible, and matured him early to

manhood. His tone of mind at this time, and his love to the studies in which he had early found such pleasure, determined him secretly to enter the clerical profession, and his studies at the University, like the studies of the greatest statesman of Sweden especially—were theological. In these studies he was—also like Axel Oxenstierna—interrupted, in order, according to the will of his father, that he should travel abroad. As Secretary to the Swedish embassy, he travelled to Vienna.

The success which he had here, and the talents which he exhibited, determined, according to the wishes of his father, his future destiny; and he has now shown, on the path of the statesman, that he deserves all esteem and confidence.

After my stepmother and the Vicking had alternately given this account of Lennartson's life, Selma reminded me, that the first evening I had seen him here, I had said that I had many years before already made his acquaintance, and I must now relate how and where; which I did in the following manner:

It is now about fifteen years ago, when I found myself at a dinner-party, at which were present General Lennartson and his son. The company was large, and consisted for the most part of the connexions and acquaintances of the General. Merely a corner of the table separated me from young Lennartson. The distinguished young man was good enough to busy himself about me, at that time a bashful girl of fourteen, and related to me Schiller's Wallenstein, and I forgot over this both eating and drinking. During the meal-time, the general conversation was of a disturbance which had taken place in the military academy, and they mentioned a young man who was at the head of it, who had made himself amenable for several uproars, and in consequence thereof was expelled. Some of the guests gave the young man very hard names, called him 'gallow's bird,' and so on.

The young Lennartson undertook alone the defence of the young man, and did it with warmth; he shewed how, in this last instance, he had been provoked by words into the existing quarrel, and how even his errors bore traces of a noble heart. The General took up the affair against his son, and became ever more violent against the accused. Young Lennartson continued to defend him too even against his father, with respect, but with great determination. All at once the General became, as it were, insane, and turned himself personally against his son, with an outburst of rudeness and the most violent accusations.

From that moment, in which the father's attack was directed against himself, the son became wholly silent. It is true that his cheeks and his lips became somewhat paler; but his look upon his father was so firm, his whole bearing was so calm, that one might almost have believed that he was almost insensible to his father's unworthy behaviour. Whilst all looks, with a kind of anxiety, passed to and fro between father and son, mine dwelt with a feeling of admiration upon the noble countenance of the latter. Involuntarily they riveted themselves upon a small gleaming speck upon the white, youthful, polished forehead, which be-

came large and more shining, and at length rolled down a clear sweat-drop, to conceal itself in the dark eyebrow. This was all which betrayed the struggle within himself. The General at length paused for the want of words and breath, and for a moment it was as still as death at the table. The young Lennartson was as still as the rest; no affectation of indifference or defiance disfigured his beauty. He seemed to me on account of his perfect self-government to be worthy of admiration, and many seemed to share this impression with me. All, however, seemed desirous by general conversation to throw off the painful excitement. The young Lennartson also took part in it without constraint, but he was more grave than before—the end of Wallenstein I did not hear.

"Do you remember," inquired the Viking from me, "the name of the young man whose great deeds gave occasion to this scene?"

"No! the name I have forgotten, or else did not hear. But I mentioned some facts which I remembered in that history, and which represented him as a restless and powerful character."

"And that then was the first thing which you heard about me?" said the Viking softly, but emphatically.

I looked at him in surprise; his eyes were directed to me with a troubled earnestness; and I read in them such dark remembrances, that I quickly withdrew mine, vexed and almost full of remorse for having awakened them.

My stepmother remarked significantly, "Lennartson is in truth a rare character, and I wish that all young men would take him for example."

"Yes! who does not wish to resemble him?" exclaimed Felix Delphin, who seemed to draw the moral to himself. "Ah! if he were only—how shall I say it!—a little less superior. But he stands so high, that one hardly dare look up to him. He is—too free from faults."

"Without faults Lennartson is not, just as little as any other mortal," said Brenner, "but they are such faults as belong to great natures. In the meantime they prevent him from being happy."

"Is he not happy?" exclaimed Selma, and looked up with a troubled and astonished glance.

"He is not happy," said Brenner, "because he is so seldom satisfied with himself. He has an insatiable thirst which consumes him."

"And what thirst?" asked I.

"The thirst after perfection."

We were all silent a moment. Brenner's word and tone had awakened something great within us. At length said Felix,—

"It is precisely this greatness in him which bows down and humiliates natures less gifted. He overawes more than he exalts. For my part, I confess that I at the same time admire him and—fear him."

"And yet, Felix," said Selma, "you know that he is very kind."

"Yes, when I deserve it, Selma! And see, there it is. I do not often deserve it, and then—Ah! how often, when I was with him, when I heard him, when I saw him act, I have despised myself for this reason, that I was so unlike him! And I have then made the best resolutions. But when I come out again into the

world, then I forget myself and him, and do as other fools do, and then—I am afraid of him—of his look, because he is one with my conscience, and—condemns me."

Selma extended her hand to her cousin, and looked at him with bright, tearful eyes. Young Delphin was evidently affected, seized the offered hand, kissed it vehemently many times, and hastened away.

It is impossible that Selma can be indifferent towards this amiable young man! Soon afterwards the Viking left us also, with his gloomy thoughts.

When we were alone, my stepmother gave me the following description of the former circumstances of the Viking.

Vilhelm Brenner, in his childhood, was remarkable for his good heart and his unquiet head. In the military academy he was universally beloved, at the same time that his pranks and his disorderly conduct involved him in quarrels, and drew upon him many annoyances. He was without stability, and was impelled by the suggestions of the moment. Various acts of insubordination drew upon him the severity of the law; this he met with obstinacy and defiance, and was in the end expelled from Carlberg. His connexions, provoked by his behaviour, received him with a sternness and depreciation which completely irritated the passionate soul of Brenner. He looked upon himself as dishonoured by the whole world; saw the future closed before him; and, in order to deaden his despair, plunged into still wider disorders than before. When he had run through all that he possessed, and saw himself in debt beyond his power of payment, he turned his destructive hand against his own life. But a preventing hand was laid upon his, and he was withheld from the brink of the abyss; and he who withheld him was Thorsten Lennartson. He caused light to ascend into the darkened soul of Brenner. He shewed to him the future yet open; he let him feel that he had his own fate yet in his hands; that he might again obtain the esteem of social life, and the peace of his own conscience.

But not merely with words did Lennartson seize with a guiding hand upon the fate of Brenner. It was at the time when France made war on the States of Barbary. Lennartson managed so with Brenner's connexions that he should take part in this campaign, and fitted him out at his own expense, though at that time he was anything but rich. Lennartson, in his plan, had rightly judged of his friend, and accomplished his salvation.

With strong natures there is only one step between despair and heroism. With a lock of Lennartson's hair upon his breast, and his image deeply stamped upon his soul, the young Brenner plunged forward upon a path on which dangers of every kind called him forth to combat. To him, there was more than the conquering of people and kingdoms; to him, there was the winning again of honour; the winning again the esteem of himself, of his friends, and of his fatherland. And with the most joyful bravery, he ventured his life for that purpose. The young Swede divided dangers and laurels with the Frenchmen. And upon the wild sea waves, in battle before the walls of Algiers, in

combats with Arabs and Kabyles on the soil of Africa, the French learned highly to esteem a bravery equal to their own (a greater is impossible,) and to love a humanity towards vanquished foes, with which they are not so well acquainted.

Afterwards, Brenner accompanied some learned Frenchmen on their dangerous journey into the interior of Africa. After an absence of nearly seven years, Brenner again saw his native land. Honour and esteem here met him. He soon found an opportunity of signaling himself as a sea-officer, and was quickly advanced in the service.

The first use which Brenner made of the money that he obtained in service, was the payment of his debts at home. When he returned, he was no longer in debt—no! neither in money nor property. But one debt had he yet upon his soul, and this he longed to pay. He had left behind him during his absence a poor girl of noble mind, and of humble, though honest birth; whom he loved passionately, and who loved him equally as well. He swore solemnly to return to her, and to make her his wife. Years however went on. Only seldom flew a dove from burning Africa to misty Europe, to console the solitary heart. Poverty, care, and sickness, changed in the saddest manner the young blooming maiden. She knew it; was frightened at herself; and like the sick bird, which finds out a dark place in the wood in which to die, so did she retire far from the world, and determined to die for him whom she loved!

He sought her out, however, and found her. But he scarcely could have recognised her. He saw merely by the tone which at sight of him broke forth in her voice and in her look, that she was the same, and that she was true to him. He pressed her to his breast; he seized her hand in order to lead her to the altar. But she refused. Ah! she was so withered, so poor, so joyless. She should only encumber his life; should only follow him like a shadow upon his sun-brightened path of life. She would rather remain in her obscurity. She could, notwithstanding, gladden herself in its shade with the beams which surrounded him.

Thus spoke she in the earnestness of a pure heart; and whilst he read this heart, she became to him yet dearer than before. And he talked to her of accompanying him to lands of more beautiful climate; talked to her of new flowers on foreign, lovely shores; of the fresh wind and fresh waves of the sea; of dangers which they could share with each other; of burdens which she could lighten to him; of the omnipotence of love; of a new life. She listened to him; it went so fresh through her soul; it bloomed anew in her heart, she believed, and—followed him.

And upon her cheeks, which sickness had paled, Brenner impressed his kisses, breathed the fresh sea air. They bloomed again. When, after an absence of two years in foreign countries, he came back with his wife, she bloomed with health and happiness.

On the occasion of Brenner's marriage were heard many voices of disapproval and opposition; others also raised themselves approvingly, and no one's was warmer than that of Lennartson.

He and Brenner were from this time forth

inseparable in their lives-interests, and still love one another as brothers—but very seldom do love.

"Why have I not seen Brenner's wife here?" I asked from my stepmother, affected by the relation which I had heard.

"Why?" replied my stepmother, smiling and rather hurt—"for a very good reason. She has been dead three years. The birth of her youngest child, cost her her life."

I sat there somewhat astonished, and almost shocked. My stepmother spoke of the beautiful qualities of the late deceased, and rather prided herself that she (my stepmother) had taken her under her wing and introduced her into society, in which she otherwise would not easily have gained admittance, on which account Brenner always feels and shews an indescribable gratitude, and so on.

I inquired if he had mourned much for his wife!

"Almost to insanity," replied my stepmother. "For nearly a year he could scarcely bear the sight of his children. Now, however, they are his greatest delight. And sweet amiable children are they—three boys and two girls."

It had struck twelve o'clock during this history, which had awoke in me such beneficial feelings.

The Countess G—— had promised to bring Flora home to spend an hour with us herself, in order to relate to us the splendours of the ball, if we only would wait for her till three o'clock in the morning with warm coffee. My stepmother, who is charmed with every thing lively and gay, promised it; and whilst Selma and I made giant steps in our Christmas-boxes, amid continued conversation about our two heroes, came unexpectedly the morning hour. Signora, Luna, and Flora came also, and now there was a zealous coffee-drinking and talk about the ball. The ball had been magnificent, and Flora one of its beaming stars; but—but it was with this magnificent ball as with so many others—it had been too hot, too much crowded. The ornamental quadrille in which Flora danced had too little space in order to exhibit itself properly; the people who had to figure could not display themselves; people were almost overlooked, and had become mixed up with the crowd: in one word, they had not been amused.

"St. Orme among the gentlemen was the one who did most honour to his costume," said the Countess of G——, and added, "and was only somewhat too much of a Turk. Towards Flora in particular, he exercised a certain Sultan power. Perhaps," continued she archly, "the Gentleman Envoyé would thus hold all poor attaches in order."

Flora was the first who acknowledged the desire to go to rest; and whilst I went out to awake her sleeping maid, Anna, she ascended the steps which led to our chambers. Some time afterwards I also came up, and found her standing at the window of the corridor, looking thoughtfully out into the night illumined by feeble moonshine. As she did not appear to notice me, I touched her arm softly and asked, "Where are thy thoughts now, lovely mask?"

"Where?" answered the Circassian, with a strangely ringing voice, "Now! in the wilder-

less, where John nourished himself with locusts and clothed himself in camel's hair. Ah! to be there, far from the world, far from oneself!"

"Flora, you are"—strange, I would have added, but Flora interrupted me and said,

"Yes, what am I! I would really thank those who would tell me what I am. What I was—I know."

"And what were you?"

"A being gifted with the richest and most beautiful powers, which might have become—yet what is the use of speaking of that which I might have been! That which I shall become, begins to be tolerably clear to me."

"Certainly you may become whatever you really wish to be," said I.

Without seeming to regard these words, Flora continued bitterly, and full of thought—"Have you read in legends of people, who through evil magic-power have in one night been changed into Var-wolves, and have taken upon themselves the evil nature of those who have bewitched them?"

"Yes," replied I; "but I have also read that the christian name of the bewitched spoken by a loving voice, has the power of dissolving the magic and saving the unhappy one."

"Who calls me thus! Who loves me thus! Nobody, nobody!" exclaimed Flora; "and I do not deserve it. I am—not good! I am—but what matters it what I am! It will make nobody wise. Hate me as much as you can, Sophia. In so doing, you do the wisest thing. No! do not look so tragical. I laugh at myself, at you, and at the whole world."

Flora laughed, but not from her heart. Anna now came up.

"Will you not, for this once, let Anna go to rest, and accept me for your maid? I fancy I am not entirely without talent as—"

"No! my best Philosophia;" exclaimed Flora, laughing; "that I really cannot, although I curtsy low, and thank you for this proposal, so full of honour. Yet I would rather see my pins in Anna's hands than in yours, although she now looks like one of the seven sleeping virgins. Anna! do not fall upon the candle! You are the veriest nightcap in all Stockholm! Cannot you keep your eyes open for one quarter of an hour at night? Look at me! I have been awake the whole night, and am still so lively."

"Yes, that I believe," replied Anna grimly; "the young lady has amused herself, and danced, but—"

"If that is all that is wanted, you may dance on before me, in order to waken you."

Thus talking vanished the young lady and her maid in Flora's chamber, and I went into mine. But it was long before I could sleep: Lennartson and his mother, the Viking and his wife, stood so livingly before my soul; and then Flora, with her strange, capricious confession. Still in sleep it occupied me, and the beautiful Circassian, and Var-wolves, and locusts, made a strange confusion in my dreams.

#### The 21st.

A new revolution in Flora; a new light respecting Selma; with uncertain gleams respecting certain dark things. Signs of the times: conversation between my step-mother and me.

Felix Delphin's associates and friends; the

gentlemen Rutschenfelt and Skutenhjelm, or the 'Rutschenfelts,' as they are called collectively, paid us, this morning, a rather unexpected visit, under the conduct of St. Orme and Felix. Their courteous errand was an invitation to a great sledging-party, whose originators they were, and which was to be on Sunday. Felix wished to drive Selma, and St. Orme invited Flora to his sledge. This was to be covered with tiger-skins, and would be drawn by fiery piebalds, which Flora had seen, and found much to her liking. This sledge was to lead the procession, which was to drive through the principal streets of the city to the park, where they were to dine, and after that were to dance, and so on.

Flora accepted the offer with evident delight, clapped her hands, and exclaimed, "Ah! I know nothing more divine than tiger-skins and fire-breathing horses! It will be a divinely-delightful drive!"

But Selma whispered suddenly to her, "Consent not, I pray you! Think on Lennartson!"

"Now, why then?" replied Flora, impatiently.

"He would not wish it. Defer at least a decided answer yet!"

"Ah! always difficulties and opposition when I wish any thing;" said Flora, stamping a little with her foot, and with the crimson of disquiet on her cheeks.

In the mean time Rutschenfelt had turned to my stepmother, and Skutenhjelm to me, with the offer of being our sledge-drivers. I looked at my stepmother, and my stepmother looked at me, and this time with unity of mind, since we both of us answered doubtfully, and prayed for time for consideration, before we could give a decided answer.

As we now all of us stood there undeterminedly and almost declining, the spirit of defiance entered Flora, and she said decidedly, "Others may do as they will, but I mean to go, and St. Orme has my promise."

"That is beautiful!" said he, "and I hope that the other ladies will follow so good an example. I will come this evening in order to receive the decided answer."

Scarcely was St. Orme gone, and the 'Rutschenfelts,' together with Felix, had rushed down stairs, when Lennartson entered. He soon was informed by my stepmother of that of which we spoke.

"What answer has Flora given?" asked he, short and hastily as he turned himself to her.

"I have promised to go with St. Orme," replied Flora, although evidently not with a good conscience—"I know not why I should refuse such an innocent pleasure."

"It grieves me, Flora," said Lennartson mildly, but gravely, "but I must beseech of you to give up this pleasure."

"It grieves me, Lennartson," said Flora insolently, "that I cannot follow your wishes. I have already given my promise to St. Orme, and my guardian will certainly not compel me to break my promise."

"In this case, I must require that you recal an over-hasty promise. I have my reasons for it, which I do not now wish to give. In one word, Flora shall not go with St. Orme!"

"Shall not!" cried Flora with flashing eyes, "and who can forbid me?"

"I!" said Lennartson, calmly but resolutely.

There was a time when I thought I never could hear a man speak dictatorially to a woman without my heart mutinying in my breast with hatred and bitterness. But now at this moment, I heard such a mode of speaking and I was calm! I felt the whole force of a noble power.

Flora felt it also. She said nothing. She went quietly aside to a window. Lennartson talked for a good while with my stepmother and me, as if nothing had happened.

When I next looked at Flora she sate and sewed. She was pale, grave, and as it were, changed. After a time, Lennartson went and seated himself directly opposite to her in the window. He took her half-reluctant hand, and his eyes sought hers. But she only looked down the more at her work. At once two bright tears rolled down upon it. Lennartson whispered "Flora!"

She raised her head, and looked at him with eyes that beamed with love.

Lennartson looked at her seriously, and at the same time evidently affected.

"Flora!" said he again, "how am I to understand you?"

"Can you not have confidence in me; not have faith in me; although you do not understand me?" replied she.

He said nothing, but kissed her hand repeatedly. Again several words passed between them, which I did not hear. When Lennartson arose, tears were in his eyes also. He bowed silently to us, and went out.

Flora sate silent for a long time, her face concealed in her pocket-handkerchief. I fancied she was deeply affected. But all at once she raised her head and exclaimed, "Ah, I mourn so about the tiger-skins and the fiery horses. I should have driven as in a triumphal procession. I would have worn my bright red fur and my bonnet with the white feathers—that would have looked enchantingly beautiful!"

Selma looked at her with a half-wounded, half-troubled glance, as if she would say to her, "how can you now think about such a thing!"

Flora observed it and exclaimed, "See! Selma, do not direct yourself by Sophia; and at any little flights of mine, do not go and look like a litany. I cannot help my liking that which is splendid and beautiful. And some little pleasure will I have in this life if I am to live. Ah! a sunny, gay life is glorious. Take two cups, and pour into the one the bitter draught of renunciation, and into the other youth, strength, health, pleasure, joy,—and I would defy even you, wise Philosophia, not to grasp after the latter. O! I would that I could drink out the latter, drink it to the very lees."

"And would," said I, "find there just the bitterest portion of the draught which you have represented to be the contents of the first cup. For my part, I will have a better joy—than pleasure; a better draught of refreshment than amusement."

"Give me," exclaimed Flora, "amusement, enjoyment! Create for me pleasure, pleasure, pleasure; and after that—let me die! So speaks a candid person."

"But not so a reasonable one," said I, smiling.

"And who told you that I am a reasonable person!" exclaimed Flora, with vehemence, as

she waltzed around a few times. "Perhaps I am not at all a person. Perhaps I am one of those beings who float between heaven and earth, without the property of belonging to either of them, and which, therefore, dance upon the earth as bright will-o'-the-wisps. And—perhaps it is better so to dance, than like you and others, to grope over that about which nobody wants any certainty. Come, Selma dear, let us waltz. Play us something from Strauss, Sophia; the wilder the better."

I played, and the two young girls danced; and that was just now as good as talking rationally with Flora. And sometimes people dance themselves into quiet, sooner than one can reason them into it. At the bottom of all Flora's outbreaks lay an inward disquiet. The whole day she was in an overstrained changeable humour, and seemed purposely to avoid becoming quiet and rational.

In the afternoon St. Orme came, and at sight of him Flora drew herself together.

"How is it with our sledging-party?" was his first question.

Flora, with assumed calmness, besought him to excuse her, taking back her promise for this party. "An earlier promise—another engagement, which she had forgotten this morning, prevented her—"

St. Orme heard her excuses with a dark look, and a crafty smile upon his thin lips. He then approached her, and said with a low voice,

"May one know what promise it is which prevents you from fulfilling the one which you made to me! But perhaps you have also now forgotten that!"

"That may be!" said Flora, with negligent pride.

"Such forgetfulness never occurs to me," said St. Orme, with a mild but expressive voice. "I have a good memory; and I can also prove it by that which I bear upon my breast." With these words he folded back his waistcoat a little, and I saw a somewhat shine, which appeared to me in the haste to be a red-coloured silken ribbon. But paler was the red than that upon Flora's cheeks. She clenched her hand convulsively, and exclaimed in a bitter tone, as she turned herself suddenly from St. Orme to me: "How happy men are! They can with arms in their hands demand right or revenge! Ah, that I were a man!"

"Would you then fight with me, my lovely cousin!" asked St. Orme, smiling. "Should we fight a duel?"

"Yes," cried Flora; "hotly, for life and death!"

"It is fortunate for me," continued St. Orme in a jesting tone, "that you are only a lady. And now I counsel you to use no other weapons against me than your beautiful eyes. To these I am ready to resign myself captive. Adieu, Flora! Adieu, Sophia! I wish you much pleasure this evening."

It was Abonnement's-day; and Flora and Selma were to go to the opera, with Mrs. Rittersvård and her daughter, to my stepmother's box. My stepmother herself was a little wearied, and wished not to go; and I promised Selma that I, at all events, should stay at home, to keep her company, and to amuse her.

"And hear, thou sweet angel," whispered

Selma archly before she went; "do not be too rigidly-Christian in thy love of justice towards the Gyllenlöfs and the Silfverlings, in case the conversation turn upon them. Such 'spasmodic acquaintance' can bear a little bitterness and peppering."

I promised to be severe against them, and desired an explanation of the phrase 'spasmodic acquaintance;' but she asked, "is it possible not to understand it! O golden innocence!" And she ran away, laughing at my ignorance.

Alone with my stepmother, I remarked that we, on both sides, were laden with strong material for a great conversation, and desired nothing better than to come together.

'It is extraordinary,' began we, both of us, as we seated ourselves by the evening lamp. (N.B. We begin our political discourses, always with 'it is extraordinary,' or 'it is wonderful,' or 'it is quite inconceivable,' or with a similar expression of excitement, as an introduction to observations on some questions of the day. And as my stepmother and I, in consequence of our different political tendencies, take in opposition newspapers, so it is of consequence to me to have met with any appropriate reflection or phrase therein, in order that we may startle one another, nay indeed, sometimes strike one another; but all in the very best friendliness, of course! This has been a horribly long parenthesis! Now I had exactly to-day read in my newspaper various remarkable facts on the progress of industry, and had appropriated to myself a strong phrase respecting this giant work. It was as an introduction to it that I began with 'it is remarkable.' And now at length is the parenthesis ended.)—When I heard my stepmother begin in the very same way as I had begun, I gave with due reverence the preference to her 'extraordinary fact;' and it showed itself not to be the industrial spirit of the age, but it was 'some people, and their want of understanding and good feeling,' of which my stepmother had had to-day an extraordinary proof. I saw Count Gyllenlöfs coming; and they came too, and with them Silfverlings. We complained sadly of the first, on account of their want of good breeding, on account of their vanity and their haughtiness; and we made the others ridiculous, on account of their foppery and their gentility. 'The poor people!' they know no better. They are as pitiable as they are ridiculous, said we.

From them we went to other friends and acquaintance, and blew good and ill luck over the people. We added a little to the palsy of Mrs. Rittersvård, and made it more apoplectic, and overturned a little the triumphal-chariot of 'the Beauty,' so as to help us in deciding the choice of Sparraköld, between beauty and virtue; that is to say, Flora's sister, and Helfrid Rittersvård.

My stepmother wished greatly, for the sake of her good friend Mrs. Rittersvård, that the daughter might marry well, and Lieutenant Sparraköld is a distinguished young man, and has good prospects; my stepmother, however, believes in the conquest of beauty, I hoped in the conquest of virtue, and we laid a wager upon it.

During all these arrangements for friends and relatives, I endeavoured, unobserved, to

approach our own family, in order to hear the thoughts of my stepmother on the signs and movements which now were going on within it. I revealed also for that purpose, some of my remarks on St. Orme, Flora, and Lennartson, and on the strange relationship between them.

My stepmother listened with excited attention, and put some sudden questions; but instead of opening to me her views, she withdrew herself at once into the intrenchments of the mystery, and with a demeanour which would have been worthy of Prince Metternich himself, said, "You must be convinced, my dear Sophia, that I see every thing—see and hear perfectly every thing which goes on around me, although I say nothing, nor will meddle in the affair, before I—"

Here began the diplomatic water-gruel. I swallowed it, and a little vexation. Unexpectedly, my stepmother turned towards me with remarks on me and my position in life, together with certain entrapping questions, as to whether I would not change it in case a suitable, good offer invited me—for example, if an elderly, sedate man, of good character, respectability, property, education, and handsome establishment, should offer, and so on.

Mortified a little by my stepmother's omniscience and reserve, thinks I, "if my stepmother will enact Prince Metternich, then I can enact Prince Talleyrand;" and instead of replying to the inquiries of my stepmother, I began a warm panegyric on the freedom and emancipation of woman. My stepmother at this became very violent, and without understanding how and what I properly meant, opposed herself, with her utmost seat, to all emancipation. I wished to explain, but she would—as I also, in fact—only hear herself, and so we over-clamoured one another for a long time.

The return of the opera-going ladies interrupted us. They came, accompanied by Lennartson, the young Sparraköld, and Felix. Signora Luna and her '*exro sposo*' increased our evening party, who, after accounts of the opera, were drawn into the strife which was on foot between my stepmother and me. They agreed that it should be fought out during supper. It was done with veritable zeal. All spake on the subject with the exception of Selma. I had Ake Sparraköld and Signora Luna on my side. The Rittersvårds and the Great Alexander ranged themselves on the side of my stepmother. The latter was much troubled; her eyes twinkled much when I mentioned Thorild, and quoted certain passages which may be read in the fourth part of his collected works (page 84), and which certain gentlemen and certain ladies would do well a little to consider.

Lennartson for some time took merely a jesting part in the conversation, and amused himself with nullifying the arguments, right and left, by sallies of wit, mine in particular; at length, however, on my gravely demanding that he should understand me, he said some serious rectifying words on the subject; some of those words, of great understanding, which are more charming to hear than the most delicious music. I delighted myself—by storing them up against a future day of judgment. These words closed the discussion. Baron Alexander was,

however, much less satisfied with the decision. I concluded this from his reply to his lady, when she proposed that he should invite Lennartson for one day in the week when she should have company. He replied with a gruff negative, and as she beseechingly represented.

"But my friend," he interrupted her peremptorily. "But my friend, I will not. It may be your place to propose things, but it is mine to decide. And now I have decided on this thing, and I will not hear another word."

The Countess G—— was silent; but a cloud passed over her countenance.

It is no wonder to me if she be a radical in the Emancipation question.

When we had separated for the night, Selma accompanied me (as she often does) with a light up to my chamber. There I reproached her jestingly for not having supported my motion this evening, and accused her of being altogether without any "*esprit de corps*."

She denied laughingly the accusation, but said that for her part she had not felt yet the necessity of emancipation.

"I have," said she, "looked up to the people who ruled over me. You know how kind my mother is towards me; how she wishes only my happiness, and does every thing for it. And my father! Ah! how happy was I, that I could love him, obey him, direct myself in all things by him. And after his death—" She stopped suddenly and blushed. I continued. "Well! and after his death."

"Yes, then I became acquainted with another man, and looked up to him."

"Aha!" thought I, and a light broke in upon me. "May I ask the name of the man?" said I, not without an arch look; "may I—name Lennartson?"

With great seriousness, but with a secret tremor of voice, Selma replied—

"I shall always be glad to have become acquainted, in him, with the noblest and best man on the earth. Might, O might Flora but make him happy! For me I wish merely to be his sister, his friend, and to have the right to be near him, to save him, to contribute in any way to his happiness. May he be happy! may he be happy with Flora!"

"And then, my Selma, shall I not see thee happy with—"

"With no, no husband!" interrupted Selma, warmly; "but I have a mother, I have thee, Sophia! I will live for you, and for the others who are dear to me. It is so sweet to love! But now, my mother indeed thinks that I am quite bewitched here. Good-night, sweet, good, wise, dearest sister!"

She kissed me tenderly and joyfully, and I heard her singing Klärchen's song in Goethe's *Egmont*, as she went down stairs,

*Glücklich allein ist die Seele die liebt.*

#### The 23d.

Poor Felix! He loves Selma so warmly, and fears not being loved again. He is unhappy and dissatisfied with himself and with the whole world. He prays me to be to him friend and sister. How gladly will I! His warm heart and his confidence have softened me towards him; but—but—!

#### The 24th.

I feel now more clearly, that I am here on a

volcanic soil; a soil, which gnawing passions make at the same time interesting and dangerous. For who can tell what the explosion may turn out—whether it may merely produce a beautiful atmospheric appearance, or desolate whole countries. Were not my own heart already too much brought into play on my young sister's account, I should view these scenes of human life, and the enfolding of this, in some respects, puzzling connexion, with calmness, and also with pleasure.

Ah! it is good however, when the youthful time is over, and quieter years come. It is good when the wild combat of the feelings allays itself; good also that it has been, for it has—produced a world! And over it floats a new spirit with new life; the quiet spirit of thought, which lays coolingly its hand on our hot brows, separates darkness from light, and says to the eye 'be clear,' and to life 'be calm.'

#### In the Evening.

What is this! Will the frenzy of love and romance which is in this family, infect, indeed, the whole world! Or is it with certain mental dispositions, as with the nocturnal dance of the Scottish witches, who draw into their circle whatever comes near to them, and compel it—to dance with them? But no! In the name of free-will, it shall not become so! and for that reason I will—immediately, make confession to myself.

Full of the composing and gladdening thoughts which I had written down this morning, I went out to take a walk. I find great pleasure in rambling through Stockholm, and in looking about me on these occasions. How many various shapes of life move themselves in a large city! how many human propensities and gifts here have taken bodily shape and glance forth with peculiar, marked physiognomies! I find pleasure in observing these little worlds, and in thinking how they all strive forth towards the same sun, and may be brightened by it; I find pleasure in conversing with them, and in letting them answer me.

The Finnish national poem *Kalevala*, calls the radical words, the words with which the spirits and the being of nature rule each other, **PRIMEVAL WORDS**, and these words seem to be the **PRIMEVAL-BEING** of things themselves, the mystery of their inward life. Whenever they may be addressed or conjured in such words, they must answer, they must obey.

This has a deep, gladdening truth.

But one finds not when one will **PRIMEVAL WORDS**, (neither in the poem *Kalevala*, nor in actuality). One must be in a particular frame of mind. . . .

This day was favourable in an especial manner for life and observation, for its changing play of shadow and light caused the various regions of the city to appear in a changeful and living manner.

More than ever was I captivated by the individual beauty of Stockholm; historical memories rose up like crowned spirits from the seven islands. . . . I seemed to hear the song of the Sagas in the winds, in the rushing of the waves on these shores, which good and evil deeds, with great actions and great sufferings, have stamped with their poetic seal.

Once saw I a chief-city without any towers,

without any one building exceeding in beauty and size the rest; all were equal, and people said, 'see here the image of a true social community.'

But no! thus appears it not. When a people come to the consciousness of its full life, its cities and its buildings will testify of it: there must the flaming spires of the temples ascend to the sky; there must columns of honour stand in memorial of great men; there must magnificent palaces (not private ones!) express the sense of greatness in a noble public spirit; there must the *beautiful* express in manifold forms the *good* in the life of the state.

But whither does my wandering pen conduct me! My feet led me this time southward, quite high up the mountain and then down to the strand, and into a boat, in order to come by it again to the North. I had just seen a man come out from a small house on the shore, where a pale elderly woman followed him with blessings to the door, and saw him now go with hasty steps down the stairs to the strand, where the boat lay. As I came down, he turned himself round, and with a joyful 'Ah!' and outstretched arms, helped me lightly into the boat, when he took his place at the helm: It was the Viking!

It pleased me to meet with him, especially as I remarked that his large brown eyes rested upon me with the same expression as they had done on the first evening of our acquaintance. I was warm from walking, the wind had played somewhat wildly with my hair, I knew that I was looking well and saw that the Viking thought so also. A certain satisfaction in soul and body; the low dashing of the waves around me, the mild air, the rich spectacle round about, Brenner's presence,—all gave me a feeling of exalted life, and this caused me involuntarily to give expression to the thoughts and impressions which had animated and still animated me.

Brenner listened to me with evident sympathy and pleasure; but when I expressed my wish "that people still more and more would come to understand life by the light of reason, and to live in bright thoughts," he shook his head, and said,

"Science and philosophy cannot make people better, and contribute but little to their true happiness. The inclinations of the heart alone give to life fulness and worth. The pure atmosphere of thought appears to me like the air of Mont Blanc; one can see in it all the great stars and the clouds under one's feet, but one can scarcely breathe, and all life is soon extinguished from want of the breath of life."

I replied; "The life of thought excludes not the life of feeling, but rules it, and prevents its preponderance. Reason saves man from much suffering."

"Reason!" exclaimed the Viking; "I will know nothing of such reason as kills the best life of the soul, which prevents man from suffering. Without suffering life is not worth much."

I felt myself struck by this thought, and especially by the looks and the tone in which it was spoken, yet notwithstanding, I said,—

"There is so much irrational, aimless suffering; so much tormenting feeling, without rhyme or reason."

"Ah!" said Brenner; "much that appears irrational, is still at bottom good; if it be for nothing else than to slay the egotism which makes us so careful about ourselves, so calculating, so coldly-and-stiffly reasonable that it is—horrible. Feelings without rhyme or reason! They are precisely such as these which please me. Who, for example, speaks of a rational love! And yet love is the noblest feeling of life, its sublimest flower. I, for my part, never am rational—never was so—and never, I hope, shall be."

Smiling and well-pleased I combated his arguments, and would know nothing of any other than of a rational love; whereupon the Viking grew hot, but in a cheerful and good-humoured way.

When we lay to at Logarden, and Brenner offered his hand to assist me out, he said, "Do not be angry with me on account of my want of reason, Miss Adela! I will see whether I cannot improve."

"Perhaps we shall understand each other better for the future," said I cheerfully, and with a friendly feeling.

"Thanks for the words! Yes, may we do so!" said the Viking, and pressed my hand.

What does all this denote? and why does it give me pleasure to please this man, whom I have known so short a time! No, Cousin Flora, it is not a passion for conquest, at least not a blameable one, and—if it had been so for a moment, I would take care that it no longer remained so. For to wish to be agreeable to persons whom one finds agreeable, that is no sin, and no weakness; but a pleasing and becoming nature. It is the foundation of all that which makes social life charming and happy. But human love must not be degraded into—

The 25th.

Worse and worse! Yesterday as we landed I expressed my delight at some hyacinths and jonquils which were carried past us. To-day these flowers diffuse their odour in my room. They were accompanied by a note from the Viking!

Good, now! Flowers are the symbol of good-will and friendship. I will regard these as such.

The 29th.

The Baroness Bella B., the Beauty, and Helfrid Rittersvård, paid us a visit. Afterwards, Ake Sparrsköld, Felix, and others. "The Beauty" expatiated (quite *mal-à-propos*, methinks) on the unhappiness and disagreeableness of ugliness. She pitied 'from her heart, plain people;' but they must at least know that they are plain, and must stop nicely at home, and not exhibit themselves out in the world, and in society, where they can awaken only disagreeable feelings.

I was provoked at this speech, which evidently was made with reference to Helfrid Rittersvård, whose calm, classical demeanour I admired at this moment. She only cast a quiet, patient look upon the cruel 'Beauty,' and said mildly, "As it is not plain people's fault that they are plain, it is excusable if they go among their fellow-beings with the confidence that they will show indulgence and kindness towards them; nay, precisely on account of their misfortune, if one must take the affair so seriously."

This was said with an indescribably noble expression, and I should have replied with warmth, had not young Sparrsköld anticipated me as he exclaimed,—

"I cannot understand the importance which certain people set upon outward beauty or plainness. I am of opinion that all true education, such at least as has a religious foundation, must infuse a noble calm, a wholesome coldness, an indifference, or whatever people may call it, towards such-like outward gifts, or the want of them. And who has not experienced of how little consequence they are in fact for the weal or woe of life! Who has not experienced how, on nearer acquaintance, plainness becomes beautified, and beauty loses its charm, exactly according to the quality of the heart and mind! And from this cause I am also of opinion, that the want of outward beauty never disquiets a noble nature, or will be regarded as a misfortune. It never can prevent people from being amiable and beloved in the highest degree. And we have daily proof of this."

I would have embraced the young man for these words, which calling forth a look of vexation in the countenance of the Beauty, made her plain, whilst a joyful emotion diffused over Hellfrid's countenance the splendour of beauty. Ake Sparrsköld had never appeared handsomer to me than at this moment. Later in the evening he sang. He had an extremely agreeable voice. I said so to Miss Bittersvärd; she agreed, but so shortly, that I might have fancied her to be cold, had I not observed by her look that her feelings were only too warm.

*The 1st of December.*

Visits and entertainment. Rutechenfels and Co.; together with a conversation which turned upon Gyllenlöf's soirées, magnificent rooms and furniture, and such like; as well as on the delicate dinners of the new-married couple, the O—sköld's. What wine! what delicacies! St. Orme gave the ton, and Felix and his friends joined in. Among these, a young Captain Rumler (Ake Sparrsköld's captain) distinguished himself, whom the other young gentlemen looked up to with a certain admiration and a certain envy. His domestic establishment was described as a pattern of comfort and elegance, was celebrated as a pattern of a bachelor's housekeeping. People spoke in particular of his sleeping-room, of his expensive toilet, and of his own portrait, which was hung up there over his own bed. (This seemed to me like a little idol-temple of self, and I felt at that moment contempt mount up within me). Beyond this, his connoisseurship in the delicacies of the table was extolled.

He, however, politely yielded the palm in this to the Chamberlain, who accepted it modestly; as he confessed, that although in Sweden people were rather 'gourmand' than 'gourmet,' yet that he belonged to the latter class of people.

Felix agreed with him, that in roast veal there are only three pieces which are 'really eatable.' By degrees, they began to draw a picture of all that which was required in these days to make life comfortable. (Nevertheless, I suspect, from what I know of certain connexions of Captain Rumler, that certain necessities of this felicitous life were now omitted, out of regard to the ladies who were present.) Felix

sighed deeply, in regard to the sum of money which the satisfying of all these wants demanded.

In the mean time, Lennartson was occupied in a distant part of the room in reading various newspapers; still I am convinced that he heard all that was spoken in the room. At length, rising and approaching the company, he smiled and exclaimed:

"Here is also a picture of human wants which is original. Will the gentlemen hear it?" And he read from a newspaper which he held in his hand the following article from *Hörnäsand*.\*

"The learned mathematical lecturer Aurén died here during the past month,† at the age of eighty-one. He was the author of several learned works, and among these some on Biblical Chronology, which he published at his own expense. Notwithstanding he amassed out of his small salary, on which he lived, and in his latter years divided with a curate, the sum of eight thousand rix dollars. This could not have been done without the most perfect self-denial of all worldly pleasures and comforts. To what extent he carried these sacrifices may be shewn by this, that his needy dwelling, even in the severest weather, was never warmed, nor was ever a candle lighted within it. When darkness came down, he lay on his bed, whilst his favourites the stars, which were to him sufficient company, furnished a subject for his thoughts, or, if the heavens were clear, for his observation. That he was not impelled hereto by a sordid selfishness, is proved as much by the support which during his life he privately extended to cases of necessity, as by the noble manner in which he has disposed of his property.

"Four thousand eight hundred rix-dollars he has appropriated to two stipends. He has given a garden in the city to an old man, whose wife tenderly and carefully attended to him during the latter years of his life. The remainder of his property descends to his needy connexions."

After Lennartson had ended, a short silence ensued in the room. Selma's beaming eyes were directed to the reader, while the eyes of Felix rested upon her.

Now arose a light murmur:—"Well, yes! an anchorite, a hermit,—but one cannot live in this way if one lives in the world, if one will live with people."

"That I know," answered Lennartson; "but it is a question whether the system of lecturer Aurén will not contribute more than the system which prevails here, towards the obtaining peace and happiness during a long life on earth."

"I would as soon die to-morrow morning," exclaimed Felix, "as live a long life without human happiness!"

"And I," cried Skotenhjelm, "would rather shoot myself through the head the day after to-morrow, than sentence myself to lie a tithe of the year in darkness and cold. If one is to be buried, it is better to be dead first."

"You forget," said Lennartson, smiling, "that Aurén saw the stars beaming over him, and certainly found more pleasure from them than

\* The capital city of Sweden.

† February, 1822.

we from the waxlights in our drawing-rooms. And as concerns human happiness," continued he, as he looked at Felix, "I am sorry that a young man should not understand the pleasure which he has enjoyed—the pleasure of useful activity—the pleasure of—doing good."

There was in Lennartson's look and voice, something so serious as he spoke these last words, that Felix evidently was struck by them. The tears came to his eyes, he went away, took a book, and sat down at a table. Selma's eyes followed him evidently with deep sympathy. Lennartson observed her attentively.

Some time afterward, as St. Orme was continuing the interrupted conversation with some gentlemen, and was relating to them various particulars of Paris life and its charms, Lennartson went to Selma, seated himself by her, and said gently, "was I too severe, Miss Selma?"

"O no!" replied she with animation, "there was so much justice in what you said, but—"

"But what? What but?"

"I think that your words really grieved his heart, and—he thinks so much of you."

Lennartson said nothing; but after a while I saw him approach Felix, and lay his hand upon his shoulder.

Felix reddened deeply as he looked up, and with a look of sincere love met the glance of kindness which Lennartson directed to him.

"I have not seen you for a long time in my house, Felix," said Lennartson with friendliness. "Will not you dine with me to-morrow? I promise you," continued he pleasantly joking, "no O—sköldish dinner; but I promise also that neither shall you be treated with Aurénish household-fare. I confess that I myself should be but little satisfied therewith."

Felix accepted the invitation half-embarrassed and half-pleased.

After the guests were gone, we, particularly my stepmother and I, made our "*reflexions chrétiennes et morales*," on the Aurénish and St. Ormish ideas of life. I grew warm for the first. My stepmother poured cold water over my fire, and talked of 'exaltation, overstraining, and excess'; and said that one might be "yet very good if one lived like other people, took part in the pleasures of the world, and enjoyed its good things." My stepmother was for the motto of Queen Christina—"moderation" (which she herself, however, generally managed to forget). Flora was thoughtful, and said, "when I was a child, and in my early youth, I had sometimes such Aurénish and Pythagorean fancies; I dreamed of—but they soon taught me to laugh at such dreams, and to seek after other aims. Yet, perhaps, these were more of dreams, more of deceptions, than the first. Ah!" continued Flora, with a sudden burst of melancholy, "who can be born anew; who can again be a little child?"

She burst into tears. Selma threw her arms round her, and began to weep with her. My stepmother looked quite in consternation, and I reproached her jestingly with this '*lamentable*.' Selma came over to my side, and so ended we the day, '*scherzando*.'

#### The 14th December.

We have passed some weeks in visiting the collections of works of Art, academies, and various other public institutions of the capital.

To many of these shall I often again return, for many of them have had great interest for me. And wherein indeed lies the worth of a solid education, if not thereby enabling us to understand and value every species of useful human activity; and in opening our eyes to life in all its affluence. It offers us also an extended life. I remarked too with pleasure, how willingly scientific men turn themselves to those in whom they perceive a real interest, and where they feel that they are understood.

Lennartson, who was our conductor in these visits, by his own great knowledge, and by the art of inducing others to unfold theirs, increased our pleasure in the highest degree. And how highly esteemed and valued is he by all. Flora listened attentively to him, but seldom to another, and betrayed quite too great a desire to shine herself. Selma belongs to those who say not much themselves, but who understand much and conceal much in their hearts. Lennartson and I listen attentively to every one of her remarks. They always contain something exciting, and often something suggestive. She has a beautiful and pure judgment. A good head, together with a good heart, is a glorious thing in a human being.

Now it is necessary to sit still; to be industrious, and to finish Christmas knick-knacks in two days. It is not my affair.

#### The 25th.

The Christmas-eve is over, with its Christmas knick-knacks, lights, and tarts. My stepmother, who thinks much of children, had invited here those of several of her acquaintance, and among them those of the Viking. Selma had prepared many trifles for the little ones, which occasioned great delight; and we amused ourselves by contriving plays for them, in which Selma was just as much a child as any of the rest. Felix helped us with ready good-will, but Flora was out of humour, and would neither amuse herself nor others. Brenner's children are lively, sweet creatures, and it did one good to see their behaviour to their father. Rosine, the eldest, an eight-years-old girl, and the youngest boy, little Adolf, pleased me much. The poor little fellow is somewhat lame in the hip. Was it now 'mother's love' which, as a professor, one of my friends, asserts, exists in all women, or a particular liking which drew me towards the little boy; but this is certain, that when I had set him on my knee, and he had looked up to me with a clear and joyous child's glance, I was involuntarily compelled in an actual feeling, of love and longing, to embrace him protectingly, and to clasp him in my arms and to my breast. But as I saw that his father observed us with a look, as if he would have liked to have embraced us both, I became cooler in my tenderness. And how the father must love the children! Did I not hear him say this evening, that one must in choosing a wife take into consideration the future children, and what father and mother one would give them. I could not do otherwise than for the most part concede the right to him in this respect.

The crown of the evening to me was my countryman Runeberg's beautiful little poem, 'The Christmas Eve,' which the Viking had brought with him, and read aloud with a pure

and noble expression. He placed me again in my native land, in its wild natural scenery, amid its powerful, contented, and patient people.

My heart swelled. And now—it is church-time, and I shall go to church.

*In the Evening.*

The sun shone through a great eye into the chancel as I entered the church, and light smoke-clouds from the lights, which had been extinguished after the early sermon, floated through the rays of light upwards into the vaulted roof. It was beautiful. The church, although I came early, was so full of people that it was not possible for me to find a seat, especially as many strove for the same thing. After some vain attempts I took the resolve of standing during service, and found a safe place against a wall, near to women who were sitting, and girls who were standing, to whom I offered eau de Cologne. I was happy in my soul, and had never felt more congregational. As the organ broke forth with its mighty tones the blood rushed through my veins, and a gentle shudder passed through me as a single voice elevated itself, and strongly and softly sang of the highest wonder of the world—of the wonder of which the people even now, and now perhaps more than ever, speak with admiration—

A Virgin has conceived, and borne a son.

Now joined in the congregation, and I with them, with a full, overflowing heart. Scarcely had the song ended when I heard near my corner a tolerably harsh voice, which asked—

“Has Miss Adelan no seat?”

It was the Viking; he was so kind as to compel me to take his seat at a little distance. I must do this for the sake of quiet in the church. Brenner remained then standing near me, and accompanied me home after the service.

At home, I found Flora in a stormy temper. She had headache from the screams of the children on the former evening; she knew no days so bad as Sundays, when one must be sad and religious. This whole day we should be alone, according to the regulation of my step-mother; on this day her domestics go to church, and are allowed to rest. Neither were we either invited out. What was one to do with the whole long day! One might gape oneself to death. And to-morrow! Then it would be still worse with us. One should die of over-exertion. Then would a great fishing-net bring to us the whole populous relationship. A dozen and a half of uncles and aunts, every one of them turtles; and more than a score of cousins, all of the generation of haddock. And one should be compelled to see these from noon-day till midnight; from noon-day till midnight one must be polite to them; and from noon-day till midnight one must amuse them. Ah! one should go distracted!

Selma and I, and at last also Flora herself, were obliged to laugh at these desperate circumstances, and we made various propositions for boldly meeting them.

I proposed that we should all agree to be merry, and to fall into whatever Christmas joke we might be inspired with. But Selma met that with a slight shaking of the head, and with ‘that will not do.’ Several of our gracious aunts are a little prim, and the Lord has given to me such a fund of joy, that certainly—were

I to let this out before them—they would really think me crazy. Upon this my stepmother came and besought us to be ‘tranquil;’ all would go on well and easily; she was accustomed to such things. We should only not torment ourselves, but keep ourselves cheerful, and so on. Selma sighed, and began to sing a song. In the evening, she entertained her mother and me with reading to us. Flora went early to bed, and this was a relief to us all.

*The third Christmas-day.*

The great fishing-bout is over, and we repose, well pleased, upon our laurels.

The dinner—well! during dinner one can always live, even with forty persons. Good eating is good company, and puts people in good humour. A great loss was it that the Chamberlain did not come. We had reckoned upon his ‘good stories,’ as upon the pepper and salt of the dinner. But he has taste only for small select dinner-parties, and has no inclination to sacrifice himself.

Immediately after dinner they had coffee, which also is enlivening; but after this comes a heavy interval, namely, from coffee to tea-time. One is heavy from eating; heavy from the heat; heavy from the company of thirty heavy people; heavy from the duty of entertaining these. All this is not light. I know very well, however, that the person who looks most petrified, has in himself a living, enlightening spark, and that it only requires a fire-steel wherewith to strike this, in order to call it out; I have often experienced that with pleasure, and I began therefore now to go about in the company as a fire-steel; but it either was my fault, or the fault of the others, nowhere would it give fire, nay, not even smoke or crackle the least. True is it—and I said this for my comfort—that I was too little acquainted with most of the present guests rightly to understand how to strike upon them. Flora gave herself not the least trouble about the company, but sat there with the most annoyed countenance in the world, and turned over a memorandum-book.

Selma moved with the most heartfelt politeness and kindness here and there in the company, and began now with one and now with another a conversation, and tried to make the people chat together, and wherever she turned herself, there her sweetness failed not to call forth a little life; but it soon died out again when she was gone. With one word, it would not succeed, but was ever stiller and stiller, hotter and heavier; and I remembered a witty Countess’s description of a soirée in our highest ‘*haute volée*’—“We were like fish in a fish-tank, which, on account of the heat, swim slowly about and wind about another, and only now and then move their gills a little.”

Three or four card-tables had taken away a part of the gentlemen; but we had several, who neither played nor yet talked, and the whole mass of sitting ladies, and—these were to be entertained till twelve o’clock at night!

It was now somewhat after six. My step-mother sat on the sofa, and swallowed her yawns under the most polite gestures; but her look was more and more troubled, and her eye sought Selma, and asked intelligibly ‘what are we to do!’

Selma came to me and whispered "this is horrible! In my despair I have just now related a little bit of scandal to my aunt Pendelfelt, but she looked with such a 'God defend us' air, that I took to flight. But now we must set on foot a revolution, in order to enliven us. Poor mamma looks as if she were ready to fly the field! Hast thou no little suggestion—no bright idea?"

"Yes, a splendid idea! We will introduce a Finland Christmas-game, with song and dance, which I remember. I will propose it."

"Ah! that will never do."

"It must do." And I lifted my voice, and proposed to the company to take part in a Christmas game.

I could see by the horrible and perfect stillness which followed my proposal, how bold it was, and my stepmother looked somewhat embarrassed on my account.

But I have a certain Finnish vein in me, which makes me with lively perseverance go through with whatever is begun with boldness. I renewed therefore my proposition, and turned myself particularly to some gentlemen and ladies in company, and explained to them the plan of the game, and besought them to take part. I found several, especially among the ladies, ready to fall into my scheme, but—it was so difficult! "The game was to be accompanied with song, and they could not sing," and so on, with a thousand difficulties; and the royal secretary, Krusenberg, whom I besought to open the dance with me, started back horrified, and exclaimed, "No, heaven forbid, my gracious lady! Impossible that I can!"

It began to get darker before my eyes, as to how the affair was to be managed, when my fortunate star opened the door of the ante-room, and Signora Luna, the Baron, and Lieutenant Sparreköld, entered.

"We are saved," whispered I to Selma, "if we can only excite them to interest themselves in our proposal."

"That will easily be done, I fancy," replied she. "I see Lennartson approach us, we will speak with him."

And when Lennartson came to us we told him our trouble, and I prayed him with my whole heart to help me in my daring undertaking. As long as I live shall I be thankful for the readiness and kindness with which he entered into the affair. There are actions in social life which show as much goodness of soul and human love, as visiting the captives does.

I went with the Baron to Signora Luna to beg for her help; and now our horizon became perfectly bright, for she replied frankly and joyously that she would be 'more than willing' to lead this game, which she knew, and which she had often played in her childhood. And as the kindly-beaming Mrs. Luna opened the dance with the Baron, and I followed on Sparrsköld's hand, up sprung the royal secretary Krusenberg to Selma, and prayed to dance with her; thus a great movement took place, a stirring and rising in the whole company, and the procession, as it turned out into the large ante-room, became greater and ever greater. My stepmother engaged the little Miss M., who had no partner; other ladies followed her example; gray-headed men and matrons joined; everybody

was soon upon their legs, and the merry game in full progress, and jest and laughter flourished. My stepmother began to look quite happy.

It was a surprise to me when I saw among the dancers St. Orme, whose entrance I had not noticed, and discovered Flora, no longer the contrary, ill-humoured Flora, but, in the light of the newly-arrived gentleman's glances, a more and more joyous and charmingly beaming Flora.

The game was not properly a game of forfeits, but the baron made it such, at the instigation of Signora Luna, who thought that the redeeming of the forfeits would be amusing. And as the dancing had continued some time, and it looked as if people begun to be a little tired, and a great number of forfeits were collected, 'Our lady' with the bright eyes seated herself magnificently and solemnly in the middle of the circle, and said—

I burn, I burn, I glow, I glow,  
Who owns this forfeit I would know?

One of the first who had to redeem a forfeit was the royal secretary Krusenberg. His penalty was to declaim something before the company, and as his talent in this art was well known, a general expectation was excited, which was all the more increased by the subtle countenance with which the young declamator proceeded to his work. He had often shown during this game that he wished to produce an 'effect,' and now set about most properly to 'startle us.' He did this truly, but not in a pleasant way; for he began with great pathos to declaim—the Lord's Prayer.

With a flash of noble indignation in her eyes, Selma rose up, went to him and said, "Mr. Secretary Krusenberg, it were better that you never said the holy words, than that you spoke them here in that way."

The declamator looked somewhat confounded.

"Defend us! Miss Selma is severe to-day!" said he reddening, and added, while he endeavoured to look quite at his ease, "Well then, I must then seize upon something else;" and he began to read some French verses, but he did it not in any extraordinary manner: he was evidently out of tune from the little scene, and from the impression which it seemed to have made upon the company. I immediately looked at Lennartson, who stood a little out of the circle, and read in his eyes, which followed Selma, an expression of decided approbation and pleasure.

With highly-crimsoned cheeks, Selma seated herself by me, and after she had been for some time silent, she turned her lovely and once more gentle eyes to me, and asked,—

"Did I do wrong, Sophia?"

"You did very right," said I, as I pressed her hand.

"But I was certainly too violent, too severe!"

"No; but if you think so, say in a while a word of explanation to the young man."

"Yes, I have been thinking so myself," replied Selma.

An old gentleman, who during the game had distinguished himself by his cheerful participation and liveliness, came diffidently and seated himself near us, and said gaily,—

"It is quite pleasant to be made so cheerful here. When one becomes old and heavy, and all is still around one, then one feels oneself

often so stupified, so deadened, that one is ready to think 'it is all over with thee, thou poor simpleton, over, quite over.' But if it happen that one becomes shook up or animated, then one can see that it is not quite so over. Nay, there is so much which can awaken anew in us and revive, that one must be as much pleased as one is amazed to think 'O that thou shouldst still be so young and so full of life.'

Upon this I made the wise remark, that this might prove that in truth the soul preserves her entirely fresh life, although during the evening twilight, as we call 'age,' it slumbers a while.

The old man smiled, and replied, "how lovely she is. It can really do good to an old heart to look at her, and also to talk with her."

As methought that these words were a little incongruous as an answer to my observation, I looked at the old gentleman with astonishment, and remarked that he had riveted his eyes with a bright expression upon Selma, who, in order to redeem a forfeit, was sentenced "to stand a statue," and who stood the test in the most charming manner. While I now, together with my neighbour, silently observed her, I perceived St. Orme's voice. He had, in his customary soft, almost sneaking manner, seated himself near me, while he, with an expression of melancholy very uncommon to him, said,

"Do you remember my late wife—Virginia?"

"Yes," I replied; "she was one of the loveliest women that I have ever seen."

"Think you not that Selma has a resemblance to her—less in the features than in expression, and in the whole being; for example, in the proud and yet charming; in the union of the princess and sylph; in that which is in the highest sense MAJESTIC! And her voice! she often recalls the voice—which is silent for ever."

Such words from St. Orme! I looked at him surprised, but he seemed to have forgotten me and every thing around him, sunk silently in sorrowful remembrance.

Why have I felt myself from the beginning so much excited against St. Orme? Why have I not thought of seeking out the good in him? At this moment his whole being seemed to me ennobled.

Were but human beings always that which they are in their best moments, then should we know here already on earth a kingdom of heaven, of beauty, and goodness. But—!

The redeeming of the forfeits, in which song and dance were brought forward, lasted till supper.

After supper I saw Selma slowly make her way to the window where Krusenberg stood. A little while afterwards she came to me, and whispered joyfully—

"Now have I concluded peace with Krusenberg."

"And what said you to him?"

"I prayed him to pardon my warmth towards him, but said to him at the same time what a painful feeling he had occasioned me, and—in a word, I was friendly and candid towards him."

"Well, and what said he?"

"He—what do you mean? He thanked me and confessed his error, his thoughtlessness; nay, he charged himself with so many faults, that I was a little bit afraid of listening to him.

But, Sophia, how much good there is in people."

"Yes, now! is not that my everlasting sermon! But one must also be careful to call it forth. As one calls into the wood, so is it answered back again."

And these were our '*faits et gestes*,' on this day, whose memorandum I may not however close, without adding to it the 'honourable mention' which, at the end of the day, my stepmother made of my good deportment, of my looks, and my toilet. The latter part lost itself in the following agreeable '*clairobscur*,' "and in that dress—with thy beautiful white arms, and pearls in thy brown hair, and with all this, there—thou didst not look as if thou wert above twenty—and so '*distingue!*' and I assure thee, that more than one—um, um, um!"

I (modest and half curious to hear more).—"O my sweet mother!"

My Stepmother.—"Um! um! um! I say nothing, as long—um! um! um!" \* \* \*

The 28th of December.

#### FRAGMENTS OF A CONVERSATION.

"But tell me, Selma, how shall I explain to myself Flora's position between Lennartson and St. Orme? She really loves the first, and is betrothed to him, and yet the latter has a wonderful power over her. And she—how unequal and strange she is towards him. Sometimes she appears coquettish, sometimes afraid of him; and at times almost hostile, then again submissive, nay humble; then again proud—what indeed can be the ground of all this?"

Selma (with a sort of anxiety).—"Ah, ask me not! I know not, I understand not how that is but this I know, that Flora, since St. Orme's arrival, has been quite changed. Her temper has never been equal, and her lively imagination has always led her to fly from one object to another; but still she was in all so charming, so pleasant, so amiable."

I.—"How long has Lennartson been betrothed to Flora?"

Selma.—"Rather more than a year. It occurred at the death-bed of her mother. But I know not why, after that, her betrothal was not made known. Old General Lennartson about that time had a paralytic stroke, and his son went abroad with him in hopes of re-establishing his father's health. When Lennartson, a few months ago, returned alone, St. Orme was already here, and Flora changed. But she herself will neither speak of this, nor hear it spoken of. And truly this conduct which now prevails must soon change. It seems to me so unnatural. I hope much from the New-Year and its power. Do you see how Mathilde, between King Hiskia and Lord Wellington reddens already! And here King Ahasuerus begins to open his bright-blue eyes. How pleasant it will be to see all these in full bloom!"

Thus my young sister sought to escape from a subject which grieved her, and to forget amid bright pictures the dark ones. But the dark ones must not be so overlooked, they must be penetrated—made transparent if possible. I mean after this to keep my eyes well open.

The 1st of January, 18—  
A bouquet of fresh flowers, and a cordial hand-pressure from the Viking—is the glad impression which I have derived from the forenoon visit.

*In the Evening.*

Ready-dressed for the Exchange Ball, in black, with lace; pearls in my hair, on my neck and arms.

Be quiet, Selma dear!—Thou shouldst not make me vain! Thou shouldst not mislead thy elder sister.

Flora goes with 'the Beauty' to the Exchange, and makes her toilet with her. I am not in good spirits, and I fancy that I shall have no pleasure. But still, however, a quiet observer need not experience any annoyance, when she herself will not play any part. It is now more than ten years since I saw the world in a New-Year's Assembly in Stockholm. How will it now appear to me? *'Allons et voyons!'*

*The 2nd.*

Let us now relate something of the Exchange Ball. When we entered the large, magnificently-lighted saloon (we came rather late), the upper, that is to say, the aristocratic part, was filled. My stepmother nevertheless steered our way there, and said cheerfully to us, "O we certainly shall find seats!" But the 'honourables' sate like stone-houses on their seats; and at Selma's earnest and whispered prayers her mother desisted from all attempts to unsettle these ladies. Thus we described, with all dignity, a half-circle; and amid the most courteous greetings, we made our retreat towards the lower regions of the saloon, where we obtained places near the door. Now entered Count Gyllenlöf's brilliant group, accompanied by the Silfverling family. As they paused for a moment at the entrance, in order to obtain a view of the saloon, my stepmother arose to speak to the Countess, but she turned herself away with a short and cold salutation, and then floated past us with her splendid train, which seemed not to observe as the very least in the world. My stepmother seated herself, evidently mortified and wounded. Selma was so too, for her mother's sake, and said in a tone of vexation, "How stupid they are!"

A comet-like appearance now suddenly moved through the room. It was Flora and her sister, accompanied by gentlemen. They were both of them dazzlingly beautiful, and dressed with the utmost elegance. Flora nodded gaily to us, and followed her sister up the room, where they found places near the Gyllenlöfs, who had taken seats near the platform, which was arranged for the royal family. Selma looked after Flora, and tears came involuntarily into her eyes. We sate tolerably forlorn, among quite unknown people. My stepmother looked quite troubled, and I felt myself really depressed for her sake. Then my young sister took heart, and began to introduce to me, in her lively manner, those who were arriving and those who had already arrived. My stepmother on this cheered up, and was challenged by me to shew now also her great knowledge of the world and of mankind.

In the mean time we fell into discourse with a charming young girl, who appeared very zealous to learn something of the great world about her, which she now saw for the first time. This charming young person amused us with her liveliness, and the naïve candour with which she communicated to us her great fear that this evening she should not dance a single dance, as she had scarcely any acquaintance here, and besides this, was so strange and so bashful in the

world, and so on. She would however console herself for sitting the whole evening, if she could only see the royal family; but somebody had just now told her that perhaps they might not be at the ball. And she had promised her little sisters to wake them when she came home, and tell them about the princess and the young prince. Her fear was soon changed into the most lively delight, as the royal chamberlains shewed themselves, and every body in the saloon rose to salute the Queen, who, with the Crown-prince, the Crown-princess, and the two eldest princes, Carl and Gustav, accompanied by a brilliant train, entered the saloon, and amid kindly greetings went across the room, to take their seats on the platform. And now we rejoiced ourselves, Selma and I, to have been near the door, where we could observe the royal family so well.

Selma's new little friend was quite charmed, and gave her heart immediately to the Prince Gustav; whilst Selma said, jestingly, that she had chosen Prince Carl for the favourite of her heart.

Scarcely had the royal family seated themselves, when the Gyllenlöf's party fell into conversation with the royal attendants. Young Silfverling paid attention to the young ladies of the court.

Slowly now began the quadrille to form itself at the upper end of the saloon. The royal chamberlains had gone round, and given out gracious invitations in the name of the illustrious guests. Now the Crown-princess, majestic and glittering with jewels, was seen to open the quadrille with Baker N., a little, stout old man, whose good-tempered polite behaviour shews how easily true moral education effaces every distinction in all, even in the greatest difference of ranks.

The Crown-prince danced with a young lady of the citizen class; and Prince Carl with —, our little new friend, who had feared so much that this evening she should not dance at all, and who now, on the hand of the young prince, beamed with the charm of youth and innocent lovely delight.

She was pointed out as the eldest daughter of the wholesale dealer M—. In my own mind I saw her thinking, 'what will my sisters say to this?'

Lennartson danced with Flora, Selma with Felix Delphin; and as I now saw my stepmother again more satisfied and drawn into conversation by a lady of condition, I began to use more freely my eyes and ears, that I might seize upon and collect whatever the occasion offered.

The ball was beautiful; the world, thought I, tolerably like what I had seen it almost a dozen years before; old acquaintance were, for the most part, like themselves also. Time had merely wandered with light footsteps over most countenances, and had dug in a few wrinkles. Upon two faces only with which I was acquainted, I saw written a marked history—a development; the one for good, and the other for bad. For the rest, I saw many agreeable forms among the young of both sexes. People say that ugliness and stupidity vanish more and more out of the world. Good luck to the journey!

To the right of me I heard the two young Breanders in quiet conversation together, and heard one of them say,—

"No! a thousand devils take and broil me—"

And the other replied,—  
"O! the devil fetch me! the devil in hell fetch me!"

And the first continued,—

"No, seven thousand tuns curse my soul!"

And the other chimed in,—

"Yes, the devil fetch and govern me!"

An old, well-dressed gentleman, with a somewhat sarcastic look, now came up to the speakers, and wished them, with a smile, 'good speed.'

On my left hand I heard Hilda and Tilda Engel talking about the gentlemen who had just been conversing, thus. Hilda said,—

"Ah! he is so sweet, Axel Brevander, with his handsome eyes and his little pointed beard. Heavens! how sweet he is!"

Tilda. "And his brother there! he is according to my taste no less sweet. And how he waltzes! Quite divine! He has engaged me for the second waltz! Ah! he is such a sweet fellow!"

Hilda and Tilda together. "Ah, they are so sweet, so sweet, so sweet!"

Oh! thought I, we have not yet got rid of the ugly and the stupid!

I was interrupted in my observations by a middle-aged lady of a lively and goodly exterior, who saluted me with a friendly zeal, and taking my hand, exclaimed,—

"Ah! my best Mada—Miss—Mrs.—pardon me; I have forgotten the title. I wish you a good new year! How charming it is to see Mada—Miss—home again. And how may be the sweet Lady-District-Governess—I mean Miss—I mean your Honour's Lady stepmother?" I was conscious that I very well knew the person who thus addressed me, but I could not at the moment recal to mind either her name or rank, and therefore, in consequence of the incomprehensible etiquette of our social intercourse, I found it impossible to address her as *you* or *she*. I was therefore in the greatest perplexity, as she seemed so certain of our perfect acquaintance. Whilst I secretly vexed myself about this defect and bad custom among us, I seized upon, as it seemed to me, the brilliant idea of calling my unknown acquaintance 'Your honour.' At this she looked somewhat confounded, and our conversation fell, as it were, to the ground, till the Signora Luna, who had now finished her attendance on the Queen, came to us, and after having given me a hearty shake of the hand, addressed my great personage thus: "Ah, good day to you, Provostess R.! A good new year to you! How is the Provost?"

"I thank you, my gracious Barone—or Countess, who are so good as to ask. I hope the Baro—I would say Count—pardon me, I am so unlucky as never to remember titles and names. Is it not Countess that I should say?"

"Could we not simply address one another as *you*?" asked Signora Luna, smiling, "we then should get rid of a deal of embarrassment; and, as you know, Kellgren says, 'the simpler the better.'"

"Ah, if that could but be!" exclaimed the Provostess, brightening up, "that would really be a blessed thing! For me especially, who have so wretched a memory and am so mortified to be discourteous. But could one really do so?"

"I see nothing in the world which can hinder it," answered 'our lady of the bright eyes,' "if we the Provostesses, the Baronesses, the Count-

esses, and ladies of all degrees, determined to carry it through. For you know, indeed, that God wills what the women will. Is it not so, my best Chief Master of the Ceremonies?" continued she, turning herself to the ornate old gentleman just mentioned, "does it not seem to you, Mr. Chief Master of the Ceremonies, that Mr., the Chief Master of the Ceremonies himself, and we all should have an easier life of it here in Sweden, if we, like all polished nations, availed ourselves of the manner of addressing one another which our language offers us; if we employed our honest Swedish *you*, instead of these everlasting titles? It actually frightens me from talking with the 'Mr. Chief Master of the Ceremonies,' when I bethink me that I must address Mr. the Chief Master of the Ceremonies with the title of Mr. the Chief Master of the Ceremonies, and that it can return every minute and hinders all that which these Masters of the Ceremonies ought to do for my tongue and my meaning. And now I promise to talk no more with a Mr. Chief Master of the Ceremonies, unless the Mr. Chief Master of the Ceremonies gives me leave to address the Mr. Chief Master of the Ceremonies with a simple *you*, and that I can hear the Mr. Chief Master of the Ceremonies address me in the same style."

"You are perfectly right, my gracious one," smilingly replied the polite old gentleman, "and if you can make your proposition general amongst mankind, you will have rendered a great service to Sweden. I really cannot conceive why at Court and in society we should be less European than in the Swedish academy, where we with the greatest freedom address each other with *you*, a word which is of equally good tone and has an equally fine sound as the Frenchman's *vous*, the Englishman's *you*, the German's *sie*, and the *de* of our Scandinavian brothers."

"That is excellent!" exclaimed Signora Luna. "Thus then we make a contract on this New Year's-day to introduce *you* into our social and every-day life, and a new and better time shall thereby arrive, both for speech and writing in Sweden. Let me now present to you these two ladies, my very good friends; I do not tell you whether they be ladies or Mrs. only, but that they are very charming people, and you shall address them with *you*, and they shall address you with *you* likewise. Now I leave you to make a nearer relationship through pro and con."

And we talked together, and it went off both easily and well. The nimble and the light in our new nomenclature, as it were, gave wings to the conversation, and I found the Chief Master of the Ceremonies one of the most interesting old gentlemen and the Provostess one of the most excellent and most lively Provostesses in the world.

The dancing in the mean time went on, but as is usual at these New-Year assemblies, without any particular life. People collect here rather to see and be seen; rather to greet one another with 'a happy New Year!' and to chatter with one another, rather than to dance. Towards eleven the royal party went out into the large ante-room on the right, to receive and to reply to the compliments of the diplomatic corps. When they again entered the saloon they began to make the great round of it, and I actually pitied them for the many unmeaning words which they must address to and hear from the many hundreds of people unknown to

them. Yet the procession was beautiful and splendid to look at. The gorgeous dress of the Queen (she was almost covered with jewels) and her courteous demeanour occasioned deep bows and curseys; people looked up with so much pleasure to the high and noble figures of the Crown-princess and her husband, and nobody noticed without joy and hope, the two young tall-grown slender princes; the one so brown and manly, the other fair and mild, and both with the bloom of unspoiled youth upon their fresh countenances.

My eye, however, riveted itself especially upon the Crown-princess. I remember so well how I saw her twenty years ago make her entry as bride into Stockholm; how I saw her sitting in the gilded coach with transparent glass windows; the delicate figure in a dress of silver gauze, a crown of jewels on her head, with cheeks so rosy and eyes so heavenly blue, so beaming, greeting the people who filled the streets and houses, and thronged themselves around her carriage, and with an unceasing peal of shouted buzzas saluted in her the young lovely hope of the country. She was the sun of all eyes, and the sun of heaven looked out in pomp above her. Certainly, the heart of the young princess must have beaten high at this universal homage of love and joy—at this triumphal procession into the country—into the hearts of the people. Life has not many moments of such intense splendour.

Signora Luna has told me, that when towards the end of the procession through the city, the princely bride came before the royal castle, and the carriage drove thundering through the high arched gateway, she suddenly bowed her head. When she raised it again her eyes were full of tears—with still devotion entered she her future habitation.

I thought of all this as the royal train approached us by degrees. I thought how the hopes which the young princess had then awakened, were fulfilled; how her life since then had passed; thought how she had worked on in quiet greatness, as wife and mother—as the protectress of noble manners—as the promoter of industry—as the helper of the poor and suffering; as she now stood there an honour to her religion, to the land where she was born—to the people who now called her theirs,—and I loved and honoured her from the depths of my heart. I thought that I saw in her large expressive eyes that she felt the annoyance of the empty speeches which she had to make and to hear, and it seemed to me absurd, that merely for the sake of etiquette, that not one cordial word should this evening reach her ear. I therefore let my heart emancipate itself, and greeted her with a 'God bless your Highness!' The large eyes looked at me with some amazement, which however now took a colouring of friendship, as she, pleasantly greeting us, past by and paused at Selma, whom she knew, and with whom she spoke with the utmost familiarity for some time, pleased, as it seemed, with the graceful and easy manner of my young sister. The Queen and my stepmother spoke French together, as if they had been youthful acquaintances. The Crown-prince talked with Lennartson, who now for some time had joined himself to us. All this produced a somewhat important halt of the royal train, and its delay with us drew all eyes, with a certain curiosity, upon us. Scarcely had the royal party left us when the

Gyllenlöfs, as if struck by a sudden light, hastened up to us with the warmest friendship, and invited us at last to join their party. Seats were procured for us near the platform; we must of necessity follow them up the saloon. My stepmother, always soon reconciled, allowed herself to be persuaded; we went—we arrived—the Silfverlings found us to be their equals, and we had seats. My stepmother had a deal of politeness and many welcomes to answer. Selma declined three invitations to dance with the young Silfverlings, and I now understood what she meant by spasmodic acquaintances.

Shortly afterwards, when the royal party had left the assembly, we left it also. The unfortunate philosopher had forgotten Flora's over-shoes, at which Flora was very angry and unhappy. Selma prayed her warmly to take hers, and Flora did so after some opposition. Lennartson seemed hurt and displeased at this; my stepmother uneasy. Contrary to all my prayers, I could not induce Selma to make use of mine.

We were kept for a good while standing in the lobby by the crush of people. Lennartson threw his cloak before Selma's feet, and obliged her to set them upon it, that she might not suffer from standing upon the cold floor. His anxiety called forth the hateful, envious expression into Flora's eyes. St. Orme observed her quite calmly, while he shewed himself very polite towards her. He gave her his arm, Lennartson conducted my stepmother, the Chamberlain me. Here came we in collision with Aunt Pendelselt, who, in an affected and formal manner, said half-aloud to Flora—

"Now, my sweet friend, when may one congratulate you, if I may ask?"

Flora assumed an astonished and unfriendly look—but St. Orme answered laughing; "quite certainly in the next new year!" Lennartson on this, looked at him with an inquiring and sharp glance. St. Orme looked another way. Flora seemed to set her teeth together. Aunt Pendelselt turned herself now to Selma and Felix, as it seemed, with a similar question, which Selma sought earnestly to avoid, and begged Felix to go forward. At that moment the throng of people opened itself, and we were at liberty. In the carriage, my stepmother and I emulated each other in wrapping Selma's feet up in our shawls and cloaks.

At home, and during a light supper, we were all again in good humour, and amused ourselves with projecting all kinds of improbable plans for the future. We laughed a deal; but at a whisper of St. Orme's, Flora became suddenly gloomy and grave. At the same time I was aware of telegraphic signs between my uncle and my stepmother, which put me somewhat out of temper, and as we were about to part on this first day of the year, several of us were something out of humour; but Selma, good and joyous, and full of joke, prevented all vexatious stiffness, and amid merry "happy wishes," we said to each other "good night!"

And thus it is in our life—in our home here in the North we live much with, and among one another, where not unfrequently the unfriendly is excited, we are disturbed and put into "ill humour," and must endeavour again to heal this at home and in ourselves; since we do not here find this out of ourselves, as in the rich South. Therefore it is so beautiful, when a tone of love and joy goes through the house like a key-note.

Then the dissences die away by degrees, and we can say in peace to one another and to life—"Good night!"

#### The 7th.

Good morning, life! A lovely, bright day; snow lies upon the southern mountains, and shines dazlingly white against the clear blue horizon. Yet it is not very cold, and the sun bathes with a flood of light, palaces and cottages, waves and shore, men, animals, and statues. Sea-swallows, shining white, swing themselves over the Nordstream, where the water of the lake, with its thirteen hundred islands, breaks into the salt sea, and foamingly intermingles with its waters.

This stream plays a part in my life. Its roaring is my cradle song of an evening, when I rest upon my bed. In the morning it affords me my bathing water, and, by its wild fresh odour, by its strengthening cold, awakens feelings of the life by the Kautua stream; feelings fresh with youth, full of life's enjoyment. In its voyaging waves I see the first glimmer of light, when I from my window salute the new day.

Light! water! these primeval gifts of the Creator to earth, which still to-day are here for all mankind. Why do we not acknowledge more your power of blessing? Why are we not baptized every day by you to new life, and courage, and gratitude?

I have stood at my open window, and with full respiration have drunk in the fresh air, which, together with the sunshine, streams into my chamber. I have had joyful thoughts.

I remember the Polish nobles, who in the past summer visited Sweden, and what was their peculiar feeling of esteem for this country.

"A country never conquered by a foreign power; a people who through their own strength have asserted their own independence!" said they, with an expression of pleasure and melancholy, (melancholy over their own poor fatherland.) And I softly sang from Malmström's beautiful warm song, "The Fatherland," words which often come into my thoughts, and sang them with love.

Thou poor, thou sterile Swedish earth,  
Shall famine cast thee down!

Thou honour-crowned Fatherland,  
Where old sea-marks abide;  
Thou lofty cliff-encircled strand,  
Washed by the faithful tide.—  
Thou joyous home, thou peaceful shore,  
God stretched in love and pleasure o'er  
Thee his Almighty hand!

I thought also on my own, now so happy independence. O freedom! how charming is the enjoyment of thee after long years of captivity.

Thus thought I on something which is dear to me, and which remains ever more sure. I feel that I am come into an ever-improving, a more and more harmonious relationship to my fellow-creatures. Since it has become light in my own soul, and I am by this means come more "into equipoise" in life; since I am at peace with myself; no longer hotly wishing to please others, and no longer seeking so much for their approbation and their love—since that time I please them much more, and find in them much greater pleasure. Since I have, above all things, seen both in man and woman—human kind, and to this have spoken, I have towards mankind, and mankind has towards me, a certain *thou* affinity of feeling, a certain relationship, as of the children of one parent, which has opened our

souls to each other, and has beautified life. In one word, I acknowledge ever more intelligibly that human love is my proposition.

Two people come in this way nearer and nearer to my heart, Selma and Wilhelm Brenner, my young sister and—my friend! Selma makes me happy by her tenderness, by her joyous harmonious being. She has at once laid aside the scornful mask, which disfigured her pure features, and her natural wit appears to me on that account only the more agreeable. Satire may play even upon the lips of an angel, and even the merry and witty may be hand-maids in the house of our Lord. Does He not let this be seen in nature? Scatters He not over field and wave, among clouds and stars, millions of joyful sallies and rich bursts of laughter, which lighten forth both in sunny and gloomy hours, and enliven the spirits of his creatures?

Wilhelm Brenner, the Viking—why do I feel at thoughts of him as it were a sunshine in my heart? Love, however, it is not, that I know decidedly; but my acquaintance with him gives me joy.

Latterly I have often seen him, and feel myself always well in mood when I am near him. I talk to him willingly of my Finnish fatherland; of the wild natural characteristics of Aura; of its peculiar people and manners; its strange mythological songs and legends, with magic arts and powerful PRIMEVAL WORDS—the keys to the being of things—of my own first childhood on its foaming pearl-rich streams, in the shade of its alders.

How kindly, nay, how willingly he listens to me; how well he replies to my thoughts, my feelings—now seriously, now gently jesting! Many times I request that he should call forth some remembrances out of his restless life, pictures of another climate, of seas and wildernesses, of glowing Africa and strange Egypt; scenes from the battle-fields around Atlas. It is rare that he will relate anything of this; but how curiously and desiringly do I not then listen! These pictures are so grand, and I acknowledge something grand also in the nature which has conceived them.

And what feeling is it indeed which leads the Viking to seek so openly and so cordially intercourse with me? Love? No! I do not think so; and will not think so; at least not in the sense in which people generally accept this word. The tolerably current pretence, that man and woman only under the influence of this feeling approach one another cordially, is not just. They seek, they need one another because they admire a peculiar kind of excellence in each other. He finds in her the inspirations of life, she sees her world illuminated in him; and thus they find, through one another, the harmony of life, the fullness of life.

This I have thought to-day by my clear heaven, by clear, fresh air.

The horizon of the family has exhibited itself to the New Year pretty free from clouds. My stepmother is entirely in good humour amid a host of New-Year's visits, which drop in every day. This has prevented her and me from clashing together in any important quarrel; yet since the emancipation-question we have been rather more ceremonious towards each other, and my stepmother seems to suspect tricks and uneasy machinations under many of my entirely innocent assertions.

THE 11th.

St. Orme comes hither sometimes early in the morning, and desires to speak alone with my stepmother. She always looks disturbed at this; and when she returns from these conferences, she is always annoyed and uneasy till some new impression removes this. I suspect that their private conversations have reference to money which St. Orme borrows. May the good-nature of my stepmother not bring her into embarrassment. I have heard that which is bad spoken of St. Orme's affairs, of his life and connexions. Felix also may be misled by St. Orme's sophisms, and by the example of his friends, the Rutebenfelts, into evil ways. I have spoken with Brenner of my suspicions respecting St. Orme; but the Viking takes the field for him, and is, since his residence in Paris, under obligations to him, which makes him unwilling to believe anything bad about him.

THE 13th.

My bad suspicions have their entirely good, or I will say, bad foundation. Helfrid Rittersvård wrote a note to Selma this morning, wherein she asked a loan of fifty rix-dollars. She needed this sum, in order to pay the pension of her youngest brother, and should be able to repay it in two months. With eyes flashing with desire to gratify Helfrid's wish, Selma shewed the letter to her mother, and prayed her to advance the desired sum, which she had not now herself.

"With infinite pleasure, my beloved child!" exclaimed my stepmother, who is always ready to give; hastened to her writing-desk, and opened the drawer where she usually keeps money; but suddenly she appeared to recollect something, and turned pale. She took out a purse, which a few days before was full of heavy silver-pieces, put in her hand instinctively, but drew out merely a few rix-dollars. A painful confusion painted itself on her countenance, as she said almost stammering, "Ah! I have not—I cannot now! St. Orme has borrowed all my money. He promised to bring it me back again in a few days, but—in the mean time—how shall we manage it?"

My stepmother had tears in her eyes; and her troubled appearance, her pale cheeks—I sprang immediately up to my chamber, and came down again quickly with a few *canary-birds* (so my stepmother and Selma in their merry way, call the large yellow bank-bills; whilst the others, just according to their look, and their value, have the names of other birds).

Selma embraced me, and danced for joy at the sight of the yellow notes. But my stepmother took them with a kind of embarrassment—a dissatisfied condescension, which somewhat grieved me. She promised that I should soon receive back the bills. And if I "must borrow from her, I might be sure that," and so on.

Her coldness cooled me. In the mean time we governed the state together in the afternoon, and handled 'the system,' and other important things, I will not venture to say exactly according to what system, if not—according to the system of confusion. My thoughts were in another direction. They followed Felix and Selma. He seemed to wish to speak to her alone, and she seemed on the contrary to wish to avoid him, in which also she succeeded.

THE 15th.

To-day Felix came hither early in the forenoon. I was alone with Selma, in the inner

ante-room. She was attending to her flowers at the window. After a conversation of a few minutes with me, Felix approached her. Selma went to the other window; Felix followed. Selma would have escaped into the other room, when Felix placing himself in the door-way, barred her progress and exclaimed beseechingly,

"No! Now Selma can no longer avoid me! Give me a moment's conversation, if you do not wish that I should be altogether desperate."

A deep crimson overspread Selma's countenance; a feeling of anguish seemed to seize upon her soul! but she struggled with herself, and whilst she looked down at a monthly rose, which she held in her hand, she seemed to wait for that which Felix had to say to her. I thought I saw that I ought to go, and leave the two young people to explain themselves to each other, and—I went, but not without secret disquiet.

In the saloon I found my stepmother in secret conference with the Chamberlain. She looked more Metternich-like than ever. I made as though I noticed nothing, and went up to my chamber, when I soon received a visit from Helfrid Rittersvård. And out of this visit came quite unexpectedly a confidence which—Now, now, my gracious diplomatic Lady Step-mother, I can also have my state secrets. To my Diary, however, I can very well confide, that Helfrid Rittersvård, after much consideration and after much anxiety and pain, had yielded to the faithful devotion and prayers of Aks Sparreköld, and had promised to belong to him whenever their personal circumstances allow of a union. This may, it is true, withdraw itself to a great distance. Before Sparreköld gets his company it is not to be thought of, and Captain Rumler, his superior, remains probably yet a long time in his post as head of the company.

Helfrid was uneasy, and wished to know from me whether she had done well or ill. I said 'well,' and that made her happy.

It was two hours before I could again visit Selma. As I came into the ante-room where I had left her, it was empty, but I saw that some one had lain upon the sofa, and had supported their head upon the soft pillow. I picked up a few fallen rose-leaves, and saw in their bright-red bosom shining tears. Uneasy in mind, I went farther and sought for Selma. I found her in her chamber.

Her eyes gleamed as they were wont to do when she weeps, and sighs heaved her breast. She soon opened her heart to my tenderly-anxious questions, and I learned her secret feelings and thoughts.

Felix had reproached Selma with the coolness and unfriendliness which she had shewn to him for some time; had told her that this made him unhappy, that he should be lost if she were not different towards him. He confessed his weakness of character—his folly—but Selma could save him if she would, could make of him a worthy, happy man. He prayed that she would confer her hand upon him, and make that reality at which they had so long played. As Selma's husband Felix would be quite another kind of person. "Ah!" continued Selma, "he spoke so beautifully and so warmly of that which I might be to him, and of what he himself could and would be, that I had not the heart to withstand his prayers and promises. But I set fast a time of trial for him, after which—I have always

Hked Felix; he has a good heart, and so many amiable qualities; but he is weak, and for some years, since he has been of age, he has shewn himself so trifling, so little to be trusted!—We have been so dissatisfied with him. But he can change, he can become better, and then—

"Then you will make him happy, Selma?"

"Yes!"

"And you weep?"

"Yes! I know not why."

"I do not believe it of Felix, that he would, as it were, take your feelings by storm."

"Oh, that he certainly will not. But he thinks, perhaps, that I love him more than I really do; and that only temper in me, or his fickle behaviour occasioned my coolness. From our childhood upwards it has been a sort of understood thing in our families, that we were to be married, and we were looked upon as almost betrothed. Felix has always wished for this union, my mother the same, and I have had nothing against it till I learned to become better acquainted with myself. I now know very well that I can never love Felix properly, because I cannot highly esteem him, as I will and, must highly esteem my husband; but—"

"But what, my sweet Selma?"

"If I can make him and others happy, then—neither shall I myself be unhappy. And then—God will give me, perhaps, a child, which I can love, and in which I can have pleasure in the world."

With this Selma wept quite softly, leaning on my shoulder.

I wished to know what Selma had actually promised to young Delphin.

"I have prayed him," replied she, "for one whole year not to speak of his love, but to prove it to me in actions and behaviour. Should I be in this manner convinced that his inclination towards me is actually as great as he says, then I will, when the year of trial is over, consent to be his bride. That I have promised. Felix desires now nothing more; he prayed only for a ring, which he might wear on his hand as a memorial of this hour and of his promise. I gave him the ring with the sapphire. He was so happy, so glad! Ah, Sophia! I must be happy too, since I have done that which is right, and have perhaps saved a human being."

And again Selma's eyes beamed with pure joy, although through a haze of tears. I rejoiced heartily in her prudence and goodness, but still felt myself quite melancholy on her account.

The 18th.

"Invited out for the whole week!" With these words my stepmother met me this morning, and her countenance shewed an intelligible pleasure through an assumed light veil of well-bred weariness and tedium of the world! I exhibited not the least sorrow, especially as I saw my stepmother and the two young girls taken up in the highest degree with the thoughts and business of the toilet. I feel myself fortunate to escape these molestations, and that I can stay at home. My stepmother persuaded me, indeed, a very little "to go with them." But it is not in right earnest.

The 21st.

Among all these dissipations, which reign in the house; amid all those beautiful toilets and artificial flowers, and all these so-called pleasures, still strange symptoms break forth, which testify of the volcanic soil upon which they dance.

Flora has been for several days as changeable in her temper as in her dress; and it has seemed to me, as if she by these changes endeavoured merely to fetter Lennartson's attention, or more correctly, to charm him, and his eye follows her too with attention, but rather with the gravity of the observer than with the expression of the enraptured lover. It seems to me sometimes, as if with all these changes of Flora's, he asked, "which is the true?" and so ask I also; because, whilst she evidently endeavours to draw Lennartson to herself, she disdains not several by-conquests, and keeps these up also with her charms and her endeavours. St. Orme plays the while an apparently indifferent part, but is often betrayed by his crafty glance. He watches her secretly.

Among the pictures in the inner ante-room, there is a beautiful portrait of Beatrice Cenci, the unfortunate fratricide. To-day Flora stood before it, and observed it long, sunk in silent thought. I looked at her, for she was beautiful, as she stood there with an Undine-garland of coral and white water-lilies in her brown hair, and in a dress of that chameleon-like changing-coloured material, which in this year is so much the mode. All at once she broke silence, and said—

"Can you tell me, wise Philosophia! why I find pleasure in this picture; in studying this Beatrice Cenci?"

"Probably because she is so touchingly beautiful," said I.

"Not but for this, because she was so firm and determined. Such people refresh the mind—especially, when we are disgusted by the undecided, weak, characterless people, who are now so abundant in the world. What think you of Beatrice?"

"I deplore her from my whole heart. It must be horrible to hate the author of one's own life."

"Yes, indeed, horrible!" interrupted Flora warmly. "Yes, it is horrible to hate one's parents, but horrible also, if one were compelled to despise them."

Flora with this hid her face in her hands. I looked at her with astonishment and sympathy.

"Ah!" continued she with excitement, "let no one say that it is a matter of indifference what song is sung beside a child's cradle; it sounds through his whole life. Lennartson, Selma, why are they so good, so wholly good; and I, why am I so?—And yet,—Sophia! I am no ordinary person!"

I was silent, and Flora continued, while she looked sharply at me,—

"I know that you never can like me, and that you never did me justice, but still you will not say that I am an ordinary person."

"Extraordinary and beautifully gifted are you in all things," replied I, "but perhaps you are in reality less extraordinary than you fancy yourself to be. For the rest, dear Flora, I cannot judge you, because I do not yet know you. You are often so unlike yourself—you are, as if you were not one, but two—nay, several persons."

"Nor am I one person!" replied Flora; "I have a double being, one good, and one bad, that always casts its spells around me; that is my other I, and follows me like my shadow, and places itself between me and all truth, by day and by night; abroad and at home; when I laugh and when I weep; at the ball and in the church,—yes, even in church it places itself be-

tween me and heaven! How is it then possible that I can have peace—that I can be saved? Ah! would that I were a little grey sparrow of the field?"

"And why a sparrow?" asked I.

"Because then nobody would trouble themselves about me, and would know nothing of me—But hush! I feel in me that one of my bad demons is near!"

"Let him obtain no power over you!" prayed I warmly and zealously.

"He has power!" said Flora, with a horrible expression, "and I stand on the brink of an abyss! and soon—soon enough shall I be precipitated down, if not—" she was silent; light footsteps made themselves audible in the outer ante-room, and St. Orme entered. Immediately afterwards came my stepmother and Selma, and all went together to supper at the Silfverlings.

The 23d.

New and distinguishing tokens! My stepmother has her Meternich demeanour, and the telegraph movements between her and the Chamberlain go on. I suspect strongly a complot against my precious freedom. "Must go cautiously and a little diplomatically to work," I heard my stepmother say, softly, this day to my uncle; "you have not let Sophia suspect anything!"

"No; but I feel my way in a delicate manner; confide yourself to me; I understand the ladies," replied he.

To that end my stepmother plagues me with encomiums on the Chamberlain, and the Chamberlain with questions as to my taste in furniture; for example, with regard to the form of tables and bookcases, and so forth. He wishes, he says, in the furnishing of two new rooms that they should be wholly arranged according to my taste. But what is his furniture to me? If my stepmother sings my uncle's praise, he is no less generous in praise of her.

"She is one of the most superior ladies that I know," said he again to-day, "a tact, a judgment, a discretion! Ah! one can confide every thing to her; and I, for my part, when I will do a little good in secret, I know no one whom I would so willingly, and with the most perfect assurance can, make my confidant."

I began over all this to become impatient.

People talk of the marriage of Brenner with a young, lovely and rich widow. This has a little annoyed me. Benner's behaviour appears to me strange. Why has he not spoken to me of this connexion? I am his friend—his sisterly friend. And why?—I cannot endure anything enigmatical in him: but perhaps it is unjust in me so to regard it.

The 24th.

My stepmother and I are on cool terms. Her attempt to impose upon me is repulsed; I am proud, and show my sense of freedom in not a particularly amiable manner. Dissatisfied looks from Flora; uneasy and beseeching ones from Selma. General discomfort. If this should cease here, then it would be quite pleasant.

Ah! they say that life stands still if no outward circumstances excite and move it. But it is not so. It seems to me that it is in such quiet times that the angels of heaven listen to human life most attentively—for then tremble the strings in its innermost depths—then are its finest nerves developed—then fashions itself, that which increases the power of heaven or of hell.

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At the moment in which the butterfly develops its wings it is quite calm in the secure resting-place which it has selected. In the moment of change its life appears altogether to be an inward one. But the beaming butterfly of day and the nocturnal death's-head moth are children of the same quiet summer-hour.

A ramble out. A hateful, disagreeable day; the people red-blue, heaven leaden-grey; icicles at all the houses; loose, trampled-up snow, half an ell deep in the streets; vexatious thoughts, unpleasing feelings! Yet—"EVEN THIS WILL PASS OVER!" was the proverb which the wise Solomon gave to an Eastern prince, who desired from him such a motto as would make the soul strong in misfortune, and humble in prosperity; and this motto will I make mine.

The 26th.

I went down yesterday to dinner with the virtuous determination of being complying towards my stepmother, and kind towards everybody. But it was the reverse with me; I entered the inner ante-room, and saw my stepmother and the Chamberlain sitting on the sofa, in confidential and whispered discourse, which they suddenly broke off on my approach. My stepmother seemed very good-humoured, and soon came up to me, and said significantly, as she arranged something in my dress, "I must tell you, that we have just had a long conversation about you and sundry of your concerns—um, um, um!"

"On what concerns?" asked I with a look as if I would not at all understand it.

"O yes, yes; about certain concerns which everywhere have their importance; um—um—um!" said my stepmother, smiling. And then she began a little speech about its being so pleasant to her to see every one about her happy; how all her thoughts and her endeavours tended to that; how she thought not all about herself, how she merely lived for others, and so on. I thought on the bitter recollections of my youth, and assumed a north-pole demeanour on the throne-speech of my stepmother.

We went to dinner. The Chamberlain was "*aux petits soins*," on my account, and divided the best morsels between himself and me, which had no relish for me. To the most polite observations of my stepmother I answered also coldly, and avoided Selma's looks, which seemed to ask, "What have we done against thee?" At dinner, youth was praised as the golden age; the Chamberlain said that he had in youth "rightly intoxicated himself from the cup of enjoyment." I said, that I had my bitterest remembrances precisely out of my youth; remembrances which even to this day operated disturbingly on my temper. I saw, by the uneasy looks of my stepmother, that she felt this as a reproach to herself. But I had the feeling as if a heavy avalanche lay upon my heart.

In the afternoon, as I was making a little collar, I expressed some vexation that I had no blond with which to trim it. My stepmother hastened instantly to her room, and soon returned with a quantity of beautiful blond, which she playfully threw round my neck, as she prayed me to accept it for love; and I felt myself clasped in her arms, felt her soft breath on my cheek, and she whispered to me archly, that "my passion for emancipation should not prevent her from holding me fast." In my present Spithergen-mood of mind I recognised nothing in this embrace but an attempt to circumscribe

my liberty, and therefore I released myself coolly, and even threw away the blond, because "it did not suit me; I could get for myself what I wanted."

My stepmother silently went with her disdained gift back to her room; and as Selma a moment afterwards followed her, I could see, through the open door, how she leaned against the window, looked before her still and sorrowfully, and it seemed to me that tears were on her cheeks.

This sight went to my heart; and whilst I secretly reproached myself for my conduct, I went up to my chamber in order here, in quietness, to demand a reckoning with myself. But I could hardly recognise again my own room; so changed, so beautified was it. For a while I knew not where I was.

Among some handsome new furniture which had been arranged in it, shewed itself an extremely elegant mahogany bookcase, through whose bright glass windows a number of books in ornamental binding smiled upon me; and from the top looked down jestastically a beautiful Minerva's head of bronze.

As an exclamation of astonishment escaped from me, I heard behind me a half-snooring, half-chirping sound, and when I turned myself round, I saw my delighted maid come forth from a window corner, when she could no longer conceal her sympathy with my amazement.

"Her Grace has long thought about this," related she now out of the fullness of her heart; "and the Chamberlain himself has had the bookcase carried up, and then Miss Selma has been here all the morning to arrange the things in order."

A revolution now took place in me. Perhaps I now saw here the aim of every private conversation, of every telegraphic movement, of every secret agreement, which, as I fancied, had been directed against my freedom. And they had reference merely to my well-being and my pleasure! Perhaps it was the thought on this my astonishment, which had made my stepmother to-day in such high spirits. I fancied that I again felt her warm embrace, her breath upon my cheeks. And I? how had I met her? how had I suspected, mistaken, rejected her, and occasioned her tears!

With the speed of lightning I hastened down to my stepmother, and here—

I have a bias of a dangerous kind. If my feelings have become ice cold, and then are suddenly thawed by a ray of sunlight or dew-drop of life, then am I unusually deluged by them as by a spring-flood, and am ready to deluge the whole world with them. Nay, there exists no person whom in such moments I could not press to my heart; and for those who are dear to me I have only one feeling, the feeling of giving them all that I have, myself into the bargain. Seneca and Cicero, and Schlegel and Hegel, and the doctrines of all the wise men of the world on self-government, and quietness and moderation, are in such moments merely like oil upon a waterfall. Certain experiences have, it is true, brought me somewhat to control this rushing flood; but in certain moments nevertheless they will have their way, and the present moment was one of them. Yes, so deeply affected was I by the goodness of my stepmother, and so full of contrition for my own injustice, that—if she now had required that I should confer my hand on the Chamberlain—I should, I think, have

done it.\* But thanks be to my good stars! she thought not of that; and I could undisturbedly enjoy all the amenities of life which blossomed there, where human souls overflowed in intimacy and love towards each other.

I have silently vowed by Minerva's head, never again to torment with unnecessary suspicion my stepmother and myself. I feel, therefore, a ship's load lighter at heart. I hear Selma joyfully sing. God bless the singing bird! Her song always celebrates the sunny hours of home. She resembles in this the singing birds of Sweden, who (Nilson relates in his *Fauna*) sing the sweetest after soft summer rain.

The 28th.

Continued rapture on my part over the bookcase, and so on. Increasing pleasure and increasing contentment on the part of my stepmother. Light on the fate of Europe, through my stepmother and me. Active trade with the Lady Councillors of commerce; one betrothal, one marriage, one strikes people dead; in one word, one cares for the success of the world. With all this, secret vexation in my soul. I have not seen the Viking for several days. He ought indeed, at least, to come and announce his betrothal to his friend.

The 29th.

To-day a ramble out. I met the Viking, who was angry, and quarreled because we were out exactly then; and that I, if I also had been at home, and alone, received him not. I was rather proud at this assertion, and assumed a rather frosty deportment, on which Brenner left me tolerably short and cold. Now, now,—

I care for nobody, nobody;  
And nobody cares for me!

Thank God! thus can I yet sing, and thus will I ever be able to sing.

I will have no vexation, no unnecessary vexation. I have had enough of that in my life, I have had it from feelings all too warm. I will have these no more. And therefore will I remain cold and calm, as the marble statues which we shall see by wax-light in the sculpture-gallery to-night.

Eleven at night.

But when one sees between the cold marble statues and the pale flames of the waxlights a warmly-beaming human eye which rests with gentle sun-strength upon us—who can prevent the heart becoming warm and soft, prevent the gallery itself from being converted into a temple of the sun. Thus happened it to me, as in the Niobe Gallery, between Roman Emperors and Caryatides I discovered—the Viking. As I met his eye I involuntarily extended my hand, and felt at the same moment his warm, true hand-pressure. O we must still always continue friends! Brenner, however, did not join us. He seemed to have undertaken to protect two ladies, one of whom was young and very pretty. "Perhaps she is his bride," thought I. But I gave up this opinion as again and again I saw his eye between the marble statues directed to me with an expression which quietly did my heart good. The meeting of this glance, the sentiment of a deep sympathy with a warm and noble heart, gave to the ramble through this marble-hall on the arm of the Chamberlain an extraordinary charm. I felt my heart beat with

\* It may be customary in Sweden for uncles to marry their nieces—we can only say, however, that it sounds very odd in English.—M. H.

a tall, although calm life, amid these senseless statues; and the perhaps yet less feeling crowd of people, who in elegant dresses filled the galleries, were occupied rather as it seemed to me with the lighting-up, with the handsome dresses, with the Queen and her Court (who also were there), than with the masterpieces of art. But wherefore do I blame that? I myself thought more of the people than of the statues. Lennartson gave his arm to my stepmother, and directed his words and remarks particularly to Selma, who looked lovely, but thoughtful; whilst Flora, on her brother's arm, in a kind of feverish endeavour seemed to wish by her person and her sallies to occupy all those around her. St. Orme, Baron Alexander, and a couple of other gentlemen followed her amid applause and admiration. She was very well dressed and exceedingly lovely.

In the so-called Sergel's room my attention was drawn to three different models for the artist's group of Cupid and Psyche, because we saw so plainly in the works of a mind which clearly understood itself and possessed itself of the life which he would express. In the first model the statues are ill-shaped, coarse, unpliant, soul-less, Egyptian-mummy-like; they lock themselves together in a block-like oneness. In the next they have already life and motion; but are yet without harmony, without beauty and higher unity. These they obtain first in their third formation, when the artist has won the victory, and the splendid figures express the combat of human passions, softened by divine grandeur and beauty. Methought I saw in these forms the whole development, as in humanity so in man, and glad in these thoughts I turned myself round with the necessity of communicating them to some one, who could or would understand me. I saw now in my neighbourhood only Flora, who with an expression of impatience and also of bitterness listened to St. Orme, who spoke to her in a low voice. As my eye met that of Flora, she said, suddenly breaking off, and in a joking tone, "What revelation has Sophia had now? Her eye glows as if she had discovered a new world."

"Merely a thought," replied I, "is become clear to me here." And, carried away by my feelings, I showed to her the three model-groups, told her what they had led me to think upon the development and perfecting of life, on the patience and strength of the true artist, which never rests till it has approached its goal, nor till it sees that its work is good.

St. Orme smiled sarcastically at my enthusiasm, but Flora listened to me attentively. Afterwards she said, "Sergel was fortunate; he was not hindered like many others in his development, was not hindered in working out his own perfection by"—she checked herself, and I continued inquiringly "by?"

"By the want of a great object," continued Flora, with a strong emphasis and with a bitter expression of countenance.

But, nevertheless, I saw this with joy, for I recognised the thoughts and the expression which at times flashed forth in Flora, and made me conscious of the existence of a higher spirit in her enigmatical being.

St. Orme yawned aloud, and began a depreciating criticism of the last group, which was meant to show the folly of my admiration, the imperfection of the artist, and the superiority of his own acuteness.

To me this criticism betrayed merely St. Orme's want of a noble mind. I felt myself also wounded by his scarcely courteous manner towards me; but I am so afraid in such cases of letting myself down by repayment in like coin, or in permitting myself to be mastered by a little desire of revenge, that I listened to St. Orme in silence, without giving any sign of the displeasure which I felt. Yet I was glad to be liberated from it by the Viking, who having disposed of his ladies (God knows how), now came hastily to me in order to call my attention to the group of Oxenstierna and History, and also to the remarkably noble and powerful countenance of the great statesman. In the joyous frank expression of Brenner, I perceived a feeling of fresh sea-air which often comes over me from this spirit. For the rest, he complained that he was wearied, that he had no taste for cold, lifeless figures.

It was nevertheless determined, that this evening the lifeless figures should reveal to me many depths of the living ones.

We were advancing to the marble gallery of Logard where Odin stands so commandingly, Endymion slumbers so sweetly, Venus jests with Love, Apollo plays upon the lyre, and all the Muses stand around him.

There the royal secretary, Von Krusenberg, joined us, who bowing ceremoniously before gods and men, thus made himself perceived by us,—

"It is certain that here one can say that one is in good company. One feels oneself really exalted by it."

"Yes," interposed Baron Alexander, "here one escapes at least the elbow-thrusts of the people; of the common herd which fills the streets and alleys."

Such expressions I cannot bear, and cannot hear them in silence. I replied therefore not quite courteously,—

"I believe certainly, that among the so-called 'people,' one meets with honest and better individuals than among the heathen divinities. There is a deal of the 'herd' upon high Olympus."

As a church-weathercock might look down upon the paving-stones, so looked down the great Alexander on me, and St. Orme said sarcastically,—

"Thus it may appear to those who do not enter into the spirit of antiquity, and do not understand how to grasp its works with an enlightened and unprejudiced eye. The Catechism is of no use here as a scale of judgment. The beautiful and the sublime must be measured by another standard."

"I think so too," said Flora. "The Grecian ideal ought not to be dragged down to the circles of our every-day virtues."

I felt that I crimsoned, for I found that I did not stand upon quite good ground against my adversary. I looked at Selma and she looked at Lennartson, and his calm glance rested upon me, with an expression which animated and strengthened me. And I was intending to reply in order to make my meaning more clear, when St. Orme continued,

"I, for my part, know not what more deserves our homage than the divine gifts of BEAUTY, GENIUS, STRENGTH! I know really nothing which can make themselves of value near them. The small, nameless, modest beings that swarm on the earth cannot do it. No! therefore I beg

to hold with the gods, or more particularly with the goddesses. With them one is always at home in a temple of beauty."

"Cultivation of Genius!" said Lennartson, smiling, "and many think that this is very sublime and genteel. But more sublime and more genteel is the cultivation which looks indifferently away from accidental, showy gifts, and inquires after merely the essential in man, the goodness and earnestness of the will; which beholds in each man an elect genius, an heir of another divine home, a living thought of God, which ennobles him for the citizenship of an eternal kingdom, and conducts him there. One may do justice to the heathen point of view, yet with all propriety find its inferiority to the very highest, that is, to *Christianity*."

This was evidently said to extricate me out of my dilemma, and it seemed to me as if the heathen divinities suddenly grew pale, or evaporated into ghostlike figures, and the great Alexander shrivelled up into a dwarf; von Krusen-berg crept behind Odin, while Selma and I looked up with delight to Lennartson. St. Orme and Baron Alexander consoled themselves by communicating to each other their paltry thoughts on people who could make so much ado about an insignificant occurrence among insignificant beings, and would ascribe a world-historical signification to an event which had happened here two thousand years ago. "How foolish!"

I listened to the two gentlemen, and wondered that *great learning* could be so completely united to *great poverty of mind*.

The truth is, that I have found among simple youths and maidens, more *deep feeling* for the deep in life, than among a certain kind of the learned.

Some time after this, we stood in the middle of the gallery, before a marble group, Cupid and Psyche. One sees Cupid about to leave Psyche in anger, who kneels and prays for forgiveness.

"How could one, like Cupid here, be so immoveable to a beautiful suppliant like Psyche?" we heard von Krusen-berg say.

"Yes," said Flora, while her eye sought that of Lennartson, "is it possible to repulse her, who loves so, and prays so, even if—she be culpable?"

"He must be a downright barbarian!" exclaimed von Krusen-berg.

"I think," said Lennartson, rather coldly, "that there are actions, which one cannot, and ought not to forgive."

"Not even to a beloved one," whispered Flora, with a voice almost imperceptibly tremulous, "not even a bride—a wife?"

"Least of all her," said Lennartson mildly, but with emphasis; and with a serious penetrating look on Flora.

Shortly afterwards some one seized my arm astily, and whispered, "Come with me! I am ill!"

It was Flora; she was pale as death. But the very moment when I was about to go with her (Felix was with Selma, and did not see us), in the same moment Lennartson stood by her side, and led her out of the crowd.

"A little fresh air! I faint!" stammered Flora. Lennartson opened the doors towards the Loggards terrace, and we soon saw the starry heavens above our heads, and the wind of the winter-night blew cold on our cheeks.

Lennartson ordered one of the velvet-covered benches to be brought out for Flora, gave her a

glass of water to drink, and shewed her the tenderest care. I removed a few steps. The scene and the time were solemn. We stood, as it were, in the heart of the castle, whose high and gloomy walls surrounded us on three sides; the fourth opened to us the beautiful prospect over the harbour, with its wreath of mountains and inhabited islands, wholly concealed in the nocturnal twilight, lit only by the stars of heaven and the flickering lights of earth. The lights of the gallery threw broad stripes of light between the clipped trees upon the high terrace where we stood, and which were broken by the shadows of the tree-stems. I saw all this, while my ear involuntarily caught the words which were exchanged between two human beings, who seemed in this moment to approach the crisis of their strange connexion, the separating point in their lives.

I heard Lennartson ask something with a soft, almost loving voice, and Flora replied,

"Better—better *now*! O Lennartson, because thou now lookest bright and gentle, like the heavens above us, and not like the cold marble images within."

Lennartson was silent. Flora continued, with greater emotion, "Lennartson, thou art really as stern, as severe as he, as immovable as thy words sound now. Ah, my God! tell me, how am I to understand thee?"

"Flora," said Lennartson, also deeply affected, "I it is who might have asked thee this question for some time; I it is who wish to understand thee. If thou lovest me—"

"More than everything—more than life," interrupted Flora vehemently.

"Good then!" continued Lennartson, taking both her hands into his, and bending himself over them, "if it be so, then—be open, be candid towards me. Explain to me—"

"Ah! all, all, whatever thou wilt, Lennartson. But at a more suitable time. Here it is—so cold."

"Cold!" exclaimed Lennartson, "that is only an excuse. Be at least, for this once, candid, Flora. Thy hands burn. Thou feelest now no cold."

"No! my heart is warm, warm for thee, Thorsten. And therefore have patience with me. I love thee so strongly, so childishly;—yes, I am therefore afraid of thee, Lennartson; afraid of seeing thee grave and stern. Oh, if I only knew that thou rightly lovedst me, then I should not long be incomprehensible to thee! Oh say, canst thou not love me so, at least, not for my love's sake?"

Methought that loving tone of Flora's was answered. I saw Lennartson bend himself lower before her, heard—the doors of the gallery again open, and saw my stepmother, together with her party, come out, seeking uneasily for us.

On the arm of Lennartson, Flora again entered the illuminated gallery.

Had Flora now obtained a certainty from the heart of Lennartson, which she had not before; had words been spoken which my ear had not perceived, but which had loosened the bond by which Flora had been held captive? This is certain, that a bright joy seemed to have elevated her whole being. Never was she more captivating, nor had Lennartson been more captivated by her charms. Selma looked gently but pale on them both, while St. Orme regarded either with a subtly-searching glance. This glance made me suspect that Flora's romance

is still yet far from its termination, and that a new revolution may soon take place.

*The 1st of February.*

The revolution in Flora has taken place, and all is as dark as ever.

This forenoon I heard outside before my chamber various strange sounds, as of persons violently quarreling. I went out to see what it might be; the little passage between Flora's room and mine was empty, but the door of Flora's outer room was half open, and through this I saw, to my astonishment, Flora endeavouring to release her hands from St. Orme, who held them forcibly. Both looked up to the window by which they stood.

"Ah! let me go!" besought Flora, warmly. "Let me liberate it! It will be soon too late! See, the ugly spider has caught it already!"

"Why must it fly into the web?" said St. Orme, with his cold scorn. "Let it be. It will be interesting to see if it can liberate itself, whether it can escape. If not, then,—*laissez faire la fatalité.*"

"Ah! it is already his prey! The poor wretch! Adrian, let me go!" (She stamped with her foot.) "You are a cruel, horrible man!"

"Because I will not mourn about a fly! The little fool, she has created her fate herself, and who knows whether after all she is so very unfortunate! And the spider! Who knows whether he be so cruel! He merely embraces the little fly."

At this moment a pair of fire-tongs was suddenly raised, which tore the spider's web, and separated the spider and the fly. This catastrophe was occasioned by me; I had, armed with the first best weapon which chance offered me, approached the combatants. At sight of me St. Orme released Flora and exclaimed,

"See, there comes truly, as if from heaven, a saving angel! Pity is it only, that the noble deed comes too late."

And it was too late. The fly fell dead upon the window frame.

"But," continued St. Orme, "Sophia can very well write an elegy or moral observations, and thus it may be always a means of edification, and—"

Flora sprang with her hands before her face suddenly into the inner room. I followed her, and St. Orme went away, whistling an opera air upon the steps.

Flora gave herself up to such an outbreak of violence as I had never seen before. She tore her hair, cried, and threw herself with convulsive sighs and tears on the floor. I stood amazed and silent, and looked at her. Where now was the beautiful Flora? It was a fury that I saw before me. I offered her a glass of water; she emptied it hastily, and then became by degrees somewhat calmer.

"Dearest Flora," said I at length, "why this? How can the fate of a fly thus—"

"Fly!" exclaimed Flora; "do you think that I trouble myself about this? No, I mourn over myself. I, Sophia, I am this unfortunate fly. I shall be a pray of this—and he knows it, the horrible wretch, he enjoys it; he amuses himself in seeing this image of my fate, of my anguish—the cruel one, the detestable one, who—"

"But how? but why?" asked I, interrupting the torrent of names which Flora gave to St. Orme.

"Inquire not!" replied she, impatiently. "I cannot say, and it would serve to no purpose. Ah! why are there not in our country those protecting institutions which Catholic countries are possessed of, where a person can escape from the world, from himself, and from others; nay, can be saved even from humiliation—where even the fallen woman, sustained by the Cross, can erect herself, and under the protection of heaven, can stand there purified and ennobled before the eyes of the world!"

And Flora was again beautiful, as she raised herself up and turned her glistening tearful eyes towards heaven. But this exaltation lasted but for a moment. Then continued she with renewed bitterness,

"And if he pursue me I will become Catholic; nay, I will become a Turk or a Fantee woman. I would adore the Virgin Mary, or Mohammed, or the Great Mogul, or the devil himself, or whatever it might be, if it would only free me from this man."

"Your call for a convent-life," said I smiling, "does not appear to me to be of the right kind. But, Flora, I imagined that you had given yourself up to a good and strong spirit, that you belonged to Thorsten Lennartson."

"Belonged? yes, with my whole soul, with my whole heart, but—"

"Why do you not turn yourself to him with open heart, with full confession? He would free you."

"So you talk! Ah, you know not—Yes, if he loved me as I love him! But—ah, if I knew, if I rightly knew! Why are there no longer oracles, no sibyls, no witches or prophetesses, in the world, to whom one might go in one's need, and from whom one could demand counsel, a hint, a glance into the future? But all that which is pleasant is dead now. How unbearable and flat and insipid is the world now, with its regularity, with its rationality. It disgusts me. I am disgusted with myself. Every thing is nauseous and unbearable to me. Do not stand and look at me, Sophia! Leave me! I will not be a spectacle for you. I know that you hate me, but now I am indeed unfortunate enough. Let me, at least, be alone!"

"Not now. Let me rule over you a little while, Flora! You will then better understand my hatred. I am just going out. Attend me, and let me conduct you. The snow without will fall coolingly upon your hot brow."

I approached her, and began to arrange her hair.

"Do with me what you will!" said she, and remained passive. I helped her to put on her winter dress, and silently we went together out into the free air.

It snowed and blew. We went towards the lowest quay down to the river, on the way to the North Bridge. Flora looked at the foaming waves.

"How it foams! how it struggles!" said she, "see, see how the sea-waves now endeavour to heave themselves, and now are subjected from the other side, and are obliged to sink in their exasperation, because the Mälar-stream proudly rushes over them. The poor waves! I should like to know whether they feel what it is so exactly to sink beneath oneself, to wrestle and to struggle, without hope of ever concurring."

"In a few days," said I, "the Mälar water will perhaps have lost its power, and the combatting streams will have come into equipoise."

"Sometimes," said Flora, "it also happens that the angry waves obtain the upper hand, and rush over the others, and exasperate them. There is a retaliation."

We were again silent. I led Flora over the bridge and through the streets into the city. There are the oldest memories of Stockholm; here is the heart of the Stockholm city, which also has the form of a heart; here flowed the blood of the nobles of Sweden in streams from the hand of Christiern; here the streets are narrow, the lanes dark; but here also is the Castle of Stockholm; and here lift themselves even now, a mass of houses, which show by their inscriptions cut in stone, the strong fear of God which built up in ancient times the realm of Sweden.

We went into a dark doorway, ornamented with statuary work, of one of their houses, which had stood for centuries, and over the doorway of which was inscribed a verse from the Psalms of David in old Swedish.

Flora was undecided: "Whither do you conduct me?" asked she hesitating.

"To a witch," replied I.

"Are there yet witches in Sweden?" said Flora, following me. "But," continued she, somewhat disparagingly, "I have no confidence in the witches of our day, with their card and coffee-cup wisdom."

After we had mounted several steps, I opened a door, and we entered a room where a young girl sat and sewed. I prayed Flora to wait for me here, and went into another chamber, the door of which was shut.

After some time I returned to Flora, and led her in with me.

I saw an expression of astonishment and curiosity depict itself in her countenance, as her eyes riveted themselves upon the figure which, clad in a flowing black silk robe, sat in a large chair by the only window of the room, the lower part of which was shaded by a green curtain. The daylight streamed from the upper half of the window brightly down upon a countenance which was less consumed by age than by suffering, and whose strong and not handsome features stifled the idea that it had ever possessed charms, or that looks of love could ever have rested upon it. Yet this countenance was not without sun. It had a pair of eyes whose glance was not common. It was restless, and as it were vacillating towards indifferent things and objects. But if it were animated by a feeling or by a thought—and that often was the case—then it had beams that could warm, strength which could penetrate; for there lay in it great and deep earnestness. The hair, still beautiful, and of a dark brown, was drawn off the large brow. A plain snow-white lace-cap surrounded the pale, grave countenance. The unknown held the left hand of an almost transparent delicacy, against her breast, in the other she had a pencil, with which she appeared to have been making observations in the margin of a large Bible.

The furniture of the room was so simple that it might have belonged to poverty, but all bore the stamp of neatness and comfort, which does not unite itself with poverty. A vase of fresh flowers stood upon the table, upon which lay books and manuscripts. Every thing in the room was simple and ordinary; the large wonderful eyes alone which beamed there, awoke a feeling that this was the dwelling of a powerful life.

Flora seemed to receive an impression of this, as we neared the unknown, who greeted us with great friendliness, as she said, excusing herself, "permit me that I remain seated!"

She invited us with the hand to seat ourselves upon the two cane chairs which stood near the table, and gave to us, smiling, a sprig of geranium from the flower-vase on the table.

Her earnest eyes riveted themselves upon Flora, who cast down hers, and appeared to struggle for the power to raise them again. I withdrew presently from that part of the room, and left the two together.

I heard the unknown say with a gentle, grave voice; "So young, so beautiful, and yet—not happy!"

Flora was silent a moment, and seemed to struggle with herself. At length she said:

"No! not happy, but—who can tell me how I may become so? Knew I any one who could tell me that, I would go to him through deserts and midnight; but oracles have vanished from the world."

"Not vanished, but only changed their abode," said the unknown, calmly.

"Changed their abode? To where?"

"From the ancient temples, from the deserts, have they removed into the most holy sanctuary of life, into the human soul."

"And thither," continued Flora, sarcastically, "it is more difficult to come than to Delphi and Dodona. And what would now this new-fashioned oracle reply to my question? How shall I become happy?"

"Follow the inward voice!"

"A true oracular answer, that is to say, an answer that says nothing at all. I at least know nothing of *one* inward voice, but of ten, at least, which one after the other speak in me."

"One must not believe all voices, one must question and deeply listen till one hears the right voice."

"There are in the soul," said the unknown, in a friendly, smiling, insinuating manner, "quiet groves, silent grottoes, and temples—thither must we go. There speaks our genius." The unknown seemed to enjoy the pictures which she called forth.

It seemed to me as if a certain coolness had overflowed Flora's passionate soul at these words. With a sigh and a tearful eye she said,—

"Oh! he who flees to this still region and there finds rest, must yet flee from the world and from himself!"

"He should not flee, he should only collect himself, collect himself in stillness, but for a great object in life."

Flora's thoughts before the sculpture of Sergel seemed to return to her; her look was animated.

"Ah!" said she, "I have sometimes imagined and thought, but—it is now too late. The unrooted flower can no longer keep itself firm, it must be driven by wave and wind."

"It is never too late," said the unknown, emphatically. "But it may often be difficult enough. Ah! I know it well, this flower without a root, this want of foundation and soil, which is commonly the fruit of a false education. No way is more difficult than the way to collect oneself out of dissipation and to become oneself, but still it may be found, and we may walk in it."

At this moment a sunbeam broke through the window, and streamed softly trembling through the flowers of the vase upon the pages of the holy

book. The eye of the unknown followed the path of light and shone with great delight as she spoke in broken sentences—

"Not it is never too late to tread the bright paths which unite heaven and the earth and mankind to each other in noble endeavours. They open themselves in our days richer than ever, and in all directions—in all spheres of life—and the eyes of men become more and more opened, and love refuses not his guiding hand! Courage only and a resolute will, and the apparently unrooted plant will take root firmly, and will bloom forth beautifully in the light of the Eternal!"

Flora followed not. As the spirit of the unknown thus raised itself towards the light, Flora's spirit seemed to sink and to look down into the darker depth.

"And after all," said she gloomily, "everything is yet vanity. Every human life has its snake, against which no power can combat. Sooner or later a time comes to every one in which all pleasure is at an end, in which one is subjected to pain, to old age, to death! Is there no power, no bliss, which this can withstand?"

"Yes! let a dying one assure you of this. See! on! I go now with rapid speed towards my change, and great are my sufferings; yet I am to happy that day and night I must sing praises. Many a charming draught has life extended to me; much that was bitter has been changed into sweet, but yet the best wine has been preserved for me till the last."

"The lots here in the world are thrown differently for mankind," said Flora, not without bitterness; "some seem made for misfortune, others again have, like you, sunshine from the cradle to the grave. And for these it must be easy to be good."

"You would perhaps think differently, if you knew me rightly," said the unknown softly; "and a glance into my breast would allow you to judge whether I have always had a sun-brightened life, as you imagine—and yet you would only see an image of affliction which no human eye has seen, and which I myself have almost forgotten. The bitter waves have long ceased to roar, but they have left traces behind them." She opened the black dress, removed a white cloth, and showed us—a horrible sight! The bloody picture was soon concealed again.

"Pardon me!" said the unknown to Flora, who with a cry of horror had covered her eyes, "and now fear not! I feel that suffering comes. I shall not be able to keep back all complaint. Be not terrified. It will soon be over."

At that moment she seized convulsively a roll of papers, the whole body trembled, and the hue of death overspread her face, which with a dull cry of pain sunk upon her breast. This continued probably for ten minutes, then the hyæna of pain seemed to release the sufferer from his claws, but she evidently had not fully recovered her mind, and her soul seemed to wander in far regions, whilst her lips spoke broken words, like to those which Asaria sung in the fiery furnace.

By degrees the exalted expression passed from her countenance. A slumber, as it were, came over it. Then the unknown opened her eyes; they were clear and full of consciousness. She took up a little mirror which lay on the table and contemplated herself in it.

"It is over!" said she, as if to herself, and smiled with a thankful look towards heaven. Now for the first time she seemed to remember that she was not alone.

"It is now over," as she turned her again-feeble glance to Flora and me, "forgive me! Yet I know certainly that you do so. Compassionate me not! I am happy, unspeakably happy!"

I arose in order to end our visit.

"Permit me to come again," prayed Flora with tearful eyes, as she took her leave.

"Willingly," replied the unknown, directed to us a dimmed but friendly look, and extended to us her hand affectionately.

We went.

"Who is she?" asked Flora on the steps.

"She will be unknown," replied I, and we were both silent till we reached home.

As I went down to dinner I heard my young sister (who knew nothing of the forenoon's revolution in Flora) thus giving orders in the drawing-room.

"Trala, la, la! Jacob, do not forget, immediately after dinner, to go to the old coachman with this cake and bottle of wine. And in coming back do not forget to bring the rennets with you, of which my mother is so fond. And you, Ulla, remember at last that you have Miss Flora's dress ready this evening. You must be prodigiously industrious. La, lalali, la, la, la! And to-morrow you shall make yourselves merry. Then I shall let you go to the opera to see the 'May-day.' There you shall be merry to some purpose. Jacob shall be Ulla's and Karin's protector. Tralalili, lalili, la, la, la."

Thus went on for a while the harmonious commands, and gave me again a little proof that it is the endeavour of my Selma in the world to make every one around her happy. But *endless* is not the right word. When goodness approaches its consummation it has an inward harmony, an ennobled nature, whose movements are as involuntarily beautiful as the movements of Taglioni in the Sylphide. She makes the most difficult thing easy, and gives a charm to the meanest exterior of life.

Flora, during dinner, was thoughtful and gloomy. In the afternoon Lennartson came, and had a long conversation with her. He seemed earnestly and fervently to beseech something from her. She wept. At length I heard her say with vehemence,

"Not now, not now, Lennartson. Have patience with me still, for a little time, and I will tell you all; and then you will see that you are the only one in the world whom I love."

Lennartson now arose with a strong expression of discontent. He appeared impatient, and came into the other ante-room, in which Selma and I sat. The sun shone through the crystal of the chandelier, and hundreds of little prismatic flames trembled on the walls, and on the pictures with which these were covered. Selma remarked the beauty of the colours, and the impression which their beauty made upon the mind.

"Yes!" said Lennartson, aloud, as he fixed his eyes upon her, "light, purity is beautiful, as in colour, so also in the human mind. I cannot comprehend how people love darkness, how people can be willing to linger in it; they must, in that case, have something to conceal, or—suspiciously dread the light."

Flora had approached, but remained standing at the door, on whose frame she leaned, whilst she held her hand pressed upon her breast, and riveted a glance of bitter pain on the speaker.

Selma saw this, and tears came into her love-

ly eyes. She said to Lennartson, with animation, and almost reproach,

"Clouds often conceal the sun from us, and yet it is still bright. If we could only raise ourselves above the clouds we should see it."

Lennartson looked at Selma with an inquiring glance, which by degrees melted away in mildness.

"Yes, you are right," said he, slowly; "there may be faults in those who complain."

He went again to Flora, seized her hand, bowed himself over it, and said some words to her which I did not hear, but whose effect I remarked in Flora's grateful look. Lennartson soon after this left us.

#### The 2d of February.

Flora is calmer, and all quiet in the house. I begin to be satisfied with the polemical connexion between me and my stepmother. But shall we ever attain to the ideal of a noble contention, which the German professors, Feuerbach and Grollmann, have shewed to the world? These two remarkable men were the warmest friends, and, in the early part of their lives, were of the same way of thinking. Afterwards they separated in their scientific views, but without thereby allowing their personal esteem and friendship to be disturbed. They invariably dedicated to each other their works, in which they invariably sought the one to convert the other. Thus they argued in love, and by the production of excellent works, to the end of their lives. Over such contentions must angels indeed rejoice.

#### 5th February.

My acquaintance with the Viking begins to be somewhat stormy. But I console myself with the thought that 'the storm belongs to God's weather,\* and may be governed by His spirit.

We were invited yesterday to a breakfast at the Chamberlain's. Without flattering myself, and without great self-love, I could very well understand the correctness of my stepmother's diplomatic hint, namely, that the breakfast was given on my account. The host did me *les honneurs* of his handsome house; his splendid furniture, his Athenienne, with a thousand little sumptuousnesses; his many arrangements, for convenience, and for the pleasant enjoyment of life; nay, I must even see his own expensive toilet. Whilst I thus wandered with him through his rooms, I in vain sought for a picture of actual value, or an object of higher interest; I found nothing of the kind, and I could not say much about the rest of the ornaments.

Wilhelm Brenner's eye was often watchfully directed upon me, whilst I was receiving so much of the host's attention. He on the contrary was taken up with a very pretty Mrs. Z.—the same with whom I had seen him at the gallery—a widow, and rich. "Z," says a writing copy, "is in the Swedish language a superfluous letter;" and so methought was Mrs. Z. at this breakfast. By the abstracted looks of the Viking, I might have presumed that he thought so too; but for all that he remained near her, and amused himself by observing me from a distance. This rather vexed me; and thus for that reason I entertained myself more than common with the wit of my courteous uncle, said merry things myself, and contributed in my own way to entertain the company, for which I receive much applause, especially from my step-

mother. Towards two o'clock people separated, and went home. As the weather was fine we walked. I saw Mrs. Z. go away on the arm of the Viking. The Chamberlain accompanied us, together with other gentlemen.

Scarcely were we come to the Castle Hill, when the Viking, under full sails from the side of the Bridge of Boats, joined himself to us. He was quite warm, and wiped his forehead. I had the Chamberlain on my left; Brenner took the right, and heard how I was making love—ridiculous! But what he had not heard was the occasion for my satirical sally, namely, the sighs and the little song of my uncle's love and the warmth of his heart! all which cooled me indescribably, because I knew the ground and the intention of it.

"I think," said I, "that never was so much said about love, and so little known about it as in our days. Those who talk publicly the loudest about Christian love, rend one another most bitterly; and as concerns the love which men vow to women, these are only springs of a very doubtful value. How many tender flames—those which are more smoke than flame—burst forth because one has ennui, because one wants to amuse oneself in some way? Is it not thus in glowing Italy, as you yourself have told me? Do not people form connexions there on purpose to drive away time? and merely continue them, because one has no spirit to undertake something else? and so one drags lamentably through life with sighs and lemonade. Here, in our North, we seek really a little more substantial nourishment for love, seek the good things which open a prospect to comfortable life, dinners and good suppers, and so on. Yet the foundation is still no better, and love is even as—needy."

"Have you then never met with, or seen 'REAL LOVE' in the world?" asked the Viking, with a tone of displeasure, and as it were of compassion for me.

"To be sure," continued I, in the same tone, "to be sure I have seen men feel actual love, nay, actually also become quite thin from it. I have heard them declare, when they met with hard hearts, that their life was gnawed by worms, and that people would soon have to weep over their death. Yes, I believe too, that this at one time they themselves also believed; but this is certain, nevertheless, that in one or two years afterwards I have seen these men marry others than those for whose sake they would die, and that too, stout of body and full of joy. In one word, I have seen enough of life and of the world, to have but little confidence in this so much spoken of, and in romances so much bepraised love, and to wish to have as little as possible to do with it. It is not worth one of the sighs which it costs."

"*Femme philosophe!*" exclaimed the Chamberlain. "You reason perfectly justly as regards this passion. I value the passions very little. Esteem, delicacy, mutual condescension, lay as good a foundation for a much more enduring happiness than—"

We were at this moment just about to cross the North Bridge. Flora just then remembered that she wanted to buy something at Medberg's, my stepmother and Selma had the same thoughts; but I, who had no such views, and wished to get home, said that I would continue my way alone, and wait for the party at home. I earnestly declined the offers of my uncle to accompany me, and as the rest of the party took their way to-

\* Götter.

wards the Myn-market, I pursued my way over the bridge.

But scarcely had I gone twenty paces when I saw the Viking at my side, and discovered, I know not how, that my arm rested in his. He hastened onwards with such prodigious strides, that I had trouble to keep up with him.

He turned round at a right angle, just where the bridge extends itself to the right, and remained standing in that corner where the river rages below, and the poplars of the river-parterre ascend upwards to the granite balustrades of the bridge. Then he dropped my arm, and turning towards me with a confidential air, said with a warm but suppressed voice,—

"Tell me! Is all that which you have just now said, this cursed gallemathias of love, your really earnest thought?"

"My really earnest thought," repeated I.

"That I will not believe," continued he warmly, "or I pity you from my whole heart! Good heavens! how can you thus despise the highest and holiest in life! When I hear such talk it makes me abusive. How can people be so contracted, nay I must say, so stupid; and see things in such an oblique, such a false, such a fundamentally false light! I can become angry when I hear how a woman, created to love and to be loved, so mistakes herself, and lets herself be so bewildered by the little poverities of life, that she can exchange them for that of which thought has no idea, and the tongue no word, and which exists as certainly upon the earth as it exists in heaven, and which is the only feeling by which we can comprehend the life of heaven; the only feeling which gives value to life. People talk about science and philosophy as instructors of the heart and of life! That is altogether nonsense say I, compared with the ennobling of a noble love!"

"This is an especially well-chosen place for a *little à l'été*, and to preach a sermon on love!" thought I, smiling in my own mind, as I observed the vehement mien of the Viking, and the mass of walking and driving people who were in motion around us, and of whom the Viking, in his angry mood, seemed to take no notice. I was also somewhat confounded by his behaviour towards me, but I looked at the raging waters below me, and at the raging spirit before me, and I know not what fresh breath of air passed over my soul. I was yet silent, when Brenner continued as before—

"And this miserable glass-cupboard reason! It makes people from fear of life, shut themselves in a birdcage; from fear of fresh air, steam themselves to death in the warmth of the stove; and from fear of strong feelings and great sufferings, waste their souls and their time in mere trifles. Tell me, how can you endure such reason? It is just as false as it is miserable. It is good for nothing, say I!" and the Viking struck with his clenched fist so violently upon the balustrade, that it would have trembled if it had not been of stone.

As I still stood there like Lot's wife, changed by a shower of fire into a pillar of salt, and was seized upon by a strange feeling, he continued with increasing violence, "Tell me! I will know, what, or who is it that has let you get hold of such a mistrusting of life, of mankind; nay, even of our Lord himself. If it be your blessed philosophy, then—throw it into the river!"

Brenner, by the violent action which he was here making with his arms, struck my reticule,

which rested on the balustrade; it fell into the river, and was borne by its waves rapidly forward into the sea.

This catastrophe, and the sight of the Viking's astonishment, dissolved at once my immovable state into a hearty laugh, and as Brenner seemed ready to take the speediest measures for saving the reticule, I held him back, and said—

"Trouble not yourself about it. There are only a few rennets that suffer shipwreck in it. I care nothing about it. Only let your angry temper go with it to the sea, for in truth you do me injustice."

"Do I do you an injustice—thank God for it!" said Brenner, with a look which deeply affected me, and I continued—

"Yes, because, although that which I said just now, and which has made you so angry, is actually my serious opinion, yet I have my reservation as to my object. I distinguish between Amor and Eros, but I have seen more of the first than of the last in life, and I spoke properly of that."

"But you believe in the other?"

"That I do. That I will say; I believe in general in the truth and depth of the feelings of which you speak; but in individual cases I am, in consequence of certain experience, always mistrustful. In the mean time, I thank you right openly for the proof of friendship which you have given to me. Ah! let me think about love as I will; I believe in friendship, and I feel that we are friends."

And herewith I took his arm, and began to proceed homewards. The Viking said—

"Love, friendship! should these be thus separated? And how can anybody doubt the one who believes in the other?"

It did not please me to answer this question, and our conversation was here interrupted by our being overtaken by our party who had been left behind. They looked somewhat amazed, and said various things of our 'speedy return home.' The Viking declared—

"Miss Sophia lost her bag or reticule in the river."

But how it was lost, he said not; and they began to propose means for recovering it, and the Viking, again in cheerful humour, made various break-neck and impossible proposals.

The 3d.

A far handsomer reticule, encircled with a bouquet of roses and myrtle, was sent to me from him in the name of the lost one, which, as he said, had been fished out of the river in this form. The 'river spirit' wished in these flowers to speak to you of his love, said the Viking, and he wondered what kind of an answer he would receive.

I said, "Merely great thanks!"

"And if he be not satisfied with that?" asked Brenner.

"Then, his flowers should be—sent back to him," said I, half jesting and half seriously.

"You would not throw them in the river?" said the Viking, quite gravely—"you are then not afraid of wounding, of doing wrong? You can be stern, *unsparing*."

"You forget," said I, interrupting him, "that the 'river spirit' and his feelings are fictions, and I am no longer of the age in which one believes in such things; neither can I see, dearest Brenner, why a pretty little joke should be taken so seriously, which in itself is very polite, and for which I thank you sincerely."

The Viking was silent, but looked dissatisfied; I began to fear that the man has a very bad temper.

#### The 7th.

And a great many faults he has found in me to-day; he has reproached me for my self-will, or, as he called it, my 'Finnish-temper.' I told him that this was precisely my best quality, and as he shook his head, I related to him that I was descended from a race of the Wasastjernar, who had given to the world the most beautiful example of the Finnish national temper. Thus, namely, when the Russians in the year 1809, conquered Finland, there lived in the city of Wasa, two brothers, one the judge of the court of justice, the other a merchant, who, when the residents of the city were compelled to swear an oath of fidelity to the Emperor of the Russias, alone and steadfastly refused it.

"We have sworn an oath of fidelity to the King of Sweden, and unless he himself released us from it, we cannot swear obedience to another ruler," remained their constant answer to all persuasions, as well friendly as threatening. Provoked by this obstinacy, and fearing the example which would be given by it, the Russians threw the stiff-necked brothers into prison and threatened them with death. Their answer remained always the same, to the increasing severity and multiplied threats of the Russians. At length the sentence of death was announced to them, as well as that, on a fixed day, they were to be conducted out to the Gallows-hill, and there be executed as criminals, in case their obstinacy did not give way and they took the required oath. The brothers were immovable. "Rather," replied the judge, in the name of both, "will we die, than become perjured."

"At this answer a powerful hand struck the speaker on the shoulder. It was the Cossack who kept watch over the brothers, and now exclaimed with a kindling glance, 'Dobra kamed' ('bravo comrade!')

"The Russian authorities spoke otherwise, and on the appointed day permitted the brothers to be carried out to the place of execution. They were sentenced to be hanged; but yet once more at this last hour, and for the last time, pardon was offered them if they would but consent to that which was required from them.

"No!" replied they, 'hang, hang! We are brought hither not for speech-making, but to be hanged.'

"This steadfastness softened the hearts of the Russians. Admiration took place of severity, and they rewarded the fidelity and courage of the brothers with magnanimity. They presented them not merely with life, but sent them free and safely over to Sweden, to the people and to the King to whom they had been true to the death. The King of Sweden elevated them to the rank of nobles, and after this they lived greatly esteemed in the capital of Sweder to a great age."

This relation gave pleasure to Brenner. He promised with a beaming and tearful eye no more to reproach me with my 'Finnish mind.'

#### The 9th.

Something astonishing on the side of my stepmother and on my side, but not in the way in which my stepmother expected. For it really was no surprise to me that my stepmother conducted me with a mysterious air into her boudoir, and announced herself as '*Envoyé extraordinaire*,' as '*ministre plénipotentiaire*,' on the side of my uncle the Chamberlain, in order to treat with me of an

alliance between him and me. But it was unexpected by me, that my stepmother said not a word to persuade me to consent to it. On the contrary, she said sundry beautiful, and to me, particularly agreeable things, on the danger of bringing about or persuading to such things. She wished merely my happiness; I myself must choose that which would lead to it. On one side, I certainly should feel myself happy with a husband like the Chamberlain, and in the 'dead,' in which a marriage with him would place me; but on the other side, it also was certain, that as an unmarried person I should also find myself very well off. Her house should always be mine, and she would be happy to see me there, and so on. "She had not now undertaken to woo for the Chamberlain, but merely to hear whether he might announce himself as a hopeful lover."

This circumspicion of hers pleased me much, because I can thus ward off his attentions, and need not say a word to him, which is contrary to my nature, that little vexatious word, 'No!'

In the mean time he has been good to me, has showed me kindness and confidence—it grieves me not to be able to do him a pleasure—nay, perhaps, to be compelled to distress him. How poor is man here upon the earth! I feel myself quite melancholy and humble.

#### The 16th.

And thou, honest Wilhelm Brenner, shalt not hear from me that word of refusal. I understand now thy intentions well; but thou shalt not speak out that aloud which I cannot answer according to thy wishes; shalt not stretch forth thy true hand to see it rejected.—I value you too highly for that; I think too much of thee for that. I like Brenner greatly; but not so much as I love my own independence, the peace of my soul, and the prospect of a peaceful and care-free future. I will be his friend, but no more. I dread marriage; I dread that compulsion, that dark deep suffering, which the power of one being over another so often exhibits. I have seen so much of it.

I know well, that in consequence of wise laws of our evangelical church, marriage is not an indissoluble bond, but that a divorce can be obtained on various grounds; wherefore the polemic, which from certain quarters one hears against wedlock and conjugal life, has reached the highest degree of uselessness and absurdity conceivable. For what pure and thinking being enters into marriage without seriously regarding it, as our marriage formula so beautifully expresses—acknowledging in this act a public declaration of God's thought, and which therefore ought to be regarded as law and rule on earth? If He who only once or twice spoke to the children of earth, and then left them to unfold the meaning of his words—if even He had not by his words strengthened the principle of marriage, which, pure in the early times of the world, had its origin in the uncorrupted sense of the human race, yet would human prudence alone lead to the establishment of some law and regulation for marriage, with its glance directed to the children, which are its fruit. The marriage which calls forth in the wedded pair the knowledge of the meaning and object of their union, elevates them thereby to a point of moral greatness, from which the accidental provocations that arise in marriage are easily conquered. And certainly this union would make more people infinitely happy if they allowed themselves to be rightly consecrated by marriage, in its high and

they spirit. Yes, if mankind once rose so high in moral greatness, that marriage might be released from all legal bonds, they would, precisely, by reason of this moral greatness—abide by the marriage.

I know also that very often is the woman the cause of unhappiness in marriage. I know that many a wife is for her husband, as it were, a cause of living irritation; and for the terror and warning of all bad wives I will write down here what occurred lately in my neighbourhood.

A young, honest and industrious man, who, with a wife and three children, made a good income by his industry, took arsenic a few days ago. Whilst under the most terrible effects of this, his wife would insist upon his drinking sweet milk. But he thrust her from him, saying—

“Let me die in peace! You have gnawed at me for these years like rust upon iron, I can live no longer.”

But the wife in his last hours let him have no peace, but heaped upon him reproaches, and demanded, “Do you not know that you have committed a great sin against me and my poor children?”

“You would have it so,” replied he coldly, and died. Listen to this, my good woman!

No less, my good gentleman, is it certain that the suffering which I have seen in marriage has proceeded especially from you, and for that reason I will take no lord and master, and will not become a wife.

And shall I on that account be less useful to society? Folly and the belief of fools! Friend, relation, citizen—noble names and occupations. O who is able fully to set up to them!

#### THE 11th.

Again is a sledging party talked of, and the promoters of it are Lennartson and Brenner. Lennartson will drive Flora, and I suspect that he will take this opportunity of giving her pleasure and coming nearer to her. He pays attention evidently enough to her mood of mind, and this has been for several days in the highest degree disturbed.

The Viking has invited me to his sledge, and I have consented on the condition of his eldest sweet little daughter Rosina going with us. To that he has agreed, but only compelled by necessity. I will not take so long a drive *like-a-lie* with the Viking, but I will carefully make use of the first opportunity to turn aside his schemes of conquest, and to tell him of my determination of remaining independent, of letting friendship, and not love, be the pulse in the life of my heart.

Selma has declared merrily that nobody shall drive her, but that she herself will go with her mother in their new covered sledge, and will be drawn by their beautiful ‘Isabella,’ and that thus shall it remain.

There will be a train of some fifty sledges. Selma and Flora rejoiced in it—like young girls. The gentlemen equip their sledges with the beautiful skins of wild beasts. We have talked already for a week of nothing else. May the weather only remain favourable.

Yet is it a purely-northern enjoyment, which a purely northern life has—such a pleasure-excursion as this is the clear winter air, under the bright blue heaven, upon the snow-white earth! They fly away so gaily and lightly, the open ones covered with skins and with white nets, which flutter over fiery, foaming horses, they fly along so fleetly to the play of jingling bells. And it

feels so irresistibly pleasant thus to drive away over the earth in a train of joyous people, and by the side of a friend who participates in every feeling, every impression.

All this I felt yesterday, and yet I have retained an uneasy impression of our party of pleasure. Thus it is with all the pleasure of the world.

Still it was magnificent in the beginning. Our drive resembled a triumphal procession as we drove through the first streets of the city, and were seen and admired by a vast number of people, as well without as within their houses. After this, when it went out of the city-gates into the country, how white shone the snow-fields—how beautiful was the snow through the pine and fir-woods—how we flew like magic over land and lake, whilst the craggy, woody, shores fled past us! I was glad and enchanted, and Brenner enjoyed my delight, and that sweet girl between us increased it by her child-like joy.

After a tolerably long drive we stopped at an inn at the Park Well, where we were to dine. Dinner was ready to be served as we arrived, and was quite splendid and cheerful, but without that offensive ostentation and superfluity which ought to be banished from the society of thinking people. Our hosts, Lennartson and Brenner, were the life and joy of the dinner. Songs also were sung, in which the voice of the Viking produced a great effect. When we have advanced a little in our friendship I will counsel him to moderate his voice a little.

After dinner Lennartson asked me to play a *nigarpolska*, and this immediately set the whole company in lively motion with its grotesque, but merry flourishes and jokes. Even Aunt Penderfelt got upon her legs and flourished about with the rest. Selma and Flora signalized themselves by their grace, although in different ways. At length people must begin to think of their return, and cool themselves before it was undertaken.

A part of the company was already about to move away, when Brenner called my attention to two portraits which hung in the room; the one represented the great Queen Elizabeth of England, the other the noble Princess Elizabeth of Thuringia.

“Which of these would you be?” asked Brenner.

In jesting tone I asked back again, “have you not heard speak of a person, who when asked whether he would have warm or cold milk, answered, ‘might I ask for a little ale-possel?’ I must now answer you somewhat in the same way, since I am right joyful that I am not obliged to be one of these Elizabeths, and choose rather to be that which ‘I am,’ though somewhat less.”

Brenner smiled and said, “but if you must choose between these two, could you well be undecided? How beautiful is not that affectionate, self-sacrificing wife, beside the cold, worldly-prudent Egotist?”

“Granted!” I replied; “but the question always is what a woman loves, and for whom she sacrifices herself. Thus, for example, it always seems to me, that the exclusive love of one human being would be too mean an object for a human life, for the citizen of a divine kingdom. And I fancy that he who sinks himself in so contracted an existence in one individual, gives up the noblest in life.”

“Ah! how contracted—and how incomprehensibly vexatiously said is that!” exclaimed the Viking.

"Not so contracted as you think," said I, somewhat proudly, "after that which I have seen of life. And then have I not seen many a young girl, with a rich soul, with a mind open to all that is good and beautiful in humanity, and full of will to work for it; have I not seen how this same girl, some years after her marriage, is shrunk together into a narrow circle of cares and joys—the sense for the general and the whole lost for ever, and more and more compressed into the single and the individual, till she at last had lost sight of her higher goal, and scarcely could lift her eyes above the sill of her own house."

"But my best, gracious Miss Sophia," exclaimed the Viking; "that is an entirely mistaken, an entirely crazy turning of the question, an entirely insane direction. Why should people for their own sakes overlook the true and real? Does a young girl give herself away, or is she given away to a dolt or a block of wood, or to any other beast, then indeed she must drive upon a wooden road, and then I am not guilty, and yet less is love in its true sense guilty. Because true love is that which, while it unites two beings with each other, unites them only the more closely with social life and with humanity; right marriages consecrate people for a higher and a richer world; the right home is that where the fear of God rules like an invincible spirit, and all members of it, each one according to his strength and according to his gifts, is made useful for the great home of the world. This is clear as sunlight! I cannot comprehend how people see these things in an oblique point of view, and argue against them accordingly. That, methinks, is really contracted; and pardon me if I say, a **LITTLE STUPID!**"

"I forgive," replied I, smiling, "because I begin to be accustomed to your calling me stupid; and your description of these connexions in their beauty affects me, but such are seldom found on earth, and I have not seen them upon my path. On the contrary, I have seen and heard so much that is bitter in domestic life, which knits itself up with marriage, that I am become afraid of it, and for my part have determined not to let myself be bound by it, but to live independently, certain of this, that I in this manner can best accomplish my human mission."

"That you will not," said Brenner, very decidedly. "You mistake yourself. As yet you are young and full of life; as yet the world meets you; as yet you are surrounded by pleasures; but a time will come in which the world will be benumbed towards you, in which you yourself will be benumbed, be frozen for want of warm hearts, of true 'bands which will knit you to earthly life.'"

"Through the power of God I hope neither to be burned nor to be frozen," replied I, smiling. "The human soul also has its sun, which beams high above all earthly suns, and beside this—why should I feel the want of warm hearts as long as my own heart is warm? And that does not feel as if it would grow cold, even if all the snow in the world were piled upon it."

In the mean time we were come down to the ground-floor, where a mass of people were putting on their furs. The light of the full moon shone over the landscape, which, from the height where we stood, spread itself out in wintery pomp. But all was snow-covered and stiff. The trees shone with crystals of ice in the cold moonlight. The cold was severe. An involuntary shudder passed through me. The Viking had

taken my fur cloak from the servant, and warmed it on his heart.

"The snow of life," said he, softly and inwardly. "O how you should preserve yourself from it!" he wrapped the cloak around, but it was not this which made me conscious of a soft embrace, warm as a summer wind.

Soon sate we again in the sledge, but the company had separated themselves, and drove in little parties back to the city. Lennartson and Brenner remained together, and then came my stepmother in the covered sledge, with Selma and Mrs. Rittersvard. We were the last of the party, because the hosts considered it as their duty to watch over the departure of all the guests. As we had been warned that the ice was not very strong, every one had agreed that during the drive over the lake, they were to keep at a distance of from twenty to thirty paces from each other.

The moonlight was beautiful, and beautiful its lighting up of the white ice-fields of the dark shore. Far off in the back-ground we saw the lights of Stockholm glimmer. The drive was romantic, but its effect was lost on me. The little Rosine soon fell asleep with her head resting on my bosom, and the Viking made use of the opportunity to lead the conversation in the direction which I feared, therefore I evaded it with a few short and cold answers. He was vexed, and said provoking things to me, to which I was silent. At length he too was silent. We were both of us out of tune, and with a melancholy feeling I contemplated the passing shore, the clouded heaven, and the dark fir-branches, which here and there protruded from the ice to show the open places, and which, in the increasing dusk, resembled horribly fantastic shapes of animals and men. Some words spoken by Brenner had wounded my heart. The gloomy impression of the moment made me feel this deeper—I could not help weeping, but quite silently. I know not whether he conjectured what was passing within me, but after a while he said with a gentle voice—

"Have I been disagreeable again? Forgive me! Do not be angry with me, good, sweet Miss Sophia!" and he laid his hand gently upon mine. I pressed it without replying, for I could not then speak. Further communication was prevented by a dull cry for help, which forced itself on our ears, and in which we could distinguish the voice of a child, which complained lamentably. Brenner pulled in his sledge.

"Perhaps somebody who has driven into a hole in the ice," said he. "I must see what it is. Might I take you and Rosine to your stepmother's sledge? As soon as possible I will return."

"We will leave the little girl there," said I; "but why should I now part from you, when I probably in some way or other may be helpful to you? No! I go with you."

The Viking made no answer; we looked about for the sledge of my stepmother, and a feeling of anguish took hold of me as we could not discover it.

At that same moment two sledges came driving furiously over the ice, from the point where the cry was heard. In the first sate two boisterous and noisy gentlemen, whose voices as well as their mode of directing their horses, made it evident that they were in no quiet state. They drove so furiously upon our horse, that if Brenner had not suddenly checked it, probably some misfortune might have happened. A dark cloud

sourcealed the moon, and the deep twilight prevented us from distinguishing the countenances of the noisy gentlemen, but I thought that I recognised the Rutschenfelts in the voice. The other sledge paused a moment, and a voice, which I knew for that of Felix Delphin, said—

"Hold! hold! Really I believe that we have driven over the boy behind us there."

"Ah, a pretty joke!" replied the other, who I would wager was St. Orme; "he only got a little blow, that I will swear. Let the cursed youngster howl, if it amuse him. Let the reins go! else we shall come too late, and the others will get the best part of the carouse from us. See there, now he is still! Let us go!"

And the sledges rushing at the most rapid speed, passed us towards Stockholm.—(N. B. The gentlemen whom I thought I now recognised had declined to be of our sledging party, on the pretence that they were invited out for this day.)

In the intention of turning to the point where the cry, although weaker, was still heard, we saw that Lennartson also turned about, and heard Flora exclaim with anxiety—

"Certainly the ice at the edge is brittle, and we shall all go down together."

Lennartson gave the reins to the servant, and whilst he threw himself out of the sledge, called to us to stop and take him with us. We stopped, he sprang upon the sledge beam, and we drove rapidly forward.

We were now on the spot where feeble tones of lamentations made themselves still heard, and the moon shone over a singular group. A young lady in the most elegant winter dress, with bright red feathers, which waved in a white silk bonnet, stood, bending over a boy clothed in rags, whom a servant in livery had raised up; an old man of tall stature, with a staff in his hand, stood near, and stared up towards heaven with blind eyes.

The young lady was Selma, who having heard the cry for help earlier than we, and who seeing the other sledges continuing their drive, had prevailed on her mother to turn towards this side, in order to see if they could help. My stepmother remained with her sledge immediately on the place.

The old man related how two sledges had driven so rapidly, that he and the boy had not time to avoid them. The first sledge had knocked the boy down, and the second driven over him, and notwithstanding their cries, had continued on their way. The old man appeared not to have suffered at all, but the boy was severely hurt; and after Lennartson had in the best manner bound him with our pocket handkerchiefs, he carried him to the sledge of my stepmother, where he was left under the care of Selma. Our servant was commanded to accompany the blind man to his dwelling in the Park, but he was unwilling to separate from the boy, who was his only comfort and his only support since the death of his children, the parents of the boy; and he was for that reason seated with the coachman, and went with us.

We turned now again upon our homeward way, and met Flora, who was slowly driving towards us. Lennartson took his seat again beside her; but I fancy that the return was not truly agreeable to either of them.

On arriving at home Lennartson fetched instantly a physician to the boy, and this morning he is taken into the hospital. He is fortunately not dangerously hurt and will in a month's time

be again restored. In the mean time he is Selma's and my child. Lennartson and Brenner have adopted the old man, whose disease of the eyes is of that kind which admits of an operation, and he may regain his sight.

Flora pouts and looks askew on all this affair, and on the common interest which has sprung up between Lennartson and Selma through their protégé, whilst the dissimilar behaviour of the two young girls on this occasion, seems to have made a strong impression on Lennartson.

#### The 17th.

I have endeavoured to examine Felix on the ice-drive and its adventure. He pretends to be ignorant and hurt in the highest degree, but a certain painful confusion in his manner convinces me that I have not suspected him and the others in an unjust manner. I have heard from Ake Sparraköld, that St. Orme often misleads young men to drink, and then to gamble, and thus wins from them their money; and that he had invited Felix and his friends to an orgie of the lowest kind on the day of the sledging party. I now spoke seriously and warmly, nay, almost sisterly, to Felix, and warned him of this false and dangerous friend. I reminded him of his promise to Selma, and on that which depended upon it. He answered not a word, but looked unhappy, and left us quickly. I fear that he will not turn out well. His more regular life for some time after his conversation with Selma, seems not to have lasted long, and he is so weak that the Rutschenfelts 'do not be beguiled, Felix! Be a man!' or the jest that 'he is already under petticoat government,' are sufficient to lead him into every possible folly. I have had a prompting to talk myself with St. Orme, and to call forth the good spirit in him; but think! if the wicked one shew his teeth to me. In the mean time I will let these thoughts concret yet a while; over-hasty words seldom fall in good ground.

#### The 20th.

It goes on hopefully and joyfully with our children, the seven-years-old and sixty-years-old. The aged man is operated upon, and it has succeeded excellently. Lennartson was here to-day, and related to us, in his lively way, the particulars of the affair.

The joy of the old man that he could again see the sun and his child; that he again could work, and lay aside the beggar's staff, affected us all. We took into consideration the future of our children, and adopted unanimously Lennartson's plans.

Selma has found means to draw Flora into this affair, so that she now, like others, takes part in it, and appears warmly to interest herself in it, namely—in Lennartson's presence.

#### The 23d.

The Baron has received additional honours in titles and stars. As he came to us this evening decorated with the latter, Flora exhibited great joy on that account, whilst Selma and I wished him joy in all simplicity. Lennartson received Flora's exaggerated tokens of joy with coldness, and was, for the rest, not quite in good humour. My stepmother noticed this, and said jestingly—

"It seems as if Lennartson quarrels with his good fortune precisely when it adorns him most handsomely."

"Good fortune!" said Lennartson, smiling sorrowfully.

"Yes," replied my stepmother, "at least, what most people would regard as such."

"Ah!" said Lennartson, while he seated himself beside her with a kind of filial confidence, "it is exactly that which vexes me, that people often regard such things as good fortune, and set value upon them, without asking whether they be a sign of merit; whether they have any real meaning; it makes me angry that it should be so, and that I myself am childish enough not to be rightly free from this weakness. It regularly torments me. But the superficiality of life is so infectious. Therefore I long to release myself from it."

"But in all the world not to quit the service on that account?" said my stepmother, terrified.

"No!" replied Lennartson, "that is quite another thing. I will only be released that I thereby—may come deeper into life. I know well when I could be indifferent to all this outward glitter, and warm and rich from the reward which no human eye sees, from a look, a quiet approval."

"And where is this Eldorado?" asked my stepmother, affected, and at the same time suspicious.

With a voice, which was at the same time softened and rendered more full by deep feeling, Lennartson said,

"I had it once in the heart of my mother; I would meet with it in the heart—of my wife; if," continued he, with emphasis, "if she understood me, if she were such as my soul desires, and my heart seeks after. Many a one congratulates me on my happiness in having made my own way in life, and I—consider myself not to have been happy, that I have not yet properly lived—at least, since my earliest youth," added he, mournfully.

All this was said half aloud to my stepmother, who was evidently affected, and spoke kindly words regarding the future, though it might not be in a cheerful tone.

I looked at the young girls: Flora blushed deeply; that Selma grew pale, I could merely suppose; because at my glance she rose up and left the room.

Here have I then become acquainted with one of the Lennartson faults of which the Viking spoke. But the way in which he discovered it has made the man only more interesting in my eyes.

#### The 1st of March.

Brenner will not understand me, will not attend to my hints. He seems as if he would give his heart free play in making an attack on my heart. Well, then! May his, during the combat, only not be wounded. I will not lose a friend in the lover, and a friend so noble and so dear to me as Wilhelm Brenner. I never was happy in love. Where I loved I have not been again beloved, and where I have been beloved with true affection I could not return the same feeling. But I have to thank friendship, pure-minded friendship, for my highest delights on the earth. A rejected lover may easily become the truest friend, and that he is not so is often the fault of the beloved woman.

In this case it will not be my fault, that I feel in myself. I know nothing more sorrowful than when an acquaintance, which begins in cordiality, extinguishes itself in bitterness; or where warm feelings change themselves into cold ones. Every seed of tenderness which the All-good has sown upon the earth, should unfold itself into a plant and flower; should here sprout up at His footstool, in order sometime to blossom yet more

gloriously before His throne. If it be otherwise; if the flower die in its bud, then is it the fault of man, and a very sorrowful thing. I write this in the odour of the lilacs which I have received from my friend, and with a heart that is warm towards him. It is calm and light within me.

Thou that allay'st the restless heart's commotion,  
Illuminator of life's midnight hour!  
To whom was given the ancient world's devotion,  
And even now art our most glorious dower;  
Thou who wast by, when Chaos was up-broken;  
Who played'st in joy in the Creator's sight;  
Thou who wast by when primal words were spoken  
And heights and depths gave being forth to light.  
Life's morn and evening star, O Wisdom! brightly,  
When I in darkness lay, thy light was shown;  
Since then 'tis well with me, my heart beats lightly,  
Burning with love; but, but for Thee alone!

#### The 2d.

The miserable, misfortune-bringing, poisonous and poisoned Lady-Councillors-of-Commerce! I would that they sat turned to stone up aloft on the hill of difficulty, and could move neither foot nor tongue! I would they had been fettered yesterday. Then should I not have been obliged to go thither to-day with the heaviest burthen which life has, and to come back without any alleviation; then had I not been obliged to sit here as now, and to write with a sort of desperation, while tears fall upon my paper rather than the words which I throw upon it, almost without seeing them.

But now came those birds of misfortune yesterday afternoon, and darted down by my stepmother. I was with her while I sat at my painting. I felt myself burdened by having to attend to all the movements which were made by the three ladies among our near and distant acquaintances. Already had they gone through a long list of "they believe, they say, they assert," when Mrs. P. vehemently exclaimed, "Now for a bit of news which is sure and certain! What think you of our honest Colonel Brenner having last week received 'a basket' from the rich widow, Mrs. Z.?" That I know from her own sister-in-law, who related the whole affair to me. She herself, as regarded him, was not disinclined, but the five step-children would have terrified her.

"Yes, the poor man!" said Mrs. P., "he will not find it easy to get a wife with that crowd of children; at least not a wife who has money."

"Need Colonel Brenner then, in the choice of a wife, make money so much an object?" asked I, in no enviable state of mind.

"That a man always must who has five children to care for, and who has no other property than his profession," replied Mrs. P. "Brenner's wife had nothing; and he himself, although a man of rank, has been no good husband of his income."

"Is Mrs. Z. an upright person?" asked I again; and Mrs. P. made answer—

"O, the person is well-behaved enough, I fancy; but she has neither head nor heart; but with a fine skin, a handsome figure, and large landed property,\* one needs neither head nor heart to enchant. A little vain, a little mad about getting married, is she to be sure—it is an unfortunate passion that, of wishing to get married! I say with Madame de Sevigné, I would rather get drunk!

"I also," said I; "but is it known for certain

\* *Guldkann skteri*, an estate which, according to the Swedish laws, can only be held by a noble.

that Colonel Brenner paid his addresses to Mrs. Z. last week?"

"Quite certainly it is known, my sweetest of friends! Her own sister-in-law told me of it. Besides this, there are documents in the affair; for it was negotiated by letters, which certainly must have been very affecting, for Mrs. Z. has cried days and nights over them—there must singly and solely on that account have been a wash of pocket handkerchiefs. But she has her own friends, and will console herself, and think about a certain gentleman without children, and—*à propos*, people say also in the world that Colonel Brenner too will endeavour to console himself, and will seek for his consolation in this house; people assert even that Miss Sophia Adelan would know something more of the affair."

Reddening like a guilty person, and proud as an innocent one, I repelled the charge, and declared myself wholly unacquainted with it. And, as the sisters persisted in jesting with me, my stepmother said, with a graceful dignity which pleased me infinitely—

"As Colonel Brenner has so lately paid his addresses to Mrs. Z., it would very little accord with the esteem which he cherishes for Sophia, and with his own character, if he should so quickly solicit her hand. Besides, I fancy that this match would very little suit Sophia. It is no joke with so many stepchildren. If my Sophia wishes to be married, she will not lack opportunities of choosing among—*un, dm, um!*"

"O, of course! That is certain! When a person has so many charms and talents, and so much property, there lacks nothing; and people talk already of a certain Baron and Chamberlain—perhaps one may already offer congratulations."

I scarcely was able to give a token of disavowal, and was glad that a servant came to say that the carriage was at the door, in which the Lady-Councillors-of-Commerce took leave, and my stepmother and Flora drove out to pay visits.

"Let nobody come in! say that nobody is at home!" said I to the philosopher (the old, trusty servant of the house, whose business it is to watch through the whole day, half sleeping in the hall), and I threw myself in the arm chair, before the piano, in the ante-room. One single light burnt in the chandelier, with a long wick. 'Twas twilight in the room, it was twilight in my own soul.

"It is the property! It is a speculation!" thought I. My mind was in so painful a state that I was obliged to weep. The image of the Viking was dimmed in my inmost soul. I saw him before, so pure, so noble, so far from all worldly modes of action—and now! But no! I will not submit myself to the thoughts which the news that I have heard awakens in me. "Still! still!" said I to the tormenting spirits, "leave me my faith in him, and let me retain my friend. Besides, why should I believe that he will woo me? He will not. He seeks in me merely a confidant, a friend, a sister!" And I let all the five little children come up before me in order to explain his courtship of Mrs. Z.

The 'Sonate pathétique' of Beethoven lay upon the music desk, and I began to play it. This wild *agitato* removed the tumult from my soul, and hushed it; it elevated itself on the streams of sound, and burst with them through all thwarting hindrances to the grave, lovely, all-releasing, all-reconciling unveiling, to the glo-

rious closing notes. So deeply was I absorbed by my music that I did not hear that a conversation was taking place in the hall, which ended in the philosopher opening the door and saying, in a voice which resembled that of the ghost in Hamlet:

"Miss Adelan, Colonel Brenner is in the hall, and will resolutely come in. Shall I beg him to go away?"

"Did I not say that nobody was to be admitted?" asked I.

"Yes, he said that," said a well-known voice. "But I said to him that I am already admitted!" And Brenner at one spring stood before me, with outstretched hand, so kind, so joyous, so cordial, that I nearly forgot all the impressions with which I had just then combated, and my heart moved itself towards him.

He gave me a bouquet of beautiful flowers, as he continued, "Only do not say to me that I should go away!"

Kindly, but sorrowfully, I said, "Ah no! Remain here now. My mother will soon be home."

"O, that is not of much consequence to me," said he. "I would now rather talk alone with you."

My heart beat from secret anxiety. He looked at me, and my appearance must have indicated fully my state of mind, for he was suddenly uneasy, and asked tenderly and with his whole heart whether I were ill?

"No, I am very well." Whether I was vexed? "Yes, I must confess that; I had heard something which had discomposed me." Whether he might not share it, whether he might not endeavour to be my comforter? I was silent. Should I tell him all? thought I. Yet no! That were indeed a folly. He would fancy that I was in love with him. He renewed his questions with more and more warmth. "No," replied I, at length; "not now—perhaps at some future time—" Whether I were vexed with him? "Yes—no—he must not ask any more."

"Not ask any more?" exclaimed Brenner. He was silent for a while, and began then again, with a gentle, tremulous voice. "And yet I came now, on purpose, to ask you a serious question, a very important question—a question which has often thrust itself to my lips, and which I can no longer keep back—a question, upon which depends the weal or woe of my life. I came on purpose to ask—Sophia, will you, can you love me? I have long loved you unspeakably! Will you accompany me through life, in pleasure and pain?"

The voice, the look, the expression, even the pressure of his hand, which had seized mine—O, what eloquence of the heart! And all this he had consecrated the week before to Mrs. Z. And Mrs. Z., without head or heart, with a fine skin and landed property, ascended like a ghost between Brenner and me, and caused me indescribable anguish.

O, if he had but been to me that which he had been only a few hours before, how candidly and how warmly could I not have talked to him; how could I have refused his hand without wounding his heart; how could I have removed the lover, and yet have retained him for ever a friend.

But in the darkness which had now risen in my soul, I recognised neither him nor myself; the whole world was changed. A crippling coldness, a petrifying stupor overcame my whole being; I felt myself turned into a marble image,

and therefore I let Brenner talk without understanding him; heard him speak of his children, 'children which it was a delight and honour to have;' heard him say how he and his children would make me happy by love and gratitude; saw him bend his knee before me, conjuring me to listen to him and answer him. But I could not answer, could move neither hand nor tongue; my eyes were still, and staringly riveted upon him; yet I felt as if my eyes were filling by degrees with tears. Then he reproached me jestingly with keeping him so long before me on his knees; and with a sudden turn he seated himself at my feet, embraced my knees, and declared that he would not rise till I had given to him my 'Yes.'

This manoeuvre had almost entirely overcome me. I was just about to lean myself towards his beloved head, and open my whole heart to him; but at that same moment I heard a bustle in the hall, and the voices of many persons who had entered.

In that same moment I awoke to a full consciousness, and to the whole bitterness of my position.

"Stand up! In God's name, stand up!" said I to Brenner. "Some one comes!"

"The whole world may come!" replied he, with defiance and affection; "I shall not stand up without an answer from you."

A thought of hell arose in my mind; he will surprise thee, he will compel thee; he will remain sitting here at thy feet in order to make it impossible for thee to refuse his hand!

With proud resentment in look and voice, I sprang up, and said—

"Colonel Brenner! I have done wrong to leave you so long in uncertainty. Pardon me, and hear now my last answer. My hand and my property I will preserve independent. I esteem no man high enough to give him right and rule over them."

Brenner on his part had risen up—and at my stern reply fixed upon me a look full of inexpressible astonishment. It was as if he could not thoroughly understand me. Merry voices and the steps of several persons approached the drawing-room door from the hall. I betook myself to the door which led to Selma's chamber. Here, with my hand upon the lock, I turned round and looked at Brenner. He stood immovable, his eyes directed to me; their expression I cannot describe, and I could not rightly comprehend; but I read in them an eternal farewell; and, with a soul assailed by indescribable and contending feelings, I fled up to my room. That which I felt to be the bitterest and the most painful at this moment was that Brenner and I were forever separated. I called up anew Mrs. Z., in her whole terrible shape, and Brenner's conduct to her, in order to excuse and explain my own conduct; but then came the remembrance of Brenner's last look—that strange look, which went through bone and marrow, and all his culpability vanished, and I alone was the culpable one, the one worthy of condemnation.

I was interrupted in this combat by Selma, who besought me to come into company. I thought at first to excuse myself; but when I found that Lennarton was there, a thought or suspicion arose within me, and I followed Selma.

I had a fever from excitement of mind. I soon observed that Lennarton's glance was directed to me with an inquiring expression, and soon also he seated himself on the corner of a 'causeuse' and said in a low voice—

"As I came here this evening I found Brenner alone in the drawing-room, in a strange state, and he could or would not give any explanation of it. Have you seen him this evening?"

"I pray you," said I, and answered his question by another, "tell me whether it be true, as I have lately heard, that within these few days a connexion has been spoken of betwixt Brenner and Mrs. Z. ? You are Brenner's friend, you must know."

"I cannot deny it," replied the Baron smiling.

"Is it true that a marriage was spoken of?"

"Yes, actually was spoken of."

"He has then really paid his addresses to her?"

"Hum! that is again another question," said Lennarton, smiling.

"How! Did you not say that a marriage had been spoken of?"

"Does it then follow of necessity that he must have made the proposal?"

"Not! I fancied so. I pray you jest not in this affair; but tell me out plainly how it hangs together. It is to me inexpressibly important—more important than I can say."

"Well, then; what I know of the affair is, in a few words, this: Mrs. Z. wished to have Wilhelm Brenner for her husband; he did not wish her altogether for his wife. A third person went with the proposal—and with the refusal to and fro between them."

"O God! is it possible? And—pardon me! From whom do you know this? From Brenner himself?"

"No, certainly not; but exactly from this third person, who ought for two reasons to bid adieu to the office of spokesman. It pleases me, Miss Adela, to be able to give you an explanation of an affair in which you have been so badly informed. And now—best Miss Sophia, permit me, as Brenner's and your friend, a question. What is the occasion of his strange state of mind this evening?"

"It is my fault! my unpardonable fault!" I could say no more, I was crushed to pieces.

Lennarton was silent; he regarded me with his serious, prudent eyes. After a minute's silence, he said gently, almost flatteringly—

"I shall probably see him to-night. May I not take to him from you a message—some kind of greeting?"

"Ah, what is the use of it? He cannot, he ought not to forgive me! We are separated forever through my fault—through my unworthy mistrust. But, if you will, impart to him this conversation."

And with this it was ended; but now began for me the pangs of conscience.

O what talisman is there, indeed, against the bitter, crushing feeling of having been unjust towards a noble friend—having cruelly wounded his heart, his dearest feeling; to have murdered the faith in that which he loved—to have disturbed his happiness! And for such a deed no comfort can be found. O Wilhelm Brenner! now I understand thy looks full of condemnation, and full of godlike sorrow over me. Yet when thou knowest that I have bathed my pillow with tears, and yet in the midst of my suffering felt a proud joy over thee, and thanked God that I can bear thy image clear in my breast, wouldst thou—wouldst thou not forgive me?

I passed the night without slumbering in the least, I waited for the morning with impatience

—I hoped that with it Lennartson would come. The morning came, gray and cold, and no Lennartson, and no single sunbeam in my nocturnal soul. One hour went after the other—that waiting was insufferable to me; read I could not, music was to me a torment, and the most common topics of conversation only increased my anguish. All at once the proverb came into my mind—

“That which burns the heel burns not the soul;”

and at the same time the bill of difficulty came before my inmost mind, and it seemed to me a particular refreshment to ascend this. I felt the necessity of calming the soul by the fatigue of the body; and with an advertisement out of the daily paper in my reticule, I rambled in mist and cold towards the South, up the heaven-aspiring mountain, far forth upon the endless street which begins upon the other side of the same. Our own state of mind often lends its colour to objects, but on this day my state of mind and the objects which met me had actually a deep sympathy. The advertisement led me to a dwelling where mould and damp covered the walls, neither was it to be wondered at that the pale dropsy abode there. On the long, ill-built street, I saw a herd of ragged, pale children, old women and aged men, living pictures of sickness, of poverty, and age; and I contemplated misery in all gradations of human life—in all its weeping shadows.

And amid all these shadow-figures there yet probably was not one who would have exchanged his lot with mine, if he could have seen into my heart. Ah! the severest kind of wretchedness is not that which exhibits its rags in the streets, and at night conceals itself in great deserted buildings—it is that which smiles in polite companies, which shews to the world a joyful exterior while sorrow gnaws its heart.

Had I been somewhat more joyous of mood, I might have thought with pleasure on the round earthen jugs which many carried in their hands, and on the warm soup which Mercy cooks by the never-extinguished fire, and which now these poor people were carrying, yet steaming, for their dinners.

When I came home, I hoped for some kind of word, of some kind of tidings. But no, nothing! Several hours have passed. Perhaps Lennartson comes this evening.

*Evening.*

No, he came not. I have obtained by art news of Brenner. He did not go home last night.

*The 3d.*

Again a sleepless night. It is again morning. Whither shall I go to-day?

“When a man is no longer his own friend, then goes he to his brother, who is so still, that he may talk gently with him, and may again give him life.”

These words of Jean Paul awoke in me the desire to go to my Selma, but I was ashamed of the confession which I had to make to her. Then came she to me with her lovely eyes, and asked so tenderly, so troubled. I could do no other than let her look into my heart. And how tenderly she comforted me! How warmly she defended me from my own self-accusations! How clearly she saw before us the hour of reconciliation! Ah, I dare not hope for this! If I could only know how it now is with him, how he feels towards me.

H

*Evening.*

I know now. Lennartson came in the afternoon, but not gaily.

Yet it is good that he came. I could hardly have supported such another night. To my inquiring look, he said immediately—

“I have just seen Brenner; I have communicated to him our conversation here that evening.”

“Well, then, and he—” asked I, almost lifeless.

“He said, he had himself imagined that some kind of misunderstanding must have been the occasion of—what he did not say.”

“And besides that—said he nothing?”

“He added, if anybody had said to me anything bad of her, I should not have believed it.”

“And that was all! Said he nothing more?”

“No!” said Lennartson; “but it was evident that he had suffered much in mind, and suffered still. What unfortunate misunderstanding has put you both so out of tune with each other, separated two beings who I fancied should—but they are not separated. That is impossible. I know Brenner’s heart. Give me a word, a cordial word for him, and—let me conduct him to your feet.”

“Impossible! I pray you do nothing now in this affair. You would not wish that yourself, if you knew all. Tell me only—do you think that Brenner cherishes any hatred towards me?”

“Hatred is a feeling which cannot easily find place in Brenner’s heart, and certainly never towards you. The words which he says of you, he speaks with seriousness and tenderness.”

“Thus I may hope then that he does not abhor me. This is much. I thank you from my heart for your kindness.”

“Thank me by letting me take with me a soothing greeting to my friend. He looked to me as if he had not slept for several nights, and would not be able to sleep for yet more.”

“Tell him that neither have I slept, since—and now let us not talk further on this affair. It belongs to the things which must alone depend upon our Lord’s guidance.”

Lennartson bowed with quiet seriousness, and as he saw me weep he took my hand, and spoke gentle words with the voice of an angel. O how good is he too!

*It is Twelve at Night.*

I am now calmer. I have arrived at certainty. It is then ended, this friendship which gave me so very much pleasure, which was to last into eternity, ended through my fault.

I found in the stream of life a costly pearl, but I threw it heedlessly away. I deserved it not.

“If they had told me anything bad of her I should not have believed it.” What a crushing reproof for me is there in these loving words!

But I deserve all this. Therefore I will bear it all without complaint. I shall not sleep this night, perhaps not for many nights. Knew I only that he slept.

Without, it is restless. Clouds driven by the northern tempest fly over the castle. The lamps on the bridge and on the quay flicker; their light trembles in the agitated waters; one after the other is extinguished in the storm. Poor flickering flames, good-night!

*The 7th.*

Brenner has set out, on the business of the fleet,

to several of the sea-port towns of Sweden. He will be absent several weeks. That is good.

It is cold to-day, clear air and cold. The snow lies upon the ice of the Riddarfjerd, upon the southern mountains, white and still—still and cold as indifference. I will lay it upon my heart. Yet not that will I not. Let it suffer still.

I was too proud of my philosophy, of my strength and prudence, and am—punished. Burn therefore thou holy pain, thou purifying fire; burn to the very roots this selfish, vain temper. Burn and consume!

*In the Evening.*

I shall overcome this suffering; I feel that I shall overcome it, for I have a clear inward presentiment that he has forgiven me, that he feels and thinks mercifully towards me. And for the first time I feel the necessity of the mercy and the compassion of a fellow-being. Such presentiments of the state of feeling of persons who are dear to me I have often had, as well in bad as in good, and they have never yet deceived me.

The sentiment which united Brenner and me has really not been of a common kind, nor can the overhastiness of a moment annihilate it. It is deeply based in the nature of our being. And I know it. Wilhelm Brenner, we shall yet once more meet and be united in sincerity, in harmony, even if it first be when the scene of this life is ended; I know it, and never have felt more certain than in this moment, when we are apparently more separated than ever.

I have written to Brenner. Words like those which I said here. They will meet him when he returns to Stockholm.

To-night the stars glow brighter. No cloud overshadows them. Good-night, Wilhelm! To-night thou wilt sleep, to-night I also shall sleep, and to-morrow I shall again wholly live for mankind, for the interests which surround me. Thou hast given to me an example of activity, and I will follow it.

*The 11th.*

And the drama which is being acted in my neighbourhood demands truly all attention. I seek still for the thread which can lead the captives out of the labyrinth; but that St. Orme is the Minotaur I see plainly; and it seems as if Flora's prophesying of herself, that she was possessed by his evil nature, was really about to be fulfilled. But why should Selma become her victim; why should the sylph lose her wings in the struggle? Selma has been for some time an actual martyr to Flora's perpetually unhappy temper, who seems to have a certain delight in tormenting her with ill-humour, with severity, and with absurd suspicions. Selma bears this with wonderful gentleness, but—the joyous song is silenced, and the light dancing gait becomes ever stiller.

Yesterday, I poured out before her the vial of my wrath against Flora.

"Forgive her," prayed Selma, with her beautiful tearful eyes, "she is herself so little happy!"

And this is true. My stepmother, who does not understand Flora's condition, but who would willingly see all around her joyful, endeavours to cheer her by all kinds of dissipations and pleasures; but these now appear to have lost all power over Flora, whilst her evil demon strikes his talons ever deeper into her life.

Towards evening, when the few visitors had left us, and we ladies of the family were together with St. Orme, Flora stood a long time sunk in thought before the portrait of Beatrice Cenci.

"Do you think of copying that lady, that you contemplate her so exactly?" asked St. Orme, in his scornful, disagreeable tone.

"Perhaps!" replied Flora, in a voice which sounded almost terrible. "Then," continued she in an altered tone, "I endeavour to fancy how she felt in mind."

"Before or after the murder of her father?" asked St. Orme as before.

"Afterwards," replied Flora. "Before, I understand; that I know."

"How, my sweet Flora, how can you enter into such horrible thoughts?"

"Yes, I can do so," replied Flora. "She had attempted every thing—every thing, St. Orme—to free herself from her unhappy condition; she did not express her pangs. She was reduced to the most extreme point, was reduced to despair—in short, I understand her deed; but after that—afterwards—"

"Why yes," rejoined St. Orme, "afterwards, she thought on the preparation for her own death, on the scaffold, on the executioner!"

"It is related," continued Flora, "that at the moment in which she went to death, at the moment when she must ascend the scaffold, a stream of words burst from her lips, so full of joy and thankfulness, so full of what is most beautiful and most sublime in the human soul, that they who should have consoled her were dumb, and their pity changed itself into admiration: it is said that never was her beauty more touching, her look more beaming than at the moment when she, as a penitent, but ransomed sinner, met death enfranchised and victorious!—nor is that a wonder to me. But I do wonder how she felt; ah! how she felt herself to be free! free and happy! I do wonder how she felt, I do wonder how she felt, I do wonder how—"

Flora repeated these words several times like an insane person, and sank suddenly to the floor.

Our astonishment was great. Flora was carried into Selma's chamber, and here our attentions soon brought her again to consciousness; but only to fall into a hysterical state, after which she only sunk into repose after the lapse of a few hours.

When she again awoke it was night. She lay still, her eyes fixed upon Virginia's portrait, that hung at the foot of Selma's bed (on which Flora lay), and said passionately to herself—

"She, too, was lovely and unhappy; she, too, died in the bloom of her age, died of a broken heart. But she died, killed by her still suffering—like many a woman, died without glory and revenge. Beatrice was the happier of the two."

"The Eternal Judge only knows that," said I, with gentle voice.

"Yes, what do we know?" continued Flora. "I know nothing, excepting that I am more unfortunate than these two. It is strange, but for some time methinks, that thoughts on a bloody action, on a murder, for instance, have something refreshing in them. A great change must take place in the souls of men who have done something terrible—something that admits of no return, no uncertainty, no fear, no hope more. Then, indeed, might the juggling spirit depart, and the human being comprehend himself! It might become calm and cool in the heart, when the hour of death is near, and all is past from earth; feelings might arise—feelings of humiliation and subjection, and then—there perhaps might come some angel of the Lord, and kindle a light in the dark soul ere one died. But thus

will man die! Die, be laid low in the black earth, moulder, turn to dust, be trampled of men—ha! no! no! I will not die. No. Why is it so dark within me? why do you let me lie as in a funeral vault? Bring me more light. And Selma! where is she? She used to love me. But she has left me, like all the rest!"

"Never! never!" replied an affectionate voice, and from the depths of the alcove, on the other side of Flora's bed's head, arose slowly Selma's white-garmented, beautiful figure. She took Flora's hand in hers, and besought with tears—

"O Flora, Flora! if you yet love me, hear what I have to say to you. You are day by day more unlike yourself; there lies some heavy secret at your heart which makes you unhappy. O speak, Flora, tell us what it is—tell us all! You know how we love you. How possible it will be for us to find out some means of consoling and calming you! Oh, confide in us! How free will you feel when you have opened your heart, and have become clear to those who love you!"

"Clear!" repeated Flora, "and if I were to open my heart, and it were to appear merely darker to you than before! Selma, how should you bear that?"

"Ah! I could bear all, except seeing you so unhappy and so changed as you are!"

"You think so," said Flora, "but you deceive yourself. You belong to the good, to the discreet, who abominate every thing that is unusual and eccentric, because they consider it bad, because they do not understand it. They cannot look the reality in the face without trembling; they do not love, except through illusions, which they have no strength to—but forgive me, I will not be severe. I myself need help and forbearance. Help me, you cannot, Selma, nobody can—but you can soften the struggle. And now—will you read something to me, something which will calm me? what have you there? The hymn-book! Read something from it, if you will. It is a long time since I looked into such a one."

As I left the two young friends, I heard Selma read, with a voice which she endeavoured to make firm,

*How the whole earth reposes.*

The next day Flora was better; but Selma's countenance bore the traces of a deeply-depressed mind. I proposed to her, after breakfast, to go up to the Museum to see some statues which had lately come there. She willingly consented, and that Flora declined the invitation to accompany was not unpleasant to me.

We had not been long among the noble works of art before I saw the young pupil of Ehrens-vard become cheerful, and while contemplating the beautiful and the sublime, her soul freed itself from the burden which bowed it down. I acknowledge with joy how a cultivated taste for art or nature can release the human soul from the pang which is called forth by the pressure of circumstances, or by the excitability of the heart. Yet he cannot always be released from it, neither should he be. There are sufferings which are more elevating than all enjoyments, I mean nobler. These must not be annihilated. They may free us, they may give us wings. Even the larva of suffering can receive wings, can fly in the night, and be lighted by its stars, and bathe in its dew.

A soul-full, brightened melancholy displaced more and more the sultering, depressed expres-

sion of Selma's countenance, as my observations excited her to think and to express her thoughts.

At Niobe's statue I said, that Niobe appeared to me too unfeeling; I wished to see in her countenance more despair, more anger.

"She combats with higher powers," replied Selma; "neither revenge nor hope are possible to her. Besides, this is the first time that she knows misfortune; and it comes so suddenly, so mightily, that it overpowers her; she cannot suffer much, she is stunned. See! observe her from this side; see the expression of trembling pain about her mouth. One sees that there needs only one movement, only one arrow now, and she suffers no more; she is turned to stone."

I looked at Selma. There was at this moment a strange resemblance between Niobe's expression and hers. It seemed to me that thus would she suffer, thus turn to stone. But God defend my young sister!

At the antique head of Zeno, I said, "Do you not see in this countenance, as if it were a prototype of Christendom?"

"Yes," replied she; "it is the renunciation, but without the exaltation."

She would not turn to stone, thought I again, with a look at her countenance beaming with soul, she would free herself, she would conquer herself. The sylph would not lose her wings for long.

We now heard somebody whispering near us—

"Lientenant Thure does not go to the ball to-night. It is very vexatious."

"Nor the royal secretary, Von Bure, either. Yet he told me that he would come for my sake. But one cannot depend on the gentlemen. He had as good as engaged me for the first waltz. I will be properly ungracious the next time that he comes, and will render himself so civil."

"Yes, it seemed as if you had made a conquest—Do you not think that the marble head there is like Von Bure? Do you know what sweet thing he said to me last evening?"

The sweet thing was said so softly, that I did not hear it. We had already recognised Hilda and Thilda Engel, who were complaining of their lovers before the bust of Septimus Severus. They were now aware of us, and we mutually saluted each other. As it now began to be cold in the marble gallery, I proposed that we should take a walk towards the park, across the Skeppsholm, and we asked the Engels if they would accompany us. "They would indeed, gladly, but—four ladies without one gentleman—how would that be?"

Selma and I assured them, laughing, that it would be excellent; especially if we went two and two; and we wandered off, each with an Engel (angel) by her side, but had considerable weariness therefrom.

Outside the park we met Mrs. Rittersvard and her daughter. They were cordially friendly, and so merry that it infected us. Mrs. Rittersvard was much better as regarded her health, and Helfrid was quite happy to be again after a long time in the fresh wood. It was glorious. The snow melted in the noon-day sun, the fir shoots gave forth fragrance, and lichens and mosses grew greenly fresh in the field, and on the tree stems. Helfrid was an old acquaintance of all these, and related in answer to Selma's and my questions, so much of their lives and peculiarities, as excited a great desire in our

minds to become better acquainted with these children of nature. In the mean time we wished Helfrid joy of this her knowledge and fresh spring of enjoyment.

But the Engels became ever more and more aullen, and I recognised in them that lamentable poverty of soul which our mode of education often fosters, and which often causes people, in the midst of treasures of art and nature, to have thought and memory only for a—ball lover. Thus were we now, six ladies, and—no gentleman! Fate was cruel to the poor children. Their looks animated themselves, however, as two young gentlemen, arm in arm, approached us, and I heard them whisper the names of Thure and Bure. But Thure and Bure greeted, and—passed by! The Engels looked desperate.

Again a gentleman approached us; and this one passed us not by, but, after an exclamation of joyful surprise and friendly salutation, accompanied us back to the city. It was Lieutenant Sparrsköld. But he walked beside Helfrid Rittersvärd. Hilda and Thilda walked with one another.

At a hint from her mother, Helfrid invited them and the rest of the party to go and drink a cup of chocolate in the shadow of her hyacinths. The Engels declined the invitation with a look of ill humour, but Selma, the young Sparrsköld, and I, accepted with pleasure the friendly invitation.

In the shade of Helfrid's fragrant hyacinths we drank excellent chocolate, and had a lively and interesting conversation on the way, of best improving and using life and time.

Nobody was better pleased to hear about this than the good old lady, who finds even now life to be so affluent and so full of interest, that she wakes herself every morning at six o'clock from fear of wasting time, which for her flies too fast.

Young Sparrsköld declared jestingly, that people did a great deal better to sleep; and with that kissed her hand with filial, yes, almost child-like tenderness.

Helfrid looked on both with tears in her eyes.

A horrible catastrophe changed this scene of love and goodwill, into one of horror. A dull pistol-shot was heard, and seemed to have been fired in the room under that where we were. Sparrsköld sprang up.

"It was in Captain Rumler's room!" exclaimed he; and, as if seized upon by a horrible foreboding, rushed from the room. A quarter of an hour after this he came up again, very pale. "Captain Rumler has shot himself!" All was already over with him. People had for some time talked of his deranged affairs, and of his inclination for strong liquors; he seemed already to have laboured at his own ruin. This was now accomplished.

Excited and horrified in mind, we separated.

"He was one of Felix's intimate acquaintance," said Selma, on our homeward way. "May he not—" She did not conclude.

It was terrible news with which we had now to surprise my stepmother.

### The 13th.

Captain Rumler's unfortunate end quickly flew through the city. The Lady-Commissioners-of-Commerce informed us to-day that 'people said that he had handled too freely the money of the regiment; that he could no longer conceal this, and would not live over his disgrace; that one and another young gentleman, sons of rich families, who were involved in Rumler's affairs,

had fled. People said that several occurrences similar to this would follow.'

From the misfortune, however, one good thing has arisen. Ake Sparrsköld was Rumler's next successor, and received the company after him. Nothing then hinders any longer his and Helfrid's union, and the happiness of the whole family.

### The 14th.

Now also have the Rutschenfelts driven off! 'God preserve Felix!' with these words my stepmother entered at noon, and was so cast down by the news and so uneasy about its consequences, that all thoughts of startling me, and all the Metternich department, were forgotten.

Among those who have made their escape for debt, are the Mr. Bravanders (the same who on New-Year's-day challenged the devil so industriously to fetch them).

### The 15th.

"Has Felix been here? Do you know anything of him?" asked Lennartson to-day, almost as he entered the lobby; and as we answered in the negative he appeared vexed, although he tried to conceal it. St. Orme, the Chamberlain, and a few other gentlemen, together with Lennartson, were here to dinner. The conversation soon turned to the Rutschenfelts again, who in part had taken flight, and in part were suspected of designing to take flight. Many persons were mentioned whom they had deceived, who had been robbed by them of the little which they possessed; families who were sunk in the deepest sorrow; mothers, brides, whose hope was annihilated, whose future was forever darkened. The old, venerable father of one of the fugitives had had a stroke in consequence of his grief—but it would be going too far to draw forth all the misfortune which was now passingly spoken of.

Lennartson was silent in the mean time, but I gave vent to my heart in a few excited words. St. Orme, who always sets himself in opposition to me, shrugged his shoulders at the tragical way in which people took such every-day affairs, the fuss which people made about a young man's youthful follies. He, for his part, pitied them sincerely, but he judged no man; people must not be too severe against the young. They must have time to run out their course; after this they returned to sense and prudence."

"That is very well said," remarked the Chamberlain, with a fine voice and fine satire, "and for my part, I will always say, 'the blessed (late) Rumler,' although I would not take an oath that the blessed man really is blessed; still I think that people should pay their debts and live decently in the world, and I think that it is rather venturesome to go over into the other, like Rum—like the blessed Rumler."

Lennartson now took up the affair, and with great seriousness; and fixing a quiet firm glance on St. Orme, he censured the conduct which had been described, and the temper of mind which could find it innocent. He described the operation of this on social life in general; he described a people in its decline—laxity of principle, its poisoned root—lust of pleasure and frivolity, taking the upper hand—the sanctity of a promise despised—order and honesty fled—with them confidence, security, readiness to oblige, all pure, all beneficial sentiments—all human ties poisoned—the sanctity and fresh gladness of life fled for ever. Thus was it with the old nations as they advanced towards their dissolution, to-

wards their ignominious tardy death, a spectacle for pity and contempt. Thus will it be with us, if we do not seize with earnestness on life and on ourselves. "I wish," continued Lennartson, while his eyes flashed and the words came like thunder from his lips, "I wish that all honest men would brand with their abhorrence, and the better part of social life with its scorn, all those idlers, those young deceivers, who sacrifice all for the satisfying of their bad passions. I know only one character more worthy of punishment, more despicable than these, and that is he who, under the guise of cleverness, poisons their principles; under the guise of friendship seduces to misery, while he makes them the instruments, the victims of his selfishness, of his low schemes—in one word, the snake in social life, the calculating seducer!"

Was it the intention of Lennartson to hurl a lightning flash at St. Orme, or was it the bad conscience of the latter which made him struck; but certain it is, that for the first time I saw him deprived of his scornful assurance, for the first saw him smitten and confused. The blood had vanished from his cheeks. He attempted to smile, but the thin lips trembled convulsively. Flora saw him with amazement, and a sort of enjoyment! She seemed to feast herself on his pangs. She laughed—hideously—there was a stillness as of death at the table, and at once my stepmother made the move to rise, although the dessert had not been served, and all followed with readiness.

St. Orme soon recovered himself; one heard him soon after laughing and joking with the Chamberlain, but his laugh was not natural. He soon left the company, after he had cast a crafty, poisonous glance on Lennartson.

When our guests were gone, we were all of us extremely out of tune. I endeavoured to fix my stepmother's attention by one of the questions of the day, but it did not succeed.

It succeeded much better with the "Lady Councillors of Commerce," who came full of news, which they were as desirous of imparting as we of hearing. It concerned for the most part the Rutschenfelt company, and the disorder and misery which the fugitives had left behind them; the causes of the ruin of young men were also spoken of—among these were often mentioned unwise parents, bad example, neglected oversight in youth. With all these sorrowful relations, Mrs. and Miss P. helped us through the long evening. During this, two messengers had been sent to inquire after Felix, but they had not met with him at home.

After people had separated for the night, Selma and I lingered, as we often do, among the pictures in the inner ante-room, and contemplated them by the soft lamplight. Selma stood long before a painting after Guido Reni, which represents St. Michael, who, with the flames of anger in his divinely beautiful countenance, plants his foot upon the breast of Satan, and pierces him with his spear.

"Why does my Selma look at this picture so long?" asked I joining her; "it has something quite horrible in it."

"But something quite beautiful also," replied she. "It teaches us to understand what a holy anger is. Look at St. Michael's countenance! Tell me, does it not remind you of—is it not like—" Selma paused, and crimsoned with confusion.

"Lennartson, as we saw him to-day," said I, ending her sentence, and Selma's look told me that I had expressed her thoughts.

We were now disturbed by some one who opened the door of the drawing-room. It was the figure of a man wrapped in a wide cloak. This was thrown off, and we recognised Felix Delphin. But how changed he was! The pale, disfigured countenance had scarcely a trace of its former beauty.

"Selma!" said he, with an agitated voice, "do not be afraid of me. I will merely say farewell to you, before—"

"Before what, Felix?"

"Before I leave thee and Sweden for ever! O, Selma! I wished to see you once more, that I might pray you to think of me, and to pray for me when I am far from you!"

"Felix, why must you go?"

"Why, because I am—ruined, ruined by my weakness, by my folly. Property, health, honour, all are lost! I cannot, I will not live over my disgrace here."

"But is there no help? Cannot Lennartson—"

"No! Once before he rescued me from the hands of the usurer. Then I gave him my word of honour never again to be betrayed into them. I have broken this. Rather would I die than meet his look!"

"But I, but Flora! We are your nearest relations; we have some jewels—"

"Hush, good angel! I am not sunk yet so deep as to avail myself of—and besides, what purpose would that serve? Ah, Selma! all must now be ended between us. Here, have you your ring again. I am not worthy of you. Pray Lennartson to forgive me! Greet Flora! May she be worthy of him! And you, good angel—heaven bless you! Farewell!"

He kissed the folds of her dress, and was about to rush out, but was prevented by a man who stepped in the doorway and seized his arm with a stern—

"Whither, Felix?"

It was Lennartson. Felix gasped for breath, but in the next moment he made a violent effort to tear himself loose and to fly, but the Baron held him with a strong hand, and said sternly—

"Be quiet, boy! no stupidity! Will you make a scene before the people outside? Besides, this avails you nothing now. You now must follow me!"

"You will dishonour me!" stammered Felix, pale with impotent frenzy.

"You will dishonour yourself, but I will save you even against your own will," said Lennartson.

"It is too late!" exclaimed Felix.

"It is *not* too late," answered Lennartson. "I know all about you, and I promise to save you; and to this end I demand only one thing from you, that you at this moment enter into a bond with me, body and soul, and take not one step without my will or knowledge, but obey me in all things. And in the first place, I desire that you follow quite quietly to my carriage, which stands before the door."

Lennartson had said this with a low voice, as if he would be heard by Felix only, but the strong emphasis which he laid upon his words caused me, although I stood at a distance, not to lose one of them. Felix seemed annihilated; his will was subject to that of a mightier than himself, but he could scarcely endure himself.

He supported himself almost fainting against the wall.

"Lean on me," said Lennartson, quickly and tenderly, as he took the youth in his arms—"why are you afraid? Am I not your friend, your fatherly friend? Confide yourself to me! Come! be a man!"

Felix took courage truly at these words, and said mildly—

"Do with me what you will, I will obey."

Lennartson seeing that he hesitated, seized his arm, nodded to us kindly but deprecatingly, as we were about to call for help, and with a look which said 'be calm,' led the unfortunate young man away.

Selma threw herself into my arms agitated by excited feelings. I did not leave her through the night, which passed sleeplessly for us both, and I have written this in her chamber.

#### *The 17th.*

Felix is ill, but they say not dangerously. They have bled him, and Lennartson has watched by him through the whole night. Flora has also come this moment from him, and I am glad to see her really excited and uneasy about his condition.

#### *In the Afternoon.*

Lennartson has just been here, so good, so full of consolation! Felix's affairs are not nearly so bad as he himself imagined. A sudden influx of his creditors, who were alarmed by the flight of his friends, their threats, his entire want of money, together with his ignorance of the real state of his affairs, had occasioned his despairing determination. Lennartson was quite sure of being able to save him out of his embarrassments, although various difficulties were to be overcome.

As we expressed our vexation about the trouble and the time which this wretched business would cost, Lennartson said mildly—

"May Felix only allow himself to be saved by this grave warning! I will then not complain about that which has happened, neither on my account nor on his!"

"How good you are! How infinitely good you are! Ah, that Felix, and we all of us, could only once rightly thank you!" With these words, Selma turned herself involuntarily to Lennartson, with tearful and beaming eyes.

He seemed surprised, and his cheeks coloured as he said—

"Such words from Miss Selma? Can I deserve them? But I will do that, will do anything which in any way can contribute—to make you happy!"

There was melancholy in the earnestness with which he said this, whilst he took Selma's hand, and looked deeply into her eyes. But her eyelids sank hastily, and she grew pale, whilst she, as it were, retreated before his searching, warm glance. At this moment Flora entered, and threw upon both a look of flaming jealousy. Selma withdrew quickly. Lennartson was still and abstracted, and soon went away.

Flora then turned to Selma, and said cuttingly, "that was indeed a very affecting scene, which I disturbed! Might one inquire what kind of tender pourings took place? Silent? It looks as if you were all in a compact against me. Selma blushes like a guilty person. You also Selma, you against me also? Yes, then stand I solitary, forsaken."

"Flora! Flora! No such words, if you will

not kill me!" cried Selma, with the expression of the most violent pain, and rushed out.

"Flora!" said I, "you are really not deserving of such a friend as Selma."

"Let me be!" replied she, "I do not trouble myself about the whole world."

I followed Selma, and found her in the room, fallen upon her knees, and with her head bowed in her hands.

"Selma!" prayed I, "do not let Flora's absurd words go to your heart. You yourself know, and so do we all, how innocent you are."

"No! no!" exclaimed Selma, with vehemence.

"I am no longer innocent! O Sophia, it is that which makes me unhappy. I am false towards her. I feel it now. Innocent, indeed, as to all intention, all wishes; but not as to all feelings, all secret thoughts. O Sophia, I am guilty!"

"That you are not!" said I confidently; and I now used all my eloquence to reconcile the young girl with herself. I made it clear to her that she could not annul Lennartson's connexion with Flora; nay, even that she might sacrifice her own happiness to promote that of the other. This Selma was obliged to concede, and she raised her head. Then I said to her that such a love as hers to such a man as Lennartson was not a sentiment of which any one need be ashamed. It was at the same time both noble and ennobling. And at last I hit upon a happy thought, that of representing myself as a rival of Flora's, but as an obdurate one, because no noble female mind could remain indifferent to manly worth and manly amiability like his; and I, on this ground, gave myself full permission to love Lennartson.

Selma could not help smiling at this, and smiling through tears, she threw her arms round my neck. I left her, reconciled in some measure to herself, to find Flora. She also was in her chamber; and as I entered I saw her hastily concealing in her bosom a small white bottle which she held in her hand; red and white alternated upon her cheeks. As I saw how deeply unhappy she was, I talked gently with her; spoke of Selma's purity and tenderness; of all our wishes to see Flora calm and happy. I prayed her with warmth to meet us, and to have confidence in us.

Flora listened to me with a depressed brow; and said all at once, with warmth—

"Sophia! I have been for some time fearfully unhappy! I am afraid of myself. There are moments when I am capable of anything merely to obtain the end—the end! Yes, if it then were merely at an end, for ever at an end! But I know—or more properly, I fear that which may come afterwards! Ah, that nothing can end! I am so weary! If you have any love for me, do not leave me much alone! I cannot then answer for myself. How the sun out there shines so whitely upon the snow, as if there were no confusion and darkness in the world. It is all one! Will you go with me to the Unknown? Perhaps she may have a composing word for me."

I was willing, and soon ready. We went. But as we neared the house of the Unknown, we found on the narrow path fresh fir-tree twigs strewn upon the snow; it led us to her door, which was fastened. The Unknown had the day before removed to

*The death-still, fir-crowned couch,  
in the Solna churchyard.*

"This door closed also!" said Flora darkly, as we betook ourselves homeward. But now opened themselves the floodgates of my eloquence, and in the deep desire to comfort Flora, and in the strong feeling of what life has of great and good, I said many things—well, I believe. But people flatter themselves always in that way. It did not, however, fail entirely, for Flora listened to me calmly, and as we came towards home, she pressed my hand with a friendly, almost melancholy 'thanks, Sophia!' Yet she remained reserved as before.

Ah! I preach wisdom to others, and yet have acted unwisely myself; I try to give comfort, and yet there is no peace in my own heart. At home is disquiet. My stepmother shews coldness towards me, and yet I know not why.

Wilhelm! Thou with the rich, warm heart, thou who wast open to me at all times, at all times affectionate towards me, where art thou? O what a pang to have wounded thee, to have removed thee! For thee—at thy feet fall these burning, penitent tears. Thou hast never shed such;—well for thee!

#### The 23d.

Heavy, black days,—days in which life resembles a sleep, where nothing will go forward; not even self-improvement, which ought never to stand still! There hangs, as it were, a heavy cloud over us. Flora is, as usual, torn by restless spirits, and Selma is no longer what she was.

My stepmother is in an excited state of mind. I see plainly that the singular conversations which I have sometimes with one and another in the family, do not please her. She looks as if she suspected me of exciting commotions in the house.

Felix in the mean time is better, but his health appears deranged by the irregular life which he has led. He recovers slowly. Lennartson endeavours to animate his mind, and to cheer his spirits. He often spends the evenings in reading Sir Walter Scott's romances to him.

True are the words, 'nobody is so good as the strong.'

#### The 25th.

A little joy! 'Ake Sparrsköld and Helfrid Rittersvärd are declared betrothed!' With these words my stepmother startled me to-day, and was herself enlivened by the occurrence, which has given great pleasure to her good, old friend. My stepmother will, in order to celebrate this betrothal, give in the next week a soirée, which will redound to the honour of the house. Hereby she seems to wish to repress various unquiet reports respecting the affairs of the family which have begun to circulate, but as I hope—without foundation. But so long as St. Orme comes sneaking here, and has private conversation with my stepmother, I am not sure. Another bad sign is also that our 'spasmodic acquaintance' have not been seen here for some time.

#### The 29th.

The cloud sinks lower and lower; it becomes more and more twilight around us. My stepmother wished yesterday to have a new carpet in the great anteroom for her festival. The old one has long been disagreeable to her, and has besides this several spots; in one word she wished altogether to have a new and handsome carpet. But Selma opposed herself mildly, and said beseechingly, "Ah, let us have no great outlay just now, not till we see how our affairs stand!"

From this I remarked with terror that Selma (who manages the domestic economy of the house) cherished suspicions which she had hitherto concealed from me.

The Philosopher came in at that moment, and said in his gloomy voice—

"The bills, your honour," and laid a bundle of papers on the table. My stepmother threw an uneasy look upon it, and pushed it from her as she said to Selma—

"My sweet girl! look them through—I cannot do it now. It is horrible what a miserable voice Jacob has sometimes. He quite terrifies me—I confess that at times it makes me quite poorly."

Selma embraced her mother silently, took the accounts, and went with them into her own room. My stepmother was still and thoughtful. She leaned her head back on the sofa cushion, and there was something in her handsome pale countenance that went to my heart. It was late in the evening, and the lamp burned dim. Methought that shadows of care and anxiety gathered around her, and that thereby her face became ever paler, ever older. Quiet wishes for the repose of the grave, for all, pressed through my soul.

#### The 3d of April.

To-day after breakfast, as I was alone with my stepmother, she introduced the affair of the carpet. She could not bear the dirty spots. Besides this, we were to have on Wednesday an elegant musical soirée. How could one let such a carpet lie on the floor; what would people think of the family that could endure such a one? A new one should be purchased on this very day. I attempted to oppose it a little, spoke of the expense and of the superfluity of such an outlay, and so on; all with the greatest friendship and mildness; but my stepmother took it very ill, and exclaimed at once—

"I must pray you, my best Sophia, not to be at all troubled about my private affairs—and I wish also that in other cases you would not too much rule in my house. I have hitherto been able to rule pretty well and to provide for myself and mine, and I do not think I am quite incapable of doing so still. Emancipate yourself as much as you like, that I cannot prevent; but let me also have my freedom, I beseech of you!"

The absurdity of this sally excited and troubled me at the same time. I sat silent with tearful eyes, and was thinking whether and how I should answer, when we heard St. Orme's voice without in the hall. With a kind of shock my stepmother started and said to me, "tell him that I am not well, and that I cannot receive him," and with that she hastened into her room.

"Alone!" exclaimed St. Orme, as he entered, "where are the others to-day? I come to say farewell to you for a few weeks. I am intending to go to W—s for a little fresh air and hunting. But I am afraid you will certainly miss me very much?"

I was silent. Jest I could not now, and I could not say to him seriously, as I thought, "it pleases me indescribably that you are going away."

"You are silent!" continued St. Orme, "and who is silent consents, it is said. Where are the other ladies? Will they remain invisible to-day?"

"My stepmother is unwell and can see no one," replied I; "Flora is gone to her brother, and Selma is otherwise engaged."

"Then it looks as if we should have a *little*," continued St. Orme. "I have no objection, because I have one or two things to say to you. Listen, my best cousin! I have several reasons to believe that you are not of the best service to me in this house. What have you against me, if I may ask? Perhaps I have not been polite enough to you, have not flattered you enough? In the mean time, I advise you as a friend, not to intrigue against me, you have '*affaire à trop forte partie*;' you would do better to come over to my side, and persuade Flora to consent to that which she cannot escape."

"I do not understand you," answered I, somewhat proudly, "neither do I understand intrigues; but I mean always to speak out openly my honest thoughts when any one asks for them, and neither flattery nor threats shall prevent my doing so."

"Superb, and Finnish in an especial manner," said St. Orme, as he looked at me, with a cold, sarcastic mien, which would have confused me, if it had not operated in the contrary manner, namely, steeled me. "I see how it is," continued he a moment afterwards with contemptuous coldness, "and I will tell you how it will be. All your Finnish magic arts will be in vain, and the conquest will remain mine yet. Adieu! many greetings. Forget me not!" With this he seized my resisting hand, and shook it with a malicious, triumphant look.

Flora entered at this moment, and her suspicious mind saw a friendly alliance in that which was almost the contrary. She cast some lightning glances upon St. Orme and me, and turned her back to him as he approached her. He then said coldly—

"Adieu, belle cousine! au revoir!" and went.

"How! have you and St. Orme become suddenly such good friends?" asked Flora, as she approached me with almost a wild look. "Have you made a compact with him to betray me? Confess it, confess it honestly, Sophia! You do not wish me to be Lennartson's wife, you consider him too good for me; you wish him to have another. Deny it not! People do not so easily deceive me, and I have seen through you for a long time. But to enter into complot with St. Orme—I did not think that you would have carried your hatred to me so far."

This new injustice caused me more pain than anger. I said warmly, "O Flora, how unjust you are to me! But you are unhappy, and I forgive you."

With these words I went out of the room.

I found that it was my destiny to-day to be misunderstood at home, and felt a certain longing to go out. I dressed myself therefore, and went.

It was as if the heavy cloud which had rested so long above me now sent down all its lightning flashes upon my head. It seemed to me that I must resemble the scapegoat, and should be burdened with other people's faults and failings; a thousand excited feelings boiled in my breast, till I came out of the city-gate, and felt the air breathe cold upon my brow.

The spirit of spring had breathed upon the earth, and it thawed strongly,—foot passengers walked carefully upon the melting ice; glittering drops fell from the roofs. The heaven was the colour of lead; but here and there opened themselves the eyelids of the clouds in order to send forth some pale beams of light, which resembled smiles in tears. The air was still and

somewhat heavy, but there was a twittering of hundreds of little birds which played in the leafless trees, and these had I know not what strange odour, which reminded me of the sea, and of fir woods, and was full of spring life. I remained standing on the field covered with trees which is directly opposite to the castle, and drank in full draughts of the spring-air, listened to the rushing of the river, and let my eyes contemplate the manifoldly changing world. Then was it to me as if the spirit of the heaths of Finland blew upon me, and awoke the child-feeling in my soul. Clouds and mist fled, and like singing larks, arose the bright, the great thoughts which make life beautiful. Conscious purity exercised itself strong in victory, and—in one word, I was as if changed.

I know not whether it is—as one of my friends says—'better to be a magic spirit than nothing;' but certain is it, that there lives in me somewhat of that magic nature which, from the very ancient times, is said to have its home in my native land. This *something* I do not comprehend myself, but I feel it as a *something wonderful*, a momentarily upflaming strength, which *will* and which *can*. In such moments nothing is impossible to me. I am conscious of a power to loose and to bind the spirits of others. *Primeval words* stir within me; yes, there are moments when I feel that I can enchant human souls to me, and—I do it! In my younger days, I had much of this heathenish magic. This since then has been baptized in the spirit-waves of suffering, christened in the fire of love; but rooted out it is not, and it arises in me sometimes quite unexpectedly. I know that it has played me many pranks; but I know also, that when reason has not helped me, magic has, and has given to me both words and songs, to sing myself free from the chains of life, and has enabled me, like the old Wäinämöine, to sing both sun and moon into the thread of my life. And there are moments in which I can turn every stick which may lie as an impediment in my path into a winged steed, upon which I can ride out of the narrow chimneys of life—not exactly to Blakulla—but forth into the free, fresh, blue space.\*

The difficulty in such life-strong moments is not having any difficulties to overcome, no impediments to conquer, no hero deeds to achieve. That was my sorrowful condition. Because to seek out and purchase a splendid carpet to lay at my stepmother's feet, a carpet with a heaven-blue ground, strewn with stars, flowers and magic figures, would require no magic power. In the mean time I felt a delight in it; and whilst in spirit I pleased myself with overcoming St. Orme, Flora, and the whole world, and wrote letters to all my friends—for it is astonishing what I do at such times—I wandered without any plan on the quay by the river, and saw the ice-blocks break up on the Riddarfjärd, and the heaven softly clear itself over the liberated waters. Downwards along the river parterre my '*spiritus*' led me, and towards the side where the waves boomed most mightily.

Ah! it was there where I once stood with Wilhelm Brenner, heard the waves rage in his

\* In case this manuscript should fall into the hands of strangers, I will herewith expressly declare, that this must not be taken literally.

breast, and saw a heaven clear itself in his eyes. And these remembrances seized on my soul with painful power,—but—gracious heaven! Was it indeed true? Was it he who again stood there, leaning over the iron railing, and looking down into the foaming deep? It was he! One look was sufficient to convince me of it, and I softly approached him. The magic arose again within me. I knew that he could not escape me, knew that I at this moment should have power over him. What I felt, of life and will and warmth within me, no words could express; but all this I laid in my hand, and I laid it softly upon his arm. He started up as if touched by an electric spark, and looked strong and full into my face. I looked quietly at him, and merely whispered—

“Wilhelm!”

He continued to look at me, but his glance changed; it became inexpressibly heartfelt, and with a sigh from the depths of his soul, he said,

“Sophia, is it thou?”

And we were *thou* and *thou*, for we were wholly one at this moment.

Again he said slowly and softly, “is it thou, Sophia? It is a long time since I have seen thee.”

“Art thou still angry with me?” asked I, and my tears fell, for I saw by his countenance that he had suffered.

“I cannot be so,” answered he, “I cannot be so if I would. Thoughts on thee soften my soul, and when thou lookest on me thus with thy clear, lovely eyes, then methinks that all is good. Thou knowest thy power well, Sophia.”

“O Wilhelm! then we are friends, friends for ever. I cannot indeed be otherwise if my faults do not part us. I never had a brother, but I have wished very much for one. Be to me a brother!”

He answered not, but looked at me mildly, although gravely.

But I was happy in this mildness, so happy to have again found my friend, and to be able to feel again the strong inward harmony which united us, that I regarded this new compact as ratified, and talked to him of it out of the fulness of my heart, how it had been between us, and how it yet would be; of the exalted strength and sweetness of friendship; of its power to ennoble the heart and to beautify life. He heard me calmly, but he replied not. At length he cut short the discourse rather abruptly by saying,

“Hast thou been comfortable at home, since I last saw thee? How do Lennartson and Flora go on? What is St. Orme doing?”

I was happy to open my heart to Brenner, and to be able to tell him what it had endured during his absence. When he heard of St. Orme's behaviour and threats, the Viking raged, and was about to leave me, in order to call him to account.

“He has left Stockholm,” said I heartily, “and does not return for some time.” ‘Take council of the storm how to still the tempest,’ said I to myself, whilst the Viking grumbled at St. Orme for his intrigues, and at Flora for her want of integrity, and with me for not having cleared up the business, and for not having earlier communicated to him an affair which so nearly concerned Lennartson.

“Now there again,” thought I, “I shall always be blamed for misfortune.”

“The only thing,” continued Brenner, “which consoles me is the secret persuasion that it would be good for Lennartson if he were well rid of Flora. She is at bottom not at all suitable for him, and I am very much deceived if he do not himself feel this, and secretly, in the depths of his heart, incline to another—what thinks Sophia? Is not thy sister Selma the one whom he loves, and who, according to my thoughts, is formed to make him happy?”

I could do no other than tell Brenner, that I had secretly his suspicions and his wishes; but Flora lay near to my heart. The rich gifts of her soul, her excited and unhappy condition, had fettered me to her.

“When St. Orme comes home again—” said Brenner. He did not end his sentence, but I heard in the depths of his soul that he would compel him to speak out for good or bad.

We were now by my home, and as we were about to separate, I said beseechingly to the Viking—

“Thou wilt come again to us, to me, my brother Wilhelm!”

“Yes! I will come.”

“When?”

“When thou wishest it.”

“To-morrow!”

“To-morrow!”

“Thanks!”

He pressed my hand kindly and warmly as before, and with a happier and lighter heart than I had had for a long time, I hastened up to my room, that I there in stillness might sing *Te Deum* out of the fullness of my soul.

I then thought about establishing peace with my stepmother; but for this purpose I must go to work in a diplomatic manner.

People who are intrinsically good always speedily repent of the violence and unreasonableness into which their tempers have misled them; and I now know my stepmother sufficiently to be certain that she was vexed with herself for her excess towards me, and would gladly make the *amende honorable*, if this were only consistent with her character and her dignity. To come to her now with the new carpet would have been to humiliate her; she could not have borne this and her own injustice. The affair must be managed in another way.

I went down, therefore, and, as if nothing had happened, entered the room where my stepmother was sitting on the sofa with a gloomy and annoyed looked, whilst Selma sat reading in a window, and presented myself unaffrighted, as in great want of some black silk for my dress.

“I certainly believe that I have some of the same kind,” said my stepmother, rising up hastily from her sofa, and going to her drawer, where several pieces of black silk soon showed themselves, which she, with the most friendly zeal, besought me to take and use. And I allowed myself to take them, together with some beautiful black lace, which I did not want, but which my stepmother, in the warmth of her heart, felt a necessity of giving to me; herewith she ended with a little gratuitous treatise on prohibitive-measures, luxury, and national economy; and of this I also obtained more than

I wished. But I was in a grateful state of mind, and received this like the rest, as was right.

As now my stepmother was become so considerably lighter by articles of luxury and learning, I could without any scruple burden her with the carpet; but I determined to wait with it till the next morning. I was now for myself satisfied with the position of affairs, and thought that my stepmother was so too, and betook myself, with peace, to my own room. It was, therefore, a surprise to me as I saw my stepmother enter, and heard her say with the most amiable kindness, and with tears in her eyes—

"I must beg Sophia to forgive my violence this morning: I cannot tell how I could be so disagreeable. But thou knowest well that thy old mother does not mean so ill, though she is sometimes irritable when many things weigh on her temper. In the mean time, I can hardly forgive myself—"

This was, in truth, too much, and I was very near falling at my stepmother's feet in deep reverential feeling. We, however, sank merely into each other's arms, but never rested we with more heartfelt affection on one another's breast; or, more correctly, that was the first time that we ever had so rested. I was deeply excited, according to my ancient usage on such occasions. My stepmother was less so; but she spoke well and beautifully of herself and her failings, and of our duty in all ages of life to amend our faults; she thought on this subject with Madame Genlis—"I cannot bear to hear elderly people say, I am too old to mend. I would rather forgive young ones if they said, I am too young! Because, when one is no longer young, one must especially labour to perfect oneself, and to replace by good qualities what one loses in the agreeable."

I did justice inwardly to my stepmother and Madame de Genlis,\* and noted down the words for my own account; and satisfied with one another, and somewhat satisfied with ourselves, my stepmother and I parted.

#### The 4th.

The carpet was spread out this morning by the servants of the house, and received my stepmother as she came in to breakfast. She was as much surprised and pleased as I could have wished, and Selma regained her former temper, and danced before her mother upon the stars and flowers of the carpet.

This little scene has diffused some look of joy through the house.

'By presents and exchange of presents is friendship cemented,' says one of our prudent old bards.

My stepmother is now full of joyful thoughts respecting our soirée on Wednesday evening, and has desired us, the daughters of the house, to make a handsome and elegant toilet.

R R

April 5th.

The Viking has received the command of the frigate *Desirée*, which sails in spring to the Mediterranean. He remains out perhaps two years. This news startles me. Why will he—yet perhaps it is best so. In the mean time it is hard to me.

The 8th.

Yesterday was our soirée, and right beautiful it was and turned out well. Flora, who since St. Orme's absence has seemed to breathe more freely, had again one of her times of beauty and bloom. She was dressed as when I saw her at first, in crimson gauze. Selma in light blue crape, and I in white muslin and lace. My stepmother contemplated us with pleasure as we assembled ourselves in the room before the guests came, and was proud of her daughters, whom she called *les trois Grâces*, and said that I looked 'vestal-like.'

A quantity of beautiful flowers adorned the room—it was right festal and beautiful. The new carpet glowed under our feet, and warmed my stepmother's heart.

Such an evening has its fate, like every thing else in the world; and if it be not worth while to place much importance upon it, still it is pleasant if the fairy of joy and not of *ennui* holds the sceptre.

A great deal depends upon whether any one in the company can or will take the magic staff in hand; and the sylph did that this evening, and continually spun her invisible flowery chains around the company. As my stepmother herself received all the guests in the inner ante-room, all collected themselves there, and it was much crowded and very hot. Selma therefore took the arm of Helfrid Rittersvård, and proposed to her and some other young ladies, that 'they should go and found a colony' in the other ante-room. They emigrated, and others of the company soon followed them, so that the colony, as Selma jestingly remarked to her young friends, flourished very much in a short time. Gentlemen and ladies did not divide themselves into separate herds as is the usual and wearisome way in our northern assemblies, but joined in little circles, and endeavoured mutually to be agreeable to each other, and a lively and a noisy conversation arose. That we had with us some literary and scientific notables, some 'lions' (N. B. of the noblest breed), added importantly to the splendour of the evening. My stepmother was brilliant. Helfrid Rittersvård and her bridegroom looked inwardly happy, and her agreeable, easy, and calm demeanour diffused as usual gladness around her. A skål for her was proposed by my stepmother at supper, and was drank with solemnity.

Flora's sister, the 'beauty,' looked this evening uncommonly little of a beauty. One saw plainly that the charm of her youth was over, and that the time approached when people would say 'she does not please me.'

For my part I never thought much of Flora's sister, and I never found that she had more than two thoughts in her soul, 'the theatre and dress.' But there dwelt this evening on her countenance an expression of dejection and secret pain, which made me seek her out when she withdrew from the animated drawing-room into my stepmother's room, which was merely lighted by a shaded lamp and adorned with white flowers. In this pretty blooming little world ate the fading 'beauty,' supporting her brow upon her hand. I spoke friendly words to her, and my voice must have testified of my sympathy, for by degrees she opened her inmost heart, and this had now interest for me.

\* But I beg pardon of my stepmother and Madame de Genlis, it is Madame de Sevigné who has said these good words in one of her letters.

"I feel," said she, among other things, "that I have sacrificed too much to the world. The world and mankind are so thankless! I have wished too much to please people. This will now no longer succeed. Now that I am no longer young, nor rich, nor have any longer that which pleases or flatters them, they withdraw themselves and leave me alone, and I—I know not whither I should turn myself. Methinks the world grows dark around me—I feel as it were, a fear of spectres—it is so empty, so desolate—I have nothing which interests me—the days are so long—I have *ennui*!"

The bitter tears which followed these words, expressed more strongly even than words the lamentable in the condition of the complainer. And what, indeed, is heavier to bear than the emptiness of life? What, indeed, is more horrible than that twilight in life, without a star in heaven, without one single little light on earth?

But if one cannot kindle for oneself such a little light? If one can borrow no fire from a good neighbour? Ah! light and warmth, objects of interest, activity and joy, present themselves so abundantly in life, that nothing is more difficult for me to comprehend than that any one can suffer from *ennui*. One must in that case be bound hand and foot, and then one must be released by friendly hands! And a liberated soul, to whom life presents itself in its beauty and its greatness—how glorious!

Like a balloon filled with the air of life felt I at this thought, ready to ascend up aloft, and to carry the Beauty with me on the journey—to the sun. I began to talk (as I thought, particularly like the Book of Wisdom) about life and its objects, about mankind and social life, of the relationship of the individual to the whole, and so on; and then turned from this to the particular sphere of life of my auditor, and proposed to her that she should adopt a couple of orphan children, and educate them for good and happy human beings.

The Beauty on this looked at me with a pair of large astonished eyes; "she really had never thought of that," said she, rather coldly, and as if a little affronted at the proposition.

I then spoke of interesting oneself in public institutions; of the happiness and honour of managing such benevolent establishments, and thus to benefit society by their life and activity. I mentioned my wishes and schemes of living active in this manner; I spoke of one worthy object, of the excellent institution for the care of outcast children, and proposed to the Beauty in my zeal, that the next day she should go with me to visit it. Then for the first time I became aware of her looking at me with a countenance that seemed to say, 'is this person actually insane?' and I then observed too that I had strained my sails too high. Half smiling at myself, I endeavoured to direct my course towards regions which lay nearer to the sphere of the Beauty; but I found her to be so strange and stiff towards everything which appeared to me beautiful and cheerful, that I felt myself quite without counsel, and only began to breathe freely when I saw the Chamberlain approaching us. With the zeal with which a person turns from an enemy to a friend, turned herself the Baroness Bella from me to my uncle, and ac-

knowledgeed with animation all those politenesses which he shewed towards her, and among the rest, that he had lent her his box for the last representation of Norma. "I am so full of gratitude," I heard her say to him.

"Ah, my best cousin," replied he in his jocular tone, "it would be a deal better if you were full of chandeliers! For I just now need such for one or two rooms, and I know not where to get any that are suitable."

The Baroness Bella answered laughing, "that although she herself was no furniture-magazine, yet she could give him the address of one where he could get quite divine chandeliers."

The Chamberlain was indescribably glad to be able to get 'divine chandeliers,' and was still more glad to be enlightened by the glance and taste of the Baroness Bella. A party was arranged for the next morning to see the chandeliers, and with a side-glance at me, my uncle besought the Beauty to make use of his box at the opera for the next *abonnements-day*. She became still fuller of gratitude, and he still fuller of politeness; I felt more and more superfluous during this *été-à-l'été*, and left them somewhat melancholy—but a little amused also.

I returned to the remainder of the company. The Viking was there, but in a grave and almost gloomy humour; he talked with nobody, and did not approach me. That grieved me; the more so as I had not seen him since I had heard of his approaching and adventurous journey. I would gladly have said something to him, but had not the courage. I had this evening no magic tokens in me, but was merely quite an ordinary woman. I saw by the look of the Viking that it was stormy within him, and that made me afraid.

They asked me to play something, and as I seated myself at the pianoforte and saw Brenner approach, it occurred to me that I could converse with him in sound, and in this way would say to him what I could not clothe in words. I selected, therefore, one of Felix Mendelssohn's "*Lieder ohne Worte*," whose character is, that under suffering and combat it expresses a something victorious, ascending; a song, a poem, the peculiar beauty of which has always deeply spoken to my soul. I played too with my whole heart, and wished to infuse into Brenner the feelings which animated me, and to elevate us both above earthly struggles and earthly sufferings. And I thought that he knew, that he understood me.

Lennartson, Selma, and several others had assembled round the piano, and listened to the music. When I had ended, Brenner's honest glance met mine. Lennartson said to him—

"That piece reminds me of the history of your Egyptian vulture, Brenner! Tell it us, and Miss Adelen shall say whether it do not contain the words of this song."

Brenner now related—

"It was in Egypt, near to Thebes. I rambled one morning out into the surrounding desert to hunt, and happened to see a vulture sitting not far from me, among the ruins of fallen monuments. This bird is known for its strong power of life, and is dangerous to approach when it is wounded; it has a strength almost incredible. I shot at him, and hit him on the breast, and as I believed mortally. He remained, however,

sitting quietly in his place, and I rushed to him that I might complete my work, but in that same moment the bird raised itself, and mounted upwards. Blood streamed from his breast, and a part of his entrails fell out, but notwithstanding this he continued to ascend still higher and higher, in wider and wider circles. A few shots which I fired after him produced no effect. It was beautiful, in the vast silent wilderness to see this bird, mortally wounded and dyeing the sand with his blood, silently circling upon his monstrous wings higher and ever higher; the last circuit which he made was unquestionably a quarter of a mile in extent; then I lost sight of him in the blue space of heaven."

"Ah, my stars! To have been in Egypt," now said the Chamberlain with his refined voice, "and to have seen vultures and crocodiles, and such things there! That must have been very interesting."

"Ah! tell us something more about Egypt and the crocodiles there," exclaimed little Miss M.

"Is social life cheerful in Egypt? And how do they carry on conversation?" asked the royal secretary Krusenberg.

I do not know how Brenner answered these attacks, for I left the circle as they began. During the course of the evening we did not come together again, but I saw by his looks, which were often directed to me, that his heart was full; and so, to say the truth, was mine likewise. Brenner's approaching journey, the images which the music and the history of the vulture had called up, agitated me powerfully.

Was it a secret wish of us both, or was it chance merely, I know not in the least—but when all the guests had taken leave, and my stepmother, with Selma and Flora, had accompanied the last out, and now tarried with them in the hall in conversation, Brenner and I found ourselves alone in the white-flowered boudoir. We stood both of us silent; he excited, I embarrassed and depressed.

"Thou wilt take a journey," said I, at length.

He answered not.

"It will be a great journey," said I again; "wilt thou be long away?"

"Yes!" replied he, with half-suppressed vehemence. "Yes, I shall remain away a long time. I journey because it is too stifling for me, too confined for me, at home; because I must hence, to where I no longer see, no longer hear thee!"

He seized my hand and pressed it upon his eyes, and I felt that it was bathed with tears. "Oh!" continued he, "this is childishness! But let me dream for a moment! It will soon be past. Be not afraid, Sophia! I will, I wish nothing more than to see thee for one moment and to be happy in loving thee, and that I *thus* may love thee, although thou hast rejected me. I never loved any one better; I have been happy in the feeling, in the foolish hope that thou shared it with me, that we were made for each other, that thou wouldst wish—but it is past! And after this, my love, near thee, would be my torment. When the storm in my breast has laid itself to rest, I will return to my children and to thee. Think of me when I am far from here—think that my heart belongs not to those which thou mayest despise! Weep not;

I do not complain. I wish not to have loved thee less. Upon the waves of the ocean, or in the deserts of Africa, I shall feel myself rich in this love. Wish me not freed from it if thou wishest me not a misfortune. I shall love thee now and for ever. I challenge thee to let it be otherwise, but—it is the last time I shall speak to thee on this subject. And now farewell! Farewell, my Sophia! God bless thee!" And before I was able to bethink myself, he had embraced and—left me.

That was a tempest. I was not calm after it; I was not calm for a long time. But if he have found peace upon his stormy sea, I should be satisfied that—

*The 15th.*

It is many days since he has been here. That is sad, but I dare not murmur. He does that which is right and manly. This tender but proud heart will not complain, will not shew its wound; but like the bird of the wilderness, will conceal itself and its pangs in the open, lofty space, where no human eye comes near. He is high and noble-minded, but I—!

A peace pervades the house which we have not known for a long time. This is occasioned by Flora's more calm and cheerful state of mind. But how long will this continue!

*The 19th and 20th, in the Night.*

Yesterday Flora was rather unwell, and on that account staid at home from a dinner-party, where my stepmother went with Selma. I have a peculiar friendship for invalids; think that they are my children; and treat them in a manner under which they commonly prosper. It was therefore a little pleasure to me to stay yesterday with Flora, and whilst I tenderly and jestingly took the care of her on myself, and we spoke of various horrible things in our great hatred, our hearts neared each other more than they had ever before done. In the afternoon I read aloud to her while she lay upon the sofa in the inner ante-room. As I made a pause in the reading in order to rest myself, Flora said—

"You are quite too good, Sophia. And if I were but good, that is to say, if I were calm and satisfied, then perhaps I should be able to thank you as I now cannot.—I am not a bad person, but—but one may be driven out of oneself, one may become insane, if one be hunted and followed as I have been for some time. Have you not observed a great change in me in the last few days? That is because my pursuer has left me at peace. I have known nothing about him for some time; I do not understand—can it indeed be possible that he has left me for ever!—that I am liberated? Ah, that it might be so! You should see a new—"

"How is it here?" inquired a clear, friendly voice; and Signora Luna shewed her face at the door. She is always a welcome guest, and though I now wished her in the moon because she had interrupted a conversation which had a great interest for me, still she was received as usual, and threw herself comfortably into a corner of the sofa, and continued with friendly talkativeness.

"It is rightly pleasant to me that I find you two alone, because I shall sit myself down here for the afternoon, and talk about one thing and another which lie at the bottom of my heart.

Do you here at home know what report is circulating through the city?"

"Of what? of whom?" inquired I.

"Of Flora. People say that she is to marry St. Orme, and accompany him to Constantinople, where he goes in spring as minister. Can it be possible?"

"I truly do not know;" said I, with a glance at Flora.

Flora turned pale. "The rattlesnake is near!" whispered she, "I hear him coming."

"Ah! why should not people know things which pass before their eyes?" said Countess G—, half impatiently and half jestingly; "when all things come round then Flora does not herself know whether she be betrothed, and with whom. But what I know is, that I will do all in my power that report may have said that which is untrue. Flora is my own cousin, and I love Flora, and I do not wish her to be unhappy, and unhappy she will be with St. Orme. He is a bad fellow; that I know. He sacrificed his first wife, and he will do the same by the second too—depend upon me—there is nothing which drags down both soul and body more than an unhappy marriage."

With this the beautiful eyes of the Countess G— were filled with tears.

At that moment we heard the doors violently opened, and proud steps go through the room, and the great Alexander soon entered the apartment where we were sitting. After he had shortly greeted Flora and me, he turned towards his wife, and said with a domineering air—

"I fancy, my friend, that you heard me say this morning that I wished you not to go out this afternoon, but be at home when I came from dining at L—'s."

"Ah, my best friend, I had quite forgotten that. I did not know that the affair was so important."

"Important! It is not my custom to say anything without good reason, and what I said this morning I had well considered, and had sufficient motive for. The determination of a man cannot be deranged by the whims of a woman, and therefore I hope you will be so good as to follow me home immediately."

"My best Alexander, let me stop here quietly, as I am come here. I sit so excellently, and—I have something of importance to talk with my friends about. I will come home to you when this is ended. Let me for once do in the world as I wish."

"Not at all! you will be so good as to accompany me immediately. And if you will have a good reason for it, see here, *I will it!* tout simplement."

"But I also have a will," exclaimed Signora Luna with suddenly kindling energy, whilst her eyes flashed like actual moonstones, "till now it has lain asleep, but if you teach me to use it, it may become stronger than yours. And now I will stop here, and not go hence till I will. And if you agree not to this separation, I shall soon seek a longer!"

The great Alexander was evidently greatly confounded by this sudden outbreak of will and passion in his usually passive wife. He appeared to be afraid before it, and murmuring something about 'ladies' absurdities and caprices,' he withdrew.

Scarcely was he gone, when Lennartson came. Countess G— wished not to see him in the excited state in which she was, and went therefore into another room. There she said to me, after she had composed herself—

"It will be the best that I go away after a little while. I wish not to annoy him in earnest, but only to shew him that he must not go too far with his power. There is much that is good in Alexander, and there would have been much more had he not busied himself so much with Aristotle. Aristotle and logic have quite bewildered him. It is no use such men liking to humiliate women; then they are directly tyrants, and I shall shew Alexander—but go in, Sophia, methought Flora looked anxious as you came out; go in, and do not trouble yourself about me;—I will go my way softly and quietly when I think that it is time, for he must wait a little while; afterwards—but go in, go in!"

I followed the injunction, curious to see what took place between Lennartson and Flora.

When I came in, Flora was reading a letter which Lennartson seemed to have given her, and he stood in the window with his serious eyes inquiringly fixed upon her. She was quite pale, and said at the moment in which she laid down the letter—

"I cannot read it—it is black before my eyes! Read the letter aloud to me, Lennartson; Sophia may willingly hear all!"

Lennartson took the letter and read aloud with a firm voice. It contained a warning to Lennartson not to form any connexion with Flora, together with an exhortation to break off such a connexion in case it were formed. Flora was already bound by the *ties of love and honour* to another, and proofs of this would be made public if this exhortation were not attended to. The writer would unwillingly resort to extremities; and if Lennartson quietly withdrew from Flora, then everything which could impeach her should be buried in silence. The letter was subscribed 'Anonymous,' and was written evidently in a feigned hand.

No longer in a condition to control herself, Flora exclaimed with frenzy—

"Mean, crafty, detestable St. Orme!"

"Then it is *he!*!" said Lennartson, with a flaming glance, "it is he who is this disturber of peace! I have suspected it long; and now, Flora, now I will know what right, what ground he has for doing so. This hour must end our connexion, or cement it for ever. I have more than once besought for your full confidence—to-day, I must demand it."

"You shall know all," exclaimed Flora, with determination—"and you shall be my judge. But, O Thorsten! remember that even God's highest judgment is—mercy!"

Lennartson made no reply; he sat grave and dark, and seemed to wait for Flora's confession.

"Well, then," replied she, whilst she seemed powerfully to compel herself, "all then may be said. This St. Orme, when he was in Stockholm five years ago, paid his homage to me, and acquired—a certain power over me. His bold confidence, his talents, his powers of mind, which I then regarded as quite extraordinary, made an impression upon me. I fancied that I loved him. He misused my blindness, my in-

experience, in order to seduce me into an exchange of letters, and the promise of eternal love and the like. St. Orme however troubled himself but little in the fulfilment of the promises which he made to me. I was at that time poor; and he left me for a journey to Paris, whence for a long time I heard nothing of him. In the mean time I became acquainted with you, Lennartson, and learned what real love is. I regarded myself as forgotten by St. Orme, and forgot also him and my childish, foolish promises. Ah! I forgot the whole world, when you, Lennartson, offered me your heart, and life dawned for me in new beauty. But I was now rich, and St. Orme came again and asserted his old pretensions. He had forgotten Flora, but he called to mind the heiress. And I knew well that he sought not after my heart, but after my property; I loved him no longer, but—but I was obliged to conciliate him and to operate in kindness upon his hard heart, in order to obtain those imprudent, unfortunate letters which he had in his power, and which he dishonourably threatened to produce against me, if I did not break off my engagement with you, and consent to give him my hand. See, then, Lennartson, the secret, the many months of darkness, contention, and opposition, of my existence. I hoped for a long time to be able to conquer him; I have combated long—but this hour shews me that all is in vain. St. Orme has driven me to the utmost extremity; to this confession, which my pride, my womanly shame, my love to you Thorsten, made me shun more than death. And now that all is said, and that this burthen is cast off from my heart—now I wonder that I should feel it to be so horrible; for Lennartson, you cannot regard a youthful indiscretion so great—you cannot for some foolish letters condemn me, deprive me of your love!”

“Have you told me all, Flora, all?”

“I have told you *all*.”

“Farewell, Flora!” He offered her his hand, which she held fast, and exclaimed with anxiety—

“Where! in mercy—in pity for me, tell me where you are going! What you will do!”

“By one means or another to get these letters out of St. Orme’s hands, and place them again in yours.”

“Thorsten, you are my redeeming angel!” replied Flora as she threw herself on her knees before him. Lennartson was gone already.

Selma came home—alone. Her mother spent the evening with Mrs. Rittersvärd. Selma was in part made acquainted with that which had occurred, and heard it with astonishment and disquiet; yet most of all she seemed surprised that Flora had not earlier opened her heart, and disclosed all that it contained to Lennartson. When she heard Lennartson’s last words she was confounded, and exclaimed—

“By one means or another, Flora! And you have let him take this resolve! You hazard his life!”

“Merciful heaven! is that possible?” cried Flora, “I never thought of that. But no! St. Orme would not venture—”

“St. Orme will venture every thing to obtain you. Lennartson to release you. St. Orme is known for a fortunate duelist; Lennartson abhors no danger, and I know that he regards

duels in certain cases—Flora, Flora, what have you done!”

“And what would you that I should have done? Would you have had me sacrifice myself?” asked Flora gloomily.

Selma wrung her hands in despair.

“Fortunately,” continued Flora, “St. Orme is not in Stockholm, and—”

“Envoyé St. Orme is without, and desires to speak with Miss Flora,” announced the Philosopher now with an unearthly voice.

Flora turned pale. I fancy that we all turned pale.

“Go, Flora, go!” besought Selma almost commandingly—“go and speak with him. Prevent their meeting—save, save Lennartson!”

Flora looked at Selma with a dark expression, and turning to me said—

“Wilt thou go with me, Sophia! I will not again be alone with this man, but I will speak with him yet once more—I will attempt the utmost!”

I followed Flora. St. Orme stood in the large ante-room. He looked calm and self-possessed; went up to Flora, and wished to take her hand. She avoided this proudly, and cast upon him an annihilating glance.

He observed her coldly, and then said, “I see how it stands, and you also will soon see. Well then, what do you say? But—could we not speak without witness?”

“No! because I will not be again alone with a man like you.”

“Aha! that sounds severe. Well then! You must complain of yourself, if any thing comes out which you would rather have had concealed.”

“You are a mean slanderer, Adrian St. Orme!”

“Flora Delphin, let us avoid injurious words—at least, till there be further occasion; now they serve no purpose. Let us now talk candidly and reasonably. Let us look at the affairs as they are in their nakedness and truth; for what is the use of kicking against necessity? You have no better friend than I, Flora, and I can prove that thus I have been true to you spite of your whims. I have always behaved openly and honourably to you, even in telling you that you *must* be mine; that I would defy heaven and hell to prevent your becoming perjured. My love and my mode of thinking are of another kind to those of ordinary men; they take higher paths, and have higher aims. My will bows not either to weather or wind; what I will that will I, and—”

“Spare your words, St. Orme,” interrupted Flora, impatiently. “I know you now, and I will no more be befooled with fine speeches. Tell me in short what you wish, and I will tell you what I have determined.”

“What I wish, that you know—my love and my wishes you know. Let me now rather say what you wish.”

“What do I wish?”

“Yes, what you wish at the bottom. What you must wish. Or, think you, that I do not know you? Do you think that I have allowed myself to be bewildered with these convulsions in your feelings, by this spectre of a new love which has seized upon your imagination? Child! Child! No one has reposed upon my

breast whose innermost soul I have not penetrated, whose slightest pulsation I have not heard. And to yours have I listened with the ears of sympathy and love—Flora you are deeply, deeply bound to me; not by your letters, your oaths, your love, which you have given to me—but by a mightier bond—by the depth of sympathy, by virtues, nay, even by failings; for even your failings are mine, and I know myself again in you. Fools command people to reform their errors. I have loved yours and adopted them, in order through them to make you happy. Look around you whether you can find such a love! And from this you will turn yourself, mistaking yourself and me! Do you think that your beauty, your talents, fettered me to you? hundreds possess these in a higher degree than you! No! it is your deeper self; your sublime, eccentric being, wandering and wavering, between heaven and hell! Upon the journey between these poles will I accompany you, you shall accompany me—sharing its perdition or its bliss! At this moment I offer you bliss! Confess yourself; you are no Northern maiden, Flora, and cannot be measured by the temperate life of the north. You are of a southern nature, and require for your bloom a warmer sun. Accompany me therefore to the East, to the magnificent Constantinople, and there—learn to know me rightly. For you know me not yet, Flora. It is a peculiarity of my nature not to open its depths except to a full devotedness—my love burns where it cannot bless, and you, yourself Flora, shall dread me from that moment in which you turn yourself from me. I have used sharp weapons against you, I will use them until the moment in which you—reign yourself captive! But then, too, will you become acquainted with a love stronger than the glow of the East, more beautiful than your own beautiful and burning fancy—trust me! You will recognise yourself again in the hour when you fully return to me—your first, your strongest love; you will find first the fullness of life in my arms. I know you better than you know yourself. For your own sake I conjure you to turn yourself fully to me, throw yourself into these arms which are opened for you, come to this breast and find a heaven—no! *that is flat—a hell of bliss!*”

And St. Orme fell upon his knees before Flora, and extended his arms to her.

She had during these words let her head sink upon her breast. When he had ended, she raised it, and standing up slowly, said with an agitated voice—

“What words! what expressions! I know them again—they wake strings which I thought were broken—but they resound still. Oh! that I could but believe you, and—But in vain! In this hour, when I am bewitched by your words, I feel, I know that you will only deceive me, that you do not love me, that you merely play a part. O St. Orme, how great would you be! how glorious would you be! if you were but honest! But you fail of this least and this greatest, and with it of all!”

St. Orme sprang up as if struck by an arrow, and a great change passed over him. The solutely-extended arms were folded upon his breast, the colour paled upon his cheek, and with an icy scorn he stepped before Flora and said—

“You can then in this case so much better extend your hand to me, for you cannot indeed, my little Flora, gravely insist upon it that you are what the people call ‘an honourable woman!’”

Flora felt this sting as keenly as St. Orme felt that which she gave. Flaming with anger, she exclaimed—

“Yes, too honourable, too good am I in truth to belong to you, mean man! And let happen what may, I never will become your wife!”

“You shall be my wife or nobody’s; and you shall go to the grave with a stained reputation. If you will have me for an enemy, I will treat you accordingly.”

“Do it! I fear you not, miserable, coward-heart! Thorsten Lennartson will speedily free me from your aspersions. I have seen you grow pale and tremble before him. You shall have experience of a strength which shall tame yours.”

At this remembrance, St. Orme’s pale cheeks coloured, and he said with a vengeful smile—

“Thorsten Lennartson will desert you when I let him see certain letters, in particular *one* certain letter—my poor little Flora, you seem to have a short memory, and not at all to remember that letter in which you invited me—”

Flora now interrupted him with a torrent of words and expressions, with which I will not stain my paper. Their principal meaning was, that St. Orme made use of her good faith, of her indiscretion, to blacken her intentions and her conduct; but it was not an innocent woman but a fury who spoke in Flora.

St. Orme heard her with coldness, and when she ceased speaking from exhaustion he said—

“When you have composed yourself, you will see that all this serves you not at all. You have in any case only one course to take, and that is, to go with me to Constantinople as my wife. You have made the way difficult for yourself, but it still stands open to you. Shall I shew it to you?”

Flora made no reply, and St. Orme continued—

“You write to-day to Lennartson and tell him, that on account of a prior engagement—which you had for a moment forgotten—you must renounce the honour of becoming his wife. You know best how you can turn it. And after that, confer your hand on your first, true love, and—he will conduct you as his dearly beloved wife to his beautiful villa near Constantinople.”

“Know, St. Orme,” interrupted Flora, “know, that if this took place—and something within me at this moment says that it will take place—then you lead misfortune into your house, your own Nemesis!” With this she stood up, pale, and with outstretched hand and with a fearful expression, she continued—“for I shall hate you, Adrian—I shall so hate you, that you yourself shall be terrified, and shall fear before—your own wife! Yes, laugh now! The time will come when you will not laugh, the time will come when I shall see you—take care of yourself St. Orme, you have awoke in me a horrible thirst. You have given me a desire to be near you, to be your wife, merely to punish you, merely to be revenged on you. There—but, take off yourself! there, take my hand, take it if you dare, take it, and—with it my eternal hate!”

"I take it and your hatred! It has amused me sometimes to compel indifference—now it gives me pleasure to force hate to change into love. In this respect I follow merely the doctrine of Christianity. Agreed, lovely bride! On Sunday they shall publish the banns for us three times in the church, and eight days afterwards, we will celebrate the marriage. But I am charmed with you for the beautiful struggle and the quick resolution. That well deserves a bridegroom's kiss."

With this, he clasped her in his arms, and they kissed; thus embrace each other the spirits of hell.

With a shudder, with a horrible 'hu!' Flora recovered her consciousness. St. Orme had vanished.

In the same moment Selma stood in the doorway and beckoned me silently to her. I went to her, and she whispered quietly—

"Brenner is here! He wishes to meet St. Orme, whom he understood to be here. In my anxiety I have told him somewhat of that which has occurred, and have mentioned to him the meeting which I feared between Lennartson and St. Orme. He seems to think that he has the first right to fight with St. Orme. I have had a deal of trouble to keep him back till the conversation here was ended, and he can hear its result from you. Come now and speak to him; tell us how it is!"

And she led me to Brenner, who was in my step-mother's boudoir. I found him in the most violent temper, and so determined to fight with St. Orme, that it was only with difficulty that I could prevent his doing so, and by telling him what turn the affair had taken, as well as by confessing my uncertainty whether Flora deserved that such men as Brenner and Lennartson should venture life and blood for her. I besought him earnestly at least to keep himself quiet this one day, and await further intelligence. I promised to write to him early in the morning on this subject. With this promise Brenner left us, and I accompanied Selma to Flora.

She paced rapidly up and down the room, talked loud, and seemed not to regard us.

"That is glorious, that is right glorious!" exclaimed she; "all is now settled; all choice, all torment over. He has won the game! But do not rejoice, then! Thou hast closed *one* future to me, but thou hast opened to me another. I will—I have a new goal, a new interest in life; and that is, to rack thee, to torment, to punish thee!"

"Flora!" exclaimed Selma, with an indescribable expression of pain and tenderness.

"Yes," continued she, "he shall learn whom he has subjected! Ah, Adrian St. Orme! We shall see! we shall see! Long have I wavered between heaven and the abyss—the abyss has won. Well! I will go to school there; I will be skilful in its arts, and more skilful than he. In such things a woman is always more skilful than a man."

"Flora! Flora!" cried Selma again.

"Who calls Flora?" exclaimed she, wildly. "Is it my good angel? then he may know that he calls on me too late. I will listen to him no more. I have now something else to do, and people may curse me or weep over me; it is

all the same, and I shall not ask about it. All my feelings and all my thoughts are hatred and revenge. Ah, that I could properly revenge myself!"

She stood still a while, as if she bethought herself, clapped her hands, and exclaimed—

"I have it—I have it! He thinks of obtaining wealth with me, but he shall be mistaken. Married to him, I will become a spendthrift, a gambler; I will in every possible way lavish away money—will accumulate debts—will weave around him a web of trouble and vexation!—Ha! shudder, St. Orme! How thou shalt be imposed upon! To have employed so much labour, so much craft, so much eloquence, to have brought into thy house poverty and hatred! Gold and hatred, those thou mightst have embraced; but poverty and hatred, when they shall embrace thee! then perhaps we may see this iron brow grow pale, this bold glance become timid—then shalt thou wish to escape, but shalt not be able."

In this manner and in this spirit continued Flora for a long time. Selma had vanished in the mean time. It had become dark; a wild storm raged without, and showers of hail and rain poured clatteringly down. The uproar in nature seemed to allay the uproar in Flora's soul. She became calmer. She stood long in the window, observing the contest without. In a while her tears began to flow. She wept long, and appeared to obtain ease from so doing.

When she had somewhat composed herself, she seated herself at her writing-desk, saying—

"Now I will write to Lennartson, and beseech of him to abstain from all thoughts of me. I shall tell him that I am unworthy of his devotion, his esteem. That is not true; but what matters it! In this way I shall preserve him from all danger, and—I am now quite indifferent towards myself."

Deeply affected by these words, I exclaimed, "Wait yet a while, Flora. Let us think; let us consider; some outlet, some help must yet present itself."

"No, there is none;" sighed Flora, with a kind of quiet desperation, "and I am tired of labouring, of struggling against an irresistible destiny. This St. Orme is my dark destiny; I must be his, that I feel. O thou Lennartson! so strong and yet so good—he alone could have saved me. Yes, if he could have loved me as I loved him, beyond everything. But he could not thus love me. And yet I am not altogether unworthy of his love. I have a something in me, which under his protection, by his side, might have developed itself to great beauty. O Lennartson! had I been thine, how different had I, had everything been. That which thou hast loved should I have loved; and talents, wealth, all the gifts which I possess, and which now will be changed into a curse, would in thy hands have been changed into a blessing. Oh, to stand near such a goal, and see it vanish; to hold in one's hand life's best lot, and to see it snatched away! To be compelled to renounce a Lennartson, in order to be the outcast and despairing prey of a St. Orme! Oh, why do I not die!"

And in a new outbreak of the most violent pain Flora threw herself down upon the floor.

At this moment a bright ray of light broke

through the clouds into the room, and it seemed to me as if a white dove descended in this brightness, and spread its wings over Flora.

It was Selma, who with the lightness of a bird flew into the room, sank on her knees beside Flora, and whilst she threw off a white shawl which covered her head and shoulders, stretched forth her hands and exclaimed—

"No, live; live, my Flora! Live, and be happy. There are your letters!"

In her hand was a small bag of crimson silk

With an exclamation of joy, "My letters! my letters!" Flora threw herself upon them.

"You are free, Flora!" continued Selma, with a voice which seemed to repress the agitation of her mind. "St. Orme resigns you—sets off soon from Stockholm—you are free—be happy, be happy!"

"Selma, what do you say?" exclaimed Flora; "are you, or am I insane? How—what—how have you known?"

With incoherent, zealous questionings both Flora and I surrounded Selma. But she answered nothing; she heard us not. She lay without consciousness on the floor, her hair and her dress wet through with rain.

We carried her to her bed, but our efforts to recall her to consciousness were fruitless. I sent with all speed a messenger to my stepmother, and another also to our family physician, Doctor L. And quickly were both of them beside her bed; my stepmother with a countenance as pale, almost as death like, as that of her beloved daughter.

After a vein had been opened, Selma returned to life, but not to consciousness. She was in a sorrowful manner out of herself.

The clear friendly eyes were wild and staring, and seemed as if they would avoid some horrible sight.

She drew me towards her, and said half whispering,

"Do you know, it was horrible! I met him just as I came out of—out of the pit; and he looked at me with such terrible, flaming eyes—"

"Who looked at you so, my sweet Selma?" asked I.

"He—St Michael—you know. I wished to fly; but he held me back, and marked my forehead with his finger, because I had been with the bad one; and since then it burns within, and I know that I never more can shew myself among people. They all looked at me with such terrific looks—you also—I must look very horrible!"

"You are ill, Selma, and therefore everybody looks so anxiously at you; but you yourself look like a good angel, as you are."

"Yes, you say so; but he indeed knew better; he who saw me there—he would have killed me, would have run his spear into my heart, if I had not fled. Yes, I fled from him; but I felt that it was all over with me; that I was branded, and the whole world fled before me as I fled—"

"You must not talk so much now, Selma, you must try to sleep."

"Sleep!—No, I shall never sleep more. It burns so sadly here!" she laid her hand upon her forehead. "And I see everywhere the looks—the looks! They will keep me awake till doomsday. No, I can never more sleep!"

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Whilst I listened to these horrible fantasies, and sought in vain after their cause, Doctor L. explained them to my stepmother by the words 'a brain-fever, a mild brain-fever.' He said that this disease was very prevalent just now, and mostly made violent attacks without any ostensible cause. We immediately adopted all the remedies which he prescribed, and which are useful in the treatment of such diseases. Selma's head was raised high in bed, and the room was made dark and kept still, and cold applications were used for the burning head. As I was engaged with attending to all this, they came and called me out. In the ante-room I found Lennartson, but so pale, and so agitated, as I had never before seen him.

"Where, where is Selma?" asked he hastily. "What had she to do with St. Orme? Who sent her there?"

"You do not suspect Selma of anything bad or incorrect?" asked I.

"Her! Impossible! But I suspect others. I fear that they misuse her self-sacrificing, affectionate heart."

"How and where did you meet with Selma?"

"I went to seek for St. Orme. A lady wrapped in a white shawl came at that moment out of his room. Some unmannerly young fellows tried to unveil her; I released her from them, and then I saw that she trembled; took her hand, to lead her down, and then I recognized her as—Miss Selma! She tore herself from me, and fled so hastily that I could not say a word to her—could not then accompany her—but now I must know why she was there!"

In a few words as possible, I related to the Baron all that had occurred.

We now saw that Selma, impelled by a sudden impulse to save Flora, and to prevent a meeting between St. Orme and Lennartson, had hastened to the dwelling of the first, defended alone by her enthusiasm and her devoted love. But by what talisman she has been able to induce St. Orme to give up the treasure which he has so long kept with the jealous grasp of the dragon, that is incomprehensible to us.

Deeply struck was Lennartson when he was made acquainted with Selma's present condition. As it was now very late in the evening he was obliged to go. "I shall come again early in the morning," said he. He inquired also after Flora, but seemed scarcely to hear my answer. Oh! it is ever clearer to me which he loves.

#### *The 20th, in the Morning.*

Now is the night over, but what a night! Selma has constant delirium. The same fantasies return, although under various forms; and well did I now understand their ground. O my poor, young sister! Towards morning she desired to have myrtle and flowers, and began to weave a garland, which she called Flora's bridal wreath; for some time she kept up zealously, but at times her feeble hands dropped down, and would not complete the work. She sang also scraps of her joyous songs, but she ended none. My poor stepmother went about with speechless anxiety in her eyes, and seemed to ask with them, 'How is it? How will it be?' Flora is gone this morning to her sister, after having sat up with me through the night. I have now written to Brenner, and

shall not again leave my Selma's chamber, where I write this.

*In the Evening.*

All remains the same. Selma continues to weave her garland, but laments that it never will be ready; in the intervals she sings. Doctor L. looks troubled, and talks of cutting off her hair—her beautiful hair!

Lennartson has been here several times to inquire after her. They laid in the night straw before the house, to deaden the sound of the wheels. That was Lennartson's attention.

Brenner also has been here, but I did not see him.

*The 21st.*

Another night of inexpressible disquiet and anguish! Doctor L. does not think that she can live through the day, if a happy crisis do not take place.

In Sweden, they call certain nights at Midsummer *iron nights*, in which a frost spirit appears and breathes over the flower-strewn earth. Often then is killed and destroyed in a few hours the hopes of years. Then is the heaven clear, the air calm; and when the sun ascends, the corn-fields shine with the finest silver attire—but it is the *attire of death*; an icy garment, under whose covering the blooming ears are destroyed.

In human life too occur at times these *iron nights*. Then die the young, the gay, the blooming; happy souls, if they die not only in heart, if they escape being left alone on the earth like the empty ears of the field, without sap and without the power of life. Selma! thou young, thou good one! I can scarcely wish that thou shouldst live—for ever plainer hear I out of thy wanderings, the secret of thy heart, thy silent sufferings. But if thou goest home, how desolate—

*Later.*

Some change seems to be taking place in Selma; she raves still, but her fantasies assume a more quiet character. She believes now that she shall die, and has called to me several times only to say "when I am dead, remain in my place with my mother! Love her! She is so good!"

Flora was here only for a moment; she cannot bear to see and hear Selma; and is for the most part with her sister.

*In the Evening.*

O now one hour of hope! May it not deceive us!

In the afternoon, Selma called to me and said—

"Now I am dead, Sophia! You see plainly that I lie in my grave; and it is good to be there too, if I only find rest, if I only can sleep. Used they to sleep in graves! To sleep and forget—till they awoke with God! I wonder why I cannot sleep like the rest!—ah yes, I know, I know, it is *his* glance! Have you seen him!"

"Seen whom, my sweet Selma!"

"St. Michael! It is his flaming glance, which burnt me, which keeps me awake in the grave. But I know likewise, that when I can once see him in the light, above the clouds, then will he regard me quite otherwise. I know that all here which is bad, happens only because it is so dark on earth; that one cannot see all as it is in its truth."

A sudden thought with this occurred to me, and whilst I endeavoured to chune in with her ideas, I said that I had seen him of whom she spoke; he had no suspicion of her, but would gladly look in light and love upon her.

"If I could believe that," said Selma, with a look of melancholy joy, "then I should be easier. If he will let a look of blessing fall upon my grave, then it would press through the earth, and down into my coffin, and the torments would then cease and I should be able to slumber in peace. But tell nobody in the world," continued she vehemently, "tell nobody that I have loved him. Say to everybody, 'she has loved no one, excepting her father, her mother, her friend Flora, and her sister Sophia.' And do not tell Flora that Selma died for her!—Tell her that I was stung by a snake, and of that I became ill, mortally ill."

Whilst Selma talked thus with loud ringing voice, and fever burning upon her cheeks, a light movement took place in the chamber; and as I looked in its direction, I perceived Lennartson and Flora standing behind Selma's bed's-head. They seemed to have heard all; he held his hands pressed against his breast, and seemed to breathe with difficulty. According to the prescription of the physician, Selma was raised high in the bed, in a half sitting posture; her beautiful hair fell down in waves; over her head she had thrown the half-finished garland, which she had bound for Flora; it was the beloved prey which the dark ravager approached to embrace; it was the sylph, who had lost her wings, but now stiffening in death, could not lose her beauty.

Dark fancies seemed again to ascend in her.

"No, no!" exclaimed she, with supplicating outstretched hands, "thrust me not down into this dark depth! I desire nothing base! Help, Lennartson!"

And in the same moment Lennartson stood before her, clasped her extended hands between his, and said with an indescribable expression of love—

"What fears Selma! Lennartson is here. In life and in death will he defend thee! Look at me, Selma, and trust in me!"

She looked at him at first with a timid, astonished glance; but this soon changed itself through the powers which proceeded from Lennartson's glorious beaming eyes. He seated himself on the edge of her bed, and continued to look at her quietly and steadfastly; and, wonderful! during this gaze, the excitement passed away from hers, and the loving and clear expression returned. She spoke no word, but it was as if her being's hitherto unexpressed, fettered harmony now poured itself forth in silent streams, and united them and made them happy. Over the countenance of the poor invalid, the expression of unspeakable peace diffused itself more and more, the weary eyelids sank, and she softly slept. Long sat Lennartson still, with his gaze fixed upon the slumberous countenance; but my stepmother's mute signs compelled him at length to remove himself. Silently extended she her arms to him: he clasped her in his, leaned himself upon her shoulder, and deep sighs laboured forth from his breast.

Flora had vanished, but none of us had observed when she went.

All is still; so still in the house; they know that the beloved daughter of the house sleeps an important sleep. The philosopher looks gloomy in the highest degree. He said to me yesterday in his unearthly voice, "If Miss Selma dies, then it is not worth while to live." Then is the sunshine gone from the world.

#### The 22nd.

The house will not lose its joyful sunshine. The crisis is ours, and Selma is out of danger! We thank God; we congratulate one another; and yet, and yet, we cannot entirely rejoice. Life, which again opens itself for Selma, does not appear joyous. Lately, whilst Selma yet slept, I found my stepmother with an open letter in her hand, and with an expression of deep dejection in her countenance. It seemed to me that she had suddenly become several years older.

"She sleeps on yet!" said I with animation, "I think that she breathes easier and freer."

"May that be as God pleases!" replied my stepmother quietly, and almost spiritless, "I dare scarcely wish to keep her. There is so much which hereafter may make life dark to her—that I see now. Flora will marry the man whom of all others is most suitable for my Selma, and the only one whom she has loved, whom I have seriously wished to call my son. St. Orme is gone, and has sent me a letter, which confirms all that I have dreaded for some time. He has the whole winter long borrowed from me, now large sums of money, and now small, which he always promised to repay, and never has repaid, and which I have been good-natured enough, or rather weak enough, to lend upon his bare word, without any written obligation. And now he is gone, and writes merely short and negligently, that 'he will on the first possibility repay me,' and so on. But I know what that means; he will never repay me, and I, who lent to him far beyond my means, and therefore have been myself obliged to borrow from others, am drawn into infinite trouble! I have not deserved it from St. Orme! But this would not make me so uneasy if it only concerned myself. But it is bitter to me that my good lovely girl will be obliged to live in want and self-denial. No! in that case she had better go to our Lord, if such be his will;—to be sure then I should be very solitary, very forlorn in my old days." Large tears rolled down the pale cheeks of my stepmother, and she wiped them quietly away with the corner of her silk shawl. This rent my very heart, and at the feet of my stepmother I conjured her to consider all that which I possessed as her own, and to let me have a daughter's right in her heart; I would, if Selma died, never leave her.

She thanked, she embraced me, but seemed to find little consolation in that which I offered her. Selma's reawaking to life made all trouble for a moment to retreat, and joy's one bear away, but the bird of night soon shewed itself again. The philosopher looks happy, and casts such bright glances at me that I cannot help answering them kindly.

#### The 24th.

The Viking also, the honest, warm-hearted Wilhelm Brenner also, is deceived and almost ruined by St. Orme.

And his children! My heart bleeds for him,

and feels it hard that he no longer comes here. Lennartson has been here every day, happy in the happy change in Selma's illness, but he has not desired to see her. He is now deeply troubled about Brenner's misfortunes, which he however bears with manly fortitude. Lennartson has in a brotherly manner offered him his assistance. But Brenner has refused it; he is certain that in a few years time he shall be able to help him-elf. "But this I say to thee brother," continued he, with melancholy cheerfulness, to Lennartson, "that if our Lord calls me to his army above, before I here have gained firm footing and position on earth for me and mine, I then shall leave thee a legacy."

"O! what!" asked he.

"My children!"

A silent shake of the hands followed; thus understand each other noble minds.

But these words have made me weep. For to me the Viking gives nothing in his will. He does not love me sufficiently for that.

In the middle of May he sails to the Mediterranean.

#### The 26th.

Deeply affected by the state and the depressed appearance of my stepmother, I asked her to-day why she did not confide her affairs to her half-brother. He would certainly be able as well to counsel as to assist her. But with a kind of horror she repelled this. "No! no!" exclaimed she, "it is not worth! It would serve no purpose." I was astonished; I thought that it would have helped greatly; never could the Chamberlain find a better opportunity than now, of gratifying his so often-talked-about passion for doing good in silence. "Yes, I know what he would say," said my stepmother, sighing; still very much troubled about a considerable sum which she should have to pay in a few days, she resolved at length in the evening to send to her brother. He came, and seemed considerably embarrassed about that which was confided to him. At last he counselled his sister to give up her establishment, and make herself a *bankrupt*! This would be the best mode of saving herself. With an indignation, and a high-mindedness, which won for her my entire love, my stepmother rejected this proposal; "rather would she live on bread and water, and try the uttermost, than that anybody should suffer by her." The Chamberlain declared that "this mode of thinking was very beautiful, very respectable; but brought her to make use of her reason, and so on." My stepmother would hear nothing of that; her brother had no other advice to give, and cast a glance at me, after which he hastily went jesting about my 'Jupiter-miner,' and pretending some important business. My warm heartfelt approbation of my stepmother's mode of thinking and acting seemed to console and cheer her.

#### The 29th.

A lovely, warm day, which Selma's convalescence made the more beautiful to us. The quiet seriousness which now pervades her being, prevents her not from receiving with thankful joy every little gift which life and friendship offer to her. My stepmother endeavours to conceal from her her secret disquiet and her trouble, but is often near betraying them. At my request she has now confided them to Len-

nartson, who seems to be selected to be everybody's helper.

How it now stands between Lennartson and Flora I cannot rightly understand. Yesterday I found them together in the ante-room, he with his arm around her waist, she with her head leaning on his shoulder;—before them, upon the table, lay the crimson little bag, the object of so much torment and confusion. Serious and tender words seem to have been spoken by Lennartson; Flora was deeply excited; but it seemed to me that neither of them were happy. Flora had been here and with Selma, but only for a short time, and continues to be a riddle to me. She has just now written me a few words, the meaning of which is, that since she was easy with regard to Selma's health, she would accompany her sister on a pleasure journey to Svartsjö, to hear the nightingales sing; but that on the 3rd of May she should again be here.

Flora journeys and amuses herself, and leaves the friend who has sacrificed all for her to her silent pain. Her brother also, at this moment, might have some claim upon her care and companionship; his health is very uncertain, and he has been ordered in the spring to travel abroad, and to make use of one of the warm baths of Germany. But amid all the troubles which her connexions suffer, Flora thinks only about amusing herself and listening to the songs of the nightingales. What deep egotism! But I will not condemn her yet. Perhaps she goes to the quiet parks of Svartsjö to listen there in peace to the inner voice.

#### THE 30th.

To-day Selma was so well, that I could desire from her some account of her meeting with St. Orme, and by what magic art she obtained from him in a moment, the weapons which he had so long held, and nullified the victory which he had just won. The little which Selma told me on this subject, and which I could not wish to pursue farther, from the dread that she might thereby be too much excited, has enabled me, on consideration of every circumstance, to form into the following picture:

At the moment when Flora seemed sunk in a bottomless pit without redemption, Selma felt herself animated by a courage and a wish to save her, which were powerful enough to defy every thing. The fear of coming too late to prevent the meeting between Lennartson and St. Orme, the feeling of a danger which pressed on many sides, made her almost unconsciously follow upon his steps. She scarcely herself knew what she was about when she found herself at St. Orme's door; and the singular reception which she found by him can only be explained by an extraordinary state of mind in himself.

St. Orme had left the bride whom he had fettered with power and craft, had left her with apparent coldness and exaltation of victory. But no man remains cold before the frenzy of a woman who has once had a place in his heart. Nor was St. Orme calm when he left Flora. The tempest of that hour shook its wings, foreboding misfortune over him, and through the power of contrast awoke, perhaps, at this moment the remembrance of a very different kind. It was exactly this very day when St. Orme, so

many years ago, led to the altar the lovely and noble Virginia Adelan, his only noble, his only pure love.

And now they stood there beside each other—the two different points of time—the two dissimilar brides. In fancy came to him Virginia's bashful kiss on this day; he felt now that which, like the flame of hatred, lay burning from Flora's lips; and his mind turned itself from her, and was irresistibly drawn to the lovely young wife that once was his. He thought on her beautiful love, how this still was his in her hour of death; perhaps returned to his fancy, also, how he then, in mysticising sorrow, had besought her forgiveness, and had prayed her to reveal herself to him after death, and how she had promised it. Perhaps St. Orme wished to remove these thoughts, and to call up others from the Opera-boxes and Parisian boudoirs—but between these glittering, dazzling scenes, rose up again and again the image of his pale young wife, as he had seen her in her white robe of death—and a horrible feeling, like a wind from death, from the grave, crept through St. Orme's breast.

He sat silently in his room, depressed and full of thought, looking darkly forth into the gathering twilight, when the door slowly opened, and a female figure, clothed in white from head to foot, presented itself before him.

St. Orme started up, but staggered and sunk backward on the sofa, hoarsely stammering forth—

"Virginia!"

"Virginia speaks to thee through me," replied the sweet voice of Selma. "St. Orme, hear us!" And now words flowed from her lips, which she herself cannot remember, and with which a higher power seemed to inspire her. The excitement of the moment had opened St. Orme's heart; the recollection of Virginia, the prayer in her name, the interest which he always had towards Selma, the singularity of her act, the deep earnestness which lay in her representations, the speaking of life and death from such young, lovely lips—all this made his mind waver, and made him listen to Selma's prayer for the liberation of Flora. Selma saw him waver, but thought also that she saw the moment when he would cease to do so, when he would harden himself against her prayers—and suddenly she dropped the tone of beseeching, to show to him in an almost threatening tone, the certain consequences to himself if he persisted in his proposal; she told him Flora's words, and determination for the future; she showed to him Lennartson, Brenner, and even Felix, who were ready, with arms in their hands, to assert Flora's freedom; she showed to him danger, death, and ruin in every way, like the furies who would stand in his path, and St. Orme—shuddered.

It is the established rule in modern romance literature, to represent bad people or *villains* in an especial manner as strong and powerful men. But in real life we see it otherwise. Then we see that it is, above all, the upright, the noble man who is strong and mighty—who with his will and his faith stands firm to death. The base, the mean mind may for a time appear strong and insolent; but in the hour of certain danger, a sudden outbreak of irresolution or

cowardice proves that he bears a terrified heart in his breast, that he knows he stands upon trembling ground.

What passed at this moment in St. Orme's breast I cannot say, nor yet decide which part of Selma's words exercised the greatest power over him; but certain is it, that he now felt the necessity of submitting to her demands; and looking gloomily before him, and murmuring the words of the unfortunate Philip Egalité upon the guillotine, "One hell is as good as another!" went to his writing-desk, and took thence the crimson bag containing Flora's letters. He gave them to Selma, with these words—

"You are the sister of my Virginia, Selma; and for your sake I will voluntarily abstain from that from which no other power should make me abstain. Tell Flora that she is free—my presence here shall not long oppress her; I shall set off the day after to-morrow. You can go now; you have obtained your object, and may be glad."

Selma wished to thank him; but he interrupted her with severity, almost with rudeness, and prayed her to spare him her sentimental talk, and to go her way.

Selma moved away afraid, but still at the door she turned herself, with these words—

"O St. Orme! though you do say so, yet I will bless you!" She heard St. Orme whistling, and hastened down the stairs; here she met—what I have already indicated, and which was too much for so fine feeling and pure a nature to bear.

After Selma had told me what I wished to know, she besought me with deeply crime-stained blushes to tell her Lennartson's behaviour to her during her illness, of which she had only a dark comprehension. I told her all; and an unspeakably inward gladness shone hereupon in her eyes, and expressed itself in grateful tears. She felt herself beloved by him—she knew that she stood bright and pure before his glance. That was bliss enough for her.

#### *The 1st of May, forenoon.*

The Lady-Councillors of Commerce! And so stuffed out with gossip, that it stood up to the throat and out at the mouth. The report of Flora's marriage, not with St. Orme, but with Lennartson, was the chief subject; the great ball which was to be given the day after to-morrow at the castle, was the next; the walks in the parks in the afternoons and the beautiful new equipages, which were then to be seen, was the third; and the fourth was Brenner's loss of all his accumulated property, together with his voyage to the Mediterranean, and his long absence. They knew precisely how it would go on with his domestic affairs during his absence, and had many anxieties on the subject. The oldest boy ought to go to the orphan school; and to look after and care for the other children, Brenner had taken into his house one Mrs. Trollman, 'a decent' person enough, but a right coffee-bibber, who made coffee day and night, and was the veriest gossip in the world. And with regard to house-keeping, one could very well imagine how that would go, when we know that during the late Trollman's life they had never baked at home, but had had all their bread from a bakehouse, and yet they had four children and two maid-

servants in the house!!! One could think how it would be. It would be a foolish business. It really was incomprehensible how Colonel Brenner could take such a person into his house; but she had hung herself in fact upon him, by being, while the children were ill, so obliging as a neighbour, and so good to them.

"Have the children been ill?" exclaimed I.

"Yes; they have had the scarlet fever, poor little things; and the two youngest are even now very ill, especially the lame boy. Now, it would be well if our Lord took him."

"The poor father!" sighed I.

"Yes, poor fellow!" repeated Miss P., "and that he is now obliged to set off from his home in this misery. And then he looks too as if he had not been *once* but *twice* buried!"

"But tell me now, in confidence, my sweet young lady," whispered the married sister confidentially; when will the great the extraordinary betrothal here be declared?

I declared my perfect ignorance respecting it.

"The sooner that is done," continued she, "the better will it be for Flora, to silence all uneasy tongues, which assert that perhaps things do not at all hang together. There was at one time a strange report in circulation. And people seem so little satisfied—inquisitive people—and who thought that I ought to know a little of what went on here in the house where I am so intimate, and where I, as I said, loved every chair; yes, people actually reproach me because I am not better informed—but I have, unfortunately, so little curiosity in me! But as regards this affair, I must confess that I willingly would know a little more for Flora's and my good friend Mrs. Adelan's sake."

If the lady was unfortunately so little curious, I also was as little communicative; and to say the truth, that which I had heard of Brenner made me incapable of bearing or talking of other things.

I wonder whether Brenner will see me before his journey.

#### *The 3rd of May.*

To-day Selma, for the first time, was able to enjoy the animating air of spring, which breathed softly through the open window into the boudoir of my stepmother.

A lark soared jubilantly over the river up into the high blue air; white sails glided slowly hither from the Rindarfjärd, and the mountains and the shores clothed themselves in green. Selma saw all this and smiled, with tears in her beaming eyes. "How lovely this is!" said she, "how good and beautiful is life!"

She extended her hands to my stepmother and me, who sat on either side of her, and looking observantly upon us, she continued, softly smiling, "Why so grave? why so solemn, as if the conversation were about my funeral? Now I am well; now it is spring; now we shall be happy!"

My stepmother rose up hastily, and wished to go, that she might conceal her emotion; but Selma held her back by her dress, and exclaimed while she wound her arms round her. "No, mamma dear! do not go! Now we can speak openly; now I can hear all; now I must know what it is which makes those who are dear to me, look so anxious. And perhaps it

is nothing unexpected by me; perhaps I forebode already what it is. Tell me—tell me plainly at once, has St. Orme deceived us? Are our affairs in a bad condition; in one word—are we poor?"

"Yes, we are poor, my sweet child!" said my stepmother, now sobbing aloud; and bending over the head of her sitting daughter, whose hair and brow were wet with her tears—she could say no more.

"But we are not poor in love," returned Selma. "Then it is not so dangerous; I have my mother, and my mother has me, and we both have Sophia—we are still rich!"

"And we have also Lennartson," said I, and added some words on the manner in which he had behaved in the affair.

"It is so like him," said Selma, with deep, almost quiet emotion.

When we had become calmer, we talked in stillness and cheerfulness of our condition. Selma was one of those who makes all things easy, and proved to her mother, that by the sale of all her ornaments and her own beautiful collection of pictures all debts could be paid, and something remain also over. Selma had evidently a clearer idea of the condition of the family than her mother. "And," continued she with cheerful courage, "after we have made all things straight here in Stockholm, we will retire to some pretty country town, and settle down there and live economically. And I also will do something for food and clothing, and not merely, as hitherto, live like the lilies of the field. I will teach people desirous of learning, some of my many accomplishments, or translate books, or write books myself. Who knows what inspirations may come! And Sophia shall be my reviewer. O! we shall do great things!"

"Oh! if the sylph will only dance before us as hitherto," said I, "then I fear nothing in the world."

My stepmother wept no longer. Consoled and cheered, she embraced her daughters, and thanked God for them.

The Philosopher announced "Baron Lennartson."

Selma turned pale, and arose evidently trembling. I asked if she would go into her chamber and rest for a moment.

"No," replied she, "I feel myself strong enough to see him. Besides, my mother and my Sophia are with me."

Lennartson went up to Selma with an exclamation of joyful surprise as he saw her. She offered to him her hand, which he seized with animation, but both were so much excited, as to be unable to say anything for some time. Selma first broke silence, as she said with a tolerably firm voice—

"We have all of us so much, so infinitely much to thank you for. How good you are, to stand by us even in this trouble!"

We now came to Selma's help, and related to Lennartson that of which we had just been speaking. Lennartson seemed pleased to be able to speak openly with Selma of the condition of affairs, and shewed to her a statement which he had drawn up on paper; and by which it appeared, that the business was much better than they at first had supposed.

When Selma cheerfully spoke of selling her own pictures, Lennartson seemed affected, for he knew well how dear and precious they were to her, even for his sake who had collected and given them to her, her beloved father; but he confessed that by this sale the affairs of the family would be most safely and most speedily rectified, and said he knew a safe purchaser. (I am much deceived if this purchaser be not—the Baron himself. Methought I saw it in him.)

For the rest, he besought my stepmother and Selma to be calm, and to leave all in his hands, he would endeavour to arrange all for the best.

As he was about to leave, it seemed to him difficult. He held Selma's hand at parting long in his, and seemed to wish to say something, but his eyes only spoke a silent and expressive language; at length he pressed her hand reverentially to his lips, bowed himself deeply before her, and went.

And Selma! she stood there so quiet; so beautiful in her womanly nobility, happy in the midst of her misfortune, to feel her own worth and to see it acknowledged by such a man, and this raised her at this moment above all embarrassment, above all pain. Neither did she droop her eyes before his warm, eloquent glance, but met it in clearness and inwardness. She was not ashamed to let him look down into the depth of her soul, she knew that he was great enough to see the feelings that lived therein for him, without misunderstanding her, without moving out of his way. They stood there, full of heavenly confidence in each other.

But the scenes of this afternoon had, however, been too much for Selma's yet weak bodily strength. When Lennartson was gone, her outward fortitude was gone too, and she sank almost fainting into my arms. Perhaps she recognised, as I did, in Lennartson's silent adieu, something of a particular meaning; perhaps it is true, as reports have circulated, that he this evening at the Castle will make his appearance as Flora's betrothed, and receive the congratulations of royalty, and of the whole world. Selma asked me as she went to bed, if I knew anything of Flora.

I replied that I had heard that she had returned on that day, from her Svartsjö expedition, and would with her sister be present at the Castle. I could not help adding a few grave words of blame respecting Flora.

"Oh!" sighed Selma, "truly it is strange, and I do not understand her; but all will some day be clear, and Flora also. I have loved her so much!" and with this Selma began to weep bitterly.

I left my stepmother, who read aloud to Selma by the evening lamp, and went up to my room, longing to be left alone with my own thoughts. And now here sit I alone with them, and have written down the foregoing, amid the dull rattle of carriages which roll upwards from the North-bridge to the Castle. Now it is midnight, and all has become still in the streets. From the Castle windows, towards the Lion Hill, shine orange-coloured lights through the dusky May night; there lie the great state-rooms; and when I think on the different scenes *there and here*—when I think of Flora glittering in joy and beauty, saluted and honoured as the bride of Lennartson, whilst she forgets her near-

est connexions in their trouble, leaves her friend and her preserver to a life full of renunciation.—Then my heart is embittered towards her, and I feel that the hatred at which we played for a time becomes more earnest. If she at this moment stood before me, she should hear words which would cover her brow with shame, which would make her shudder before herself, and—sooner or later, she shall hear them!

#### The 4th.

I was interrupted on the foregoing night by the stopping of a carriage before our door, and by a gentle movement which occurred in the house; immediately afterwards I heard soft footsteps upon the little stairs which led to Flora's and my chamber.

The bells now rang one o'clock at night. I went out into the corridor with a light in my hand to see what night wanderer it might be, and, in amazement, I saw standing there before me—Flora! Flora in her brilliant ball-dress, with a white garland of roses on her head; but for all that so pale, so changed, that she rather looked as if she had come out of a funeral vault than from a splendid festival.

"Can I speak with you?" said she, with a voice that I also thought changed; but put out the light I pray you! It destroys my eyes—I have lately seen too much light!"

I did as Flora desired, and conducted her into my room, where she throw herself into an arm chair. We both were silent. I remembered out a word of my condemnatory sermon.

"Is it not true, Sophia," began Flora at length, "that lately, and especially to-night, you hate me in good earnest?"

"Yes, it is true!" I replied.

"I do not wonder at it, continued Flora, "but you have not had entire right to do so; and before long, perhaps, you will—hate me no longer. You have been more than once kind to me, Sophia, and therefore I desire now—after the manner of the world—that you should be still kinder towards me, and listen to me with patience. But I am not entirely and altogether selfish. I know how bad it is to cherish bitter feelings, and I will therefore endeavour to extinguish those with which I have inspired you, if it be possible before — But I must not anticipate!"

"You have found me to be a strange and incomprehensible being, and I shall give you the key thereto.

"You have sometimes talked to us of *primeval words*, and the primeval word of my unclear being is buried deep in my childhood and youthful home, in the influences which surrounded my cradle, which accompanied my soul to its twentieth year. My mother was a good-natured, but weak and vain woman, my father a stern and haughty man, who despised all women, perhaps because he had found none near him whom he could rightly esteem. Contention ruled in our home, in one thing only were the parents agreed; to educate their children only for show, only to glitter and make their fortune in the polite world. In my soul early contended vanity and love of power, with noble impulses, but these were soon compelled to give way before the first; the heart which was capable of throbbing for a noble love, was compelled to throb for trifling and unworthy desires,

and all the talents which might have conducted to greater and better purposes were speedily made subservient to vanity. O lot and fate of woman! Already in childhood was my soul poisoned by praise, flattery, and gifts, when I had been successful in company, or had drawn on myself observation and admiration. This went on through the whole of my youth; and to make a great marriage, to obtain a brilliant position in life, was shown to me as the one object of my existence. I lived more and more for this purpose, and sought merely to feed my immeasurable vanity. My natural gifts favoured me, and for a long time I conquered wherever I wished it; but I superciliously refused the easy conquest; refused soon to gratify the projects of my parents, and lived merely for pleasure. It only flattered my self-love, that I in this way made a few honest men unhappy. I myself remained cold. Then I met with St. Orme. You know how his reputation, his talents, his person, enchanted me. For the first time I became acquainted with love, and his homage flattered my self-love. His principles completed the annihilation of the good which still was in me; he imposed upon me by a certain superiority in will and thought, and had, for a time, an extraordinary power over me. But that was of a demoniacal nature, and had no proper root in my heart, in any part of my better self. When I saw myself forsaken by him my pride and my worldly love helped me to forget him. New impressions assisted this. Selma, with whom I at this time came into a nearer connexion, had a living and beneficial influence upon me. I attached myself to her, so far as my selfish heart permitted it, and many better feelings were awakened in my breast by her warm friendship, by her beautiful and pure soul.

"My father died, and had named in his will Lennartson as my guardian, perhaps in the thought that he might soon become something more. It was a marriage in every way flattering to my vanity and my ambition, and there needed not the hints of my mother to make me attempt his conquest. I regarded this as easy; but deceived myself, and the better I knew Lennartson, I saw only in his soul, in his activity, in his efforts, that which was great, before which all that I had before loved or striven after appeared to me pitiful and dwarf-like. Add to this, he was so amiable, so agreeable, even when he blamed me, that my heart soon was drawn into the play, and he became the object of my life. I saw all too well that I had made an impression upon him; and although he maintained towards me his full independence, and seemed not to permit himself to be enchanted by me, still I did not doubt but that in the end I should succeed under some of the forms or hues which, like a cameleon, I had accustomed myself to assume, in order to please dissimilar natures and tempers. But the forms which I assumed were as if without a soul; and as the sunbeams dissipate the ignis-fatui of night, so did Lennartson's glance penetrate and nullify all these false shapes. This character became ever more powerful, ever more conquering, ever more crushing to my self-love, ever more dangerous for my soul's peace. And never did I feel his power, and my misery deeper, than in the mo-

most when I knew that he saw through me and despised me. Despised by the man I loved, and felt that it was justice—unspeakable anguish!"

Flora sprang up suddenly, and threw up the window towards the river, threw back her curls, and seemed to inhale with delight the cool fresh night air. And the spectacle that was spread out before her sight was well calculated to calm, to elevate, an excited mind. Crystal-clear and still reposed the May-night over the city. The dark body of the Castle, with its lights glimmering from within, rested itself in quiet majesty amid the dark blue heaven; below, lay in its dark shadow, the island of the Holy Ghost (Helgeandsholm), with its strange, bloody remembrances, and silver-clear lay the water of the Mälar with its shore, and spread out in the distance its calm mirror, over which light mists reposed. The pennons on the vessels in the harbour hung quietly; all seemed to sleep, and the peace of night brought to mind the passing of the day's strife.

After a moment Flora continued, more calmly, "I remember it as well as if it had occurred to-day. Out of old habit, and also with the desire of awakening jealousy in Lennartson, I had coquetted with a man who had a fancy for me, but to whom I was quite indifferent; I smiled him to follies, and laughed at him afterwards in Lennartson's presence. On that Lennartson broke through the forbearance which he had hitherto shewed towards me, and talked sharply to me, unveiled me before myself, and shewed me in what a dangerous and desperate path I stood. Such serious words had never been spoken to me before, never had any one shewn to me so little forbearance. My first movement was one of pride and anger; I would cast the audacious one forever from me; my next was to write to him, to 'open to him my whole heart, and let him see the feelings which he had infused into me.' I was so accustomed to conquest, that I expected immediately to see Lennartson at my feet. He came, but—as a brother, mild but serious, and only by a certain embarrassment in his manner could I see that he well understood, but that he *would* not understand me. Ah! I was not the woman whom he could love, not the one whom he could choose for his life's companion!

"When I saw that, my pride arose and bade me to conquer my love, this again bade me to conquer my evil propensities and to become worthy of him. The kindness and the interest which he shewed to me, the pleasure which he had in my talents, fettered me all the more closely to him, and gave me the desire to change myself to that ideal of beautiful womanhood which at all times seemed to float before Lennartson's soul. But ah! when one is artificially educated, there is nothing more difficult than to form oneself to a true and simple being. The most ravell'd skein is more easy to rectify than an entangled and corrupted soul. And *they* alone can understand me, who, while they are labouring to raise themselves and to attain a higher stand, feel themselves perpetually as it were cast backward by a base demon into the deep pit from which they would mount, who have experienced the torment of feeling themselves below themselves.

"At this time my mother fell into a suffering illness which only ended in her death. I watched her with tenderness, and that which all my arts and my talents could not accomplish was effected by this simple thing. When Lennartson saw me fulfil my filial duties he was drawn nearer to me; I regained his esteem, and his heart seemed to meet my feelings for him. By the death-bed of my mother he pressed the fatherless and motherless to his breast, and bade me lay my hand in his, and we exchanged holy vows."

"What now followed you know; Lennartson was called away to his father, and travelled with him into foreign lands; a will made me rich, and St. Orme came back and let me feel the snares in which I had entangled myself. I loved Lennartson now, and with him had new life awoke within me; but he was away when St. Orme returned, and he acquired somewhat of his former power, of his injurious influence over me. His bold will and power imposed upon me again, and he flattered and excited again my not yet rooted-out inclination for pleasure, and for the conquests of vanity. When Lennartson returned he regained his power, and St. Orme's star paled; but I was no longer free to tear myself from him; I was in his power, and my prayers and my threats were alike impotent. Then arose hatred and frenzy in my heart, and all the more as I was convinced that it was not *me* but my property which he loved. But you know all this, know my struggles, know how the victory was won at the moment in which all appeared to be lost, and I will not repeat it; but know you also Sophia to what degree the victory at this moment is mine?"

"What would you say?"

"I would say at this moment nothing prevents me from being Lennartson's wife. He has offered me his hand, overcoming in magnanimity that which should have divided us; he knows all, and forgives all for my love's sake. The cup of happiness is filled to the brim, and offered to me by the hand of fortune and of mercy; now for me remains merely one thing—"

"And that is?"

"To put it back, to renounce it!"

"How!"

"Ah! at the moment when I heard Selma upon the bed of suffering, where she lay for my sake, utter in the delirium of fever the long-buried secret of her heart; as I saw Lennartson's feeling for her, saw their glances melt into one, then awoke in me the thought to offer myself, and to be the only unhappy one. But I was too little accustomed to indulge noble thoughts, and I struggled against them and tried to persuade myself that Lennartson still loved me at the bottom, and that I could soon regain the love which I had lost through my conduct. I wished to show myself noble, upright; I laid in Lennartson's hands the letters which have made me so unhappy, and prayed him to judge me. I was sure of this, that he would not accept them; I did not deceive myself; he pushed them away from him, but took my hands in his and let me swear, solemnly swear that there was nothing in these letters which prevented me from becoming the *wife of an honourable man*. Such were his words, and I swore."

Thank God! I could do so. Thereupon he drew me to him, and spake words of angelic goodness and nobility; but confessed that his heart was mine no longer, and acknowledged another love—I knew well to whom, although her name was not mentioned. He asked me whether I would have patience with him and assist his endeavours to overcome this inclination, in order that he might fulfil his engagement with me. He would therefore for a time go into voluntary exile till he again could feel himself free, and could offer me a heart more worthy of me than now, and in a condition to make me as happy as it was his wish and intention to do. "We have both of us," concluded he, "erred in our paths, but the right way stands open to us still, let us take it. I will soon leave Sweden; but you shall write to me in my absence, and I will write to you, and thus we shall become dearer to each other, and become nearer to each other. We separate now only for a time in order that we may be more inwardly united. We will not, my Flora, unite ourselves in *untruth*, but in *truth*; therefore have I also laid my soul open before you, as I wish that it always should be to her whom I hope to call my wife. I see that I have distressed you—forgive me for it! love me still and console in me! I will not deceive you!"

"So spoke Lennartson, and pressed me to his heart, and in that moment I felt my heart changed. O the high-mindedness of this man! and his good overcomes all that is mean and little in me, it directs me and shews me my path. I asked from Lennartson a few days' time for consideration, and set off for Svartåsjö; not to hear the nightingales sing, but to listen to the inner voice, to collect myself, to pray! O Sophia! in these days and nights have I for the first time prayed from the bottom of my heart, and felt myself to be heard, and experienced the truth of the words, that 'The power of God is mighty to the weak.' In these days have I felt my will changed, my good resolutions strengthened, my mind renovated, and life and the world brighter before me."

"I returned to Stockholm to appear at the Castle-bell, I rouged my pale cheeks, I made myself as lovely and as brilliant as possible. I would in my pride yet once more triumph over the world, which I know with malicious pleasure would busy itself about me. After this I would accomplish an important business, that is to release, to unite with one another—two noble human beings, and after that—to vanish from the scene. Look not so mysteriously questioning at me, Sophia; be calm! thoughts of self-destruction live no longer in my soul, for that it has received too great and too mild impressions.—My good angels, Selma and Lennartson, have chased the night out of me, and have let the day dawn; some beams of which must thank, must bless them. Fear no longer for me! the life and the suffering which I expect I shall bear in silence."

"O Flora!" exclaimed I with emotion, "how worthy are you of a more beautiful lot!"

"Do not pity me!" said Flora, with a clear and lively expression; "do not pity me, Sophia; I have won much, I have won that which I till now never possessed, *true human worth*; and in this moment I feel a certainty and a

peace in my soul which I never enjoyed till now. I feel that I have risen, I feel that I shall rise in the eyes of all those whose approbation and esteem are valuable to me. O grant me this consciousness, however boastful it may appear, grant it to me, it will help me to go through a heavy, a bitter hour."

"No, for myself I do not lament. I feel that I have conquered. But rather will I lament for the many who, in a situation like my own, seek for such a helper, and go on for ever forlorn; who, through a false education, a misdirected guidance, are shattered from the beginning, and never more can collect themselves into a whole."

"Ah! even I am shattered irrevocably and shall never attain unity. Like a fragment of a better existence shall I go through life, perhaps merely as a warning for the present, to point towards a better future."

"Do you see that it is daylight! Do you see how the world brightens! O certainly will the twilight of humanity brighten also more and more! Certainly the comprehension of the great object of life, the true worth of a human being, will become ever more and more living in the human heart! Certainly will woman be more and more esteemed for her own human worth, and acknowledged in the truth of her being. And when she is so acknowledged, when she in social life has won her true position, as human being, as fellow-citizen, then first will she anew become a divine mother for the earth, and from her bosom will spring a renewed and ennobled human race!"

The fire of inspiration glowed in Flora's eyes, burned upon her cheeks, upon her eloquent lips—she was unspeakably beautiful. Beautiful also at this moment was the scene around us. The sun ascended and cast its first beams upon the heights, flamed on the spires of the church-towers, the mountains reddened; the windows of the Castle towards Långard lit themselves up. A soft sigh filled with spring-life went through the trees of the field, and bowed the poplars on the river-parterre; the pennons in the haven fluttered merrily in the morning wind, and swelled by the rising Mälars-water, the foaming waves of the river rushed more grandly than ever through the arches of the North-bridge, and jubilant larks ascended above it, and snow-white sea-swallows dipped into it.

Long stood Flora and I, silently contemplating the increasing light and life; at length she directed her eyes to the haven, where a small black wreath of smoke raised itself, as if it would point out the way from Stockholm.

"Ha!" said she, "Gauthiod gives the sign already, and warns me to hasten."

"Will you travel abroad!" said I astonished

"With Felix, with my poor brother!" answered Flora. "He has been ordered to make use of the baths at Ems, and I accompany him, both for his sake and mine. It is necessary to me at this moment to leave this place; I am here only a hinderance, and I must breathe the air of other lands. Felix remains to be my dearest care. He has never till now found the sister in me which he deserved. But from henceforth he shall find it. Perhaps sometime the brother and sister, who have suffered shipwreck in fortune and happiness, may return to

their fatherland with hearts healed, and more worthy as children.

"And what will you, what intend you for your own peculiar future?"

"First and foremost, to pass several years in foreign countries. Felix and I shall travel. I will observe the world with keen vision; I will observe woman in the new and higher relations of life and society, which the present time begins to form; I will see and judge rightly, and without prejudice, and then will choose an independent position in the realm of the beautiful or of the good, an interest, an ennobling aim for my restless striving soul. O Sophia! I will begin life anew! Yes, I feel it, the turning-point of my life is arrived! Farewell the past! Farewell wavering! Farewell illusions! And now a new sun, a new earth, a new life! And God's grace over my good designs!"

With this Flora raised towards heaven her clasped hands, and tears shone in her beaming eyes. Again we both were silent. I was deeply affected. She resumed more calmly—

"See here, Sophia, a letter to Selma; and here one to Lennartson. They will say all to them. They will also say to them, that the determination I have taken is the only way which remains for me to peace and happiness. No one, who is my friend, would seek to turn me from it. Gladly would I see my Selma once more; gladly view once more the pure countenance, the good clear eyes; but I must spare her the pain of parting—she has already suffered enough for me! But this garland (and she loosened the garland of white Provence roses from her head), this shall you, Sophia, lay on her bed at her feet, and let her keep it, and wear it as a remembrance of her Flora. I know that I do not deserve so pure a remembrance, but I know also that her soul cannot preserve any other of me without suffering. In Selma's letter I have also written to her mother; greet her, greet all whom you think trouble themselves about me, and tell them that I set off thus secretly, only to avoid parting, and spare them pain. And now I must hasten. Felix expects me; my things and my maid are already on board; I will now quickly dress myself, and then—Sophia, will you accompany me to the harbour?"

"To the world's end, if you will," replied I.

"Thanks! you hate me then no longer!"

"Hate you! I love, I admire—"

"Hush! hush! do not drive my virtue away!"

With these words Flora vanished. She was soon dressed ready for the journey, and I was ready to attend her. It was a lovely fresh morning, full of life and spring.

Amid serious yet cheerful conversation we went down to the harbour. Our parting was heartfelt, was full of unity. Flora was firm and steadfast to the last, and only when I could no longer see the waving of her white pocket-handkerchief in the far distance I left the strand. My heart was troubled, but as I returned to our home, and thought on what change of scenes had taken place, and what news I bore to my beloved; methought I had wings to soul and body—and wind and waves, and people and animals, and church-towers and street stones, and heaven and earth, methought joined in with my heart's exulting song—

*The good has gained the victory!*

O now I shall startle my stepmother! She and Selma sleep yet. They went to bed late, says Karin. I wait impatiently, and write while I wait. I would not exchange my lot with that of an archangel, if—(N. B.) he had anything else to do than carry glad tidings.

*The 10th.*

O Joy! thou beautiful, heavenly seraph! How loveable art thou, how worthy of adoration art thou, when thou arisest bright in the tearful eyes, and beamest in the looks of the dying! How good thou art when thou fillest life's cup to the brim for the happy and the noble on earth; merciful when thou withdrawest and memories from the wretched, the unfortunate, and crownest his sleep with roses; how lovely and bright thou seemest to me, when I remark thy gentle movement in the human soul! O that thou wert an existence that I could call forth with my prayers, with my heart's blood, then shouldst thou oftener appear on earth!

But perhaps thou wouldst be less beautiful, less enchanting, if *seraph*, did not precede thee like the sun, which never shines so beautifully on earth as after rain and tempest. Pain and joy are life's pair of wings, with which the human being raises himself to the home of perfection.

"The gentle movements of joy in the human soul!"

O! I have seen it to-day in my home, and among my beloved ones, although we do not venture to speak aloud thereon. Respect for Flora's memory and renunciation occasioned this; but the glory which her action threw over herself, penetrated more and more every sorrowful shadow.

Lennartson and Selma have bound themselves to each other as one being, who have long sought, and at last found each other, like two souls which were originally united in the thought of the Creator.

Their happiness has come forth out of much suffering, that now leaves free room for the play of joy; but on the other side of the clouds of the still melancholy which yet veils them, I heard the laugh of the god of love and the clapping of his wings. O the sylph will yet dance, dance upon the roses of life!

Flora's letter to Lennartson is such that he cannot do otherwise than accept the freedom which she returns to him. She shows herself determined and clear, and prays him to permit to her the consciousness which she has, of making two beloved human beings happy, and thus to regain theirs and her own esteem, "Remorse and self-contempt," writes she, "would henceforth persecute me at your side, Lennartson, and you would not have been able to shield me, for you could not love me. But, separated from you, I shall approach nearer to you. O Thorsten! I feel that, united to Selma, you will think of me with tenderness—I shall remain dear to you. Ah! perhaps it is rather egotism than pure love which guides me at this moment. If it be so—then forgive me!"

Lennartson's letter to Flora must throw into her soul a never to be extinguished beam of gladness and great self-satisfaction. And Flora is right; she will after this become more in-

imately united with him than she would have been as his wife.

My stepmother is sweet, and amuses and affects me at the same time. 'She is silent and quiet, often lays her hands together and sighs; but her sighs carry a smile in them, and glad thoughts in her heart force themselves through the grave seriousness which she considers it becoming to assume. She talks therefore beautifully about "the wonderful ordinations of Providence, and of its being the duty of human beings to submit themselves." When will she have courage to become Prince Metternich again?

And I, for I also will be with—I participate, and rejoice, and hope, and am thankful—but in my heart I am not glad nor easy. I am uneasy about Wilhelm Brenner, and I am not pleased with myself.

Many people remain unmarried from noble and estimable reasons, but many also from—egotistical; that I feel in myself, and I acknowledge it with shame. One will gladly be beloved, will gladly warm oneself by the flame of a noble heart—yes, even give some warmth in return; as much, at least, as will not disturb our convenience, our ease. But for marriage, when this is bound up with some care, some trouble in the future—for that one has no courage, no virtue!

In the mean time I wonder whether I shall see the Viking again before his journey! Yet no! I wonder not! For if he will not, then I will; and "*ce que femme veut, Dieu le veut*."\*

The 13th of May.

Most extraordinary occurrence in the boudoir between my stepmother and me.

As we in the afternoon were together, ruling the state, we noticed an entirely unusual accordance in our measures and views. We congratulated each other thereon, inquiring after the cause of this approach of opinion; and then it appeared that my stepmother, while she read so much in certain royalist newspapers, had in some things come over to the opposition side, and I again, had through certain opposition newspapers been drawn by degrees more towards the government than before. Particularly pleased by these discoveries, and congratulating ourselves upon our independence, we determined henceforth, that we might hold the balance even, to hold ourselves as organs of both parties; and we concluded our political discussion, by playing 'patience' together.

The 14th.

Something must have gone out to the world of the altered condition and views of the family, for our 'spasmodical acquaintance,' who had allowed us neither to hear nor see anything of them during the dark period, live now again like gnats in the sunshine.

The Gyllenlöfs and Silfverlings overwhelmed us to-day with friendship and compliments. Lennartson came in, and then the friendship knew no bounds, but laid the boldest plans for the greatest intimacy for the future. My stepmother was polite, and let there be five formed at once; but Selma assumed her princess deportment, and replied somewhat coldly to Adele

Gyldenlöf's evidences of friendship and young Silfverling's adoration.

The not spasmodic, but in all cases to us friendly and good Signora Luna cast a glance yesterday into the new and happy relationship of the family, and her lovely eyes beamed with joy at Flora's behaviour, at Selma and Lennartson's happiness. She herself was in full court costume, and so handsome and brilliant that I could not help saying—

"Signora Luna is now in her brightest glory, and must feel herself ready for a beaming path."

She cast upon me one of those looks which reveal the depths of silent suffering, and said—"Ah! all is not gold which glitters," and the beaming path—but it goes well! All goes, although it seems at times as if all stood still."

Baron Alexander now approached, and said with his friendly imperiousness, 'I must remind you, my friend, that it is nearly nine o'clock. It is time to go to the court. This will be a splendid night.'

"And I," said his wife softly to me, as she arose, "I could sigh to-night, like so many others, with Tegnér—

Tell me, thou watcher! how the night is wearing,  
Will there then ever be an end of it?

"But seriously!" said I, "is it not amusing to be sometimes in such assemblies of the handsome and the bright; to see life in its holiday attire?"

"It might be truly so," said Signora Luna, "the more so that one comes in contact with many agreeable and distinguished persons—if the heart were only light! But—how few there are who go through life with light hearts! And perhaps it as well so, one might otherwise become too frivolous." She smiled pensively, moved to me, and vanished, obscured by the Great Alexander.

"Domestic happiness or unhappiness?" See then that which equalizes more than anything else, human lot; places often the but beside the palace, the day-labourer near to the king; whilst it makes an immeasurable difference between the life and happiness of the mighty.

"Domestic troubles,"—wrote lamentingly a king who already is gone from the theatre of the world—"are in this respect different to public ones, that they bow down the soul by repeated pains, which every moment calls forth."

"I am the most fortunate man," wrote in a confidential letter, another king who yet bears upon his brow one of the noblest crowns of Europe, "and you will not find many who, like me, after a twenty years' acquaintance and a nineteen years' marriage, finds now the heart of his wife as divine, her eyes as heavenly, as in the first days of his love."

The 15th.

The Lady-Councillors of Commerce, Mrs. and Miss! Miss cast about her great peering glances, made significant gestures, and put sundry amusing questions, thus—

"Well! when shall you remove to Tornea? Has Miss Selma no desire to see a book, which is called 'Instructions in Frugal Housewifery?' I think it would be of use. Shall I purchase it for the young lady! The price is sixteen shillings a banco."

A coffee-council, in the afternoon, between

\* But to say the truth, I have never remarked that it is so in fact; neither do I know whether it would be advantageous that it should be so.

two happy mothers, my stepmother and Mrs. Rittersvård. The first unclouded day in June will beam on the union of Åke Sparraköld and Helfrid Rittersvård.

Why write of all this! To try to forget that on which I now think.

The Viking sets sail on Sunday afternoon. The youngest boy is still confined to bed. Is it possible that Brenner will not see me, not say farewell to me before he sets off!

*The 16th.*

Letters from Flora have enlivened us all. The change shows itself to be enduring; her state of mind is astonishingly firm and clear. But why should people wonder at it! When once heaven has opened itself over a human head, has opened to his prayer, and it is a path upon which 'angels ascend and descend,' then that takes place in the human being which has not been calculated upon. Then powers are in motion, then communications take place, before which the wisest and best on earth bow themselves in wonder and reverence. But he must be left alone, alone with the Eternal.

That is also the last and highest stadium of all human education, of all higher development. For this, social life labours with all its wisest dogmas and institutions to elevate mankind. In strife with men, humanity never arrives there. Trusting in them, then is it a self-bewilderment. But sanctified and sustained by it, humanity ascends thither where even they cannot come. A new life, a new relationship then arises for it. The immediate relationship to the Eternal good, which will willingly give gifts to men, and give gifts of the Spirit without measure. This relationship on the side of the human being, I call child-like. It is the innermost of me. It may be attained by the most simple of men, if his will be good; and it can not be attained by the greatest philosopher, if he, after he have ascended the highest steps of logic, cannot as a child needing help, fall down upon his knees, and call upon his Father and the Father of all.

How happy was Lennartson this evening, as he, with his beloved Selma and her mother, laid out plans for their future life. How amiable he was, in the joy in the overswelling life to which he then for the first time gave free course! He let his bride have no peace at all, which naturally caused her some disquiet.

And my stepmother, what joy she had!

And I—O, I enjoyed myself in seeing them happy. I felt vividly the pleasantness of a life altogether with them (for I also, so it was said, shall have my home with Lennartson), in the sympathy in everything which life has interesting and elevating in art, in science, in public and private life, by intercourse with distinguished persons and their spheres of life.

O, I feel well how light and cheerful life must be in the daily enjoyment of what Ehrensavård calls "the joyful needs," but—

But what sayest thou, silent talisman, which beats in my breast! And thou, Wisdom, baptized in the eternal waves of love—thou whom I have called to guide my feet, to light my life—what sayest thou?

Here a life filled with lovely enjoyments—comfortable, sunshiny, cheerful in the society of noble and worthy people, but who—need not

me, and who without me have enough. And there a sinking home, which I could sustain, orphan children whose mother and cherisher I could be, a husband noble and good whom I could love; yes, whom I—love! A life of labour and care, but in which the Eternal eye would look down brighter upon me than in the other—a life not splendid on earth, but brightened by—

O, can I indeed hesitate!

But Mrs. Trollman! Now, well! One magic-spirit will chase away another. That has often been done.

But the world! How will it cross itself and say, "foolish marriage! marriage phrensy! madness!" Now, yes: "*Quand même!*"

Selma! Lennartson! I know what they would say. But my stepmother! How it would startle my stepmother!

To-day is Saturday.

*On Sunday morning.*

A note from the Viking—manly, cordial, but nothing less than unfeeling. Yet he says that he does not feel himself strong enough to take a personal leave of me; he does this, therefore, by writing; bids me to greet my friends from him, and hopes again to see me, and calls himself, in conclusion, my "faithful Wilhelm."

A bouquet of lovely flowers says more to me than the letter. But I regard it as unpardonable of my "faithful Wilhelm," not to see and hear his friend before he voyages to the world's end. I feel that the magic spirit moves within me.

*In the Evening.*

A very little time, a very little way lies often between the now and the moment which, as if with a magic stroke, changes the whole of our life's state, the whole of our future. We ourselves, for the most part, hold the magic wand in our hand; but whether we use it to create our happiness or our misfortune, that we often know not ourselves. I was, however, tolerably clear on the subject, as I set out the very moment in which Lennartson drove my stepmother and Selma in his beautiful landau to the park—set out slowly and alone on a walk toward the Skeppsholm. It was a quiet, somewhat dull, summer-mild afternoon. I saw the objects around me as though I was taking leave of them; thus greeted I the neighbourhood of the North-bridge, with its castles, statues, and quays along the river; I said farewell to the polite world. At the beginning of the Skeppsholm-bridge I stopped. Before me lay upon its blue waters the green Skeppsholm, with its valleys and groves, with its temple built upon the rock, and reflecting itself in the sea. Behind me roared dully the mass of driving, riding, walking people, who, in festal attire, streamed out to the park. I thought on the landau who conveyed out my friends into the gay, elegant world, and who had just now besought me so earnestly to take my place with them; my heart sunk; it was as if invisible hands fettered my feet and drew me back. That was a trying moment. Then began the church bells to ring; and even as the sound of the temple bells in ancient times had power to put heathen spirits to flight, so-operated they even now on me. The contract—

\* Troll is a ghost, a spectre.

ing bonds loosened, and I went onward excited, but yet reserved. And as I entered into the green groves—an old man has planted them, and beautified the evening of his life by beautifying his native city—as I looked upon the tender green leaves and thought upon the tender children, I became ever calmer and freer in mind.

When first the long row, or the admiralty-house, threw its dark shadow over me, a certain bashfulness returned, but of another kind. My act was unusual—how would it be judged, how would it look? And Brenner himself, how would he—

"The thousand!" said I, at last, in vexation—N.B. quite softly: "I care nothing about the whole world! I will really only say farewell to my friend! *Honi soit qui mal y pense!*"

Brenner was not at home, and was expected later. I was glad of that. I said to Mrs. Trollman, who came to me with this intelligence, and who did not appear to me like a dangerous magic spirit, that I would wait here till the Colonel's return, because I had something of importance to say to him. I would in the mean time look after little Wilhelm and the other children, in case she had anything else to do. Mrs. Trollman was very much pleased with this, and I soon perceived the smell of roasting coffee diffuse itself through the house. And now by the little boy's bed, and with all the other children around me, I began to relate histories, and to feel myself in particularly good spirits. My histories were interrupted by steps which were heard in the hall, and, by the assembled children's hasty and exultant outbreak to meet the beloved father. Soon was he beside his sick child, who called his name longingly. When he saw me, he remained standing in astonishment.

I rose up.

"Thou, here!" cried Brenner, and seizing my hand led me out into another room, motioning to the children to leave us together. "Thou here, Sophia!" repeated he, and looked at me with a searching glance.

I did not leave him a long time to bewilder himself, but said—

"How couldst thou think of leaving me without saying one friendly word at parting? It was not good, it was not right of thee. I could indeed believe, that thou troubledst thyself no more me about than about a sea-gull!"

Tears almost choked me.

The Viking was silent, and I continued—

"Now we may see who best understands how to love his friend. Thou wilt not come to me, but I have come to thee, to say—farewell!"

"And thou hast come merely for that purpose! Thanks!" He pressed my hand.

It was now more difficult to continue. I was silent, he was silent. At length he compelled himself, and continued with a gentle suppressed voice, "thanks, that thou so kindly punishest my apparent negligence. May I now accompany thee home, and by so doing make it up with thy relatives."

"Go where thou wilt; I remain here. I—"

"How?"

"I remain with thy children, Wilhelm, till thou returnest from Africa."

Brenner looked at me for a moment, and his

eyes filled with tears. "O thou woman's heart!" said he, took my hand, and continued with a penetrating glance, "and when I come back again, what wilt thou do then?"

"What—thou wilt!" replied I.

Brenner was again silent for a moment, and then said with an agitated voice—

"These are words which, some time ago, I would have given half the remainder of my life to have heard. But now—now it is otherwise. That which I then would do, will I now no longer."

I looked upon him questioningly, amazed.

"Now," continued Brenner, "my condition is much changed. I have nothing upon earth except—these poor children!"

"I know that!" answered I.

"I understand thee, Sophia," said Brenner pensively, "and this act surprises me not, from *thee*. But it involves a sacrifice which I neither can nor may accept. Thou refusedst thy head to the well-conditioned man, thou shalt not give it to the beggar!"

"His kingly majesty has declared for me by word of mouth," said I, "I may do what I will with that which is my own."

"No!" replied Brenner, "that mayst thou not. For thy determination, although noble, is over hasty, and thou mayst not do that of which thou wilt repent. Thy calm life and thy property may not be sacrificed for a ruined family. That shall not be, say I! Canst thou believe me to be such an egotist, such a—"

"Be still, be still, about all that! The children may fancy that we are quarrelling, and it is not so. We can mutually think about it till thou comest home. Perhaps thou mayst find in Africa some beauty—"

"Hush then! what stupidity is that! But if I never come home! My voyage may continue long, may be stormy, dangerous—if I should never come home!"

"Then I remain here to be thy children's mother to my dying day."

"Sophia!" ejaculated Brenner hastily, "thou art an angel, and upon my knees must I thank thee for this word, this will. But yet, yet I cannot accept it. It is a sacrifice, and it is indiscreet, and it is unreasonable."

"Well then! let reason and understanding go!" replied I; "how is it worth while keeping these when one has given away one's heart!"

And now—I lay on the Viking's heart, clasped in his arms. He called me *his*, and challenged the whole world to part us. He placed his ring upon my finger, he led his children into my arms, he said that I would be their mother, he introduced me as his bride to Mrs. Trollman, who, in astonishment, nearly upset the coffee-pot.

"Now I shall attend thee home!" exclaimed he in conclusion; "I must tell the whole world that thou art mine!"

The Viking is somewhat stormy in his happiness, thought I, but he may now have his will. How it will startle my stepmother!

On the arm of the Viking I retraced my way home. His heart was over full, and how charming was it to me to listen to the swell of the waves within it; but when he kissed my hand directly under the nose of the watch (the nose of the watch of Skeppholm), I was

obliged to beseech of him that he would not expose me, nor behave himself like a sea-robber!"

"Confess now," exclaimed he, "that thy philosophy has not helped thee much, has not prevented thee from venturing thy life with a sea robber like me."

"Philosophy," exclaimed I; "it is precisely that which has conducted me to thee."

"Ah, bah! that I will not hear. Confess honestly out that it is love—pure, heavenly, irrational love!"

"No! not irrational—"

"Then rational love! now thou talkest well. Why use any ceremony about the word! It is really life's primal word—my beloved! And actual magic power hast thou never without it. Only do not come with 'Christian's love,' or I shall throw either thee or me into the sea!"

Of course I called him 'a heathen,' and such things. Amid such conversation we came home.

Fortunately it happened that we found my stepmother, Selma, and Lennartson, all together in the ante-room. The Viking threw the doors wide open, and with my hand clasped in his, he marched up into the middle of the floor, and introducing himself before the three sitting ones, exclaimed, "Congratulate us now! See you not that we are bridegroom and bride?"

With a cry of joy Lennartson sprang up and clasped us both in his arms, amidst the most cordial words. Selma sprang up also, half shocked, half glad, and embracing me exclaimed, "Sophia!"

And my stepmother, she sat quiet on the sofa, so struck, so astonished, so startled, that I thought she would have a stroke, and with that was quite terrified.

I now hastened up to her, kissed her hand, and besought her earnestly to forgive my apparent reserve; but that I myself, only two hours ago, did not know my destiny; and I began now a short explanation of the progress of the affair, but was interrupted by Brenner, who would relate the affair in his own way, and thus I fancy nobody rightly understood it, although every one was evidently affected and pleased, my stepmother also.

In the mean time the clock struck eight, and the Viking must go on board. As we now must part, it was hard for us.

"Accompany me to the linden trees below," prayed he; "I must still say a few words to thee under God's free heaven."

I went with him under the linden trees, which were gilded by the evening sun. We seated ourselves on a bench.

"Ah, here it is beautiful!" said Brenner "Within there it was too narrow for me, too heavy to part from thee. In the morning I shall be upon my free sea; but thou, Sophia, wilt then be in a narrow and quiet dwelling, and that—for my sake."

"I shall be with thy children, Wilhelm!" said I.

"I have often," continued Brenner, "heard thee speak with dread of the heavy, the oppressive, the troublesome in life—of the suffering—Sophia! I fear, I fear for that which thou undertakest, for thy strength, thy steadfastness!"

"Thou dost not rightly know me, Wilhelm. Remember that I am of the people and race of

the Wasastjernas! Besides—the suffering, which I feared is that which fetters the soul, not that which elevates it, which ennobles it. Thou hast many times spoken of suffering as of what is noble, beautiful—and I have felt for some time that thou art right."

"Thou feelest therefore that thou wilt suffer, that thou mayst become mine?"

"Yes, Wilhelm; for I know that in the world there are storms, and manifold dangers, for those who are out upon the great sea; and I know that every stormy night will find me sleepless and anxious. But every evening and every morning I shall clasp together the hands of thy children in prayers for their father, and their innocent sighs shall part the clouds above thy head, and calm wind and wave. O Wilhelm, be easy about me! I am glad to love and to suffer. But," continued I, for I wished to calm Brenner's excited feelings, and give the conversation a more cheerful turn, "thou hast not given me any directions for the education of thy children. I presume that I must not teach them—philosophy!"

"Teach them in Heaven's name whatever thou wilt—yes, even philosophy, and especially that philosophy which gives thee to me. Teach them that love is the most beautiful wisdom. And now—I must leave thee, my, my Sophia. Remain here, let me see thy white figure under the blue heaven, under the green trees to the last!" He took my pocket-handkerchief, which was wet with tears, and hid it in his breast, as he said, "It shall be my Bethel-flag!" Yet once more he pressed my hand, yet once more his faithful glance sunk deep into my eyes, and down into the depths of my heart. He then moved off with great strides. Near the river, before he was hidden by the houses, he turned round once more and looked back, and waved a farewell with his hand. Thus vanished he from my sight. Slowly returned I home.

Lennartson was gone, in order to take leave of his friend, on board the frigate. My stepmother and Selma surrounded me. The former was evidently a little dissatisfied. But I now opened my heart to them both, and let them see all which had moved within it for some time.

I had the little egotistical pleasure of seeing my Selma's tears fall, because I must leave her; and the happiness to see that my stepmother perfectly approved of the resolution which I had taken, and did not altogether disapprove of my mode of action. A little troubled she was as to how it should be made known to the world, and how this would regard it; but after we had made all our '*reflexions chrétiennes et morales*' upon the circumstance, we found that the affair was not so dangerous; nor was the world either, if people only faced it with an honest mind and a polite manner.

As we separated for the night, my stepmother clasped round my arm a beautiful bracelet of her own hair, and said—

"You must not think, my sweet Sophia, that I did not suspect, that I did not in silence rightly see how all was going forward here, although I have said nothing! I have foreseen it altogether!"

"No! has my dear mother actually?" exclaimed I.

"Uu, um, um, um!"

"Prince Metternich again!" thought I. "Good-night, my sweet, gracious mamma!" said I.

*Monday morning, 26th of May.*

Another day! another change of light and shade. Now friendly day! I salute thee in my new home. Mildly dawns life there.

Thither was I lately attended by my mother, Selma, and Lennartson. There I hope often to see them again.

Already I feel myself quite at home, and so is Mrs. Trollman with me. The upper magic spirit and the lower magic spirit have concluded a fundamental peace upon certain conditions, which stand in our Lord's hand. Merrily dance

the waves without upon the Fjård, and bear the Viking away from his home. I bear upon my breast some words from him, written on board the frigate, and conveyed to me I know not by what heavenly wind. There is *love* in them, and life's primeval word lives also in my heart.

Within, the children wake up out of the arms of sleep, and for me rise up cares for them, and for house and home.

An end now to my life of quiet observation and daily sketches. Away with thee, gossiping, but dear pen, which took up so much time! And in truth, when one has given away freedom, reason, and heart, then is it also well to lay aside—THE DIARY.



# STRIFE AND PEACE:

OR,

## SOME SCENES IN NORWAY.

### CHAPTER I.

#### OLD NORWAY.

Still the old tempests rage around the mountains,  
And ocean's billows, as of old, appear:  
The roaring wood and the resounding fountains  
Time has not silenced in his long career,  
For Nature is the same as ever.

MUNCH.

The shadow of God wanders through Nature.  
LINNEAUS.

BEFORE yet a song of joy or of mourning had gone forth from the valleys of Norway—before yet a smoke-wreath had ascended from its huts—before an axe had felled a tree of its woods—before yet king Nor burst forth from Jotunhem to seek his lost sister, and passing through the land gave to it his name: nay, before yet there was a Norwegian, stood the high Dovre mountains with snowy summits before the face of the Creator.

Westward stretches itself out the gigantic mountain chain as far as Romsdahlshorn, whose foot is bathed by the Atlantic ocean. Southward it forms under various names (Langfjeld, Sognesfjeld, Filefjeld, Hardangerfjeld, and so forth), that stupendous mountainous district which in a stretch of a hundred and fifty geographical miles comprehends all that nature possesses of magnificent, fruitful, lovely, and charming. Here stands yet, as in the first days of the world, in Upper Telemark, the Fjellstuga, or rock-house, built by an invisible hand, and whose icy walls and towers that hand alone can overthrow: here still as in the morning of time meet together at Midsummer, upon the snowy foreheads of the ancient mountains, the rose-tint of morning and the rose-tint of evening for a brotherly kiss; still roar as then the mountain torrents which hurl themselves into the abyss; still reflect the ice-mirrors of the glaciers the same objects—now delighting, now awakening horror; and still to-day, even as then, are there Alpine tracts which the foot of man never ascended; valleys of wood, "lonesome cells of nature," upon which only the eagle and the Midsummer-sun have looked down. Here is the old, ever young, Norway; here the eye of the beholder is astonished, but his heart expands itself; he forgets his own suffering, his own joy, forgets all that is trivial, whilst with a holy awe he has a feeling that "the shadow of God wanders through nature."

In the heart of Norway lies this country. Is the soul wearied with the tumults of the world or fatigued with the trifles of poor every-day life—is it depressed by the confined atmosphere of the room— with the dust of books, the dust of

company, or any other kind of dust (there are in the world so many kinds, and they all cover the soul with a grey dust mantle); or is she torn by deep consuming passions—then fly, fly towards the still heart of Norway, listen there to the fresh mighty throbbing of the heart of nature; alone with the quiet, calm, and yet so eloquent, objects of nature, and there wilt thou gain strength and life! There falls no dust. Fresh and clear stand the thoughts of life there, as in the days of their creation. Wilt thou behold the great and the majestic? Behold the Gausta, which raises its colossal knees six thousand feet above the surface of the earth; behold the wild giant forms of Hurrungern, Fannarauk, Mugnafjeld; behold the Rjuhan (the rushing), the Vorting, and Vedal rivers foaming and thundering over the mountains and plunging down in the abysses! And wilt thou delight thyself in the charming, the beautiful? They exist among these fruitful scenes in peaceful solitude. The Sater-hut stands in the narrow valley; herds of cattle graze on the beautiful grassy meadows; the Sater-maiden, with fresh colour, blue eyes, and bright plaits of hair, tends them and sings the while the simple, the gentle melancholy airs of the country; and like a mirror for that charming picture, there lies in the middle of the valley a little lake (kjærn), deep, still, and of a clear blue colour, as is generally peculiar to the glacier water. All breathes an idyllic peace.

But a presentiment of death appears, even in the morning hour of creation, to have impressed its seal upon this country. The vast shadows of the dark mountain masses fall upon valleys where nothing but moss grows; upon lakes whose still waters are full of never-melted ice—thus the Cold Valley, the Cold Lake (Koldedal and Koldesjø), with their dead, grey-yellow shores. The stillness of death reigns in this wilderness, interrupted only by the thunderings of the avalanche and by the noise which occasions the motion of the glaciers. No bird moves its wings or raises its twittering in this sorrowful region; only the melodious sighs of the cuckoo are borne thither by the winds at Midsummer.

Wilt thou, however, see life in its pomp and fairest magnificence? Then see the embrace of the winter and the summer in old Norway; descend into the plain of Svalet, behold the valleys of Aamaadt and Sillejord, or the paradisiacally beautiful Vestfjordal, through which the Man flows still and clear as a mirror, and embraces in its course little, bright green islands, which are overgrown with bluebells and sweet-scented wood-lilies; see how the silver stream

winds itself down from the mountains, between groups of trees and fruitful fields; see how, behind the near hills with their leafy woods, the snow-mountains elevate themselves, and like worthy patriarchs look down upon a younger generation; observe in these valleys the morning and evening play of colours upon the heights, in the depths; see the affluent pomp of the storm; see the calm magnificence of the rainbow, as it vaults itself over the waterfall—depressed spirit, see this, understand it, and—breathe!

From these beautifully, universally known scenes we withdraw ourselves to a more unknown region, to the great stretch of valley where the Skogshorn rears itself to the clouds; where Urunda flows brightly between rocks—the waterfalls of Djupadahl stream not the less charmingly and proudly because they are only rarely admired by the eyes of curious travellers. We set ourselves down in a region whose name and situation we council nobody to seek out in maps, and which we call—

### HEIMDAL.

Knowest thou the deep, cool dale,  
Where church-like stillness doth prevail;  
Where neither flock nor herd you meet;  
Which hath no name nor track of feet?

VILHAVEN.

HEIMDAL we call a branch of Hallingdal, misplace it in the parish of Aal, and turn it over to the learned—that they may wonder at our boldness. Like its mother valley it possesses no historical memories. Of the old kings of Hallingdal one knows but very little. Only a few hewn stones, a few burial-mounds, give a dim intelligence of the mighty who have been. It is true that a people dwell here, who from untold ages were renowned as well for their simplicity and their contentedness under severe circumstances as for their wild contest-loving disposition; but still, in quiet as in unquiet, built and dwelt, lived and died here, without tumult and without glory, among the ancient mountains and the pine-woods, unobserved by the rest of the world.

One river, the son of Halen-Jokul, flows through Heimdal. Foaming with wild rage, it comes through the narrow mountain-pass down into the valley, finds there a freer field, becomes calm, and flows clear as a mirror between green shores, till its banks become again compressed together by granite mountains. Then is it again seized upon by disquiet, and rushes thence in wild curves till it flings itself into the great Hallingdal river, and there dies.

Exactly there, where the stream spreads itself out, in the extended valley, lies a large estate. A well-built, but somewhat decayed, dwelling-house of wood, stretches out its arms into the depths of the valley. From there may be seen a beautiful prospect, far, far thence into the blue distance. Hills overgrown with wood, stretched upward from the river, and cottages surrounded with inclosed fields and beautiful grassy paths, lay scattered at the foot of the hills. On the other side of the river, a mile-and-half from the Grange, a chapel raised its peaceful tower. Beyond this, the valley gradually contracted itself.

On a cool September evening, strangers arrived at the Grange, which had now been long uninhabited. It was an elderly lady, of a noble but gloomy exterior, in deep mourning. A young, blooming maiden accompanied her. They were received by a young man, who was called there 'the Steward.' The dark-appeared lady van-

ished in the house, and after that was seen nowhere in the valley for several months. They called her there 'the Colonel's lady,' and said Mrs. Astrid Hjelm had experienced a very strange fate, of which many various histories were in circulation. At the estate of Semb, which consisted of the wide-stretching valley of Heimdal, which was her paternal heritage, had she never, since the time of her marriage, been seen. Now as widow she had again sought out the home of her childhood. It was known also and told, that her attendant was a Swedish girl, who had come with her from one of the Swedish watering-places, where she had been spending the summer, in order to superintend her house-keeping; and it was said, that Susanna Björk ruled as excellently as with sovereign sway over the economical department, over the female portion of the same, Larina the parlour-maid, Karina the kitchen-maid, and Petro the cook, as well as over the farm-servants, Mathea, Budeja, and Goran the cattle-boy, together with all their subjects of the four-footed and two-legged races. We will now with these last, make a little nearer acquaintance.

### THE POULTRY. THE WATER OF STRIFE.

#### FIRST STRIFE.

"For Norway!"

"For Sweden!"

DISPUTANTS.

THE morning was clear and fresh. The September sun shone into the valley; smoke rose from the cottages. The ladies' mantle, on whose fluted cups bright pearls trembled; the silver-weed, with its yellow flowers and silver glittering leaves, shone in the morning sun beside the footpath, which wound along the moss-grown feet of the backs of the mountains. It conducted to a spring of the clearest water, which after it had filled its basin, allowed its playful vein to run murmuring down to the river.

To this spring, on that beautiful morning, went down Susanna Björk, and there followed her 'cocks and hens, and chickens small.'

Before her waddled with consequential gabblings a flock of geese, which were all snow-white, excepting one—a grey gander. This one tottered with a desponding look a little behind the others, compelled to this by a tyrant among the white flock, which, as soon as the grey one attempted to approach, drove it back with outstretched neck and yelling cries. The grey gander always fled before the white tyrant; but bald places upon the head and neck, proved that he had not come into this depressed condition without those severe combats having made evident the fruitlessness of protestation. Not one of the goose madams troubled herself about the ill-used gander, and for that reason Susanna all the more zealously took upon herself, with delicate morsels and kind words, to console him for the injustice of his race. After the geese, came the well-meaning but awkward ducks; the turkey-cock, with his choleric temper and his two foolish wives, one white and the other black; lastly, came the unquiet generation of hens, with their handsome, quarrel-loving cocks. The prettiest of all, however, were a flock of pigeons which, confidently and basely at the same time, now alighted down upon Susanna's shoulders and outstretched hand; now flew aloft and wheeled in glittering circles around her head; then set-

thud down again upon the earth, where they neatly tripped, with their little fringed feet, stealing down to the spring to drink, whilst the geese with great tumult bathed themselves in the water and splashed about, throwing the water in pearly rain over the grass. Here also was the grey gander, to Susanna's great vexation, compelled by the white one to bathe itself at a distance from the others.

Susanna looked around her upon the beautifully richly coloured picture which lay before her, upon the little creatures which played around her and enjoyed themselves, and evident delight beamed from her eyes as she raised them, and with hands pressed together, said softly, "O heavens! how beautiful!"

But she shrank together in terror, for in that very moment a strong voice just beside her broke forth—

"How glorious is my fatherland,  
The old sea-circled Norway!"

And the steward, Harald Bergman, greeted smilingly Susanna, who said rather irritated—"You scream so, that you frighten the doves with your old Norway."

"Yes," continued Harald, in the same tone of inspiration—

"Yes, glorious is my fatherland,  
The ancient rock-bound Norway;  
With flowery dale, crags old and grey,  
That spite of time eternal stand!"

"Old Norway," said Susanna as before; "I consider it a positive shame to hear you talk of your old Norway, as if it were older and more everlasting than the Creator himself!"

"And where in all the world," exclaimed Harald, "do you find a country with such a proud, serious people; such magnificent rivers, and such high, high mountains?"

"We have, thank God, men and mountains also in Sweden," said Susanna; "you should only see them; that is another kind of thing!"

"Another kind of thing! What other kind of thing? I will wager that there is not a single goose in Sweden which could compare with our excellent Norway geese."

"No, not one, but a thousand, and all larger and fatter than these. Every thing in Sweden is larger and more excellent than in Norway."

"Larger? The people are decidedly smaller and weaker."

"Weaker? smaller? you should only see the people in Uddevalla, my native city!"

"How can anybody be born in Uddevalla? Does anybody really live in that city? How can anybody live in it? It is a shame to live in such a city; it is a shame also only to drive through it. It is so miserably small, that when the wheels of the travelling-carriage are at one end, the horse has already put his head out at the other. Do not talk about Uddevalla!"

"No, with you it certainly is not worth while to talk about it, because you have never seen anything else besides Norwegian villages, and cannot, on that account, form any idea to yourself of a proper Swedish city."

"Defend me from ever seeing such cities—defend me! And then your Swedish lakes! what wretched puddles they are, beside our glorious Norwegian ocean!"

"Puddles! Our lakes! Great enough to drown the whole of Norway in!"

"Ha, ha, ha! And the whole of Sweden is beside our Norwegian ocean no bigger than my sap! And this ocean would incessantly flow

over Sweden, did not our Norway magnanimously defend it with its granite breast."

"Sweden defends itself, and needs no other help! Sweden is a fine country!"

"Not half as fine as Norway. Norway reaches heaven with its mountains; Norway comes nearest to the Creator."

"Norway may well be presumptuous, but God loves Sweden the best."

"Norway, say I!"

"Sweden, say I!"

"Norway! Norway for ever! We will see whose throw goes the highest, who wins for his country. Norway first and highest!" and with this, Harald threw a stone high into the air.

"Sweden first and last!" exclaimed Susanna, while she slung a stone with all her might.

Fate willed it that the two stones struck against each other in the air, after which they both fell with a great plump down into the spring around which the small creatures had assembled themselves. The geese screamed; the hens and ducks flew up in terror; the turkey-hens flew into the wood, where the turkey-cock followed them, forgetting all his dignity; all the doves had vanished in a moment—and with crimsoned cheeks and violent contention as to whose stone went the highest, stood Harald and Susanna alone beside the agitated and muddled water of discord.

The moment is perhaps not the most auspicious, but yet we will make use of it, in order to give a slight sketch of the two contending persons.

Harald Bergman had speaking, somewhat sharp features, in which an expression of great gravity could easily be exchanged for one of equal waggery. The dark hair fell in graceful waves over a brow in which one saw that clear thought was entertained. His figure was finely proportioned, and his movements showed great freedom and vigour.

He had been brought up in a respectable family, had enjoyed a careful education, and was regarded by friends and acquaintances as a young man of extraordinary promise. Just as he had left the S. seminary, and was intending a journey into foreign countries, in order to increase still more his knowledge of agriculture, chance brought him acquainted with the widow of Colonel Hjelm, at the time in which she was returning to her native country, and in consequence thereof he altered his plans. In a letter to his sister, he expresses himself on this subject in the following manner—

"I cannot properly describe to you, Alette, the impression which she made upon me. I might describe to you her tall growth, her noble bearing, her countenance, where, spite of many wrinkles and a pale-yellow complexion, traces of great beauty are incontrovertible; the lofty forehead, around which black locks sprinkled with gray, press forth from beneath her simple cap. I might tell of her deep, serious eyes, of her low and yet solemn voice; and yet thou couldst form to thyself no representation of that which makes her so uncommon. I have been told that her life has been as much distinguished by exemplary virtue as by suffering—and virtue and suffering have called forth in her a quiet greatness, a greatness which is never attained to by the favourites of fortune and of nature, which stamps her whole being. She seemed to me, as if all the frivolities of the world passed by her unremarked. I felt for her an involuntary rev-

erence, such as I had never felt before for any human being; and at the same time a great desire to approach her more nearly, to be useful to her, to deserve, and to win her esteem—it seemed to me that I should thereby become somewhat greater, or at least better; and as I was informed that she sought for a clever and experienced steward for her sorely decayed estate, I offered myself as such, in all modesty, or rather without any; and when accepted, I felt an almost childish joy, and set off immediately to her estate, that I might make myself at home there, and have every thing in readiness to receive her."

"Thus much for Harald, now for Susanna.

Barbara Susanna Björk was not handsome, could not be even called pretty (for that, she was too large and strong), but she was good-looking. The blue eyes looked so honestly and openly into the world; the round and full face testified health, kindness, and good spirits; and when Susanna was merry, when the rosy lips opened themselves for a hearty laugh, it made any one right glad only to look at her. But true is it, that she was very often in an ill-humour, and then she did not look at all charming. She was a tall, well-made girl, too powerful in movement ever to be called graceful, and her whole being betrayed a certain want of refinement.

Poor child! how could she have obtained this in the home abounding in disorder, poverty, and vanity, in which the greater part of her life had been passed.

Her father was the Burgomaster of Uddevala; her mother died in the infancy of her daughter. Soon afterwards an aunt came into the house, who troubled herself only about the housekeeping and her coffee-drinking acquaintance, left her brother himself to seek for his pleasures at the club, and the child to take care of herself. The education of the little Susanna consisted in this, that she learned of necessity to read, and that when she was naughty they said to her, "Is Barbra there again? Fie, for shame, Barbra! Get out, Barbra!" and when she was good again, it was, "See now, Sanna is here again! Welcome, sweet Sanna!" A method which certainly was not without its good points, if it had only been wisely applied. But often was the little girl talked to as "Barbra," when there was no occasion for it, and this had often the effect of calling forth the said personage. In the mean time she was accustomed as a child to go out as Barbra, and come in again as Sanna, and this gave her early an idea of the two natures which existed in her, as they exist in every person. This idea attained to perfect clearness in Susanna's religious instruction, the only instruction which poor Susanna ever had. But how infinitely rich is such instruction for an ingenuous mind, when it is instilled by a good teacher. Susanna was fortunate enough to have such a one, and she now became acquainted in Barbra with the earthly demon which should be overcome in Sanna, the child of heaven, which makes free and enlightens; and from this time there began between Barbra and Sanna an open strife which daily occurred, and in which the latter, for the most part, got the upper hand, if Susanna was not too suddenly surprised by a naturally proud and violent temper.

When Susanna had attained her twelfth year her father married a second time, but became a second time a widower, after his wife had pre-

sented him with a daughter. Two months after this he died also. Near relations took charge of the orphan children. In this new home Susanna learned to—bear hardships; for there, as she was strong and tall, and besides that made herself useful, and was kind-hearted, they made her soon the servant of the whole house. The daughters of the family said that she was fit for nothing else, for she could learn nothing, and had such unrefined manners; and besides that, she had been taken out of charity; she had nothing, and so on: all which they made her feel many a time in no gentle manner, and over which Susanna shed many tears both of pain and anger. One month, however, there was which never addressed to Susanna other tones than those of affectionate love, and this was the mouth of the little sister, the little golden-haired Hulda. She had found in Susanna's arms her cradle, and in her care that of the tenderest mother. For from Hulda's birth Susanna had taken the little forlorn one to herself, and never had loved a young mother her first-born child more warmly or more deeply than Susanna loved her little Hulda, who also, under her care, became the loveliest and the most amiable child that ever was seen. And wo to those who did any wrong to the little Hulda! They had to experience the whole force of Susanna's often strong-handed displeasure. For her sake Susanna passed here several years of laborious servitude: as she, however, saw no end to this, yet was scarcely able to dress herself and her sister befittingly, and besides this was prevented by the multitude of her occupations from bestowing upon her sister that care which she required, therefore Susanna, in her twentieth year, looked about her for a better situation.

From the confined situation in which Susanna spent such a weary life, she was able to see one tree behind a fence, which stretched out its branches over the street. Many a spring and summer evening, when the rest of the inhabitants of the house were abroad on parties of pleasure, sat Susanna quietly by the little slumbering Hulda, within the little chamber which she had fitted up for herself and her sister, and observed with quiet melancholy from her window the green tree, whose twigs and leaves waved and beckoned so kindly and invitingly in the wind.

By degrees the green leaves beckoned into her soul thoughts and plans, which eventually fashioned themselves into a determined form, or rather an estate, whose realization from this time forth became the paradise of her soul and the object of her life. This estate was a little farm in the country, which Susanna would rent, and cultivate, and make profitable by her own industry and her own management. She planted potatoes; she milked cows and made butter; she sowed, she reaped; and the labour was to her a delight; for there, upon the soft grass, under the green, waving tree, sat the little Hulda, and played with flowers, and her blue eyes beamed with happiness, and no care and no want came near her.

All Susanna's thoughts and endeavours directed themselves to the realizing of this idea. The next step towards it was the obtaining a good service, in which, by saving her wages, she could obtain a sum of money sufficient to commence her rural undertaking. Susanna flattered herself, that in a few years she could bring her scheme to bear, and therefore made inquiries after a suitable situation.

There were this year among the visitors at the watering-place of Gustafsberg, which lay near to Uddevalla, a Norwegian Colonel and his lady. He was lame from a paralytic stroke, and had lost the use of speech and of his hands. He was a large man, of a fierce, stern exterior; and although he seemed to endure nobody near him but his wife, and perpetually demanded her care, still it was evidently not out of love. And although his wife devoted herself unweariedly and self-denyingly to his service, still this evidently was not from love either, but from some other extraordinary power. Her own health was visibly deeply affected, and violent spasms often attacked her breast; but night or day, whenever it was his will to rise, it was her patient, bowed neck around which his arm was laid. She stood by his side, and supported him in the cold shower-bath, which was intended to re-awaken his dormant power of life, at the same time that it destroyed hers. She was ever there, always firm and active, seldom speaking, and never complaining. By the painful contraction of her countenance alone, and by the peculiarity of laying her hand upon her heart, it could be seen that she suffered. Susanna had an opportunity of seeing all this, and admiration and sympathy filled her breast. Before long she was fortunate enough to assist the noble lady, to offer to her her strong youthful arm as support, and to watch over the sick man when his wife was compelled to close her eyes from fatigue. And fortunately the invalid endured her. Susanna was witness of the last horrible scenes by the death-bed of the Colonel. He seemed to make violent efforts to say something, but — he could not. Then he made signs that he wished to write something; but his fingers could not hold the pen. Then presented itself a horrible disquiet on his distorted features. With that his wife bowed herself over him, and with an expression of the greatest anxiety, seized one of his hands and whispered — "Give me only a sign, as answer! Tell me! Tell me! does he yet live?"

The sick man riveted upon her a strong gaze, and — bowed his head. Was this an assenting answer, or was it the hand of death which forbade an answer? No one could tell, for he never again raised his head. It was his last movement.

For many days afterwards a quick succession of spasmodic attacks seemed to threaten the widowed lady with approaching death. Susanna watched incessantly beside her, and felt herself happy in being able to watch over her and to serve her. Susanna had conceived an almost passionate devotion for Mrs. Astrid; such as young girls often feel for elderly, distinguished women, to whom they look up as to the ideal of their sex. And when Mrs. Astrid returned to Norway, Susanna kissed with tears her little Hulda, but yet felt herself happy to follow such a mistress, and to serve her in the rural solitude to which she betook herself. Susanna journeyed to the foreign country, but retained deep in her heart her little Hulda and her life's plan.

#### MRS. ASTRID.

Did ye but feel, O stars! who see  
The whole earth's silent misery,  
Then never would your glances rest  
With such calm radiance on her breast.

HENRI WERDELAND.

As Susanna withdrew from Harald, and from the water of discord, she was quite in an excited

and bad temper; but as soon however as she approached the wing of the house which Mrs. Astrid inhabited, she became calmer. She looked up to her window, and saw there her noble but gloomy profile. It was bent down, and her head seemed as it were depressed by dark thoughts. At this sight, Susanna forgot all her own ill humour. "Oh!" sighed she, "if I could only make her happier!"

This was Susanna's daily subject of thought, but it became to her every day a darker riddle. Mrs. Astrid appeared to be indifferent to every thing around her here. Never did she give an order about anything in the house, but let Susanna scold there and govern just as she would. Susanna took all the trouble she could to provide the table of her mistress with every thing good and delicious which lay in her power; but to her despair the lady ate next to nothing, and never appeared to notice whether it was prepared well or ill.

Now before Susanna went into the house, she gathered several of the most beautiful flowers which the autumn frost had spared, made a nosegay of them, and with these in her hand stepped softly into Mrs. Astrid's room.

'Bowed with grief,' is the expression which describes Mrs. Astrid's whole being. The sickly paleness of her noble countenance, the depressed seldom-raised eyelids, the inanimate languor of her movements, the gloomy indifference in which her soul seemed to be wrapped, — like her body in its black mourning habiliments, when she sat for hours in her easy chair, often without occupation, the head bowed down upon the breast; all this indicated a soul which was severely fettered by long suffering.

Suffering in the north has its own peculiar character. In the south it burns and consumes. In the north it kills slowly; it freezes, it petrifies by degrees. This has been acknowledged for untold ages, when our forefathers sought for images of that which they felt to be the most terrible in life; thus originated the fable of the subterranean dwelling of Hela, of the terrors of the shore of corpses — in one word, the 'Hell of the North, with its infinite, treeless wildernesses; with cold, darkness, mist, clammy rivers, chill, distilling poison, cities resembling clouds filled with rain, footless hobgoblins,' and so on.

In the Grecian Tartarian dance of the Furies there is life and wild strength, there is in its madness a certain intoxication which deprives it of its feeling of deep misery. The heart revolts not so much from these pictures of terror, as from the cold, clammy, dripping ones which the chill north exhibits — ah! not alone in poetry.

As Susanna entered the apartment of Mrs. Astrid, she found her sitting, as usual, sunk in deep melancholy. Upon a table before her lay paper and pens, and a book, in which she appeared to have been reading. It was the Bible; it lay open at the book of Job, and the following passages were underlined —

My soul is weary of my life, for my days are vanity.  
Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards.

Mrs. Astrid's eyes were riveted upon these last words, as Susanna softly, and with a warm heart, approached her, and with a cordial "Ah! be so good," presented to her the nosegay.

The lady looked up at the flowers, and an expression of pain passed over her countenance as she turned away her head and said, "They are beautiful, but keep them, Susanna; they are painful to my eyes."

She resumed her former position, and Susanna much troubled drew back; after a short silence, however, she again ventured to raise her voice, and said, "We have got to-day a beautiful salmon-trout, will you not, Mrs. Astrid, have it for dinner? Perhaps with egg-sauce, and perhaps I might roast a duck, or a chicken—"

"Do whatever you like, Susanna," said the lady, interrupting her and with indifference. But there was something so sorrowful in this indifference, that Susanna, who had again approached her, could not contain herself; she quickly threw herself before her mistress, clasped her knees, and said—

"Ah, if I could only do something to please my lady; if I could only do something."

But Susanna's warm glance, beaming with devotion, met one so dark that she involuntarily started back.

"Susanna," said Mrs. Astrid, as with gloomy seriousness she laid her hand upon her shoulder and gently put her back, "gratify me in one thing, attach not thyself to me. It will not lead to good. I have no attachment to give—my heart is dead! Go, my child," continued she more kindly, "go, and do not trouble thyself about me. My wish, the only good thing for me, is to be alone."

Susanna went now, her heart filled with the most painful feelings. "Not trouble myself about her!" said she to herself, as she wiped away a tear, "not trouble myself about her, as if that were so easy."

After Susanna was gone, Mrs. Astrid threw a melancholy glance upon the papers which lay before her. She seized the pen, and laid it down again. She seemed to shudder at the thought of using it; at length she overcame herself, and wrote the following letter:—

"You wish that I should write to you. I write for that reason; but what—what shall I say to you? My thanks for your letter, my paternal friend, the teacher of my youth; thanks that you wish to strengthen and elevate my soul. But I am old, bowed down, wearied, embittered—there dwells no strength, no living word more in my breast. My friend, it is too late—too late!

"You would raise my glance to heaven; but what is the glory of the sun to the eye that sees no longer? What is the power of music to the deaf ear? What is all that is beautiful, all that is good in the world, to the heart that is dead; that is turned to stone in a long severe captivity? Oh, my friend! I am unworthy of your consolation, of your refreshing words. My soul raises itself against them, and throws them from herself as 'words, words, words,' which have sounded beautifully and grandly for thousands of years, whilst thousands of souls are in consolably speechless.

"Hope? I have hoped so long. I have already said to myself so long, 'a better day comes! The path of duty conducts to the home of peace and light, be the way ever so full of thorns. Go only steadfastly forward, weary pilgrim, go, go, and thou wilt come to the holy land!' And I have gone—I have gone on through the long, weary day, for above thirty years; but the way stretches itself out farther and farther—my hopes have withered, have died away, the one after the other;—I see now no goal, none; but the grave! Love, love! Ah, if you knew what an inex-pressibly bitter feeling this word awakens in me! Have I not loved, loved intensely? And what fruit has my love borne? It has broken my

heart, and has brought unhappiness to those whom I loved. It is in vain that you would combat a belief which has taken deep root in me. I believe that there are human beings who are born and pre-ordained to misfortune, and who communicate misfortune to all who approach them, and *I believe that I belong to these.* Let me, therefore, fly from my kind, fly from every feeling which binds me to them. Why should I occasion more mischief than I have already done?

"Why do you desire me to write? I wish not to pour my bitterness into the heart of another; I wish to grieve no one, and—what have I now done?

"There is a silent combat which goes through the world, which is fought out in the reserved human heart, and at times—fearfully! It is the combat with evil and bitter thoughts. They are such thoughts as sometimes take expression, expression written in fire and blood. Then are they read before the judgment-seat and condemned. In many human hearts, however, they rage silently for long years; then are undermined by degrees, health, temper, love, faith, faith in life and faith in—a good God. With this sinks every thing.

"Could I believe that my devoted, true pilgrimage by the side of a husband whom I once so tenderly loved, and for whose sake I dragged on life in the fortress of which he was the commander, in comparison of which the life of the condemned criminal is joy; whom I followed faithfully, though I no longer loved him, because it was needful to him; because, without me, he would have been given over to dark spirits—followed, because right and duty demanded it; because I had promised it before God—Oh! could I believe that this fidelity had operated beneficially,—that my endeavours had borne any fruit—I should not then, as now, ask 'why was I born? why have I lived?' But nothing, nothing!

"Could I think that on the other side of the grave I should meet the gentle loving look of my only sister—would I gladly die. But what should I reply to her, if she asked after her child of sorrow? How would she look upon the unfaithful protectress?

"O my friend! My misfortune has nothing in common with that of romances, nothing with that of which the most deep shades only serve to set off the most beautiful lights. It is a wearisome winter twilight; which only conducts to a deeper night. And am I alone in this condition? Open the pages of history, look around you in the present day, and you will see a thousand-fold sufferings, unmerited sufferings, which after long agony lead—to despair. But another, a happier life! Only consolation, only hope, only true point of light in the darkness of earthly existence!—no, no! I will not abandon thee! I will trust in thee; and in this belief will be silenced the murmurings which so often arise against the Creator of the world.

"I am ill, and do not believe that I shall live over this winter. Breathing is difficult to me; and perhaps the inexpressible heaviness which burdens me may contribute to this torment. When I sit up sleepless in my bed through the long nights, and see the night in myself, behind me and before me, then dark, horrible phantasies surround me, and I often think that insanity with ashy cheeks, stony and rigid gaze, approaches me, will darken my reason and bewil-

der my mind. How can I wish to live? When it is evening, I wish it were morning; and when it is morning, I wish that the day was over, and that it were again evening. Every hour is to me a burden and a torment.

"For this cause, my friend, pray God for me that I may soon die! Farewell! Perhaps I may write no more. But my last clear thought will be for you. Forgive the impatience, the bitterness, which shows itself in this letter. Pray for me, my friend and teacher, pray that I may be able to compose myself, and to pray yet before I die!"

### NEW CONTENTIONS.

We're living a peculiar life,  
With serious words and serious strife.  
MUNCH.

WHILST we leave the pale Mrs. Astrid alone with her dark thoughts, we are led by certain extraordinary discords to look around in

### THE BREWHOUSE.

Harald found himself there for the purpose of testing the new beer which Susanna had brewed; but before he had swallowed down a good draught, he said, with a horrible grimace, "It is good for nothing—good for nothing at all!"

Somewhat excited, Susanna made reply, "Perhaps you will also assert that Baroness Rosenhjelm's brewing-recipe is good for nothing!"

"That I assert decidedly. Does not she give coffee-parties? And a coffee-bibber is always a bad housewife, and as Baroness Rosenhjelm is a coffee-bibber, therefore—"

"I must tell you," interrupted Susanna, vehemently, "that it is unbecoming and profane of you to talk in this way of such an excellent lady, and a person of such high rank!"

"High! How high may she be?"

"A deal higher than you are, or ever can be, that I can assure you!"

"Higher than me! then of a certainty she goes on stilts. Now, I must say that is the very tip-top of gentility and politeness! One may forgive a lady giving coffee-parties, and decorating and dressing herself up, but to go on stilts, only on purpose to be higher than other folks, and to be able to look over their heads, that is coming it strong over us! How can such a high person ever come down low enough to brew good beer? But a Swedish woman can never brew good beer, for—"

"She will not brew a single drop for you abominable Norwegians, for you have neither reason, nor understanding, nor taste, nor—"

Out of the brewhouse flew Susanna, in the highest indignation, throwing down a glass of beer which Harald had poured out during the contention, for her, but which now would have gone right over if he had not saved it by a spring.

Towards the evening of the same day we see the contending parties again met in

### THE GARRET.

"Are you yet angry?" asked Harald, jokingly, as he stretched in his head through the garret-door, where Susanna was sitting upon a flour-tub, as on a throne, with all the importance and dignity of a store-room queen, holding in her hand a sceptre of the world-famous sweet herbs—thyme, marjoram, and basil, which she was separating into little bundles, whilst she cast a searching glance around her well-ordered kingdom.

The bread-chests were heaped up, for she had just baked oaten-bread; bacon-sausages and hams hung, full of gravy, from the roof, as well as great bundles of dried fish; little bags full of all kinds of vegetables stood in their appointed places, and so on.

Harald looked also around the garret, and truly, with the eye of a connoisseur, and said, although he had yet received no answer to his question—

"It is certain that I never saw a better provided or better arranged store-room!"

Susanna would not exhibit one gleam of the pleasure she felt at this praise.

"But," continued Harald, "you must confess that it does not require so very much skill to preserve the store-room and cellar well supplied in a country so rich in all the good things of life as our Norway—"

Well-beloved land, with heaven-high mountains,  
Fruit-bearing valleys, and fish-giving shores."

"Fish also have we, thank God, in Sweden;" replied Susanna, dryly.

"O, but not to compare with our fish! Or would you seriously set your perch and carp against our mackerel, herrings, haddocks, flounders, and all our unparalleled quantities of fish?"

"All your Norwegian kind of fish I would give for one honest Swedish pike."

"A pike? Is there then in Sweden really nothing but pike?"

"In Sweden there are all kinds of fish that there are in Norway, and a great deal bigger and fatter."

"Yes, then they come from our coasts. We take what we want, and that which remains we let swim to Sweden, that down there they may have somewhat also. But I have forgotten that I myself am going a fishing, and will catch little fishes, great fishes, a deal of fish. Adieu, Mamsel Susanna. I shall soon come back with fish!"

"You had best stop with your Norwegian fishes!" cried Susanna after him.

But Harald did not stop with the fishes. On the morrow we see him following Susanna into

### THE DAIRY.

"I see that we are going to have to-day for dinner onion-milk, one of our most delicious national dishes, and my favourite eating."

"Uch! One gets quite stupid and sleepy when one only thinks on your national dishes. And still more horrible than your onion-milk, and more unnatural too, is your fruit-soup with little herrings!"

"Fruit-soup with little herrings! Nay, that is the most superexcellent food on the earth, a food which I might call a truly Christian dish!"

"And I might call it a heathenish dish, which no true Christian man could eat."

"From untold ages it has been eaten by free Norwegian men in the beautiful valleys of Norway."

"That proves that you free Norwegians are still heathens."

"I can prove to you that the Norwegians were a Christian people before the Swedes."

"That you may prove as much as you like, but I shall not believe it."

"But I will show it to you in print."

"Then I shall be certain that it is a misprint." Harald laughed, and said something about the impossibility of disputing with a Swedish woman.

Should now anybody wish to know how it happens that one finds Harald so continually in Susanna's company in the brewhouse, in the store-room, in the dairy, we can only reply that he must be a great lover of beer, and flour, and milk, or of a certain spice in the every-day soup of life, called bantering.

Mrs. Astrid always breakfasted in her own room, but dined with Harald and Susanna, and saw them often for an hour in the evening. Often during dinner did the contention about Norway and Sweden break out, for the slightest occasion was sufficient to make the burgomaster's daughter throw herself blindly into the strife for fatherland; and strange enough, Mrs. Astrid herself sometimes seemed to find pleasure in exciting the contest, as she brought upon the carpet one question or another, as—

"I should like to know whether cauliflower is better in Norway or Sweden?" or, "I should like to know whether the corn is better in Sweden or in Norway?"

"Quite certainly in Norway," said Harald.

"Quite decidedly in Sweden," cried Susanna. And vegetables and fish, and the coinage, and measures and weights, were all handled and contended for in this way.

Of the corn in Norway, Susanna said, "I have not seen upon this whole estate one single straw which may bear a comparison with that which I have seen in Sweden."

"The cause of that," said Harald, "is because you saw here good corn for the first time."

Of the Norwegian weights, Susanna said, "I never know what I am about with your absurd, nasty Norwegian weights."

"They are heavier than the Swedish," replied Harald.

Whenever Susanna became right vehement and right angry, then—it is shocking to say it, Harald laughed with his whole heart, and at times a faint smile brightened also Mrs. Astrid's pale face, but it resembled the gleam of sunshine which breaks forth in a dark November sky, only to be immediately concealed behind clouds.

Susanna never thought in the least, on these occasions, of putting the bridle on the Barbra temper. She considered it as a holy duty to defend the fatherland in this manner.

But the spirit of contention did not always reign between Harald and Susanna. At intervals the spirit of peace also turned towards them, although as a timid dove, which is always ready soon to fly away hence. When Susanna spoke, as she often did, of that which lived in the inmost of her heart; of her love to her little sister, and the recollections of their being together; of her longings to see her again, and to be able to live for her as a mother for her child,—then listened Harald ever silently and attentively. No jeering smile nor word came to disturb these pure images in Susanna's soul. And how limningly did Susanna describe the little Hulda's beauty; the little white child, as soft as cotton-wool, the pious blue eyes, the white little teeth, which glanced out whenever she laughed like bright sunshine, which then lay spread over her whole countenance; and the golden locks which hung so beautifully over forehead and shoulders, the little pretty hands, and temper and heart lively, good, affectionate! Ob! she was in short an angel of God! The little chamber, which Susanna inhabited with her little Hulda, and which she herself had

changed from an unused lumber-room into a pretty chamber, and whose walls she herself painted, she painted now from memory yet once more for Harald; and how the bed of the little Hulda was surrounded with a light-blue muslin curtain, and how a sunbeam stole into the chamber in the morning, in order to shine on the pillow of the child, and to kiss her little curly head. How roguish was the little one when Susanna came in late at night to go to bed, and cast her first glance on the bed in which her darling lay. But she saw her not, for Hulda drew her little head under the coverlet to hide herself from her sister. Susanna then would pretend to seek for the little one; but she needed only to say with an anxious voice, "where—ah, where is my little Hulda?" in order to decoy forth the head of the little one, to see her arms stretched out, and to hear her say, "Here I am, Sanna! here is thy little Hulda!" And she had then her little darling in her arms, and pressed her to her heart; then was Susanna happy, and forgot all the cares and the fatigues of the day.

At the remembrance of these hours Susanna's tears often flowed, and prevented her remarking the tearful glow which sometimes lit up Harald's eyes.

Harald, however, had also his relations; not, it is true, of so tender a nature, but yet interesting enough to lay claim to all Susanna's attention, and to give us occasion to commence a new chapter.

## EVENING HOURS.

I like the life, where rule and line appeareth,  
In the mill's clapping and the hammer's blow;  
I give to him the path who burdens beareth,  
He worketh for a useful end I know.  
But he, who for the klap-klap never heareth  
The call of bells to feeling's holiday—  
Hath but sham-life, mechanically moving,  
Soul-less he is, unconscious and unloving.  
Fly, agile arrow, rattling in thy speeding  
Over the busy emmet's roof of clay,  
And waken spiritual life!

Foss

HARALD related willingly, and related uncomfonly well; an entertaining and a happy gift, which one often meets with in Norway among all classes, both in men and women, and which they appear to have inherited from their ancestors the Scalds; and besides this, he was well acquainted with the natural wonders and legends of the mountain region.

And it is precisely in mountain regions where the most beautiful blossoms of the people's poetry have sprung as if from her heart. The ages of the Sagas and the heathens have left behind their giant traces. River and mountain have their traditions of spectres and transformations; giant 'cauldrons' resound in the mountains, and monumental stones are erected over warriors, who 'buckled on their belts,' and fell in single combat. From Halingdal went forth the Norwegian national Polska (the Halling), and only the Hardanger-fela (the Hallingdal fiddle), can rightly give its wild, extraordinary melody. Most beautiful are the flowers of remembrance which the christian antiquity exhibits, and the eternal snow upon the crowns of the ancient mountains is not more imperishable than these innocent roses at their feet. So long as Gausta stands, and the Bjukan sings his thunder-song, will the memory of Mari-Stein live, and his tales of joy and sorrow be told; so long as the ice-sea of Folge-

fond rests over his silent, dark secrets,\* so long will the little island become green, of which it is said, that it is eternally wetted with the tears of true love.

Be it who it may—they who write with their own life, song and legend, who express the depths of being by the silent but mighty language of deeds—they are the real authors, the first poets of the earth. In the second rank stand those who relate that which the others have lived.

When the day's work was over, and Mrs. Astrid had again betaken herself to her chamber after her slight evening meal, it gave Harald great pleasure to read aloud or to relate histories to Susanna, whilst she sewed, or her spinning-wheel hummed often in lively emulation of Larina and Karina, and whilst the flames of the fire danced up the chimney, and threw their warm joyous gleams over the assembled company. It pleased Harald infinitely to have Susanna for his auditor, to hear her exclamation of childish terror and astonishment, or also her hearty laughter, or to see her tears over his now merry and now sorrowful tales.

How deeply was Susanna's heart touched by the relation of Mari-Stein, whose path over the mountain on the edge of the abyss of Rjukanforse, which in these days the traveller treads with dread, was discovered by a young girl guided by the courage of love. It was by this path that the beautiful Mary of Vestfjordal went with light and firm foot to meet the friend of her childhood and her beloved Ejstein Halfvordsen. But the avarice of her father separated them, and Mary's tears and prayers obliged Ejstein to fly, in order to escape the schemes of a treacherous rival against his life. Years passed on, and Mary remained steadfast in her faith. Her father died. Ejstein had, by his bravery and his magnanimity, made his former enemy his friend, and the lovers were now about to meet after a long separation, never again to be divided. Ejstein hastened by the shorter road of the Mari-Stein to meet his beloved. Long had she awaited him. She saw him coming, and his name escaped her with a cry of joy. He saw her—stretched forth his arms, as his whole soul, eagerly towards her, and he forgot—that he had no pinions. He fell, and the Rjukan swallowed him in its foaming depths. For many years after this there wandered daily upon Mari-Stein, a pale figure, whose beautiful features spoke of silent insanity, and stood bent down over the stream, and seemed to talk with some one down in its depths. With melancholy joy in her countenance returned she ever from her wandering, and said to her people in the cottage, "I have spoken with him, and he besought me to come to him every day, and to tell him how I love. It would be wrong to refuse him this; he is so good and loves me so truly."

Thus went she, even when the wind blew her silver hair around her wrinkled cheeks; thus she went until a merciful voice called the weary wanderer to ascend the path of heaven to rest and joy, in the arms of the beloved.

\* Several districts, wickied as Sodom and Gomorrah, are said to be buried under the gigantic pall, and it is related that people have heard the cock crow below the snow covering. If the sun appears above the Fjord, it is believed that swarms of innumerable birds of all colours, white, black, green, yellow, and red, are seen flying up and down over the snowy sea. It was thought in early times, that these were the souls of the wicked inhabitants of the valley which swarmed about here in the shape of birds.—FARS.

Less mournful, but not the less interesting for Susanna, was the old legend of Halgrim.

Stormannadauen (the Black Death) had raged through Norway, and cut off more than two-thirds of its population, and desolated whole extents of country and large populous districts. In Uldvig's Valley, in Hardanger, a young peasant of the name of Halgrim alone, of all the people who had died there, remained alive. He raised himself from the sick bed on which he lay surrounded by the dead, and went out in order to seek for living people.

It was spring, and the larks sang loud in the blue clear air; the birch-wood clothed itself in tender green; the stream, with its melting snow-drifts, wound down the mountains singing on its way; but no plough furrowed the loosened earth, and from the heights was heard no wood-born calling the cattle at feeding time. All was still and dead in the habitations of men. Halgrim went from valley to valley, from cottage to cottage; everywhere death stared him in the face, and he recognised the corpses of early friends and acquaintance. Upon this, he began to believe that he was alone in the world, and despair seized on his soul, and he determined also to die. But as he was just about to throw himself down from a rock, his faithful dog sprang up to him, caressed him, and lamented in the expressive language of anguish. Halgrim thought himself, and stepped back from the brink of the abyss; he embraced his dog; his tears flowed, and despair withdrew from his softened heart. He began his wandering anew. Thoughts of love led him towards the parish of Graven, where he had first seen and won the love of Hildegunda.

It was evening, and the sun was setting as Halgrim descended into the valley, which was as still and dead as those through which he had wandered. Dark stood the fir-trees in the black shadow of the rocky wall, and silently rolled on the river between the desolate banks. On the opposite side of the river a little wooded promontory shot out into the blue water, and upon the light green tops of the birch-trees played the last rays of the sun.

Suddenly it seemed to Halgrim as if a light smoke rose up from among the trees. But he trusted not his eyes; he stared upon it breathlessly. He waited, however, hardly a second, when he saw a blue column curling slowly upwards in the peaceful evening air. With a cry of joy Halgrim darted forwards, waded through the stream, and soon stood on its opposite shore. Barking and whining his dog ran onwards to the cottage whence the smoke ascended. Upon its hearth clearly burned the fire, and a young maiden stepped forward to the door—one cry of inexpressible joy, and Halgrim and Hildegunda lay in each other's arms! Hildegunda was also the only living person in her valley after the terrible visit of the Black Death.

On the following day, after mutual agreement, they went to church, and as there was no priest to marry them and nobody to witness the plighting of their faith, they stepped alone together to God's altar, and extended to each other a hand, whilst Halgrim said with a solemn voice, "In the name of God the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost!"

And God blessed the faith plighted in His name. From this happy pair descended generations who peopled anew this region, and the names of Halgrim and Hildegunda are to this day in use among its inhabitants.

Through Harald also was Susanna made acquainted with the legends of the kings of Norway; with the deeds of Olaf Haraldsen, the blood-baptizer; with those of the noble Olaf Tryggveson; and with admiration heard she of king Sverre, with the little body and the large truly royal soul. It flattered also somewhat her womanly vanity to hear of women as extraordinary in the old history of Norway; as for example, the proud peasant's daughter, Gyda, who gave occasion to the hero-deeds of Harald Haarfager, who first made Norway into a kingdom; and although the action of Gunild, the king's mother, awakened her abhorrence, yet it gave her pleasure to see how a woman, by the supremacy of her mind, governed seven kings and directed their actions.

Darker pictures were presented by the citizen wars, which hurried "blood-storm upon blood-storm" through the land, and in which it at length "bled liberty to death."

Now the wild strawberry blooms in the ruins of former strongholds, and upon blood-drenched fields grow golden forests,

As the scar growth o'er the healed wound.—*Tegner.*

A milder generation lived in the place of the "Bloody Axe,"\* and looked serenely and hopefully towards the future, whilst in their peaceful, beautiful valleys, they listened willingly to the memories of the old times.

Upon the hill-tops stands the ancient stone,  
Where legend hovers like a singing lark,  
With morning brightness on its downy breast.

VELHAVEN.

One subject of conversation and of dispute also between Harald and Susanna, was their pale lady. As soon as the discourse turned to her, Harald assumed a very grave demeanour, and replied only to Susanna's earnest inquiries of what he knew about her, "she must have been very unfortunate!" If, however, Susanna began to assail him with questions about this misfortune, in what it consisted, whether one would not help her in some way or other—Susanna would have gone up and down the world for this purpose—then began Harald to tell a story.

Tales of women, powerful and distinguished in their valleys, are not rare in Norway. The story of the lady in Hallingdal, called the Shrieking Lady, is well known, who was so magnificent that she was drawn by elks; one hears of the rich Lady Belju, also of Hallingdal, who built Naes church, and by means of fire and butter split the Beja rock, so that a road was carried over it, which road is called to this day, the Butter Rock. One hears tell of the Ladies of Solberg and Sköndal, of their great quarrel about a pig, and of the false oath which one of them swore in the lawsuit which thence ensued; and to every one of these ladies belongs the story, that the preacher did not dare to have the church bells rung until the great lady had arrived there.

They tell farther the history of the wife of the knight Knut Eldbjerna, who, from grief for the criminal lives of her seven sons, retired from the world, and lived as a hermit in a lonesome dale, where, by fasting and alms, she endeavoured to atone for the misdeeds of her children. Yes, indeed, there are many histories of this kind. But as concerns the history which Harald related to Susanna, of Mrs. Ästrid, its like

\* Eric, king of Norway, so called because of his cruelty.

had not yet been heard in the valleys of Norway. There occurred in it so many strange and horrible things, that the credulous Susanna, who during it had become ever paler and paler, might have been petrified with horror if, precisely at the most terrible part of the catastrophe, the suspicion had not suddenly occurred to her that she was horrifying herself—at a mere fiction! And Harald's countenance, when she expressed her conjectures, made this certainty; and the hearty laughter with which he received her exclamations and reproaches excited her highest indignation, and she rose up and left him with the assurance that she never again would ask him anything, never believe a word that he said.

This lasted till—the next time. Then if Harald promised to tell the truth as regarded their lady—the whole pure truth, then Susanna tell herself befooled, listened, grew pale, wept, till the increasing marvels of the story awoke afresh her suspicion, which she again plainly expressed as before, and again Barbara stood up, scolded, threatened, banged the door after her in anger, and Harald—laughed.

In one point, however, Harald and Susanna always perfectly agreed; and that was in serving their lady with the greatest zeal; and this, without themselves being aware of it, increased their esteem for each other, which, however, by no means prevented their boldly attacking each other, and slandering—he Sweden, she Norway.

Thus, amid perpetual alternations of strife and peace, slid away the autumn months unobserved, with its darkening days and its increasing cold; and the season came, in which important business demanded the time of the ladies, as well in great as in small houses; the time for lights and tarts, dance, play and children's joy, in one word—

## CHRISTMAS.

Come hither, little birds, merry of mood,  
By barn-door and dwelling-house eorn-ears are strowed;  
Christmas comes hither,  
Then may ye gather  
Food from the bread-giving straw, golden hued.

BRENEGAARD.

The sun shall warm and illumine the whole earth, therefore is the earth glad of his coming.—*THE KING'S PLAY.*

THANKS be to God for the sun! So many friends, so many joys, desert us during our pilgrimage through life; the sun remains true to us, and lights and warms us from the cradle to the grave. This is it which unites the Pagan and the Christian in one common worship, inasmuch as it lifts the hearts of both to the God who has created the sun. The highest festival of the year among the Northern Heathens and Christians occurs also at the season in which the sun, as it were, is born anew to the earth, and his strength is converted from waning to waxing. With the greatest cordiality is this festival celebrated in the Scandinavian countries. Not alone in the houses of the wealthy blaze up fires of joy, and are heard the joyful cries of children; from the humblest cottages also resounds joy; in the prisons it becomes bright, and the poor partake of—plenty. In the country, doors, hearths, and tables stand open to every wanderer. In many parts of Norway the inn-keeper demands no payment from the traveller either for board or lodging. This is the time in which the earth seems to feel the truth of the heavenly words—"It is more blessed to give than to receive." And not only human beings,

but animals also have, their good things at Christmas. All the inhabitants of the farm-yard, all domestic animals, are entertained in the best manner; and the little birds of heaven rejoice too, for at every barn a tall stake raises itself, on the top of which rich sheaves of oats invite them to a magnificent meal; even the poorest day-labourer, if he himself possess no corn, asks and receives from the peasant a bundle of corn, raises it aloft, and makes the birds rejoice beside his empty barn.

Susanna had had much to care for in the Christmas week, and was often up late at night: in part, on account of her own business; in part, on account of some Christmas gifts with which she wished to surprise several persons around her. And this certainly was the cause of her somewhat oversleeping herself on the morning of Christmas-eve. She was awoke by a twittering of birds before her window, and her conscience reproached her with having, amid the business of the foregoing day, quite forgotten the little birds, to which she was accustomed to throw out upon the snow, corn and bread crumbs; and they were now come to remind her of it. Ah! were but all remembrances like to the twittering of birds! With real remorse for her forgetfulness Susanna hastened to dress herself, and to draw aside the window-curtain. And behold! outside, before her window, stood a tall slender fir-tree, in whose green top, cut in the form of a garland, was stuck a great bunch of gold-yellow oats, around which great flocks of sparrows and bulfinches swarmed, picking and chirping. Susanna blushed, and thought 'Harald!' The people in the house answered with smiles to Susanna's questions, the Steward had indeed planted the tree. The Steward however himself appeared as if he were quite a stranger to the whole affair, betrayed astonishment at the tree with the sheaf of oats, and could not conceive how it had come there.

"It must," said he, "have shot forth of itself during the night;" and this could only be proved from the wonderful strength of the excellent Norwegian earth—every morsel of which is pulverized primary rock. Such a soil only can bring forth such a miraculous growth.

In the forenoon, Harald went with Susanna into the farm-yard, where she with her own hands divided oats among the cows; bread among the sheep; and among the little poultry corn in abundant measure. In the community of hens was there with this a great difference of character observable. Some snatched greedily, whilst they drove the others away by force; others, on the contrary, kept at a modest distance, and picked up well pleased the corn which good fortune had bestowed upon them; others again, seemed to enjoy for others more than for themselves. Of this noble nature was one young cock in particular, with a high comb, and a rich cape of changeable gold-coloured feathers, and of a peculiarly proud and lofty bearing; he gave up his portion to the hens, so that he had scarcely a single grain for himself; regarding, however, the while, with a noble chauticleer-demeanour, the crowd which pecked and cackled at his feet. On account of this beautiful behaviour, he was called the Knight, by Susanna, which name he always preserved after that time. Among the geese, she perceived with veneration that the grey one was still more oppressed and pecked at by his white tyrant than ever. Harald proposed to kill the grey one; but Susanna declared warmly, that if either of

the rivals were sacrificed it must be the white one.

In a house where there are no children, where neither family nor friends assemble, where the mistress sits with her trouble in darkness, there can Christmas bring no great joy. But Susanna had made preparations to diffuse pleasure, and the thoughts of it had through the whole week, amid her manifold occupations, illumined her heart; and besides, she was of that kind that her life would have been dark had it not been that the prospect of always making somebody happy had glimmered like a star over her path. Larina, Karina, and Petro tasted on this day of the fruits of Susanna's night-watching; and when it was evening, and Susanna had arranged the Christmas-table in the hall, and had seen it adorned with lut-fish,\* and roast meat, and sweet groats, cakes and butter, tarts and apples, and lighted with four candles; when the farm-people assembled round the table with eyes that flashed with delight and appetite; when the oldest among them struck up a hymn of thanksgiving, and all the rest joined in with folded hands and solemn voices—then seemed it to Susanna as if she were no longer in a foreign land: and after she had joined in with the hymn of the people, she seated herself at the table as the most joyous, cordial hostess; clinked her glass with those of the men and maid servants; animated even the most colossal passion for eating, and placed the nicest things before the weak and timid.

Mrs. Astrid had told Susanna that she would remain alone in her chamber this evening, and only take a glass of milk. Susanna wished, however, to decoy her into enjoyment by a little surprise; and had laid the following little plot against her peace. At the time when the glass of milk was to be carried in to her, instead of this a very pretty boy, dressed to represent an angel, according to Susanna's idea of one, with a crown of light upon his head, should softly enter her room and beckon her out. So beautiful and bright a messenger the lady would find it impossible to withstand, and he would then conduct her out into the great hall, where, in a grove of fir-trees, a table was covered with the sweetest groats, and the most delicious of tarts, and behind the fir-trees the people of the house were to be assembled, and to strike up a song to a well-known air of the country, in praise of their lady, and full of good wishes for her future life.

Harald, to whom Susanna had imparted her scheme, shook his head over it, at first, doubtfully, but afterwards fell into it, and lent a helping hand to its accomplishment, as well by obtaining the fir-trees as by fitting out the angel. Susanna was quite charmed with her beautiful little messenger, and followed silently and softly at his heels, as with some anxiety about his own head and his glittering crown he tripped lightly to Mrs. Astrid's chamber.

Harald softly opened the door for the boy. From thence they saw the lady sitting in an easy chair in her room, her head bowed upon her hands. The lamp upon the table cast a faint light upon her black-appareled figure. The audible movement at the door roused her; she looked up, and stared for some time with a wild glance at the apparition which met her there.

\* A kind of codfish, which has been soaked in ley for several weeks, and is a general Christmas dish in Norway and Sweden.

Then she arose hastily, pressed her hands to her breast, uttered a faint cry of horror, and sank lifeless to the floor. Susanna pushed her angel violently aside, and rushed to her mistress, who with indescribable feelings of anguish she raised in her arms and carried to bed. Harald, on the contrary, busied himself with the poor angel, who with his crown had lost his balance, and while the hot tallow ran down over brow and cheeks, broke out into the most deplorable tones of lamentation.

Susanna soon succeeded in recalling her mistress to life; but for a long time her mind seemed to be confused, and she spoke unintelligible, unconnected sentences, of which Susanna only understood the words, "Apparition—unfortunate child—death!" Susanna concluded therefore that the fabricated angel had frightened her, and exclaimed with tears, "Ah, it was only Hans Guttormson's little fellow that I had dressed up as an angel, in order to give you pleasure!"

Susanna saw now right well how little fortunate had been this thought; but Mrs. Astrid listened with great eagerness to Susanna's explanation respecting the apparition which had shook her so much, and at length her convulsive state passed off in a flood of tears. Susanna beside herself for grief, that instead of joy she had occasioned trouble to her lady, kissed, with tears, her dress, hands, feet, amid heartfelt prayers for forgiveness.

Mrs. Astrid answered mildly, but with excitement. "Thou meant it well, Susanna. Thou couldst not know how thou wouldst grieve me. But—think no more about it; never more attempt to give me pleasure. I can never more be joyful, never more happy! There lies a stone upon my breast which never can be raised, until the stone shall be laid on my grave. But go now, Susanna, it is necessary for me to be alone. I shall soon be better."

Susanna prayed that she might bring her a glass of milk, and Mrs. Astrid consented; but when she had brought it in she was obliged again to withdraw, her heart full of anguish. When she came out to Harald she poured out to him all her pain over the unfortunate project, and related to him the deep agitation of mind, and the dark, despairing words of her lady.

At this Harald became pale and thoughtful, and Susanna at that was still more depressed. To be sure she had yet a little mine of pleasures remaining, on whose explosion she had very much pleased herself, but this in the disturbed state of mind produced but little effect. It is true that Harald smiled, and exclaimed, "The cross!" when a waistcoat made its appearance out of a wheaten loaf; it is true that he thanked Susanna and pressed her hand, but he had evidently so little pleasure in her present, his thoughts were so plainly directed to something else, that now every gleam of pleasure vanished for Susanna from the Christmas joy. When she was alone in her chamber, and saw from her window how a little beam of light proceeded from every cottage in the valley, and she thought how within them were assembled in confidential circles, parents, children, brothers and sisters, and friends, then felt she painfully that she was lonesome in a strange land; and as she remembered how formerly on this evening she made her little Hulda happy, and how fortunate her projects had always been, she took out a handkerchief which had been worn on the neck of the little beloved sister, and covered it with hot

tears and kisses. Great part of the night she passed on the threshold of her lady's door, listening full of anguish to the never-ceasing footsteps within. But with the exception of several deep sighs, Susanna heard no expression of pain which might justify her in breaking in upon the solitude of her mistress.

We will now turn ourselves to a somewhat more lively picture.

There exists in Norway a pleasant custom, which is called Tura-jul, or Christmas-turns. In Christmas week, namely, people go out to visit one another by turns, and then in the hospitable houses is there feasting, sporting, and dancing. That is called "the Christmas-turns."

And the "turns" extended also to the remote-lying, solitary Heimdal. The pastor of the mother parish, the friendly and hospitable pastor, Middelberg, had sent an invitation to friends and acquaintances in the whole neighbourhood, which included also the inhabitants of Semb, to a feast at the parsonage, on the second day of Christmas.

Mrs. Astrid excused herself, but besought Harald and Susanna to drive there. It had frozen a few days before, and had freshly snowed, so that the sledging was excellent, and Harald now again in good-humour seemed disposed to make a little festival of driving Susanna to the parsonage in a small sledge with jingling bells.

Mrs. Astrid had regained her accustomed manner and appearance, and thus Susanna was easy as to all consequences of her unfortunate scheme on Christmas-eve, and could give herself up with a free mind to the agreeable impressions which the winter-drive offered. And these were manifold and rich to a person who was so little used to pleasure of any kind as Susanna, and who, besides this, was of a fresh, open spirit. The air was so clear, the snow was so dazzling, mountain and woods so splendid, the horse so spirited, and Harald drove so indescribably well, the most difficult places being to him mere play-work, that Susanna exclaimed every now and then, "O how beautiful! O how divine!"

With all this, Harald was uncommonly polite and entertaining. Attentive in the extreme that Susanna sat comfortably, was warm about the feet, and so on, laid himself out at the same time to make her acquainted with all the wonders and beauties of the district; besides which he related much that was interesting of the peculiarities of the neighbourhood, of its woods, mountains, and kinds of stones, spoke of the primeval mountains and transition-formations, of that which had existed before the Flood, and of that which had been formed after it, so that Susanna was astonished at his great learning, and a feeling of reverence for him was excited in her mind. It is true that she forgot this for one while, in a quarrel which suddenly arose between them respecting the sun, which according to Harald's assertion, must appear brighter in Norway than in Sweden, which Susanna contended against most vehemently, and assured him of exactly the opposite; and about the strata of air, of which Susanna asserted that they lay in Norway different to Sweden; upon the whole, however, the drive was harmonious, and in the highest degree advantageous to Harald's appearance. By his driving, his politeness, and his learning, he had attained to something quite grand and extraordinary in Susanna's eyes.

—When, after a drive of about six miles, they

approached the parsonage-house, they saw from all sides the little sledges issuing from the passes of the valleys, and then hastening forward in the same direction as themselves across the fields of snow. Steaming breath came from the nostrils of the snorting horses, and merrily jingled the bells in the clear air. Susanna was enraptured.

No less was she enraptured by the cordiality with which she saw herself received at the parsonage—she, a foreign serving-maiden—by foreign, wealthy, and respectable people. Susanna was, besides this, very curious to see how things looked, and how they went on, in a respectable parsonage in Norway; and it was, therefore, very agreeable to her, when the kind Madame Middelberg invited her to see the house, and allowed her to be conducted by her eldest daughter, Thea Middelberg, everywhere, from the cellar even to the garret. Susanna, after this, felt great esteem for the arrangements in the parsonage-house; thought that she could learn various things from it; other things, however, she thought would have been better according to her Swedish method. Returned to the company, Susanna found much to notice and much to reflect upon. For the rest, she was through the whole of this day in a sort of mental excitement. It seemed to her, as if she saw the picture of comfort and happiness of which she had sometimes dreamed, here realized. It seemed to her that life amid these grand natural scenes and simple manners must be beautiful. The relationship between parents and children, between masters and servants, appeared so cordial, so patriarchal. She heard the servants in the house of the clergyman, call him and his wife, father and mother; she saw the eldest daughter of the house assist in waiting on the guests, and that so joyously and easily, that one saw that she did it from her heart; saw a frank satisfaction upon all faces, a freedom from care, and a simplicity in the behaviour of all; and all this made Susanna feel quite light at heart, whilst it called forth a certain tearful glance in her eye.

"Have you pleasure in flowers?" inquired the friendly Thea Middelberg; and when Susanna declared that she had, she broke off the most beautiful rose which bloomed in the window and gave to her.

But the greatest pleasure to Susanna was in the two youngest children of the house, and she thought that the heartfelt '*mora mi*' (my mother), was the most harmonious sound which she had ever heard. And in that Susanna was right also, for more lovely words than these '*mora mi*', spoken by affectionate childish lips, are not in the earth. The little Mina, a child about Hulda's age, and full of life and animation, was in particular dear to Susanna, who only wished that the little romp would have given to herself a longer rest upon her knee. Susanna herself won quite unwittingly the perfect favour of the hostess, by starting up at table at a critical moment when the dinner was being served, and with a light and firm hand saving the things from danger. After this she continued to give a helpful hand where it was needful. This pleased much, and they noticed the young Swede with ever kinder eyes; she knew it, and thought all the more on those who thought of her.

Towards the end of the substantial and savoury dinner, skål was drunk and songs were sung. Susanna's glass must elink with her neighbours, right and left, straight before her and crosswise,

and animated by the general spirit she joined in with the beautiful people's song, 'The old sea-girded Norway,' and seemed to have forgotten all spirit of opposition to Norway and Norwegians. And how heartily did not she unite in the last skål which was proposed by the host, with beaming and tearful eyes, "To all those who love us!" and she thought on her little Hulda.

But now we must go on to that which made this day a remarkable one for Susanna.

After dinner and coffee were over, the company divided, as is customary in Norway. The ladies remained sitting on the sofa and in armed chairs round about, and talked over the occurrences in the neighbourhood, domestic affairs, and the now-happily concluded Christmas business, and 'yes, indeed!' 'yes, indeed!' was often heard among them.

The young girls grouped themselves together in the window, and there was heard talk of 'dress' and 'ornament,' 'heavens, how pretty!' and jest and small-talk.

In the next room sat the gentlemen together with pipes and politics.

Susanna was near to the open door of this room, and as she felt but little interest in the subjects that were spoken of in her neighbourhood, she could not avoid listening to that which was said by the gentlemen within the room, for she heard how there a coarse voice was abusing Sweden and the Swedes in the most defamatory manner. Susanna's blood boiled, and involuntarily, she clenched her fist.

"O heavens!" sighed she, "that I were but a man!"

The patriotic burgomaster's daughter burned with desire to fall upon those who dared to despise her fatherland. She could not bear this coolly, and almost fearing her own anger she was about to rise and take another place, but she restrained herself, for she heard a grave manly voice raised in defence of that foreign calumniated country. And truly it was refreshing for Susanna to hear Sweden defended with as much intelligence as zeal; truly it was a joy to her to hear the assertions of the coarser voice repelled by the other less noisy, but more powerful voice, and at length to hear it declaim, as master of the field, the following lines, which were addressed to his native land on the occasion of the death of Gustavus Adolphus the Great:

At once is dimmed thy glory's ray;  
Thy flowery garland fades away,  
Bowed mother! But thy brightness splendid  
Shall never more be ended.  
The grateful world on me her love will cast,  
Who mother of Gustavus wast!"

Yes, truly was all this a feeling of delight for Susanna; but the voice which spoke so beautifully—the voice which defended Sweden—the voice which called forth the feeling of delight, this voice operated more than all the rest on Susanna, for it was that of Harald. Susanna could not trust her ears, she called her eyes to their assistance, and then as she could no longer doubt that the noble defender of her country was Harald, she was so surprised and so joyful that in the overflowing of her feelings she might almost have done something foolish, had not at that very moment one of the elderly ladies of the party come to her, and led her into a quieter corner of the room, in order to be able there quietly to question her of all that she wished to know. This lady belonged to that class (scat-

\* Valpadeom vid Lüssen. Af Rein.

tered in every country of the world) which has a resemblance to the parasite growth, inasmuch as it grows and flourishes by the nourishment which it seeks from the plants on which it fixes itself. As this lady wore a brown dress, and had brown ribbons in her cap, we find it very appropriate to call her Madame Brown. Susanna must now give Madame Brown an account of her family, her home, all her connexions, why she was come into Norway, how she liked living there, and so on. In all this Susanna was tolerably openhearted; but when the discourse was turned upon her present situation, and her lady, she became more reserved. On this subject, however, Madame Brown was less disposed to question than to relate herself.

"I knew Mrs. Astrid," said she, "in our younger days, very well. She was a very handsome lady, but always rather proud. However, I did not mind that, and we were right good friends. People have told me that I ought to pay a visit to Semb, but—I don't know—I have never seen her since she has been so strange. My God, dear friend, how can you live with her? She must be so horribly gloomy and anxious!"

Susanna replied by a warm burst of praise of her lady, and said, "that she was always sorrowful, and appeared to be unhappy, but that this only bound her to her all the more."

"Unhappy!" began Madame Brown again. "Yes, if that were all—but alas!"

Susanna asked in astonishment what she meant?

Madame Brown answered, "I say and think nothing bad of her, and always defend her, but in any case there is something odd about her. Could you really believe that there are people, wicked enough to speak—to suspect—a murderer?"

Susanna could neither think nor speak—she only stared at the speaker.

"Yes, yes," continued Madame Brown, fluently; "so people say! To be sure the Colonel, who was a monster, was most guilty in the affair; but yet, nevertheless, she must have known of it—so people assert. See you—they had a boy with them, the son of her sister. The mother died, after having confided her child to the care of her sister and her brother-in-law. What happens then? One fine day the boy has vanished—never again comes to light—nobody knows what has become of him; but his cloak is found on a rock, by the lake, and drops of blood on the stone under it! The boy had vanished, and his property came in well for his relations, since the Colonel had gambled away every thing which he and his wife possessed. But our Lord, in his justice, smote the Colonel, so that for five years he remained lame and speechless, and his wife never since that time has had one joyful day on earth."

Susanna turned pale with emotion, and as zealously as she had before defended the honour of her native land, now defended she the innocence of her lady. But in this she was interrupted by the friendly hostess, who invited her to join the other young people in games and dancing. But Susanna was so excited by that which she had heard, and longed so much to be at home with her mistress, for whom, now that she had heard her so cruelly maligned, she felt more affection than ever; she prayed to be excused from taking any part in the Christmas games, and announced her intention of driving

home. She wished not, however, to take Harald from the company, and intended, unfearingly, to drive home alone. She could drive very well, and should easily find the way.

No sooner, however, did Harald become aware of her intentions than he prepared to accompany her; and it was of no avail that Susanna opposed herself to it. Host and hostess, however, in their cordiality, opposed warmly their guests leaving them so early, and threatened them with "Aasgaardsreja," who was accustomed to rage in Christmas time, and would meet them by the way if they persisted in their unwise resolve. Notwithstanding this they did so, and were accompanied by their hosts to the sledge. Susanna thanked them from her moved heart for all their kindness, promised the amiable Thea that they would see one another often, and kissed tenderly the little Mina, who hung upon her neck.

Scarcely was Susanna seated in the sledge, and was amid mountains and woods, than she gave vent to her heart, and related to Harald the story which she had just heard. And her abhorrence had not been less than was now Harald's anger at such a shameful calumny, and at the person who had exhibited such an evidence of her own dark soul. Yes, he fell into such a rage with old Madame Brown, and made such threatening demonstrations against her well-being, and the horse made such violent springs and plunges, that Susanna endeavoured to lead the conversation to other subjects. She therefore asked Harald what was meant by Aasgaardsreja, and why they had threatened her with it.

Harald on this returned to his customary temper, and assured her that this was by no means to be jested with. "The Aasgaardsreja," said he, "are the spirits which are not good enough to deserve heaven, and yet not bad enough to be sent to hell; they consist of tipplers, polite deceivers,—in one word, of all those who from one cause or another have given themselves to evil. For punishment, therefore, must they ride about till the end of the world. At the head of the troop rides Guro-Rysse, or Reisa-Rova, who is to be known by her long train. After her follows a long numerous band of both sexes. The horses are coal black, and their eyes flash in the darkness like fire. They are guided by bits of red-hot iron, ride over land and water, and the halloo of the riders, the snorting of the horses, the rattling of the iron bits, occasion a tumult which is heard from far. Whenever they throw a saddle over a house, there must some one die, and wherever they perceive that there will be bloodshed or murder, they enter, and seating themselves on the posts by the door, make a noise and laugh in their sleeve. When one hears the Aasgaardsreja coming, one must throw oneself on the ground and pretend that one sleeps. If one does this not, one is carried away by the troop, and struck down in a fainting-fit in a place far distant from where one was. People often, after this, are low-spirited and melancholy all their days. But the virtuous, who throw themselves down immediately on the approach of the troop, suffer nothing, excepting that every one of the airy company spits upon him in passing; when the troop has passed by, then one spits again, and the affair has then no farther consequence."

Harald added that this troop was commonly out at Christmas, and nothing was more possi-

ble than that they themselves might meet it on this very evening, and in that case Susanna had nothing more to do than to dismount from the sledge, throw herself with her nose on the ground, and bury her face in the snow, till the wild herd were gone over."

Susanna declared, it is true, that she had not any faith in the story; but Harald said so gravely, that one of these days she would see that the affair was true, and Susanna was naturally so inclined to believe in the marvellous, that she very often, especially in narrow passes of the valleys, directed her glance to the heights, half fearing, half wishing, that the black horses, with the fiery eyes and the red-hot bridled bits, might make their appearance. But she only saw bright stars look down upon her, now and then dimmed by the Northern lights, which waved their shining fleeting veils over the vault of heaven.

Arrived at Semb, she saw the customary faint light in the windows of her lady. Susanna's heart was affected, and with a deep sigh she said, "Ah, how wicked this world is! To lay yet stones upon the burden, and to make misfortune into crime. What, what can we do to shield her from the attacks of malice?"

"Madame Brown shall at least not spread her lies farther," said Harald. "I will drive to her to-morrow morning, compel her to swallow her own words, and terrify her from ever letting them again pass her lips."

"Yes, that is good!" exclaimed Susanna delighted.

"If an accident happens to a child," continued Harald excitedly, "then directly to charge those belonging to it with wilful murder! Can one imagine anything more shameful or more absurd. No, such snakes, at least, shall not hiss about the unhappy lady. And to crush them shall be my business!"

And with this Harald pressed Susanna's hand at parting, and left her.

"And my business," thought Susanna, with tearful eyes, "shall be, to love her and to serve her faithfully. Perhaps when order and comfort are diffused more and more around her, when many pleasures daily surround her, perhaps she may again feel an inclination for life."

### QUIET WEEKS.

When clouds hang heavy on the face of earth,  
And woods stand leafless in their mourning plight,—  
Then gentle sympathy has twofold might,  
And kindles on the social winter's hearth  
Within our hearts the glow of spring's delight.

VELHAVEN.

HAST thou heard the fall of water-drops in deep caves, where heavily, and perpetually, and gnawingly they eat into the ground on which they fall? Hast thou heard the murmuring of the brook that flows on sportively between green banks, whilst nodding flowers and beaming lights of heaven mirror themselves in its waters? There is a secret twittering and whispering of joy in it. There hast thou pictures of two kinds of still life, which are different

the one from the other as hell and heaven. Both of them are lived on earth; both of them, at Semb in Heimdal, were lived through the following months: the first by Mrs. Astrid, the second by Harald and Susanna, only that sometimes the wearing drops were blown aside by a favourable breeze, and sometimes mud of various kinds made turbid the waters of the dancing brook.

January passed away with his growing sunshine and his increasing winter pomp. Waterfalls planted their edges with flowers, palms, grapes, yes, whole fruit-trees, of—ice. The bullfinches, with their red breasts, shone like hopping flames upon the white snow. The winter bloomed in sparkling crystals, which were strewn over wood and earth, in the song of the thrush, in the glittering whiteness of the snow-fields. Timber was felled in the woods, and songs from Tegner's Frithof resounded thereto. People drove in sledges through the valleys, and on snow-skates over the mountains. There was fresh life everywhere.

The contest at Semb, about Sweden and Norway, had ceased ever since Christmas. It is true that Harald attempted various attacks upon Swedish iron, the Swedish woods, and so on, but Susanna seemed not rightly to believe in their seriousness, and would not on that account take up the strife; and his last attempt on the Swedish wind fell so feebly, that Harald determined to let the subject rest, and to look about for some other matter of contention wherewith to keep himself warm during the winter.

February and March came on. This is the severest time of a northern winter. In January, it is young, but it becomes now old and grey and heavy, especially in cottages, where there is no great provision for the family. The autumn provision, as well in the house as in the yard, is nearly consumed. It is hard for hungry children to trail home wood from the forests, which is to boil for them in their kettle only thin water-gruel, and not always that.

April came. It is called the spring month, and the larks sing in the woods. But in the deep valley often prevails then the greatest anxiety and want. Often then scatters the needy peasant ashes and sand upon the snow which covers his acres, that it may melt all the sooner, and thus he may be able to plough up his land between the snow walls which surround it. Susanna during this month became well known in the cottages of the valley, and her warm heart found rich material for sympathy and help.

Harald thought this too good an opportunity to be lost for infusing into Susanna a horror of himself and his character, and shewed himself cold and immovable to her description of the wants which she had witnessed, and had a proud ability to say 'no' to all her proposals for their assistance. He spoke much of severity and of wholesome lectures, and so on; and Susanna was not slow in calling him the most cruel of men, another tyrant 'Christiern,' a regular misanthrope: 'wolves and bears had more heart than he had. Never again would she ask him for anything; one might just as well talk to a stock or a stone!' And Susanna, set off to weep bitter tears. But when she afterwards

\* The rushing noise and tumult in the air which attend violent storms, especially in mountain countries, have probably given occasion to the legend of the Aasgaardrejsa. There is no doubt of its having its origin in heathen times, but it may also have reference to the procession towards Aasgaard of the heroes who have fallen in battle, or to the serial journey of the Nornor and Valkyrior. The legend has taken its present form under Christianity, in which the old divinities have been transformed in popular belief into evil powers and servants of the devil.—FAYE.

found that much want was silently assisted from the hand of the misanthrope; when she found that in various instances her suggestions were adopted; then, indeed, she also shed in silence tears of joy, and soon forgot all her plans of hostile reserve. By degrees also Harald forgot his contention in the subject, the interest of which was too good and important; and before they were rightly aware of it, they found themselves both busied for the same purpose in various ways. Susanna had begun by giving away all that she possessed. As she had now no more to give, she began to give ear to Harald's views; that for the poor which surrounded them, generally speaking, direct almsgiving was less needful than a friendly and rational sympathy in their circumstances, a fatherly and motherly guardianship which would sustain the 'broken heart,' and strengthen the weary hands, which were almost sinking, to raise themselves again to labour and to hope. In the class which may be said to labour for their daily bread, there are people who help themselves; others there are whom nobody can help; but the greater number are those who through prudent help in word and deed can attain to—helping themselves, and obtaining comfort and independence.

Harald considered it important to direct the attention of the people to the keeping of cattle, knowing that this was the certain way of this region's advancing itself. And as soon as the snow melted, and the earth was clear, he went out with labourers and servants, and occupied himself busily in carrying away from the meadows the stones with which they, in this country, are so abundantly strewn, and sowed new kinds of grass as a source of more abundant fodder; and Susanna's heart beat for joy as she saw his activity, and how he himself went to work, and animated all by his example and his cheerful spirit. Harald now also often found his favourite dishes for his dinner; nay, Susanna herself began to discover that one and another of them were very savory, and among these may particularly be mentioned groat gruel with little herrings. This course, with which dinners in Norway often begin, is so served, that every guest has a little plate beside him on which lie the little white herrings, and they eat alternately a piece of herring and a spoonful of gruel, which looks very well, and tastes very good.

Harald, towards spring, was very much occupied with work and workpeople, so that he had but little time to devote to Susanna, either for good or bad. But he had discovered that possibly in time he might have a weak chest, and he visited her therefore every morning in the dairy that he might receive a cup of new milk from her hand. For this, he gave her in return fresh spring-flowers, or by way of change, a nettle (which was always thrown violently into a corner), and for the rest attentively remarked the occurrences in the dairy, and Susanna's movements, while she poured the milk out of the pails through a sieve into the pans, and arranged them on their shelves, whereby it happened that he would forget himself in the following monologue—

"See, that one may call a knack! How well she looks at her work, and with that cheerful, friendly face! Everything that she touches is

well done;—everything improves and flourishes under her eye. If she only were not so violent and passionate!—but it is not in her heart, there never was a better heart than hers. Men and animals love her, and are well off under her care—Happy the man who—hum!"

Shall we not at the same time cast a glance into Susanna's heart? It is rather curious there. The fact was, that Harald had,—partly by his provocativeness and naughtiness, and partly by his friendship, his story-telling, and his native worth, which Susanna discovered more and more,—so rooted himself into all her thoughts and feelings, that it was impossible for her to displace him from them. In anger, in gratitude, in evil, in good, at all times, must she think of him. Many a night she lay down with the wish never to see him again, but always awoke the next morning with the secret desire to meet with him again. The terms on which she stood with him resembled April weather, which we may be able the clearest to see on—

### A MAY DAY.

The first time, yes the first time flings  
A glory even on trivial things;  
It passes soon, a moment's falling,  
Then it is also past recalling.

The grass itself has such a prime;  
Man prizes most spring's flowery time,  
When first the verdure, decks earth's bosom,  
And the heart-leaf foretells the blossom.

Thus God lets all, however low,  
In 'the first time' a triumph know;  
Even in the hour when death impendeth,  
And life itself to heaven ascendeth.

HENR WERGLAND.

It was in the beginning of May. A heavy shower of rain had just ceased. The wind sprang up in the south, blew mild and fresh, and chased herds of white clouds over the brightening heaven.

The court at Semb, which had been desolate during the rain, now began to be full of life and movement.

Six ducks paddled up and down with great delight in a puddle of water, bathing and beautifying themselves.

The chanticleer, called the Knight, scratched in the earth, and thereupon began to crow merrily, in order to make it known that he had something nice to invite to, and as two neat grey-speckled hens sprang towards him, he let first one grain of corn and then another fall out of his beak, of which, agreeably to a clever hen-instinct, they availed themselves without ceremony or compliments. How easily the creatures live!

The turkey-cock was in great perplexity, and had a deal of trouble to keep his countenance. His white lady had accepted the invitation of the chanticleer (which she probably thought was general), and sprang forward as fast as she could with her long legs, and stuck her head between the two hens to have a share of their treat. The knightly young chanticleer on this, with some surprise and a certain astonished sound in his throat, drew himself a little proudly back, but for all that was too much of the 'gentleman' to mortify, in the least, the foreign presumptuous beauty. But the grey-speckled hens turned their backs upon her. Her neglected spouse gobbled in full desperation, and swelled himself out, his countenance flaming with anger,

by the side of his black wife, who was silent, and cast deprecating eyes up to heaven.

By the kitchen-wall, the black cat and her kittens romped amid a thousand twists and turns; while above them the mice, in the water-spout, peeped peeringly and curiously forth, drank of the rain-water, snuffed in the fresh air, and afterward crept quietly again under the house tiles.

The flies stretched their legs, and began to walk about in the sunshine.

In the court stood a tall ash, in whose top waved a magpie-nest. A many magpies, candidates for the airy palace, made their appearance there, flew screaming round about, wished to get possession of it, and chased one another away. At length two remained as conquerors of the nest. There laughed they and kissed under the spring-blue heaven, rocked by the south wind. Those that were chased away consoled themselves by fluttering down upon the yard-dog's provision trough, and plucking out of it, whilst the proud Alfiero, sitting outside his kennel, contemplated them in dignified repose.

The starlings struck up their quaver, and sent forth their melodious whistling, whilst they congregated together upon the edge of the roof.

The grapes shook from themselves the rain-drops in the wind, and the little stellaria, which is so dear to the singing birds, raised again its head to the sun, and was saluted by the jubilant song of the lark.

The geese waddled gabbling over the grassy fields, biting the young green herbage. In this way, a change was revealed, which had taken place in the company. The bulky, the white gander, had by accident become lame, and had with this lost his power and his respect. The grey gander had now an opportunity of exhibiting a beautiful character, a noble disposition; but no! The grey gander shewed nothing of that; but as the white gander had done to him, did he now in return; stretching out his neck against him, and keeping him at a distance with cries and blows; and the geese-madams troubled themselves not about it, and the white gander must now think himself well off to see his rival ruling the assembly, whilst he himself crept behind, hapless and forsaken. Susanna, who saw this, lost now all regard for the grey gander, without having any higher respect for the white one. She found the one no better than the other.

Just now Susanna returned from a visit to a peasant's cottage, where some time ago she had helped the wife to set up a piece of weaving, and now had been assisting her in taking it down, and her countenance beamed with pleasure at the scene which she had witnessed there. The cow had calved there that same morning, and the milk ran in foaming and abundant streams to the unspeakable joy of four small pale boys, who now were divided in their joy over this, and their admiration of the little lively black-and-white spotted calf; which admiration, however, in the mind of the youngest, was mixed with fear. The web also had turned out beyond expectation; Susanna helped the housewife to cut out the piece of cloth in the most advantageous manner, and her cheerful words and cordial sympathy were like the cream to

the milk breakfast. It was with this glad impression on her soul, that Susanna entered the court at Semb, and was saluted by Alfiero and all the poultry with great joy. In the mean time she heard the cries and lamentations of birds, and this led her to the orchard. Here she saw a pair of starlings, which with anxiety and screams were flying about the lowest branches of an oak. In the grass below, something black was hopping about, and Susanna saw that it was a young starling, which had ventured itself too early out of the nest, and had fallen down. It now raised its weak cries to its parents, which, as it appeared, sought by their fluttering to keep at a respectful distance a grey cat, whose greedy eyes gleamed forth from under a hawthorn-bush. Susanna drove away the cat, and took up and warmed the little bird in her breast. But this did not at all pacify the starling papa and mamma; their uneasiness seemed rather to increase. Susanna would gladly from her heart have allayed it, but when she looked up and saw the starling nest high up in the oak trunk, many ells above her head, she was quite in despair. With that the noon-day bell rang, Alfiero howled to it in his tragical manner, and Harald, at the head of his workpeople, returned from the field. Susanna hastened to ask counsel from him, and shewed him the young one. "Give it here," said Harald, "I will twist its neck, and so we can have a nice little roast for dinner."

"No! can you be so cruel!" replied Susanna. Harald laughed without answering, looked up to the oak to see where the starling nest was, and swung himself with great agility up the tree. Standing now upon the lowest boughs, he bent himself down to Susanna, and said, "Give it here to me, I will manage it!" And Susanna now gave him the bird without any further remark. Lightly and nimbly sprang Harald now from bough to bough, holding the bird in his left hand, and accompanied by the crying starling-parents, who flew terrified around his head. It was certainly a surprise to them when the young one was placed uninjured in the nest, but it was no longer so for Susanna; and as Harald, glowing and warm, sprang down from the tree, he was received by Susanna's most friendly glances and cordial thanks.

At this moment came several travelling tradespeople with their packs into the court, and were observed by Harald, who said that he had some little purchases to make, and besought Susanna's advice. Susanna was a woman, and women give advice willingly. Always good of course.

After some time Harald had made various purchases, and had always asked counsel of Susanna, who thereby felt herself somewhat flattered, but could not help thinking the while of Harald "yet he must be a regular egotist. He always thinks about himself, and always buys for himself, and never anything for his sister, of whom he, however, talks so much, and seems to love so well! But—the Norwegian men, they love themselves most!"

And this time it did not seem to be without reason that Susanna thought so, for it was terrible how thoughtful Harald was for himself, and what a deal he needed for this self.

This piece of damask he would have for his

table; this muslin for his curtains, these pocket-handkerchiefs for his nose, and so on.

Susanna could not avoid saying, on purpose to try him, when they came to a handsome piece for a dress—

"How pretty that is! Certainly that would become your sister very nicely!"

"What? my sister!" returned Harald. "No! it is best that she clothe herself. This is exactly the thing that I want for my sofa. One is always nearest to oneself! One must care a little for oneself."

"Then care you for yourself! I have no time!" said Susanna, quite excited, as she turned her back upon him and his wares, and went.

### SPRING FEELINGS.

Heaven has strewn thoughts o'er the sweet vernal dale,  
These on the hearts of the flowers bestowing,  
Therefore, when open the chalice glowing,  
Whispers each petal a secret tale. VELHAVEN.

MAY strides on, and June approaches. From their nests in the airy, leaf-garlanded grottoes, which mother nature has prepared for them in the lofty oaks and ashes, the starlings send their deep, lively whistlings, their love-breathing trills. Song and fragrances fill the woods of Norway. Rustic maidens wander with their herds and flocks up to the Säter dales, singing joyously:

To draw to the Säter is good and blessed.

Come Böling\* mine!

Come cow, come calf, come greatest and least;

To the Queen your steps incline.

The labour of the spring was closed; the harvests ripened beneath the care of heaven. Harald had now more leisure, and much of this he devoted to Susanna. He taught her to know the flowers of the dale, their names and properties; and was as much amused at her mangling of the Latin words, as he was charmed at the quickness with which she comprehended and applied their economical and medicinal uses.

The dale and its beauties became to her continually more known and beloved. She went now again in the morning to the spring, where the ladies-mantle and the silver-weed grew so luxuriantly, and let the feathery creatures bathe and rejoice themselves. On Sunday afternoons, too, she sometimes took a ramble to a grove of oaks and wild rose-bushes, at the foot of the mountain called Krystalberg, which, in the glow of the evening sun, glittered with a wonderful radiance. She was sometimes followed thither by Harald, who related many a strange legend of Huldren, who lived in the mountain; of the dwarfs who shaped the six-sided crystals, called thence dwarf-jewels; of the subterranean world and doings, as these were fashioned in the rich imagination of ancient times, and as they still darkly lived on, in the silent belief of the northern people. Susanna's active mind seized on all this with the intensest interest. She visioned herself in the mountain's beautiful crystal halls; seemed to hear the song of the Neck in the rushing of the river; and tree and blossom grew more beautiful in her eyes, as she imagined elves and spirits speaking out of them.

Out of the prosaic soil of her life and action sprang a flower of poetry, half reality, half le-

gend, which diffused a delightful radiance over her soul.

Susanna was not the only one at Semb on whom this spring operated beneficially. The pale Mrs. Astrid seemed to raise herself out of her gloomy trance, and to imbibe new vigour of life from the fresh vernal air. She went out sometimes when the sun shone warmly, and she was seen sitting long hours on a mossy stone in the wood, at the foot of the Krystalberg. When Susanna observed that she seemed to love this spot, she carried thither silently out of the wood, turfs with the flowering Linnaea and the fragrant single-flowered Pyrola, and planted them so that the south wind should bear their delicious aroma to the spot where Mrs. Astrid sat; and Susanna felt a sad pleasure in the thought that these balsamic airs would give to her mistress an evidence of a devotion that did not venture otherwise to show itself. Susanna would have been richly rewarded, could she at this time have seen into her mistress's soul, and also have read a letter which she wrote, and from which we present a fragment.

### TO BISHOP S ———.

Love does not grow weary. Thus was I constrained to say to myself to-day as your letter reached me, and penetrated me with the feeling of your goodness, of your heavenly patience! And you do not grow weary of those who almost grow weary of themselves! And always the same spring in your hopes—the same mountain-fast, but beautiful faith. Ah! that I better deserved your friendship! But to-day I have a glad word to say to you, and I will not withhold it from you.

You wish to know how it is with me! Better! For some time I have breathed more lightly. Quiet days have passed over me; mild stars have glanced down upon my head; the waterfall has sung its cradle-song to me by night, till it has lulled me to sleep, and it has become calmer and better with me. The spring exerts its beneficent influence upon me. All rises round me so great, so rich in its life and beauty, I forget myself sometimes in admiration. It is more than thirty years since I lived in the country.

At times, feelings arise in me like vernal gales. I have then experienced a certain consolation in the thought, that throughout my long conflict I have yet striven to do right, to endure to the utmost; that in a world where I have shed so many tears, I have also forborne to shed many. Sometimes, out of the vernal blue heaven, something falls on me like a tender glance, an anticipation. But, perhaps, these brightenings are merely spring flowers, which perish with the spring.

I go sometimes out. I enjoy sitting in the beautiful grove of oaks down in the dale, and there, mild and beneficial feelings pass over me. The breeze bears to me odours ineffably delicious. These odours remind me of the world of beneficent, healing, invigorating powers which shoot forth around me, and manifest themselves so silently, so unpretendingly, merely through their fragrance and their still beauty. I sat there this evening, at the foot of the mountain. The sun was hastening towards his

\* Böling is the collected flock, Queen is the fold for the night.

setting, but gleamed warmly into the grove. Near me grazed some sheep with their tender lambs. They gazed at me with a wondering but unalarmed air; a little bell tinkled clear and softly, as they wandered to and fro on the green sward; it was so calm and still that I heard the small insects which hummed in the grass at my feet, and there passed over me I know not what feeling of satisfaction and pleasure. I enjoyed existence in this hour like the lambs, like the insects—I can then still enjoy! Mild, affluent Nature! on thy heart might yet mine—but there stands the pale, bloody boy,—there stands the murderer, everlastingly between me and peace of mind! If I could sometimes hear your voice, if I could see frequently your clear, solace-inspiring glance, I might perhaps yet teach myself to—look up! But I ask you not to come. Ah! I desire no one to approach me. But be no longer so uneasy concerning me, my friend. I am better. I have about me good people, who make my outward life safe and agreeable. Let your affectionate thoughts, as hitherto, rest upon me; perhaps they will some time force light into my heart!

### MAN AND WIFE.

#### A FRESH STRIFE.

And I will show what a fellow I am!  
My master—I am incensed!

SIFUL SIFADDA.

We have said that Harald, just as little as Griselda's blessed husband, appeared to like a life which flowed like oil. Perhaps it seemed to him that his intercourse with Susanna was now assuming this character, and therefore was it perhaps that, as he could no longer excite her abhorrence as a misanthropist, one fine day he undertook to irritate her as a woman-tyrant.

"I am expecting my sister here one of these days," said he one evening in a disrespectful tone to Susanna; "I have occasion for her, to sew a little for me, and to put my things in order. Alette is a good, clever girl, and I think of keeping her with me till I marry, and can be waited on by my wife."

"Waited on by your wife!" exclaimed Susanna—one may easily conceive in what a tone.

"Yes, certainly. The woman is made to be subject to the man; and I do not mean to teach my wife otherwise. I mean to be master in my house, I."

"The Norwegian men must be despots, tyrants, actual Heathens and Turks!" said Susanna.

"Every morning," said Harald, "precisely at six o'clock, my wife shall get up and prepare my coffee."

"But if she will not?"

"Will not? I will teach her to will, I. And if she will not by fair means, then she shall by foul. I tolerate no disobedience, not I; and thus I mean to teach in the most serious manner, and if she does not wish to experience then, why then, I advise her to rise at six o'clock, boil my coffee, and bring it me up to bed."

"Nay, never did I hear anything like this! You are the sole—God have mercy on the wives of this abominable country!"

"And a good dinner," continued Harald, "shall she set before me every day at noon, or—I shall not be in the best temper! And she must not come with her 'Fattig Leilighed'\* more than once a fortnight; and then I demand that it shall be made right savoury."

"If you will have good eating, then you must make good provision for the housekeeping," said Susanna.

"That I shall not trouble myself about; that my wife must care for. She shall provide stores for housekeeping how she can."

"I hope, then," said Susanna, "you will never have a wife, except she be a regular Xantippe."

"For that we know a remedy; and therefore, to begin with, every evening she shall pull off my boots. All that is necessary is, for a man to begin in time to maintain his authority; for the women are by nature excessively fond of ruling."

"And that because the men are tyrants," said Susanna.

"And besides," continued Harald, "so horribly petty-minded."

"Because," retorted Susanna, "the men have engrossed to themselves all matters of importance."

"And are so full of caprice," said Harald.

"Because the men," said Susanna, "are so brimful of conceit."

"And so fickle," added Harald.

"Because the men," retorted Susanna, "are not deserving of constancy."

"And so obstinate and violent," continued Harald.

"When the men," said Susanna, "are absurd."

"But I," proceeded Harald very sharply, "do not like an obstinate, passionate, imperious woman. It is in general the men themselves who spoil them; they are too patient, too conceding, too obliging. But in my house it shall be different. I do not intend to spoil my wife. On the contrary, she shall learn to shew herself patient, devoted, and attentive to me; and for this purpose I intend to send for my dear sister. She must not expect that I shall move from the spot for her sake; she must not—"

At this moment a carriage was heard to drive into the court, and stop before the door. Harald looked through the window, made an exclamation of surprise and joy, and darted like an arrow out of the room. Susanna in her turn looked with anxiety through the window, and saw Harald lift a lady from the carriage, whom he then warmly and long folded in his arms, and quitted only to take from her the boxes and packages which she would bring out, and load himself with them.

"O indeed!" thought Susanna, "it is thus then that it stands with his tyranny;" and satisfied that it was Harald's sister whom she thus received, she went into the kitchen to make some preparations for supper.

When she returned to the sitting-room, she found the brother and sister there. With beaming eyes Harald presented to Susanna—

\* 'Fattig Leilighed'—'poor opportunity'—is the name given in merit to the cooking-up the remains of the week's provisions, which generally is brought out on a Saturday.

"My sister Alette!" And then he began to dance about with her, laughing and singing. Never had Susanna seen him so thoroughly glad at heart.

At supper Harald had eyes only for his sister, whom he did nothing but wait upon with jest and merriment, now and then playing her, indeed, some joke, for which she scolded him; and this only seemed to enliven him still more. Mrs. Astrid had this evening never quitted her room, and Harald could therefore all the more enjoy himself with Alette. After supper, he took his seat beside her on the sofa, and with her hand in his, he reminded her of their days of childhood, and how little they were then able to endure each other.

"You were then so intolerably provoking," said Alette.

"And you so unbearably genteel and high," said Harald. "Do you remember how we used to wrangle at breakfast? That is, how I did, for you never made much answer, but carried yourself so excessively knowingly and loftily, because you were then a little taller than I."

"And I remember too how you sometimes quitted the field, left the breakfast, and complained to our mother you could not support my genteel airs."

"Yes, if that had but in the end availed me anything. But I was compelled to hear, 'Alette is much more sensible than you. Alette is much more steady than you.' That had a bitter taste with it; but as some amends, I ate up your confectionary."

"Yes, you rogue you, that you did, and then persuaded me into the bargain that a rat had done it."

"Ay, I was a graceless lad, good for nothing, conceited, intolerable!"

"And I a tiresome girl, a little old woman, peevish and sanctified. For every trick you played me I gave you a moral lecture."

"Nay, not one, my sister, but seven, and more than that. That was too strong for anything!" exclaimed Harald, laughing, and kissing Alette's hand.

"But," continued he, "they were necessary and well merited. But I, unworthy one, was rather glad when I escaped from them, and went to the University."

"Nor was I either at all sorry to have my pincushion and things left in peace. But when you came home three years later, then the leaf had turned itself over; then it was otherwise. Then became I truly proud of my brother."

"And I of my sister. Do you know, Alette, I think you must actually break off with Lexow. I really cannot do without you. Remain with me, instead of going with him up into the shivering, cold North, which you really never can like."

"You must ask Lexow about that, my brother."

Thus continued the conversation long, and became by degrees more serious and still. The brother and sister seemed to talk of their future, and that is always a solemn matter, but ever and anon burst forth a hearty laughter from the midst of their consultations. It went on to midnight, but neither of them appeared to mark this.

Susanna, during the conversation of the re-

atives, had retired to the next room, so as to leave them the more freedom. Her bosom was oppressed by unwonted and melancholy feelings. With her brow leaned against the cool window panes, she gazed out into the lovely summer evening, while she listened to the soft and familiar voices within. The twilight cast its soft dusky veil over the dale; and tree and field, hill and plain, heaven and earth, seemed to mingle in confidential silence. In the grass slumbered the flowers, leaning on each other; and from amongst the leaves, which gently waved themselves side by side, Susanna seemed to hear whispered the words, 'Brother! Sister!' With an ineffable yearning opened she her arms as if she would embrace some one—but when they returned again empty to her bosom, tears of anguish rolled over her cheeks, while her lips whispered, 'Little Hulda!'

Little Hulda, all honour to thy affections, to thy radiant locks; but I do not believe that Susanna's tears now flowed alone for thee.

#### ALETTE.

I see thine eyes in beauty fling  
Back the tall taper's splendour;  
Yet can still, and clear, and tender,  
Dwell on an angel's wing.—VILHAVEN.

When Susanna the next morning went in to Alette, to inquire how she had slept, and so on, she found Harald already with his sister, and around her were outspread the linen, the neckerchiefs, the pocket-handkerchiefs, the tablecloths, etc., which he told Susanna he had purchased for himself, but which, in reality, were presents for his sister, on the occasion of her approaching marriage. Scarcely had Susanna entered the room, when, to her great amazement, the brother and sister both united in begging her to accept the very handsome dress which she had once proposed that Harald should buy for his sister. She blushed and hesitated, but could not resist the cordiality of Harald, and received the gift with thanks, though glad was she not. Tears were ready to start into her eyes, and she felt herself poor in more than one respect. When Harald immediately after this went out, Alette broke forth into a hearty panegyric upon him, and concluded with these words: "Yes, one may probably three times a day get angry with him before we can rightly get to know him; but this is certain, that if he wishes it, you cannot get clear of him without first loving him." Susanna sat silent; listened to Alette's words; and her heart beat at once with painful and affectionate feelings. The call to breakfast broke off the conversation.

Alette was something more than twenty years of age, and had the beautiful growth, the pure complexion, the fine features, with which mother Nature seems especially to have endowed her daughters of Norway. Something fine and transparent lay in her appearance; and her body seemed merely to be a light garment for the soul, so full of life. Her manner of action and of speaking had something fascinating in them, and betrayed happy endowments of nature and much accomplishment. Betrothed to a wealthy merchant of Nordland, she was to be married in the autumn; but in the meanwhile came to spend some time with her brother, and with some other near relatives in Hallingdal.

Susanna felt herself but little at ease with Alette, beside whose fine, half-ethereal being, she perceived in herself, for the first time, an unpleasant consciousness of being—lumpish.

From the moment of Alette's arrival in Semb, there commenced a change there. Her charming disposition and great talents, made her quickly the centre round which all assembled. Even Mrs. Astrid felt her influence, and remained in the evenings with the rest, and took part in the conversation, which Alette knew how to make interesting. But Mrs. Astrid herself contributed not the less thereto, when she for hours together, as it were, forgot herself in the subjects of the conversation, and then uttered words which gave evidence of a deeply feeling and thinking spirit. Susanna regarded her with joy and admiration. Yet often a painful thought seemed to snatch her away from the genial impression, some dark memory appeared spectre-like to step between her and gladness; the words then died on her pallid lips, the hand was laid on the heart, and she heard and saw no more of what was going on around her, till the interest of the conversation was again able to take hold of her.

There was frequently reading aloud. Alette had a real talent for this, and it was a genuine enjoyment to hear from her lips poems of Valhalla and Vergeland; which two young men, although personal enemies, in this respect have extended to each other a brotherly hand, because they sincerely love their native land, and have exhibited much that is beautiful and ennobling in its literature.

In the mean time, Susanna became continually less at ease in her mind; Harald no longer as before sought her company, and seemed almost to have forgotten her in Alette. In the conversations, at which she was now often present, there was much which touched her feelings, and awoke in her questions and imaginations; but when she attempted to express any of these, when she would take part and would show that she could think and speak, then fell the words so ill, and her thoughts came forth so obscurely, that she herself was compelled to blush for them; especially when on this, Alette would turn her eyes upon her with some astonishment, and Harald cast down his; and she vowed to herself never again to open her mouth on subjects which she did not understand.

But all this sunk deep into her bosom; and in her self-humiliation she lamented bitterly the want of a more careful education, and sighed from the depths of her heart; "Ah! that I did but know a little more! That I did but possess some beautiful talent!"

#### AN EVENING IN THE SITTING-ROOM.

And is it once morning, then is it soon day,  
For the light must eternally conquer.

Foss.

It was a lovely summer evening. Through the open windows of the sitting-room streamed in the delicious summer air with the fragrance of the bay, which now lay in swath in the dale. At one table, Susanna prepared the steaming tea, which the Norwegians like almost as much as the English; at another sat Mrs. Astrid with Harald and Alette, occupied with the newly-

published, beautiful work, "Snorre Sturleson's Sagas of the Norwegian Kings, translated from the Icelandic of J. Aal." The fourth number of this work lay before Harald open at the section "The Discovery of Vineland." He had just read aloud Mr. Aal's interesting introduction to the Sagas of Erik Rode and Karlafne, and now proceeded to read these two Sagas themselves, which contained the narrative of the first discovery of America, and of which we here give a brief compendium.

"At the end of the tenth century, at the period when the Northmen sought with warlike Viking hosts the south, and the Christianity with the Gospel of Peace made its way towards the North, there lived in Iceland a man of consequence, named Herjulf. His son was called Bjarne, and was a courageous young man. His mind was early turned towards travel and adventures. He soon had the command of his own ship, and sailed in it for foreign lands. As he one summer returned to the island of his ancestors, his father had shortly before sailed for Greenland, and had settled himself there. Then also steered Bjarne out to sea, saying, 'He would, after the old custom, take up his winter's board with his father, and would sail for Greenland.'

"After three days' sail, a fierce north wind arose, followed by so thick a fog that Bjarne and his people could no longer tell where they were. This continued many days. After that they began to see the sun again, and could discern the quarters of the heaven. They saw before them land, which was overgrown with wood, and had gentle eminences. Bjarne would not land there, because it could not be Greenland, where he knew that they should find great icebergs. They sailed on with a south-west wind for three days, and got sight of another land, which was mountainous and had lofty icebergs. But Bjarne perceived that neither was this Greenland, and sailed farther, till he at length discovered the land which he sought, and his father's court.

"On a visit to Erik Jarl in Norway, Bjarne related his voyage, and spoke of the strange country which he had seen. But people thought that he had had little curiosity not to have been able to say more about this country, and some blamed him much on this account. Erik Rode's son, Lief, the descendant of a distinguished line, was filled with zeal at Bjarne's relation, to pursue the discovery, and purchased of him a ship, which he manned with five-and-thirty men, and so set out to sea, to discover this new land. They came first to a country full of snow and mountains, which seemed to them to be destitute of all magnificence. They then came in sight of one whose shore was of white sand, and its surface overgrown with woods.\* They sailed out farther westward, and arrived at a splendid country, where they found grapes and Indian corn and the noble tree 'Masur'†

"This country† they called 'Vineland,' and built a house, and remained there through the winter, which was so mild that the grass was but little withered. Moreover, the day and night were of more equal length than in Iceland or Greenland. And Lief was a tall and strong

\* Probably Newfoundland. † Probably spotted maple.  
‡ Upper Canada.

man, of a manly aspect, and at the same time wise and prudent in all matters. After this expedition, he grew both in consideration and wealth, and was universally called 'The Happy.'

"Amongst the voyages to this new country which followed on that of Lief, Karlefe's is the most remarkable. But the new colonists were attacked with heavy sickness; and the peculiar home-sickness of the inhabitants of the North might perhaps, in part, drive them back from the grapes of Vineland to their own snowy home: certain it is, that they retained no permanent settlement in the new country. They were also continually assaulted by the natives, whom their weapons were not powerful enough to restrain.

"In the mean time, several Icelandic annalists have recorded that, in every age, from the time of Lief to that of Columbus, America was visited by the Northmen. Testimonies and memories of these voyages we have now only in these relations, and in the remarkable stone called 'Dighton written Rock,' on the bank of Taunton river in Massachusetts, and whose ruins and hieroglyphics at length, in 1830, copied by learned Americans, corroborate the truth of these relations."

Harald now commented on these figures with great zeal, remarking that, in Norway, similar ones were yet found engraven on the face of rocks, on tombstones, etc. "Do you see, Alette," continued he, eagerly, "this represents a woman and a little child; probably Karlefe's wife, who bore a son during this visit to Vineland. And this must be a bull; and in Karlefe's Saga a bull is mentioned, which terrified the natives by his bellows; and these figures to the right represent the natives. This must be a shield, and these Runic letters."

"It requires a right good strength of imagination for all this, my brother," here interrupted Alette, smilingly, who was not altogether so patriotic as Harald; "but granted that all this was evidence of the first discovery of America by our ancestors, what then? What good, what advantage has the world derived thence? Is it not rather sorrowful to see that such important discoveries should have been lost, that they could be obliterated as if they had never been, and must be made anew! Had not Columbus, some centuries later, braved both the narrow-mindedness of men and the yet unmeasured tracks of the ocean, it is probable that to-day we should know nothing of America, and of these stones, the traces of our forefathers on this foreign soil."

"But, my dear Alette," exclaimed Harald, in astonishment, "is it not then clear as the sun, that without the Vineland voyages of the Northmen, Columbus could certainly never have fallen upon the idea of seeking a land beyond the great ocean? In the time of Columbus, the Northmen sailed in their Snäkor\* about all the coasts of Europe; they made voyages to Spain, and rumours of the Vineland voyages went with them. Besides—and this is worthy of notice—Columbus himself visited Iceland a few years prior to his great voyage of discovery; and, as Robertson says, rather to extend his knowledge of sea affairs than to augment his property."

\* Seails or Cockles, as they called their light craft.

"But," said Alette, "Washington Irving, in his *Columbus*, which I have recently perused, speaks indeed of his voyage to Iceland, but denies that he derived thence any clue to his great discovery."

"But that is incredible, impossible, after what we here see and hear! Listen now to what Aal says of the time when Columbus made his sojourn in Iceland: 'In Iceland flourished then the written Sagas, and the various Sagas passed from hand to hand in various copies, serving then, as now, but in a higher degree, to shorten the winter evenings. Our old manuscript Sagas thus certainly kindled a light in his dim conceptions; and this must have so much the more brought him upon the track, as it was nearer to the events themselves, and could in part be orally communicated by those who were the direct lineal descendants of the discoverers.'

"Is not this most natural and essential! Can you doubt any longer, Alette! I pray you convert and improve yourself. Convert yourself from Irving to Aal."

"I am disposed to take Harald's side," said now Mrs. Astrid, with a lively voice and look. "Great, and for mankind, important discoveries have never occurred without preparatory circumstances, often silently operating through whole centuries, till in a happy moment the spirit of genius and of good fortune has blown up the fire which glowed beneath the ashes, into a clear, and for the world, magnificent flame. Wherever we see a flower we can look down to a stem, to the roots hidden in the earth, and finally look to a seed, which in its dark form contained the yet undeveloped but living plant. And may not every thing in the world be regulated by the same law of development? In the tempestuous voyages of the Northmen through the misty seas, I could see the weather-driven seed, which under the guidance of Providence, from the soil of Vineland, stretched its roots through centuries, till a mighty genius was guided by them to complete the work, and to the Old World to discover the New."

Harald was delighted with this idea, which blew fresh wind into his sails; and thereby enlivened, he gave vent to the admiration of the ancient times of the North, which lived in his bosom. "It belonged," said he, "to those men of few words but of powerful deeds; those men to whom danger was a sport, the storm music, and the swell of the waves a dance: to this race of youths it belonged to discover new worlds without imagining that to be an exploit. Great achievements were their every-day occupation."

Alette shook her beautiful head at this enthusiasm for antiquity. She would not deny these times had a certain greatness, but she could not pronounce them truly great. She spoke of the revenge, the violence, the base cruelties which the past ages of the North openly paid homage to.

"But," continued Harald, "the contempt of pain and death, this noble contempt, so universal amongst the men of that time, deprived cruelty of its sting. Our degenerate race has scarcely a conception of the strength which made the men of past times find a pleasure even in pains, since they spurred their courageous souls to the highest pitch of heroism; since in

such moments they felt themselves able to be more than men. Therefore sung heroes amid the very pains of death. Thus died the Swedish Hjalmar, in the arms of his friend Odd, the Norwegian, while he greeted the eagles which came to drink his blood. Thus died Ragnar Lodbrok, in the den of serpents; and while the snakes hissing, gnawed their way into his heart, he sung his victories, and concluded with the words—

Gone are the hours of existence!  
Smiling shall I die.

How noble and admirable is this strength, amid torments and death! Could we but thus die!"

"But the rudest savages of America," said Alette, "know and practise this species of heroism; before me floats another ideal, both of life and death. The strong spirit of past ages which you, my brother, so highly prized, could not support old age, the weary days, the silent suffering, the great portion of the lot of man. I will prize the spirit which elevates every condition of humanity; which animates the dying hero to praise, not himself, but God, and die; and which to the lonely one, who wanders through the night of life towards his unnoticed grave, imparts a strength, a peace, and enables him in his darkness to triumph over all the powers of darkness. Ah! I who deeply feel myself to be one of the weak ones in the earth, who possess no single drop of Northern heroic blood; I rejoice that we can live and die in a manner which is noble, which is beautiful, which requires not the Berserker-mood, and of which the strongest spirit need not be ashamed. Do you remember, my brother, 'The old poet,' of Rein? This poem perfectly expresses the tone of mind which I would wish to possess in my last hour."

Harald recollected but faintly 'The old poet,' and both he and Mrs. Astrid begged Alette to make them better acquainted with him. Alette could not remember the whole poem, but gave an account of the most essential of its contents in these words—

"It is spring. The aged poet wanders through wood and mead, in the country where he once sung, where he had once been happy, amongst those whom he had made glad. His voice is now broken; his strength, his fire, are over. Like a shadow of that which once he was, he goes about in the young world still fresh with life. The birds of spring gather around him, welcome him with joy, and implore him to take his harp and sing to it of the new-born year, of the smiling spring. He answers—

O ye dear little singer quire,  
No more can I strike the harp with fire;  
No more in youth is renewed my spring;  
No more the old poet can gaily sing;  
And yet I am so blest—  
In my heart is heavenly rest.\*

"He wanders farther through wood and meadow. The brook murmuring between green banks, whispers to him its joy over its loosened bands, and greets the singer as the messenger of spring and freedom.

\* I have not wished to attempt a translation of these verses, convinced that for the Swedish reader it is not necessary; and why unnecessarily brush off the golden dust from the butterfly's wings.—*Fredrika Bremer.*

As, however, the English reader may find it rather more necessary to give a translation of the Norwegian verses, I have made it, and that as much in the simplicity of the original as I could.—M. H.

Thy harp, my fleet stream fondly halleth—  
It leaps, it exults, it bows itself;  
Let it sound then—O make no delay!—  
Like me the days hasten away.

"The aged singer replies:

O spring! which dost leap in thy shoes,  
No more am I what I have been.  
The name of the past I hear alone—  
A feeble echo of days that are flown.  
And yet I am so blest;  
In my heart is heavenly rest.

"He wanders farther. The Dryads surround him in their dance; the Flowers present him garlands, and beg him to sing their festival; the Zephyrs, which were wont to play amid his harp-strings, seek in the bushes, and ask whether he has forgotten them there; caress the old man, and seek again, but in vain. They are about to fly, but he entreats:

O dear ones, depart not I pray!  
O flowers, spread with beauty my way!  
My harp is broken, but no sigh  
Spring's spirits gay shall cause to fly.  
And I am still so blest;  
In my heart is heavenly rest.

"He wanders farther, and seeks out every beloved nook. The youth of the country assemble, and surround the aged singer—"the friend of youth and gladness." They entreat him with his music to beautify their festival:

For spring is dead, with all its pleasure,  
Without the harp and song's glad measure.

"The old man replies:

Quenched, ye youth, is my fire so wild;  
My evening twilight is cool, but mild;  
And the blissful hours of my youth are brought,  
By your lively songs, into my thought.  
Bewail me not; I am still so blest—  
In my heart lieth heaven's own rest.

"And now he exhorts the songsters of the wood, flowers, youth, every thing that is lovely in nature and in life, to rejoice in its existence, and to praise the Creator. The beauty and joy of all creatures are the garland in his silver hair; and grateful and happy, admiring and singing praises, he sinks softly into the maternal bosom of Nature."

Alette was silent; a tender emotion trembled in her voice as she uttered the last words, and beamed in her charming countenance. The tears of Mrs. Astrid flowed; her hands were convulsively clasped together, whilst she exclaimed, "O thus to feel before one dies! and thus to be permitted to die!" She drew Alette to her with a kind of vehemence, kissed her, and then wept silently, leaning on her shoulder. Harald too was affected; but he appeared to restrain his feelings, and gazed with earnest and tearful eyes on the group before him.

Silently and unobserved stole Susanna out of the room. She felt a sting in her heart; a serpent raged in her bosom. Driven by a nameless agonized disquiet, she hastened forth into the free air, and ascended, almost without being aware of it herself, the steep footpath up the mountain, where many a time, in calmer moments, she had admired the beautiful prospect.

Great and beautiful scenes had, during the foregoing conversation, arisen before her view; she felt herself so little, so poor beside them. Ah! she could not once speak of the great and beautiful, for her tongue was bound. She felt so warmly, and yet could warm no one! The happy Alette won without trouble, perhaps even without much valuing it, a regard, an approval,

which Susanna would have purchased with her life. The Barbra-spirit boiled up in her, and with a reproachful glance to heaven she exclaimed, "Shall I then for my whole life remain nothing but a poor despised maid-servant!"

The heaven looked down on the young maiden mildly but smilingly; soft rain-drops sprinkled her forehead; and all nature around her stood silent, and, as it were, in sorrow. This sorrowing calm operated on Susanna like the tenderly accusing glance of a good mother. She looked down into her heart, and saw there envy and pride, and she shuddered at herself. She gazed down into the stream which waved beneath her feet, and she thought with longing, "O that one could but plunge down, deep, deep into these waves, and then arise purified—improved!"

But already this wish had operated like a purifying baptism on Susanna's soul; and she felt fresh and light thoughts ascend within her. "A poor maid-servant!" repeated now Susanna; "and why should that be so contemptible a lot! The Highest himself has served on earth; served for all, for the very least; yea, even for me. O!—" and it became continually lighter and warmer in her mind.—"I will be a true maid-servant, and place my honour in it, and desire to be nothing else! Charm I cannot; beauty and genius, and beautiful talents, I have not; but—I can love and I can serve, and that will I do with my whole heart, and with all my strength, and in all humility; and if men despise me, yet God will not forsake the poor and faithful maid-servant!"

When Susanna again cast her tearful eyes on the ground, they fell on a little piece of moss, one of those very least children of nature, which in silence and unheeded pass through the metamorphoses of their quiet life. The little plant stood in fresh green, on its head hung the clear rain-drops, and the sun which now shone through the clouds, glittered in them.

Susanna contemplated the little moss, and it seemed to say to her: "See thou! though I am so insignificant, yet I enjoy the dew of heaven and the beams of the sun, as fully as the roses and the lilacs of the garden!" Susanna understood the speech of the little plant, and grateful and calmed, she repeated many times to herself, with a species of silent gladness—"a humble, a faithful maid-servant!"

When Susanna came home, she found Mrs. Astrid not well. She had been much excited, and on such occasions an attack of the spasms was always to be apprehended. Susanna begged earnestly, and received the permission to watch by her to-night; at least, till Mrs. Astrid slept. Mrs. Astrid had indeed another maid with her, but she was old and very deaf, and Susanna had no confidence in her.

Mrs. Astrid retired to rest. Susanna seated herself on a stool by the window, silently occupied with her thoughts, and with knitting a stocking. The window had stood open during the day, and a host of flies had entered the room. Mrs. Astrid was much disturbed by them, and complained that they prevented her sleeping. Quietly Susanna laid bare her white shoulders, neck, and arms, and when the flies in swarms darted down upon her, and her mistress now left at peace slept calmly, Susanna sat still, let

the flies enjoy themselves, and enjoyed herself thereby more than one can believe.

### RETREATING AND ADVANCING.

True delicacy, that most beautiful heart-leaf of humanity, exhibits itself most significantly in little things. These which we in general call so, are not by any means so little.—J. C. Louv.

It is with our faults as with horseradish; it is terribly difficult to extirpate it from the earth in which it has once taken root; and nothing is more discouraging to the cultivator who will annihilate this weed from his ground, than to see it, so lately plucked up, shooting forth again freshly to the light from roots which remained buried in the earth. One can get quite out of patience with the weedy soil, and one is, when this soil is one's own dear self, possessed by the most cordial desire to set off far, far from one's self. But how!!!

Susanna was often conscious of this feeling, as she daily laboured to repress the excitement which arose up within her at this time. Still the thoughts and resolutions which awoke within her on the evening just described, had taken hold upon her too strongly for them to be again effaced, and with the motto—"a humble and regular servant-girl," she struggled boldly through the dangers and the events of the day. Her demeanour was calmer; she quietly withdrew herself from taking part in conversation which went beyond her education; in a friendly spirit, she endeavoured to renounce the attentions and interest of others, and busied herself only in attending to the comforts and pleasures of all, as well as in accomplishing, and when possible, anticipating every wish. And such an activity has, more than people imagine, an influence upon the well-being of every-day life. The affectionate will lends even to dead things soul and life. But heavy to the ministering spirits is this life of labour and care for others, where no sunbeam of love, no cordial acknowledgment, falls upon their laborious day.

In the beginning of August, Harald set off, to return in about fourteen days with Alf Lexow, the betrothed of Alette. During his absence, Alette was to pay a visit to her uncle in Hallingdal; but, according to Mrs. Astrid's wish, she yet spent another week at Semb. During these days, Alette and Susanna became better friends, for Alette was touched involuntarily by Susanna's unwearied and unpretending attentions, and besides this, she found in her such a frank mind and such cordial sympathy, that she could not deny herself the pleasure of communicating much of that which lived in the heart of the happy bride. Happy,—indeed Alette was, for long and warmly had she loved Alf Lexow, and should shortly be united to him for ever; and yet often stole a melancholy expression over her charming face, when the conversation turned to this marriage and to her removal into Nordland. Susanna asked her several times of the cause of this, and as often Alette jestingly evaded the question; but one evening when they had chatted together more friendly than common, Alette said—

"It is a strange feeling to get everything ready for one's own marriage in the belief that one shall not long survive it! This removal to Nordland will be my death, that I know cer-

tainly. No, do not look so terrified! It is in no case so dangerous. And thoughts of an early death I have long borne in my mind, and therefore I am accustomed to them."

"Ah!" said Susanna, "those who love and are loved, the happy, should never die! But why this strange foreboding?"

"I do not know myself!" replied Alette, "but it has accompanied me from my earliest youth. My mother was born under the beautiful heaven of Provence, and passed the greater part of her youth in that warm country. The love of my father made her love in our Norway a second country, and here she spent the remainder of her life; she never, however, could rightly bear this cold climate, longed secretly for that warmer land, and died with the longing. To me has she bequeathed this feeling; and although I have never seen those orange groves, that warm blue heaven, of which she so gladly spoke, I drew in from childhood a love to them; I have, besides, inherited my mother's suffering from cold;—my chest is not strong, ah!—the long, dark winters of Nordland; the residence on the sea-shore in a climate which is twice as cold as that to which I have been accustomed, the sea-mists and storms—ah! I cannot long withstand them. But, Susanna, you must promise me not to say one word of what I have confided to you, either to Harald or to Lexow!"

"But if they know it," said Susanna, "then you certainly need not go there. Certainly your bridegroom would for your sake seek out a milder country—"

"And not feel at home there, and die of longing for his dear Nordland! No, no, Susanna! I know his love for his native land, and know that this wintery nature which I dread so much, is precisely his life and his health. Alf is a Nordlander in heart and soul, and has, as it were, grown up with the district which his fathers inhabited, and whose advance and prosperity are his favourite scheme, the principal object of his activity. No, no! for my sake he shall not tear himself from his home, his noble efforts. Rather would I, if it must be so, find an early grave in his Nordland!"

Susanna now desired to know, and Alette communicated to her, various particulars of the country which was she thought so terrible, and we will now, with the young friends, east—

## A GLANCE INTO NORDLAND.

All is cold and hard.

BLOM.

The spirit of God yet rests upon Nordland.

Z.

A great part of Norway has, as it were, its face turned away from life. 'The Old Night,' which the ancient world considered to be the original mother of all things, here held the giant child in her dark bosom, and bound it tight in swaddling bands, out of which it could not shape itself to joy and freedom. Neither Nordland nor Finmark see the sun for many months in the year, and the difficulties and dangers of the roads shut them out from intercourse with the southern world. The spirit of the North Pole rests oppressively over this region, and when in still August nights it breathes from hence over southern Norway, then withers the

half-ripened harvests of the valleys and the plains, and the icy-grey face of hunger stares stiffly from the northern cliffs upon laborious but unhappy human multitudes. The sea breaks upon this coast against a palisaded fence of rocks and cliffs, around which swarm flocks of polar birds with cries and screams. Storms alternate with thick mists. The cliffs along this coast have extraordinary shapes; new ascend they upwards like towers, now resemble beasts, now present gigantic and terrific human profiles; and one can easily imagine how the popular belief sees in them monsters and giants turned to stone, and why their ancestors laid their Jotunhem in this desolate wilderness.

And a dark fragment of Paganism still lingers about this region even to this day. It is frozen fast into the people's imagination; it is turned to stone in the horrible shapes of nature, which once gave it life. The light of the Gospel endeavours in vain to dissipate the shadows of a thousand years; the Old Night holds them back. In vain the Holy Cross is raised upon all the cliffs; the belief in magic and magic arts lives still universally among the people. Witches sit, full of malice, in their caves, and blow up storms for the sea-wanderers, so that they must be unfortunate; and the ghost Stallo, a huge man, dressed in black, with a staff in his hand, wanders about in the wilderness, and challenges the solitary traveller to meet him in the contest for life and death.

The Laplander, the nomade of the North, roving free with his reindeer over undivided fields, appears like a romantic feature in this life; but it must be viewed from afar. Near, every trace of beauty vanishes in the fumes of brandy and the smoke of the Lapland hut.

Along the coast, between the cliffs, and the rocks, and the hundreds of islands which surround this strand, live a race of fishermen, who rivaling the sea-mew, skim the sea. Night and day, winter and summer, swarm their boats upon the waves; through the whistling tempest, through the foaming breakers, speed they terrified with their light sails, that from the depths of the sea they may catch the silvery shoals of herrings, the greatest wealth of the country. Many annually are swallowed up of the deep; but more struggle with the elements, and conquer. Thus amid the daily contest are many powers developed, many a hero-deed achieved,\* and people harden themselves against danger and death, and also against the gentler beauty of life.

Yet it is in this severe region that the eider-duck has its home; it is upon these naked cliffs where its nest is built, from feathers plucked from its own breast, that silky soft down which is scattered abroad over the whole world, that people in the North and in the South may lie warm and soft. How many suffering limbs, how many aching heads, have not received comfort from the hard cliffs of Norway.

Upon the boundaries between Nordland and Finmark lies the city of Tromsøe, the new flourishing centre of these provinces. It was here that Alette was to spend her life; it was

\* The stormy winter of 1839 abounded in misfortunes to the fishermen of Lofode, but abounded also in the most beautiful instances of heroic courage, where life was ventured, and sometimes lost, in order to save a suffering fellow-creature.

here that affection prepared for her a warm and peaceful nest, like the eider-duck drawing from its own breast, the means of preparing a soft couch in the bosom of the hard rock. And after Alette had described to Susanna what terrified her so much in her northern retreat, she concealed not from her that which reconciled her so forcibly to it; and Susanna comprehended this very well, as Alette read to her the following letter.

*Tromsøe, May 28th.*

Were you but here, my Alette! I miss you every moment whilst I am arranging my dwelling for your reception, and feel continually the necessity of asking, 'how do you wish it? what think you of it?' Ah, that you were here, my own beloved at this moment! and you would be charmed with this 'ice and bear land,' before which, I know, you secretly shudder. The country around here is not wild and dark; as, for example, at Helgoland. Leafy woods garland the craggy shores of our island, and around them play the waves of the sea in safe bays and creeks. Our well-built little city lies sweetly upon the southern side of the island, only divided from the mainland by a narrow arm of the sea. My house is situated in the street which runs along the large convenient harbour. At this moment above twenty vessels lie at anchor, and the various flags of the different nations wave in the evening wind. There are English, German, and especially Russian, which come to our coast, in order to take our fish, our eider-down, and so on, in exchange for their corn and furs. Besides these, the inhabitants of more southern regions bring hither a vast number of articles of luxury and fashion, which are eagerly purchased by the inhabitants of Kola, and the borders of the White Sea. Long life to Commerce! My soul expands at the sight of its life. What has not commerce done from the beginning of the world for the embellishment of life, for promoting the friendly intercourse of countries and people, for the refinement of manners! It has always given me the most heartfelt delight, that the wisest and most humane of the lawgivers of antiquity—Solon—was a merchant. 'By trade,' says one of his biographers, 'by wisdom and music was his soul fashioned. Long life to commerce! What lives not through it?' What is all fresh life, all movement, in reality, but trade, exchange, gift for gift! In love, in friendship, in the great life of the people, in the quiet family circle, everywhere where I see happiness and prosperity, see I also trade; nay what is the whole earth if not a colony from the mother country of heaven, and whose well-being and happy condition depend upon free export and import! The simile might be still further carried out, yet—thou good Giver above, pardon us that we have ventured upon it!

And you must not fancy, Alette, that the great interest for trade here excludes the nobler and more refined mental culture. Among the thousand people who inhabit the city, one can select out an interesting circle for social intercourse. We also have a theatre, and many pleasures of refined life. I was yesterday at a ball, where they danced through the whole night, till—daylight. The good music, the tasteful dresses and lovely dancing of the ladies; but above all, the tone of social life, the cordial cheerfulness,

astonished several foreigners who were present, and caused them to inquire whether they were really here under the seventieth degree of latitude!

But the winter! Methinks I hear you say, 'in summer it may be well enough, but in the long, dark winter.' Well then, my Alette, winter—goes on right excellently when people love one another, when it is warm at home. Do you remember, Alette, last autumn, how we read together at Christiansand, in the Morning Paper, the following paragraph from the Tromsøe News of the fourteenth of October:—

"Already for several days successively have we had snow storms, and at this moment the snow-plough is working to form a road for the church-going people. The grave-like stillness of night and winter spread itself with tempest speed over meadow and valley, and only a few cows wander now like spectres over the snow-covered fields, to pluck their scanty fare from the twigs which are not yet snowed up."

That little winter-piece pleased me, but at the expression, 'the grave-like stillness of night and winter,' you bowed your loving dear face, with closed eyes, to my breast. O my Alette! thus shall you do in future, when dread of darkness and cold seizes upon you; and upon my breast, listening to the beating of my heart and to my love, shall you forget the dark pictures which stand without before your home. Close your eyes; slumber, beloved, whilst I watch over you, and then you will, with brightening eyes and blooming cheeks, look upon the night and winter, and feel that its power is not great. O truly can love, this Geiser of the soul, smelt ice and snow, wherever they may be on earth; truly, wherever its warm springs swell forth, a southern clime can bloom; yes, even at the North Pole itself.

Whilst I write this, I hear music, which makes upon me a cheerful and a melancholy impression at the same time. They are eight Russians, who sing one of their national songs, whilst in the quiet evening they sail down the Tromsøe-sound. They sing a quartet, and with the most complete purity and melody. They sing in a minor key, but yet not mournfully. They row in the deep shadow of the shore, and at every stroke of the oars the water shines around the boat, and drops, as of fire, fall from the oars. The phenomenon is not uncommon on the Atlantic; and know you not, my Alette, what it is which shines and burns so in the sea? It is love! At certain moments, the consciousness of the sea-insects rises to a high pitch of vividness, and millions of existences invisible to the naked human eye, then celebrate the bliss of their being. In such moments the sea kindles; then every little worm, inspired by love, lights up its tiny lamp. Yet only for a moment burns its flame, then all the quicker to be extinguished. But it dies without pain, dies joyfully. Rich nature! Good Creator!

My heart also burns. I look upon the illuminated element, which may be said to be full of enjoyment; I listen to the melody of the singers, full of joy and pain, and—I stretch forth my arms to you, Alette, my Alette!

"O!" exclaimed Susanna, "how this man loves you, and how you must love him! Certainly you must live long, that you may be happy together!"

"And if not long," said Alette, "yet for a short time; yes, a short time I hope to live and to make him happy, to thank him for all his love. And then—"

Alette stooped down and plucked a beautiful full-blown waterlily which grew in the river, by whose banks they stood; she shewed it to Susanna, whilst she continued with a pensive smile—

What more then than this ?  
One moment she is  
A friendly ray given,  
From her home's shining heaven :  
Then is she the flame,  
High mid the temple's resounding acclaim—  
One moment like this  
Bears you up through death's sleep into him.  
MURON.

### THE RETURN.

To meet, to part ;  
The welcome, the farewell ;  
Behold the sun of life !—BJERREGAARD.

ALETTE set off to fulfil her promise to her uncle in Hallingdal; but in a few weeks she was again at Semb, in company with Harald and Alf Lexow, who had fetched her there. Yet this visit could only last for a short time, for then she had to set out with her bridegroom and her uncle's family on the journey to Trondhjem, where her marriage was to be celebrated at the house of a rich and cordial aunt, who had long been rejoicing in it, and had now for several months been baking and boiling in preparation for it. Harald also was to accompany them on this journey.

Alf Dexow was a man in his best years, with an open and generous manner. His face was small, marked by the small-pox, but otherwise handsome and full of life and benevolence. He was one of those men whose first glance attracts one and inspires confidence. Susanna felt great pleasure on seeing the affectionate, confidential understanding between the betrothed. She herself also was now happier, because Harald now left Alette much with her bridegroom, and sought as before for Susanna's society.

Alette was lively, agreeable, and well-educated; she liked best to hear herself talk. So in reality did Harald; and a better listener than Susanna could nobody have. Contentions occurred no longer; but there was a something in Susanna which attracted Harald to her more than the former passion for strife had ever done. He found Susanna's manners altered for the better; there was in them a something quieter, and, at the same time, gentler than before; whilst she was now always so kind, so attentive, and thought of every thing which could give pleasure to others. He saw, at the same time, with what silent solicitude her thoughts followed Mrs. Astrid, who now, at the approach of autumn—it was then the end of August—appeared to have relapsed into her dark and silent mood, out of which she had been aroused for some time. She now very rarely left her room, except at the hour of dinner.

Harald wished that his sister and brother-in-law elect should witness, before their departure from the dale, some of the popular assemblings for games and dancings, and had therefore prepared a rural festival, to which he invited them and Susanna, and to which we also will now betake ourselves.

### THE HALLING.

This peculiar, wild, affecting music, is our national poetry.—HANS WERGELAND.

The violins ringing;  
Not blither the singing  
Of birds in the woods and the meadows.  
Hurrah! hand round the foaming can—  
Akal for the fair maid who dancing began!  
Akal for the Jente mine! And  
Akal for the Jente thine! And  
Akal for the fathers and mothers on benches!  
NORWEGIAN SONGS.

ONE lovely afternoon in the early part of September were seen two young festally-attired peasant maidens gaily talking, hastening along the footpath through the little wood in Heimdal towards a green open space surrounded by trees, and where might be seen a crowd of persons of both sexes assembled, all in peasant dresses. Here was the 'Leikeveld,' or dancing-ground; and as the young girls approached it, the one said to the other, "It is certain, Susanna, that the dress becomes you excellently! Your lovely bright hair shines more beautifully than ever, plaited with red ribbons. I fancy the costume does not suit me half so well."

"Because you, best Alette, look like a disguised princess, and I in mine like a regular peasant girl."

"Susanna, I perceive that you are a flatterer. Let us now see whether Alf and Harald will recognise the Tellemark 'jente' girls."

They did not long remain in uncertainty on this subject; for scarcely were they come to the dancing-ground, when two peasants in Halling-jackets, and broad girdles round their waists, came dancing towards them, whilst they sang with the others the following peasant-song—

And I am bachelor, and am not roving;  
And I am son unto Gulleig Bø;  
And wilt thou be to me faithful and loving,  
Then I will choose thee, dear maiden, for me.

Susanna recognised Harald in the young peasant, who thus singing gaily, politely took her hand, and led her along the lively spring-dance, which was danced to singing. Alette danced with her Alf, who bore himself nobly as a Halling-youth.

Never had Susanna looked so well and so happy, but then neither had she ever enjoyed such pleasure. The lovely evening; the tones of the music; the life of the dance; Harald's looks, which expressed in a high degree his satisfaction; the delighted happy faces which she saw around her—never before had she thought life so pleasant. And nearly all seemed to feel so too, and all swung round from the joy of their hearts; silver buckles jingled, and shilling after shilling\* danced down into the little gaily painted Hardanger-fiddle, which was played upon with transporting spirit by an old man, of an expressive and energetic exterior.

After the first dance, people rested for a moment. They ate apples, and drank Hardanger-ale out of silver cans. After this there rose an almost universal cry, which challenged Harald and another young man who was renowned for his agility and strength, to dance together a 'lós Halling.' They did not require much persuasion, and stepped into the middle of the circle, which enlarged itself, and closed around them.

\* About a farthing.

The musician tuned his instrument, and with his head bowed upon his breast, began to play with an expression and a life that might be called inspired. It was one of the wild Maliseknud's most genial compositions. Was it imagined with the army, in the bivouac under the free nightly heaven, or in—'slavery,' amid evil-doers? Nobody knows; but in both situations has it charmed forth tones, like his own restless life, which never will pass from the memory of the people. Now took the Hardanger fiddle for the first time its right sound.

Universal applause followed the dancing of the young men; but the highest interest was excited by Harald, who, in the dance, awoke actual astonishment.

Perhaps there is no dance which expresses more than the Halling the temper of the people who originated it, which better reflects the life and character of the inhabitants of the North.

It begins, as it were, upon the ground, amid jogging little hops, accompanied by movements of the arms, in which, as it were, a great strength plays negligently. It is somewhat bear-like, indolent, clumsy, half-dreaming. But it wakes, it becomes earnest. Then the dancers rise up and dance, and display themselves in expressions of power, in which strength and dexterity seem to divert themselves by playing with indolence and clumsiness, and to overcome them. The same person who just before seemed fettered to the earth, springs aloft, and throws himself around in the air as though he had wings. Then, after many break-neck movements and evolutions, before which the unaccustomed spectator grows dizzy, the dance suddenly assumes again its first quiet, careless, somewhat heavy character, and closes as it began, sunk upon the earth.

Loud shouts of applause, bestowed especially upon Harald, resounded on all sides as the dance ceased. And now they all set themselves in motion for a great Halling-polska, and every 'Gut' chose himself a 'Jente.' Harald had scarcely refreshed and strengthened himself with a can of ale before he again hastened up to Susanna, and engaged her for the Halling-polska. She had danced it several times in her own country, and joyfully accepted Harald's invitation.

This dance, too, is deeply characteristic. It paints the Northern inhabitant's highest joy in life; it is the Berserker-gladness in the dance. Supported upon the arm of the woman, the man throws himself high in the air; then he catches her in his arms, and swings round with her in wild circles; then they separate; then they unite again, and whirl again round, as it were, with superabundance of life and delight. The measure is determined, bold, and full of life. It is a dance-intoxication, in which people for the moment release themselves from every care, every burden and oppression of existence.

Thus felt also at this time Harald and Susanna. Young, strong, agile, they swung themselves around with certainty and ease, which seemed to make the dance a sport without any effort; and with eyes steadfastly riveted on each other, they had no sense of giddiness. They whirled round, as it were, in a magic circle, to the strange, magical music. The understrings sounded strong and strange. The peculiar en-

chanted power which lies in the clear depths of the water, in the mysterious recesses of the mountains, in the shades of dark caves, which the skalds have celebrated under the names of mermaids, mountain-kings, and wood-women, and which drag down the heart so forcibly into unknown, wondrous deeps—this dark song of Nature is heard in the understrings\* of the Halling's playful, but yet at the same time, melancholy tones. It deeply seized upon Susanna's soul, and Harald also seemed to experience this enchantment. Leaving the wilder movements of the dance, they moved around ever quieter, arm in arm.

"O, so through life!" whispered Harald's lips, almost involuntarily, as he looked deep into Susanna's beaming, tearful eyes; and, "O, so through life!" was answered in Susanna's heart, but her lips remained closed. At this moment she was seized by a violent trembling, which obliged her to come from dancing, and to sit down, whilst the whole world seemed going round with her. It was not until she had drunk a glass of water, which Harald offered to her, that she was able to reply to his heartfelt and anxious inquiries after her health. Susanna attributed it to the violent dancing, but declared that she felt herself again quite well. At that moment Susanna's eyes encountered those of Alette. She sat at a little distance from them, and observed Harald and Susanna with a grave, and, as it seemed to Susanna, a displeased look. Susanna felt stung at the heart; and when Alette came to her and asked rather coldly, how she found herself, she answered also coldly and shortly.

The sun was going down, and the evening began to be cool. The company was, therefore, invited by Harald to a commodious hut, decorated with foliage and flowers. At Harald's desire, a young girl played now upon the 'langleg,'† and sung thereto with a clear, lively voice the Hallingdal song, 'Gjetter-livet (Shepherd-life), which so naively describes the days of a shepherd-girl in the solitary dales with the flocks, which she pastures and tends during the summer, without care, and joyous of mood, although almost separated from her kind;—*at most*, for Havor, the goat-herd, blows his horn on the rocks in the neighbourhood, and ere long sits beside her on the crags—

The boy with his jew's-harp charms the kine,  
And plays upon the flute so fine,  
And I sing this song of mine.

So approaches the evening, and 'all my darlings,' with 'song and love,' are called by their names:

Come Laikeros, Gullstjerna fine;  
Come Dokkerose, darling mine;  
Come Hjelka, Qirtelin!

And cows and sheep come to the well-known

\* The understrings of the so-called Hardanger-fiddle are four metal strings, which lie under the sounding-board. They are tuned in unison with the upper catgut strings, whereby, as well as by the peculiar form of the violin itself, this gives forth a singular strong, almost melancholy sound.

† The langoleik or langleg is a four-stringed instrument, probably of the same form as the psaltery. The peasant-girls in mountain-districts play gladly upon it, and often, with great dexterity. In the so-called 'Elsker's Song,' from Vestfold, it is said—

Ho sunn so gillt kan po Langoleik spile,  
Svanang dan vana, aka no vana mi!

voice, and assemble at the Säter-hut, lowing and bleating joyfully. Now begins the milking; the goatherd maiden sings—

When I have milked in these pails of mine,  
I lay me down, and sleep divine,  
Till day upon the cliffs doth shine.

After the song, the dancing began again with new spirit. An iron hook was driven into the beam in the middle of the roof, and the dancer who, during the whirl of the Halling-polska, succeeded in striking it with his heel, so that it was bent, obtained the prize for dancing this evening. Observing the break-neck efforts of the competitors, Susanna seated herself upon a bench. Several large, leafy branches, which were reared between the benches and window, prevented her from seeing two persons who stood in quiet conversation, but she remained sitting, as if enchanted, as she heard the voice of Alette, saying—

"Susanna is, to be sure, an excellent and good girl, and I really like her; but yet, Harald, it would distress me if you seriously were attached to her."

"And why?" asked Harald.

"Because I think that she would not be suitable for your wife. She has an unreasonable and violent temper, and—"

"But that may be changed, Alette. She has already changed very much. Of her violent temper I have no fear—that I should soon remove!"

"Greater wizards than you, my brother, have erred in such a belief. At the same time, she is much too uneducated, too ignorant to be a suitable companion for you through life. And neither would she be suitable for the social circles into which you must sometime come. Best Harald! let me beseech you, do not be over-hasty. You have so long thought of taking a journey into foreign countries to improve your knowledge of agriculture. Carry out this plan now, travel and look about you in the world before you fetter yourself for life!"

"I fancy you are right, Alette; and I shall follow your advice, but—"

"Besides," said Alette, interrupting him in her zeal, "it is time enough for you to think of marrying. You are still young; have time to look about you, and choose. You can easily, if you will, in every point of view, form a good connexion. Susanna is poor, and you yourself have not wealth enough entirely to disregard—"

Susanna would hear no more; and, in truth, she had heard enough. Wounded pride and sickness of heart drove the blood to her head and chest, till she felt ready to be choked. She rose hastily, and after she had begged an acquaintance to tell Alette and Harald that a mere headache compelled her to leave the dance, she hurried by the woodpath back to Semb.

The evening was beautiful, but Susanna was blind to all its splendours; she remarked not the twinkling of the bright stars, not how they mirrored themselves in the ladies-mantle, which stood full of pure crystal water; she heard not the rushing of the river, nor the song of the pine-thrush; for never before, in her breast, had Barbra and Sanna contended more violently.

"They despise me!" cried the former; "they

cast me off, they trample me under their feet. They think me not worthy to be near them; the haughty, heartless people! But have they indeed a right to hold themselves so much above me, because I am not so fine, so learned, as they; because I am—poor!! No, that have they not, for I can earn my own bread, and go my own way through the world as well as any of them. And if they will be proud, then I can be ten times prouder. I need not to humble myself before them! One is just as good as another!"

"Ah!" now began Sanna, and painful tears began to flow down her cheeks, "one is not just as good as another, and education and training make a great difference between people. It is not pleasant for a man to blush for the ignorance of his wife; neither can one expect that anybody would teach a person of my age; nor can they look into my heart and see how willingly I would learn, and—end Harald, whom I thought wished me well, whom I loved so much, whom I would willingly serve with my whole heart and life—how coldly he spoke of me, who just before so warmly—Harald, why shouldst thou fool my heart so, if thou carest so little for what it feels, what it suffers!"

"But," and here again began Barbra, "thou thinkest merely on thyself; thou art an egotist, like all thy sex. And he seems to be so sure of me! He seems not to ask whether I will; no—only whether he graciously should. Let him try! let him make the attempt! and he shall see that he has deceived himself, the proud gentleman! He shall see that a poor girl, without connexions, without friends, solitary in the wide world, can yet refuse him who thinks that he condescends so to her. Be easy, Miss Alette! the poor despised Susanna is too proud to thrust herself into a haughty family; because, in truth, she feels herself too good for that."

But Susanna was very much excited, and very unhappy, as she said this. She had now reached Semb. Lights streamed from the bedroom of the Colonel's widow. Susanna looked up to the window, and stood in mute astonishment; for at the window stood the Colonel's widow, but no longer the gloomy, sorrowful lady. With her hands pressed upon her breast, she looked up to the clear stars with an expression of glowing gratitude. There was, however, something wild and overstrained in her appearance, which made Susanna, who was possessed by astonishment and strange feelings, determine to go to her immediately.

On Susanna's entrance into the room Mrs. Astrid turned hastily to her. She held a letter clasped to her breast, and said, with restless delight and a kind of vehemence—

"To Bergen, to Bergen! Susanna, I set off to-morrow morning to Bergen. Get all in readiness for my journey as soon as you can."

Susanna was confounded. "To Bergen!" stammered she inquiringly; "and the road thither is so difficult, so dangerous, at this time—"

"And if death threatened me upon it, I should yet travel!" said Mrs. Astrid, with impatient energy. "But I desire that no one accompany me. You can stay here at home."

"Lord God!" said Susanna, painfully exclaiming.

ted, "I spoke not for myself. Could I die to save my lady from any danger, any sorrow, heaven knows that I would do it with joy! Let me go with you to Bergen."

"I have been very unhappy, Susanna!" resumed Mrs. Astrid, without remarking her agitated state of mind; "life has been a burthen to me. I have doubted the justice of Providence; doubted whether our destinies were guided by a fatherly hand; but now—now I see—now all may be very different.—But go, Susanna, I must compose myself; and you also seem to need rest. Go, my child."

"Only one prayer," said Susanna—"I may go with you to-morrow morning! Ah! refuse me not, for I shall still go with my lady."

"Well, well," said Mrs. Astrid, almost joyfully, "then it would be no use my saying no."

Susanna seized and kissed her hand, and was ready to weep, from all the pain and love which filled her soul; but her lady withdrew her hand, and again desired her kindly but commandingly to go.

When she was alone, she turned her eyes upon the letter which she held in her hands.

Upon the envelope of the letter stood these words, written by an unsteady hand.

"To my wife, after my death."

The letter was as follows:—

"I feel that a great change is about to take place in me. Probably I may die, or become insane. In the first place, I will thank my wife for her angel-patience with me during my life, and tell her, that it is owing to her conduct that I have at this moment my faith left in virtue and a just Providence. I will now reward her in the only way which is possible to me. Know, then, my wife, that the boy, for whom thou hast loved and deplored—is *not dead*! Let it also lessen the abhorrence of my deed, when I assure thee, that it was solicitude for your well-being which led me in part to it. I was totally ruined—and could not endure the thoughts of seeing thee destitute! For this reason I sent away the boy, and gave it out that he was dead. He has suffered no want, he has——" Here followed several illegible lines, after which might be read: "I am confused, and cannot say that which I would. Speak with the former Sergeant Ronn, now in the Customs at Bergen; he will——"

Here the letter broke off. It was without date, the paper old and yellow. But Mrs. Astrid kissed it with tears of joy and gratitude, whilst she whispered, "O what a recompense! What light! Wonderful, merciful, good Providence!"

#### AASGAARDSREJA.

Wildly the misty troop the tempest rideth,  
The ghost of heroes seek the Northern fjarde;  
There goes the iron-boat; the serpent glideth,  
The ravens flutter round the lofty board.

Dark, silent shades the high mast are surrounding;  
Lightnings are flashing from the weapons bright;  
Rise up from ocean-cliffs their horns resounding,  
To-night ride forth the Daughters of the fight!

VELHAVEN.

SUSANNA went into her quiet room, but within her it was not quiet—a hard fight was fought there. It was necessary now to abandon all her own wishes and hopes, for Susanna found now that she almost unconsciously to herself, had cherished such, as regarded her mistress

and Harald. She had hoped that through her love she might win his, though her attentions might become necessary to them; and now she saw how infinitely little she was to them. She blushed at her own self-delusion, and reproached herself with having been untrue to her little Hulda; in having attached herself so deeply to strange people, and allowed her favourite scheme to be dimmed by new impressions and views. Susanna punished herself severely for it; calling herself foolish and weak; and determined to fly from Harald, and from the place where he dwelt.

"When I have attended my lady over the dangerous mountains,"—thus thought Susanna,— "when I see her in safety and happy, then I will leave her—and him, and this country forever. Poor came I hither, poorer shall I go away from it, for I shall leave a part of my heart behind in a foreign land. But a pure conscience shall I take with me to my home. They could not love me; but when I am gone, they will perhaps think with esteem, perhaps with friendship, upon Susanna!"

The silent stars mirrored themselves in Susanna's tears, which flowed abundantly during this quiet discourse with herself, and the tears and the stars calmed her mind, and she felt herself strengthened by the resolution which she had taken.

After this she entirely directed her thoughts upon that which would be necessary for the journey, and passed the remainder of the night partly in these preparations, and partly in settling the domestic affairs in order, that she might with a good conscience leave the house.

In the mean time the journey was not so quickly undertaken as was at first intended, for a safe guide and good safe horses for the journey over the mountains had to be obtained, and this occupied the greater part of the next day. Before the morning of the following day, it was not possible that they could set out. Harald, greatly amazed at this sudden determination, endeavoured to delay the journey, by representations of its difficulties and even dangers during this season, for 'from the beginning of September, they may every day look for falls of snow and stormy tempests in this mountain-region.' But Mrs. Astrid, without further explaining herself, adhered to her resolution, and Harald promised to make all preparations for the journey, so that it might be performed as speedily and as safely as possible. They had the choice between four equally difficult mountain roads which led from this part of Hallingdal towards the diocese of Bergen; and of these, the shortest was that which went through Hardanger. Mrs. Astrid determined upon this. This, however, would require at least two-days-and-a-half. Harald, who knew the way, and said that in case of need he could serve as guide, made preparations to attend the lady on her adventurous journey. Alette, in the mean time, with her Alf, should in company with her uncle in Hallingdal and his family, set off on the journey to Troshjem, where Harald promised afterwards to meet them for Alette's marriage.

Harald wished to inquire from Susanna the cause of this extraordinary journey; but Susanna at this time was not much to be spoken with, she had so much to attend to both within and

out of the house, and she was always surrounded by Larina and Karina, and Petro. And Susanna was glad that her household affairs gave her a good excuse for absenting herself from the company, and even from avoiding intercourse with the world. A certain bitterness both towards him and Alette was rooted into her heart.

Among many noble and valuable qualities, man has that of being able to condemn and sentence himself. And if we are justly displeased with any one, if we are wounded and repelled by word or deed, we should depend upon this quality, and permit it to operate reconcilingly upon our feelings. For while we are embittered by his offence, perhaps he himself may have wept in silence over it, waked in the silent hours of the night unpitifully to punish himself in the severe sanctuary of his conscience; and the nobler the human being, all the greater is his pang, even over failings which before the judgment-seat of the world are very small or no faults at all; nay, he will not at all forgive himself if he cannot make atonement for his faults; and the hope of so doing is, in such painful hours, his only comfort.

Thus even would every bitter feeling have vanished out of Susanna's soul, could she have seen how deeply dissatisfied was Harald at this time with himself,—how warmly he upbraided himself for the words which, during the yesterday's dawn, had passed his lips, without there being any actual seriousness in them; and how displeased he was by the promise which he had given to Alette, and with the resolve he had made, in consequence of her anxieties and advice.

This dissatisfaction was the more increased, when he saw by Susanna's swollen eyelids that she had wept much, and remarked in her manner a certain uneasiness and depression which was so entirely the reverse of her usually fresh and lively deportment. Uneasy and full of foreboding, he questioned himself as to the cause, whilst he followed her with inquiring looks.

At dinner, Mrs. Astrid did not join them at the table, and the others ate there silent and out of spirits, with the exception of Lexow, who in vain endeavoured to enliven the rest with his good-humour.

In the afternoon, whilst they were taking coffee, Susanna slipped silently away to carry to a sick peasant-woman, before her journey, some medicines, together with some children's clothes. Harald, who had stood for some time observing the barometer, and who seemed to suspect her intention, turned round to her hastily as she went out at the door, and said to her,

"You cannot think of going out now! It is not advisable. In a few minutes we shall probably have a severe storm."

"I am not afraid of it," replied Susanna, going.

"But you do not know our storms!" answered Harald. "Lexow, come here! See here."—and Harald pointed to the barometer, whilst he said half aloud, "the quicksilver has fallen two degrees in half an hour; now it sinks again; now it stands near the earthquake point! we shall have in a moment a true 'Berg-rose,' here."

\* Rosen or Ryne (grant) is the name given in Norway to the strong whirlwinds, which are heard howling among the

Lexow shook his head mournfully, and said, "It is a bad look out for the morrow's journey! But I presume that your storms here are mere child's play, compared with those that we have in certain districts of Nordland!" And Alf went to his Alette, who looked inquiringly and uneasily at him.

Harald hastened after Susanna and found her at the door, just about going out with a bundle under her arm. He placed himself in the way before her, and said to her gravely—

"You cannot go! I assure you that danger is at hand."

"What danger?" asked Susanna, gloomily, and with an obstinate determination to act in opposition to Harald.

"Aasgaardstreja," answered Harald, smiling, "and it is nothing to joke about. Soon enough will it come riding here and may take you with it, if you do not stop at home. No! You must not go now!" And he seized her hand in order to lead her into the house.

Susanna, who fancied that he was joking in his customary manner, and who was not at all in a joking humour, released her hand and said, crimsoning and proudly—

"I shall go, sir! I shall go, because I will do so; and you have no right to prevent me."

Harald looked at her confounded, but said afterwards, in a tone which much resembled Susanna's—

"If I cannot prevent your going, neither can you prevent my following you!"

"I would rather go alone!" said Susanna, in a tone of defiance, and went.

"I even so!" said Harald, in the same tone, and followed her, yet ever at the distance of from fifteen to twenty paces. As he passed the kitchen door, he went in and said to those whom he found there, "Look to the fire, and extinguish it at the first gale of wind; we shall have a tempest."

At the same moment, Alfiero sprang towards Susanna, howling and leaping up with his paws upon her shoulder, as if he would prevent her from going forward on her way. But repulsed by her, he sprang anxiously sneaking into his kennel, as if seeking there for shelter from danger.

The weather, however, was beautiful; the wind still; the heaven bright; and nothing seemed to foretell the approaching tempest, excepting the smoke, which, as it ascended from the cottages in the dale, was immediately depressed, and, whirling round, sunk to the earth.

Susanna went rapidly on her way; hearing all the time Harald's footsteps a little behind her, and yet not venturing to turn round to look at him. As by chance she cast her eyes to heaven, she perceived a little white cloud, which took the phantastical shape of a dragon, and which, with the speed of an arrow, came hastening over the valley. Immediately afterwards was heard a loud noise, which turned Susanna's gaze to the heights, where she saw, as it were, a pillar of smoke whirlingly ascending. At the same moment Harald was at her side, and said to her seriously and hastily, "To the ground! throw yourself down on the ground instantly!"

rocks, and which in certain mountain-districts are so dangerous.

Susanna would have protested; but in the same moment was seized by Harald, lifted from the earth, and in the next moment found herself lying with her face upon the ground. She felt a violent gust of wind; heard near to her a report like that of a pistol-shot, and then a loud cracking and rattling, which was followed by a roar resembling the rolling of successive peals of thunder; and all was again still.

Quite confounded by what had taken place, Susanna raised her head, and looked around her as she slowly raised herself. Over all reigned a dead stillness; not a blade of grass moved. But just near to her, two trees had been torn up, and stones had been loosened from the crags and rolled into the dale. Susanna looked around for Harald with uneasiness, but he was nowhere to be found, and she thought upon the story of Aagaardseja. In her distress she called upon his name, and had great joy in hearing his voice reply to her.

She perceived him at a little distance from her, slowly raising himself near an angular wall of rock. He was pale, and seemed to feel pain. Busied about Susanna's safety, Harald had assumed too late the humble posture into which he had compelled Susanna, and had been caught by the whirlwind, and slung violently against the corner of a rock, whereby he had sustained a severe blow upon the left collar-bone and shoulder. He, however, assured Susanna, who was now anxious about him, that it was of no consequence; it would soon be better, he added jestingly.

"But was I not right in saying that Aagaardseja is not to be played with? And we have not yet done with it. In a few moments it will be upon us again; and as soon as we hear it roaring and whistling in the mountains, it is best that we humble ourselves. It may otherwise fare ill with us."

Scarcely had Harald uttered these words before the signals were heard from the mountains, and the tempest arose with the same violence as before, and passed over as quickly too. In a few moments all was again still.

"We have now again a few moments' breathing time," said Harald, rising up, and looking inquiringly around him; "but the best is, that we now endeavour to find a shelter over head, so that we may be defended from the shower of stones. There shoots out a wall of rock. Thither will we hasten before the tempest comes again. If I am not mistaken, other wanderers have thought as we."

And, in truth, two persons had before them sought shelter under the rocky projection, and Harald soon recognised them. The elder of them was the guide whom Harald had sent for to conduct them over the mountain-road—a handsome old man in the Halling costume; the younger was his grandson, a brisk youth of sixteen, who was to accompany him. On their way to Semb, they had been overtaken by the tempest.

It was perhaps welcome to both Harald and Susanna, that in this moment of mutual constraint, they were prevented by the presence of these persons from being alone together. From their place of refuge they had an extensive prospect over the dale, and their attention was directed to that which had occurred there.

They saw that the cottages had ceased to smoke; a sign that the people, as is customary in such tempests, had universally extinguished their fires. They saw several horses, which had been out to graze, standing immovably, with their heads turned in the direction from whence the tempest came; in this manner they divided the wind shocks, and could withstand its force. A little farther off a singular atmospheric scene presented itself. They saw thick masses of clouds from different sides rush across the sky, and stormily tumult backwards and forwards. The singularly-formed masses drew up against each other, and had a regular battle in the air. It continued some time; but at length the columns which had been driven on by the weaker wind withdrew, the conquerors advanced tempestuously onwards, and spread themselves over the whole vault of heaven, which now dark and heavy as lead, sunk down to the earth. In the mean time the tempest began somewhat to abate, and after about three hours' continuance, had sufficiently subsided to allow the company under the rock-roof to betake themselves to their homeward way. Susanna longed impatiently to be at home, as well on account of her mistress as of Harald, whose confusion evidently caused him much pain, although he endeavoured to conceal it under a cheerful and talkative manner.

Not without danger, but without any farther injury they arrived at Semb, where every one, in the mean time, had been in the greatest uneasiness on their account. The wind entirely abated towards evening. Harald's shoulder was fomented; he soon declared that he had lost all pain; and although every one urgently discouraged him, yet he resolutely adhered to his determination of accompanying Mrs. Astrid across the mountains.

Poor Susanna was so full of remorse for her wilfulness, which had occasioned Harald's accident, so grateful for his care for her, that every bitter feeling as well towards him as to Alette, had vanished from her heart. She felt now only a deep, almost painful necessity of showing her devotion to them; and to give them some pleasure, she would gladly have given her right hand for that purpose.

### THE MOUNTAIN JOURNEY.

Forwards! forwards! fly swift as a hind,  
See how it laughs behind! Fausmunkind!  
HERN WERGELAND.

The party which next morning set out from Heindal and ascended Usterfjell, did not look in the least gay. They moved along all in a thick mist, which hung over the valley, enveloped all the heights, and concealed every prospect around them. Before them rode the guide, the old trusty Halling peasant, whose strong and tall figure gave an impression of security to those who followed after. Then came Mrs. Astrid; then Susanna; then Harald, who carried his arm in a sling. The train was closed by the young boy, and a peasant, who led two horses with the luggage upon hurdles.

After they had ascended for a considerable time the air became clearer, and the travellers had mounted above the regions of mist; soon saw they the blue colour of the heavens, and the sun greeted them with his beams, and lighted up the wild, singular region which now began

to surround them. This scene operated upon Susanna's young open mind with wonderful power. She felt herself altogether freer and lighter of mood, and, glancing around with bright eyes, she thought that she had left behind her all strife and all pain, and now ascended upwards to a future of light and tranquillity. Now her mistress would indeed be happy; and Susanna would, with liberated heart, and bound no longer by selfish feelings, easily follow the calls of duty and the will of Providence. So felt, so thought she.

The road was untracked, often steep and terrific, but the horses stepped safely over it, and thus in a little time they came to a Säter-hut, which lay upon the shore of Ustevand, one of the inland seas which lie at the foot of Hallingskarve. This Säter lies above the boundary of the birch-tree vegetation, and its environs have the strong features peculiar to the rocky character; but its grass-plots, perpetually watered from the snowy mountains, were yet of a beautiful green, and many-coloured herds of cattle swarmed upon them. Like dazzling silver ribbons shimmered the brooks between the green declivities and the darker cliffs. The sun now shone bright, and they mutually congratulated each other on the cheering prospect of a happy journey. At this Säter the company rested for an hour, and made a hasty breakfast of the simple viands which are peculiar to this region. Before each guest was placed a bowl of 'Lefsetriangel,' on which was laid a cake of rye-meal, about the size of a plate. Upon the table stood large four-cornered pieces of butter, and a dish of excellent mountain-fish. Cans of Hardanger ale were not wanting; and a young girl, with light plaited hair, light-yellow leather jacket, black thickly plaited petticoat, and a red kerchief tied round her neck, with a face as pretty and innocent as ever an idyl bestowed upon its shepherdess, waited upon the guests, and entertained them with her simple, good-humoured talk.

After breakfast the journey was continued. Upon the heights of Ustefjell they saw two vast mountain stretches, whose wavy backs reared themselves into the regions of perpetual snow. They were Hallingskarv and Halling-Jokul.

Slowly advanced the caravan up the Barfjell. By degrees all trees disappeared; the ground was naked, or only covered by low black bushes; between, lay patches of snow-lichen, which increased in extent the higher they ascended. The prospect around had in it something indescribably cold and terrific. But Susanna felt herself in a peculiar manner enlivened by this wild, and to her new spectacle. To this the old Halling peasant contributed, who, whilst they travelled through this desolate mountain track, related to the party various particulars of the 'subterranean folk' who dwell there, and whom he described as a spectre herd, with little, ugly, pale, or bluish human shapes, dotted in grey, and with black head-gear. "They often draw," said he, "people down into their subterranean dwellings, and there murder them; and if anybody escape living out of their power, they remain from that time through the whole of their lives, sefected and insane, and have no more pleasure on the earth. Certain people they persecute; but to others they afford protection, and bring to them wealth and good fortune." The Halling

peasant was himself perfectly convinced of the actual existence of these beings; he had himself seen in a mountain district a man who hastily sunk into the earth and vanished!

One of his friends had once seen in a wood a whole farm, with house, people, and cattle; but when he reached the place, all these had immediately vanished.

Harald declared that here the imagination had played its pranks well; but the old man endeavoured to strengthen the affair by relating the following piece out of Hans Lanridsen's "Book of the Soul."

"The devil has many companions; such as Elle-women, Elle-men, dwarfs, imps, night-ravens, hob-goblins with red-hot fire-tongs, Var-wolves, giants, spectres, which appear to people when they are about to die."

And as Harald smilingly expressed some doubt on the subject, the old man said warmly—

"Why, does it not stand written in the Bible that all knees, as well those that are in heaven and on the earth, and *under* the earth, shall bow at the name of the Lord? And who, indeed, can they be *under* the earth, if not the subterranean? And do you take care," continued he gaily, with an arch look at Susanna, "take care when 'Thusmørkel' (twilight) comes, for then is the time they are about; and they have a particular fancy for young girls, and drag them gladly down to their dwellings. Take care! for if they get you once down into their church—for they have churches too, deep under ground—you will never see the sun and God's clear heaven again as long as ever you live; and it would not be pleasant, that you may believe, to dwell with Thuserne."

Susanna shuddered involuntarily at this jest. She cast a glance upon the wild rock-shapes around her, which the Halling-peasant assured her were all spectres, giants, and giantesses, turned into stone. Harald remarked the impression which all this made on Susanna; but he, who had so often amused himself by exciting her imagination, became now altogether rectifying reason, and let his light shine for Susanna on the darkness of superstition.

Higher yet ascended the travellers, and more desolate became the country. The whole of this mountain region is scattered over with larger and smaller blocks of stone; and these have assisted people as waymarks through this country, when, without these, people must infallibly lose themselves. Stones have, therefore, been piled upon the large blocks in the direction which the road takes; and if a stone fall down the passer-by considers it as a sacred duty to replace it. "Comfortable waymarks," as Professor Hantzen, in his interesting "Mountain Journey," calls these watchers; "for," continues he, "they are upon this journey the only traces of man; and if only once one has failed to see one such stone of indication, the next which one discovers expels the awakened anxiety by the assurance, 'thou art still upon the right way.'"

In dark or foggy weather, however, those friendly watchers are almost useless, and the journey is then in the highest degree dangerous. People become so easily bewildered and frozen in this desert, or they are overwhelmed by the falls of snow. They who perish in this manner are called after death "Drange," and are supposed to haunt the gloomy mountain passes. The guide pointed out a place near the road where had been found the corpses of two trades-people, who one autumn had been surprised by a snow-

\* 'Lefset' are thin cakes of dough, which are cut in pieces and baked.

storm upon the mountains and lost their lives. He related this with great indifference, for every year people perish in the mountain regions, and this kind of death is not considered worse than any other. But dreadful thoughts began to rise in Susanna's mind. There was, however, no reason to anticipate misfortune, for the weather was lovely, and the journey, although difficult, went on safely and well. It was continued uninterruptedly till evening. As no Säter could be reached before dark, they were to pass the night in a place called "Monsbuheja," because in its neighbourhood there was grass for the horses. Here our travellers happily arrived shortly before sunset. They found here a cave, half formed by nature, and half by the hands of men, which last had rolled large stones around its entrance. Its walls were covered with moss, and decorated with horns of the reindeer fastened into the crevices of the rock. Soon had Susanna formed here, out of carpet-bags, cloaks, and shawls, a comfortable couch for her wearied lady, who thanked her for it with such a friendly glance as Susanna had never before seen in her eyes.

Harald, in the mean time, with the servants had cared for the horses, and collected fuel for the night. A few hundred paces from the cave, a river flowed between ice-covered banks; on the edge of this river, and on the shores of the snow-brook they found roots of decayed junipers, rock-willows, and moor-weed, which they collected together to a place outside the cave, where they kindled the nocturnal watch-fire.

During this, Susanna ascended a little height near the cave, and saw the sun go down behind Halling-Jokul. Like a red globe of fire, it now stood upon the edge of the immeasurable snow-mountains, and threw splendid many-coloured rays of purple, yellow and blue, upon the clouds of heaven, as well as upon the snow-plains which lay below. It was a magnificent sight.

"Good God! how great, how glorious!" exclaimed Susanna, involuntarily, whilst with her hands pressed upon her breast, she bowed herself as though in adoration before the descending ruler of the day.

"Yes, great and glorious!" answered a gentle echo near; Susanna looked around, and saw Harald standing beside her. There stood they, the two alone, lighted by the descending sun, with the same feelings, the same thoughts, ardent and adoring in the waste, dead solitude. Susanna could not resist the feelings of deep and solemn emotion which filled her heart. She extended her hand to Harald, and her tearful look seemed to say, "Peace! Peace!" Susanna felt this a leave-taking, but a leave-taking in love. In that moment she could have clasped the whole world to her breast. She felt herself raised above all contention, all spite, all littleness. This great spectacle had awakened something great within her, and in her countenance Susanna beamed in beautiful and mild illumination.

Harald, on the contrary, seemed to think of no leave-taking; for he held Susanna's hand fast in his, and was about to speak; but she hastily withdrew it, and turning herself from him, said—

"We must now think about supper!"

The fire outside the cave blazed up cheerfully, and in the eastern heaven uprose the moon amid rose-coloured clouds.

Soon was Susanna, lively and cheerful, busied

by the fire. From cakes of bouillon and prepared groats which she had brought with her, she prepared an excellent soup, in which pieces of veal were warmed. Whilst this boiled, she distributed bread, cheese, and brandy to the men who accompanied them, and cared with particular kindness for the old guide. Harald allowed her to do all this, without assisting her in the least. He sat upon a stone, at a little distance, supported on his gun, and observed her good and cheerful countenance lighted up by the fire, her lively movements and her dexterity in all which she undertook. He thought upon her warm heart, her ingenuous mind, her activity; he thought upon the evenings of the former winter, or when he read aloud, related stories to her, and how she listened and felt the while. All at once it seemed to him that the ideal of a happy life, which for so many years had floated before him, now was just near to him. It stood there, beside the flames of the nocturnal fire, and was lighted up by them. Alette's warnings flitted from before him like the thence-hastening night-mists, without shape or reality. He saw himself the possessor of an estate which he would enoble as Oberlin has done the sunken, rocky valley; saw himself surrounded by dependents and neighbours, to whose happiness he really contributed; he saw himself in his home—he contemplated it in the most trying light—the long winter evenings; but it dimmed not thereby. For he saw himself as before, on the winter evenings with Susanna; but yet not as before, for he now sat nearer to her and she was his wife, and he read aloud to her, and enjoyed her lively, warm sympathy; but he rested at intervals his eyes upon her and upon the child, which lay in the cradle at her feet, and Susanna glanced at him as she had just now done upon the rock in the evening sun. The flames which now danced over the snow were the flames of his own hearth, and it was his wife who, happy and hospitable, was busied about them, diffusing comfort and joy around her.

"What is the use of a finer education?" thought he, "it cannot create a heart, a soul, and qualities like this girl's!" He could not turn his eyes from Susanna; every moment she seemed more beautiful to him. The sweet enchantment of love had come over him.

In the mean time the evening meal was ready, and Harald was called to it. What wonder if he, after a fatiguing day's journey, and after the observations which he had just been making, found Susanna's meal beyond all description excellent and savoury!! He missed only Susanna's presence during it, for Susanna was within the cave, and upon her knees before Mrs. Astrid, holding in her hand a bowl of soup, and counting with quiet delight every spoonful which her lady with evident satisfaction conveyed to her lips. "That was the best soup that I ever tasted!" said she when the bowl was emptied; "it is true, Susanna, that you are very clever!" It was the first time that Mrs. Astrid had paid attention to her eating, and the first praise which Susanna had received from her mouth—and no soup, not even nectar, can taste so charming, so animating as the first word of praise from beloved lips!

When Susanna went out of the cave, she was welcomed by Harald's looks; and they spoke a language almost irresistibly enchanting for a heart to which affection was so needful as was Susanna's; and in her excited and grateful spirit she thought that she could be content for all eternity

ty to be up in these mountains, and wait upon and prepare soup for those beloved beings who here seemed first to have opened their hearts to her.

They now made preparations for the night, which promised to be clear, but cold. The peasants laid themselves around the fire. Mrs. Astrid, anxious on account of Harald's shoulder, prayed him to come into the cave, where it was sheltered from the keen air; but Harald preferred to keep watch on the outside, and sat before the fire wrapped in his cloak. Susanna laid herself softly down at her mistress's feet, which she hoped by this means to keep warm. Strange shapes flitted before her inward sight whilst her eyelids were closed. Shapes of snow and ice came near to her, and seemed to wish to surround her—but suddenly vanished, and were melted before the warm looks of love, and the sun shone forth in glory; and happy, sweet feelings blossomed forth in her soul. Amid such she slept. Then a new image shewed itself. She was again in Heimdal; she stood upon the bank of the river, and looked with fearful wonder on the opposite shore; for there, amid the dark fir-trees, shone forth something white, mist-like, but which became ever plainer; and as it approached the brink of the river, Susanna saw that it was a child, and she knew again her little Hulda. But she was pale as the dead, and tears rolled down her snow-white cheeks, while she stretched forth her little arms to Susanna, and called her name. Susanna was about to throw herself into the waves which separated them, but could not; she felt herself fettered by an invisible power. At this, as she turned round with inexpressible anguish to free herself, she perceived that it was Harald who thus held her; he looked so cold, so severe, and Susanna felt at the same time both love and hatred for him. Again anxiously called the tender child's voice, and Susanna saw her little sister sink upon the stones of the shore, and the white waves beat over her. With a feeling of wild despair Susanna now awoke from sleep, and sprang up. Cold perspiration stood upon her brow, and she looked bewildered around. The cave darkly vaulted itself above her; and the blazing fire outside threw red, confused beams upon its fantastically decorated walls. Susanna went softly out of the cave; she wished to see the heavens, the stars; she must breathe the free, fresh air, to release herself from the terrors of her dream. But no beaming star looked down upon her, for the heavens were covered with a grey roof of cloud, and the pale moonlight which pressed through cast a troubled light over the dead country, and gloomy and hideous shapes. The fire had burnt low, and flickered up, as if sleepily, now and then, with red flames. The peasants slept heavily, lying around it. Susanna saw not Harald at this moment, and she was glad of it. In order to dissipate the painful impression she had experienced, Susanna took a water jug, and went down to the river with it, to fetch water for the morrow's breakfast. On the way thither she saw Harald, who, with his gun on his shoulder, walked backwards and forwards some little distance from the cave. Unobserved by him, she, however, came down to the river, and filled her jug with the snow-mingled water. This little bodily exertion did her good; but the solitary ramble was not much calculated to enliven her spirits. The scene was indistinguishably gloomy, and the monotonous murmuring of the snow-brook was accompanied by gusts of wind, which, like giant

sighs, went mournfully whistling through the desert. She seated herself for a moment as the foot of a rock. It was midnight, and deep silence reigned over the country. The rocks around her were covered with mourning-lichen, and the pale snow-lichens grew in crevices of the mountains; here and there stuck out from the black earth-rind the bog-lichen, a little pale-yellow sulphur-coloured flower, which the Lapland sagas use in the magic arts, and which here gives the impression of a ghastly smile upon these fields of death. Susanna could not free herself from the remembrance of her dream; and wherever she turned her glance she thought that she saw the image of her little dying sister. Perhaps in this dream she had received a warning, perhaps a foretelling; perhaps she might never leave this desert; perhaps she should die here, and then—what would become of little Hulda? Would not neglect and want let her sink upon the hard stones of life, and the waves of misery go over her? In the midst of these gloomy thoughts, Susanna was surprised by Harald. He saw that she had been weeping, and asked, with a voice so kind that it went to Susanna's heart—

"Why so dejected? Are you uneasy or displeased? Ah! tell it openly to me as to a friend! I cannot bear to see you thus!"

"I have had a bad dream!" said Susanna, wiping away her tears and standing up, "all is so ghastly, so wild here around us. It makes me think on all the dark and sad things in the world! But it is no use troubling oneself about them," continued she more cheerfully, "it will be all well enough when the day dawns. It is the hour of darkness, the hour in which the under-earth spirits have rule!" And Susanna attempted to smile. "But what is that?" continued she, and her smile changed itself suddenly to an expression of anxiety, which made her involuntarily approach Harald. There was heard in the air a low clattering and whistling, and at the same time a mass resembling a grey cloud came from the north, spreading over the snow-fields and approaching the place where they stood. In the pale moonlight Susanna discerned to see wild shapes with horns and claws, moving themselves in the mass, and the words, 'the under-earth spirits,' were nearly escaping her lips.

"It is a herd of reindeer!" said Harald smiling, who seemed to divine her thoughts, and went a few paces towards the apparition, whilst he mechanically shouldered his gun. But at the same moment the herd took another direction, and fled with wild speed towards the east. The wind rose, and swept with a mournful wail through the ice-desert.

"It is here really fearful!" said Susanna, and shuddered.

"But to-morrow evening," said Harald, cheerfully, "we shall reach Storlie-Säter, which lies below the region of snow, and then we shall find birch-woods, quite green yet, and shall meet with friendly people, and can have there a regularly comfortable inn. The day afterwards we shall again have a heavy piece of road; but on that same day we shall have a view of scenes so magnificent, that you certainly will think little of the trouble, on account of the pleasure you will enjoy, for there the beautiful far exceeds the terrific. That spot between Storlie-Säter and Tverlic, where the wild Leira-river, as if in frenzy, hurls itself down over Høgsfjell,

and with the speed of lightning and the noise of thunder rushed between and over splintered masses of rock, in part naked, in part clothed in wood, to tumble about with its rival the furious Björja,—that spot exceeds in wild grandeur anything that man can imagine."

Thus spake Harald, to dissipate Susanna's dejection; but she listened to him half-dreaming, and said as if to herself—

"Would that we were well there, and passed it, and at our destination, and then——"

"And then?" said Harald, taking up the unfinished sentence—"what then?"

"Home with my Hulda again!" said Susanna, deeply sighing.

"What, Susanna? Will you then leave us? Do you really hate Norway?"

"No, no!—a long way from that!—But one cannot serve two masters, that I now feel. Hulda calls me. I shall have no rest till I return to her, and never will I part from her again. I have dreamed of her to-night; and she was so pale, so pale—Ah! But you are pale too, terribly pale!" continued Susanna, as she looked at Harald with astonishment; "you are certainly ill!"

"It is this lovely moonlight and this sweet scenery which gives me this ashy-grey colour," said Harald jokingly, who wished to conceal the true cause of his paleness; which was, that his shoulder began to be acutely painful during the night. And he endeavoured to turn Susanna's attention to another object.

The two had in the mean time reached the cave. Harald revived the smouldering fire with fresh fuel, and Susanna crept softly into the cave, and resumed her former place at the feet of her mistress. But it was not till late that she sunk into an uneasy sleep.

She was awake by a loud and rushing noise. A pale light came into the cave, and she heard Harald's voice saying aloud outside, "It is time that we are preparing for the journey, that as soon as possible we may get into quarters. We have a laborious day before us."

Susanna looked around her for her lady. She stood quite ready near Susanna, and was regarding her with a gentle, attentive look.

Susanna sprang up, shocked at her own tardiness, and went all the quicker now to make arrangements for breakfast. The bouillon was again had recourse to, the servants were refreshed with salmon, bacon, and curds thawed in snow-water.

A tempest had blown up after midnight, which promised our travellers not at all an agreeable travelling-day. The river and the brooks roared loudly, and raged and thundered amid the rocks around them. In the course of the morning the wind however abated, but Harald cast now and then thoughtful glances upon the grey roof of cloud which grew ever thicker above their heads. Susanna saw him once cast an inquiring glance upon the guide, and he shook his grey head. In the mean time all the men seemed cheerful; and Harald seemed to wish, by his animation, to remove the impression which his continued unusual paleness might occasion.

Through the whole forenoon they continued to ascend higher into the region of winter, and the snow-fields stretched out wider and wider. No one living thing shewed itself in this desert, but they frequently saw traces of rein-deer, and here and there flies lay upon the snow in deep winter-sleep. The wind fortunately subsided

more and more, and let its icy breath be felt only in short gusts. But ever and anon were heard peals and roarings, as if of loud thunder. They were the so-called 'Fjellscred,' or falls of great masses of rocks and stones, which separate themselves from the mountains, and plunge down, and which in these mountain-regions commonly occur during and after tempests. The peasants related many histories of houses and people who were crushed under them.

The road became continually more and more difficult. They were often obliged to wade through running rivers, and to pass over snow-bridges, under which the rivers had made themselves a path. Harald, alike bold, as prudent and determined, often averred danger at his own risk, from Mrs. Astrid and Susanna. Neither was he pale any longer. The exertions and fever, which nobody suspected, made his cheeks glow with the finest crimson.

In the afternoon, they had reached the highest point of the rocks. Here were piled up two great heaps of stones, in the neighbourhood of a little sea called Skiftesjö, which is covered with never-melted ice in the hottest summer. Here the brooks begin to run westward, and the way begins from here to descend. The giant shapes of the Vassjern and Ishang, together with other lofty snow-mountains, shewed themselves in perspective.

The wind was now almost still; but it began to snow violently, and the cloudy sky sank down, dark and heavy as lead, upon the travellers.

"We must hasten, hasten," said the old Hal-ling peasant, as he looked round with an intelligent glance to the party whom he led, "else we shall be snowed up on the mountains, as it happened to the late Queen Margaret, when——"

He ended not, for his horse stumbled suddenly on a steep descent, and threw him over. The old man's head struck violently against a stone, and he remained lying senseless. It was a full hour before they succeeded in bringing him to consciousness. But the blow had been so severe, and the old man was so confused in his head, that he could no longer serve as guide. They were obliged to place him on the same horse as his grandson rode, and the high-spirited young man took charge of him with the greatest tenderness. Harald rode now at the head of the party, but every moment increased the difficulties of his undertaking, for the snow fell with such terrible rapidity, and the thickness of the air prevented him distinguishing with certainty 'the comfortable way-marks,'—the traveller's only means of safety. They were obliged often to make windings and turnings, to come again upon the right path. Nevertheless they succeeded in reaching Björö-Säter, an uninhabited sater, but which stands upon the broad and rapid Björöa.

Here they halted to take counsel. The Björöa was now so swollen, and rushed along so violently, that they soon saw the pure impossibility of passing it at this place. The old Hal-ling-peasant advised them to make a circuit to another place, where they might with safety cross the river; this would take them near to the Storlie-Säter, and near to the great waterfall of the same name, the roar of which might be heard at three miles' distance. It is true that they must make a circuit of some miles, but what could they do? Great was the danger of pursuing the journey in this storm, but greater yet to stand still in this desert, where the snow fire

quently fell to the depth of many yards. The old Hallinger, however, chose this last; for he found himself unable to sit on the horse, and prayed to be left quiet in the hut, with provisions for a few days, in which time he hoped that the snow would cease and begin to thaw. He did not wish that his grandson should remain with him, but he was resolute not to leave his old grandfather, and the rest considered it alike proper and necessary; and the two therefore were hastily supplied with whatever they might require in this wintery solitude. Their horses were supplied with provender, and led likewise into the hut.

Susanna bound up the old man's head with the carefulness of a daughter. It was to her infinitely difficult to leave the old man behind them there. "And if no thaw come?" said she; "if snow and winter still continue, and thou art buried in here and frozen?"

"That has happened before now to many a better fellow than me," said the old man calmly. "One cannot die more than once, and God is also at home in the wilderness. And he who rightly can utter the Lord's Prayer, need not to fear the under-earth spirits. With me, an old man, it may go as it will. My best time is, in any case, past; I am anxious only for the youth. Think on him when thou comest to human beings."

Susanna was affected. She impressed a kiss upon the old man's forehead, and a warm tear fell from her cheek upon his. The old man looked up to her with a cordial, bright-beaming glance; "God's angel guide thee!" cried he after her, as she left the hut to attend the rest.

Again was the little train in motion, and wandered over snow-fields, naked rocks, and half-thawed morasses. The snow reached high up the legs of the horses, and only slowly and almost reluctantly went they forward. It grew darker and darker. No one spoke a word. Thus they went on for an hour's space.

With great uneasiness had Susanna fancied for some time that she observed Harald to reel in his saddle; but she endeavoured to persuade herself that it might be only a delusion, which the unequal paces of the horse occasioned, and by the thick snow-mist through which she saw him. All around her had, in fact, a bewildering appearance, and seemed to her waving and spectral. A dull cry from Mrs. Astrid broke the ghostly silence—was this also a delusion? Harald's horse stood still, and was without its rider. Of a truth, it was only too certain. Harald had, seized by dizziness, fallen down beside his horse. He had borne for long in silence the increasing pain in his shoulder and breast, and endeavoured to conceal from himself, as well as from others, feelings of feverish dizziness which seized his head. Even now, when it threatened to overpower him, he would not allow it to be of any consequence. With the help of the servant, he made several attempts to seat himself again upon his horse, but in vain. He could no longer lift up his fevered head. Lying upon the snow on his knees, and with silent misery, he leaned his burning forehead against a piece of rock.

"Here, then—here shall we die!" said Mrs. Astrid, half aloud to herself, in a gloomy voice; "and this young man must be sacrificed for my sake. My fate is always the same!"

Then followed a moment of fearful silence. Men and animals stood immovable, and as if turned to stone, while the snow fell over them,

and seemed to threaten to bury them. But now a clear, cheerful voice raised itself, and said—

"I see a flat rock yonder, which will shelter us from the snow. We must carry him there!" And Susanna raised up Harald and seized his arm, while the servant went before and made a path through the snow. About forty paces from the place where they stood, a vaulted projecting rock stretched forth, under which they could obtain shelter from the snow, which reared itself in high walls around the open space.

"Support yourself on me; better—better! Fear not; I am strong!" said Susanna, while she, with a soft but vigorous arm, embraced Harald. He allowed himself to be led like a child; although he was not properly conscious, still he felt a certain pleasure in submitting himself to the young girl's guidance, who talked to him with such a mild and courageous voice.

As commodiously as possible was Harald laid under the sheltering rock, and Susanna took off her shawl, which she wore under her fur cloak, and made of it a soft pillow for Harald. "Ah! that is good!" said he softly, and pressed Susanna's hand, as he found himself relieved by this position. Susanna returned now to her mistress.

"Susanna," said she, "I would also gladly get there. It seems safe resting there. But I am so stiff that I can scarcely move myself."

Susanna helped her lady from her horse; and guided and supported by her, Mrs. Astrid reached the sheltering vault. Here, in comparison with that of the open plain, the air was almost of a mild temperature, for the rock walls and the piled-up snow prevented the cold wind from entering. Here Susanna placed softly her lady, who was almost stiffened with cold and fatigue.

Susanna, also, was frozen and weary; but, O what a southern clime of life and warmth cannot love and a strong will call forth in a human being! It was these powers which now impelled the young girl's pulse, and let the blood rush warm from the chambers of her heart to her very finger ends. She rubbed the stiffened limbs of her mistress, she warmed them with kisses and tears, she warmed her with her throbbing breast. She prevailed upon her to drink from a bottle of wine, and prepared also for Harald's parched and thirsty lips a refreshing draught of wine and water. She moistened her handkerchief with snow, and laid it upon his aching brow. Around them both she piled cloaks and articles of clothing, so that both were protected from the cold. Then stood she for a moment silent, with a keen and serious look. She was thinking on what was farther to be done to save these two.

Harald had raised himself on his sound arm, and looked silently down with the pain which a manly nature experiences when it is compelled to renounce one of its noblest impulses—sustaining and helping the weak who are confided to their care. A tear—the first Susanna had ever seen him shed, ran down his cheek.

Mrs. Astrid gazed with a mournful look up to the grave-like vault.

But Susanna's eyes beamed even brighter. "Hark! hark!" said she, and listened.

Mrs. Astrid and Harald fixed upon her inquiring looks.

"I hear a noise," resumed Susanna, "a noise like that of a great waterfall."

"It is the roar of the Störle-forse!" exclaimed Harald, for a moment animated, "but what good of that?" continued he, and sunk down disheartened; "we are three miles off—and cannot get there!"

"Yes, we can, we will!" said Susanna, with firm resolution. "Courage, courage, my dear lady! Be calm, Mr. Bergman! We will reach it, we will be saved!"

"And how?" said Harald, "the servant is a stupid fellow, he never could find his way."

"But I can find it, be sure of that!" replied Susanna; "and come back hither with people and help; tell me only the signs by which I may know the right way. These, and the roar of Storlie-fore, will guide me."

"It is in vain! You would perish, alone and in the snow-storm!"

"I shall not perish! I am strong! No one shall hinder me. And if you will not tell me the way, I shall, nevertheless, find it out."

When Harald saw her so firmly resolved, and her cheerful and determined tone had inspired him with a degree of confidence, he endeavoured to point out to her the objects by which she must direct herself, and which consisted of rock and crag, which, however, in the snowy night, she probably could no longer distinguish.

With deep attention, Susanna listened, and then said cheerfully, "Now I have it! I shall find the way! God preserve you! I shall soon be back again with help!"

When she came out into the open air, she found the servant seeking his comfort in the brandy bottle, and the horses sunk in a spiritless stupor. She admonished him to take care of these, and charged him earnestly, both with threats and promises of reward, to think about his employers and watch over their safety. She herself gave to her horse fodder and water, patting him the while, and speaking to him kind and encouraging words. After that she mounted to commence her solitary, dangerous journey. But it was only with great difficulty that she could make the horse part from his companions, and when it had gone about twenty paces forward, it stopped, and would return again to its company. This manoeuvre it repeated several times; at length it would obey neither blows nor encouragement. Susanna therefore dismounted and let the horse go. A few tears filled her eyes as she saw him thus abandon her, and desecingly she lifted her hands to Him, who here alone saw the solitary defenceless maiden.

After that she pursued her way on foot.

This indeed was not long, and the length of it was not the difficulty; but he who had seen Susanna making her way through the deep snow, then clambering up rocks, then wandering over morasses, where at every step she feared to sink, would have been filled with amazement at her courage and her strength. But 'God's angel,' whom the old man had prayed might guide her seemed to be with her on the way, for the fall of snow ceased, and ever and anon shot a moon-beam forth, and showed her some of the objects which Harald had described as landmarks. Besides, the din of the Storlie-fore grew ever louder and louder, like the trumpet of the resurrection in her ears. A strong resolve to attempt the uttermost, a secret joy in testifying her affection, even though it should be with the sacrifice of her life, gave wings to her feet, and prevented her courage failing for a single minute.

So passed two hours. Susanna now heard the water roaring beneath her feet. She seemed to be on the point of plunging into an abyss; around, all was darkness and snow. She stood still. It was a moment of terrible uncertainty.

Then parted the clouds, and the half-moon in full glory beamed forth, just as it was about to sink behind a rock. Susanna now saw the abyss on whose brink she stood; she saw the Storlie-fore spread its white masses of water in the moonlight, saw the Sater-huts there below! . . .

Beneath the stone vault where Mrs. Astrid and Harald found themselves, prevailed for some time after Susanna's departure, a deep and wild silence. This was at length broken by Mrs. Astrid, who said in a solemn tone—

"I have a request to make of you, Harald!"

"Command me!" answered he. "Might I but be able to fulfil your wish?"

"We seem both," resumed Mrs. Astrid, "now to stand near the grave; but you are younger and stronger than I, you I hope will be rescued. I must confide to you an important commission, and I rely on the honour and the soundness of heart which I have observed in you, that you will conscientiously execute it, in case I myself am not in a condition to do so, and you as I trust, will outlive me!"

Mrs. Astrid had uttered this with a firm voice, but during the following relation she was frequently agitated by contending emotions. She spoke rapidly, and in short, abrupt sentences, as thus—

"I had a sister. How I loved her, I am not able to express. She was as gay and gentle in her mood as I was serious. When I married, she accompanied me to my house. But there was no good luck. The fortune which my sister possessed placed her in a condition to follow her own heart's bias, and she gave her hand to a poor but amiable young man, a Lieutenant Wolf, and lived with him some months of the highest earthly felicity. But brief was the happiness to be. Wolf perished on a sea-voyage, and his inconsolable wife sunk under her sorrow. She died some hours after she had given birth to a son, and after she had laid her tender babe in my arms, and prayed me to become its mother.

"And I became a mother to this child. An own son could not have possibly been dearer to me. I was proud of the handsome, lively child. I saw a beautiful future for him. He should realize the ideal of my youth, he should . . . O! amid my own poor and desolate life I was yet rich in this boy. But the man who had received my hand endured not that my heart should belong to this child. He took a hatred to the poor boy, and my life became more than ever bitter. Once I was obliged to make a journey to visit a sick relative. I wished to take the seven-year-old boy with me, for he had never been separated from me. But my husband would retain him with him, and assumed a tone of tenderness to persuade me. This I could not resist; and spite of the boy's entreaties, and an anxiety which seemed to me ominous—I left my poor child. I persuaded myself that I was acting strongly, and I was really weak. I had promised the child's mother to protect it—I knew that I left it in hard and hostile hands, and yet!—When after a week's absence I returned from my journey, the boy—had vanished. He had gone out one day, it was said, and never came back again. They had sought for him everywhere, and at length had found his little hat upon a rock on the edge of the sea—it was held for certain that he had fallen over it. I found my husband busy in taking possession of my

sister's property, which in case of the boy's death should, according to her will, fall to us. From this moment, my soul was seized with the most horrible suspicions! . . . God be praised that these were false! God forgive me that I ever entertained them! For twenty years have they gnawed at my heart; for twenty years have they hung the weight of lead on the fulfilment of my duties. All my researches were fruitless: no one could be suspected; no one seemed to have acted herein, except a dreadful fate. This was all: he had had permission to go out and play, had left the house alone, and no one had seen him afterwards.

'Twenty years—long, dark years—had passed since this period, and hope had by degrees expired in my heart, the feeble hope, which sometimes revived in it, that I should yet recover my beloved child. After having been many years deprived of both bodily and mental vigour by his paralysis, my husband died. I was free; but wherefore should I live! . . . I had lost my faith in every thing which makes life dear, and I stood alone, on the verge of old age, surrounded by darkness and bitter memories. Thus did I still feel but a few days ago, when I received a writing from the present Commandant of R—. Within lay an unsealed letter, which he said had been found in a drawer into which my husband was wont to throw old letters and papers, of no worth or importance. And this letter . . . Oh! how it would have changed my heart, and my future! This letter was written by my husband, apparently immediately after his severe paralytic stroke, but its words, in an unsteady hand, said, that the lost child still lived, and directed me for further explanation to a certain Sergeant Rönn, in Bergen. Here the letter appeared to have been broken off by a sudden increase of his attack. I was, as it chanced, absent from home on this day. When I returned, I found my husband speechless, and nearly lifeless. Life was indeed restored through active exertions, but consciousness continued dark, and half of the body powerless—thus he lived on for some years. In a moment of clearness which occurred to him shortly before he expired, I am convinced that he desired to unfold to me the condition of the boy, or the existence of the aforesaid letter—but death prevented him . . . How this letter became thrown amongst the old papers I do not understand—perhaps it might be done by my husband's own hand, in that moment of privation of consciousness in which the letter closed—enough, the hand of Providence saved it from destruction, and allowed it to reach me! . . .

"You know now the cause of my hasty journey. And if it should for me terminate here,—if I shall never achieve the highest wish, and the last hope of my life,—if I never may see again my sister's son, and myself deliver into his hands that which has been unjustly withheld from him,—then, listen to my prayer, my solemn injunction! Seek out, as soon as you can, in Bergen, the person whom I have named, and whose address you will further find in the paper. Tell him, that in my last hour I commissioned you to act in my stead; spare no expense which may be necessary—promise, threaten—but search out where my sister's son is to be found! And then—go to him. Bear to him my last affectionate greeting; deliver to him this;—it is my Will, and it will put him in possession of all that I possess, which is properly that of his moth-

er, for my own is nearly consumed. Tell him that care on his account has worn away my life, that—my God! What do you? Why do you thus seize my hand?—you weep!"

"Tell me—" stammered forth Harald, with a voice nearly choked by emotion; "did this child wear on a ribbon round his neck a little cross of iron?—the head of a winged cherub in its centre?"

"From his mother's neck," said Mrs. Astrid, "I transferred it to his!"

"And here—here it yet rests!" exclaimed Harald, as he led Mrs. Astrid's hand to the little cross hanging to his neck. "What recollections awake now! Yes, it must be so! I cannot doubt—you are my childhood's first cherisher, my mother's sister!"

A cry of indescribable emotion interrupted Harald. "Good God!" exclaimed Mrs. Astrid, "you are—"

"Your sister's son, the child that you mourn. At this moment I recognise again myself and you."

"And I— Your voice, Harald, has often struck me as strangely familiar. At this moment I seem again to hear your father's voice. Ah, speak! speak! for heaven's sake, explain to me—make me certain—you give me then more than life."

"What shall I say?" continued Harald, in the highest excitement and disquiet; "much is obscure to myself—incomprehensible. But your narrative has at this moment called up in me recollections, impressions, which make me certain that I neither deceive you nor myself. At this instant I remember with perfect clearness, how I, as a child, one day ran my little sledge on the hill before the fortress, and how I was there addressed by the, to me, well-known Sergeant Rönn, but whose name till this moment had entirely escaped me, who invited me to ascend his sledge, and take a drive with him. I desired nothing better, and I got in. I remember also now extremely well that my hat blew off, that I wished to fetch it, but was prevented by the Sergeant, who threw a cloak round me, and drove off at full speed. And long did the drive continue—but from this moment my recollection becomes dark, and I look back into a time as into a dark night, which ever and anon is illuminated by lightning. Probably I fell then into the heavy sickness which long afterwards checked my growth. I recollect it as a dream, that I would go home to my mother, but that my cries were hushed by the Sergeant, first with good words and then with menaces. I remember dimly, that I at one time found myself in a foul and wretched house, where hideous men treated me harshly, and I longed to die.—Then comes, like a sunbeam, the impression of another home, of a clear heaven, pure air, green meadows, and of friendly, mild people, who, with infinite tenderness, cherished the sick and weakly child which I then was. This home was Alethe's; and her excellent parents, after they had recalled me to life, adopted me as their son. My new relationships became unspeakably dear to me; I was happy; my illness and the long succeeding weakness had almost wholly obliterated the memory of the past. I had forgotten the names of both people and places, yet never did I forget my childhood's earliest, motherly cherisher. Like a lovely and holy image has she followed me through life, although, with the lapse of years, she, as it were, folded herself continually in a thicker veil.

"When I was older, I requested and received from my foster-father an explanation of my reception into his house. I then found that he had one day called on Mr. K—— in Christiansand, and had seen there a most feeble and pale child, who sat in the sunshine on the floor. The child began to weep, but hushed itself in terror when Mr. K—— went up sharply to it, and threatened it with the dark room. Moved by this occurrence, my benefactor inquired to whom the boy belonged, and received for answer that it was a poor child without connexions, and who had been taken in charity and committed to K——'s care. Alette's father resolved at once, cost what it would, to take the child out of this keeping, and offered to take the boy himself, and try what the country air would do for the restoration of his health. It was in this manner that I came into the family which I thence called my own. I could obtain no explanation respecting my parents, nor respecting my peculiar connexion with Mr. K——. K—— died a few weeks after my removal from his house, and his wife either knew or pretended to know nothing whatever about me.

"But my excellent foster-parents never allowed me to feel that I had no real relatives. They made: no difference between me and their own child, and Alette became to me the tenderest and best of sisters. Death deprived us of this beloved support; Alette's father has been now dead two years: Alette removed to some near relatives, in order, after a certain time, to give her hand to a man whom she has long loved; and I sought in travel to dissipate the feeling of desolation which had seized on my heart. It was at this moment that business, or rather Providence, conducted me to you. Admiration, and an interest whose power I cannot describe, drew me toward you; perhaps, unknown to me, darkly operated in me the delightful recollections of my childhood. At this moment they have ascended in all their clearness. I seem now again transported into the years of boyhood, when I called you mother, and loved you even to adoration; and now—" and with passionate tenderness Harald seized the hand of Mrs. Astrid, while he stammered forth—"now . . . what says your heart? . . . Can you trust this dim recollection . . . this narrative without all testimony? . . . May I again call you mother? Can you, will you, receive me as a son?"

"Do I wish it? . . . Feel these tears of joy! I have not shed many such upon earth. I cannot doubt . . . I believe . . . I am happy! . . . Thou art my sister's son, my child . . . I have thee again. But oh! have I found thee merely to see thee die—die here—for my sake? Am I then born to be unfortunate? This moment is bitter!"

"But delightful also!" exclaimed Harald, with warmth; "we have found each other; we are united."

"To die!"

"Rescue is yet possible!"

"But only through a miracle."

"Providence permits wonderful things to happen; we have just had evidence of it!" said Harald, with a gentle, admonitory tone.

"Thou art right, Harald; but I have been so unhappy! I have difficulty to believe in happy miracles. But, at all events, God be praised for this moment, and let His will be done!"

"Amen!" said Harald softly, but with manly fortitude; and both ceased, exhausted, and all was in deep darkness around them, for the moon

was gone down, and the snow fell thickly. They seemed to be entombed alive.

But the miracle of rescue was near. There gleamed a light—there were heard voices out of the snowy wilderness.

"Susanna!" exclaimed with one voice Mrs. Astrid and Harald. "Susanna, our angel of salvation!"

And it was Susanna who, with a blazing torch in her hand, rushed into the dark vault. It glittered at once as with a million of diamonds. Some of these gleamed in human eyes.

"You are saved, God be praised!" exclaimed Susanna. "Here are good, strong men who will help you. But we must hasten; the snow falls heavily."

Several peasants, bearing lights and two litters, were now seen; and Mrs. Astrid and Harald were each laid on one of these, and covered with soft skins.

"Susanna," said Mrs. Astrid, "come and rest here by me!"

"Nay," answered Susanna, lifting aloft her torch; "I shall go on before and light the way. Fear not for me; I am strong!"

But a strange sensation suddenly seized her, as if her heart would sink, and her knees failed her. She stood now a moment, then made a step forward as to go, then felt her breast, as it were, crushed together. She dropped on her knees, and the torch fell from her hands. "Hulda!" she whispered to herself, "my little darling . . . farewell!"

"Susanna! great God!" exclaimed now two voices at once; and, strong with terror and surprise, sprang up Mrs. Astrid and Harald, and embraced Susanna. She sank more and more together. She seized the hands of her mistress and of Harald, and said with great difficulty, earnestly praying—"My little Hulda! The fatherless . . . motherless . . . think of her!"

"Susanna! my good, dear child!" exclaimed Mrs. Astrid, "thou wilt not, thou shalt not now die!" And for the first time fell a beam of anxious love from her dark eyes upon the young, devoted maiden. It was the first time that Susanna had enjoyed such a glance and she looked up as joyfully as if she had gazed into the opened heaven.

"O Harald!" said Susanna, while she gazed at him with an inexpressible tenderness and clearness; "I know that I could not make you happy in life, but I thank God that I can die for you. Now—now despise not my love!"—and seizing his hand and that of her mistress, she pressed them to her bosom, saying with a sobbing voice—"Pardon my fault, for—my love's sake!"

A slight shiver passed through her frame, her head sank upon her breast. Without a sign of life, they laid Susanna by her mistress, who held her in her arms, and bathed with her tears the young, pallid countenance.

#### THE AWAKENING.

I woke, for life assumed victorious sway,  
And found my being in its weakness lay.  
There the beloved ones round my couch I saw.

RAIN.

Months went on, and life was for Susanna merely a wild, uneasy dream. In the delirious fantasies of fever she again lived over the impressions of the mountain-journey, but in darker colours. She saw the subterranean spirits how in terrible shapes they raged about in the

now wilderness, and sought to suffocate her beneath piles of snow and ice, which they flung upon her. Susanna combated with desperate exertions against them, for she knew that if she fell, the defence for those she loved would be taken away, and that the subterranean ones could seize upon it; and therefore any mass of snow which the spirits cast upon her, she cast back upon them. Finally, the subterranean ones desired a parley, and promised that if she would voluntarily accompany them, they would permit her friends to be at peace; yes, even heap upon them wealth and happiness. Then strove Susanna no longer; but saluting the beautiful heaven, and earth with its green dales and beloved people, whom she should behold no more, let herself be dragged down in silence by the spirits, into their subterranean dwellings, and experienced there inexpressible torments. But she was contented to suffer for those she loved; and out of the dark, cold abyss, where she was doomed to dwell, she sent up the most affectionate, moving farewells to her Hulda, to her mistress, to Harald, and Alette, revealing thereby, unknown to herself, all her heart's secrets, conflicts, and sufferings.

One day it seemed to her that she had already dwelt hundreds of years in the Northern world, and she was now in their church, for her time was up, and she should now die, and in death (that she knew) should she be delivered from the power of the mountain spirits. But she could feel no joy over this, so faint was her heart, so chilled was her bosom. She lay stretched out upon a stone floor, and over her vaulted itself a roof of ice. That was her funeral vault, and there should she die. And by degrees all feelings and senses grew benumbed, all torments vanished, and there came a sleep so deep, but so secret and peaceful, that Susanna, who still retained her consciousness, regarded death as a salutary repose, and wished not to awaken. But it seemed to her that the door of the vault opened, and she saw a light, like that of the sun; and some one approached her, and touched her lips with a flame, a flame as of life. Then beat her heart more rapidly, the blood streamed warmly through her veins, and she looked up and saw a female figure stand by her pillow, which bent over her with a look full of love and compassion. The look, the beautiful life-giving look, Susanna seemed to have seen some time before, and the longer she gazed on the face of this female shape, the better she seemed to recognise familiar features—the noble and beloved features of her mistress. But she looked younger and fairer than formerly. At her feet she saw roses standing, and the sun shone upon them; but all appeared to her so beautiful, so wonderful, that she involuntarily whispered—

"Are we now in heaven?"

"Still on the earth," replied a voice, full of tenderness. "Thou wilt here live for those who love thee."

"Ah! who loves me?" said Susanna, faint and spiritless.

"I!" answered the voice; "I and others. But be calm and quiet—a mother watches over thee."

And Susanna continued calm and quiet, and resigned herself, in her great state of weakness,

with gratified confidence to the motherly guardian. Mrs. Astrid's presence, the mere sound of her light tread, the mere sight of her shadow, operated beneficially on her mind; all that she received from her hand was to her delicious and healing. There arose between them a relationship full of pleasantness. Mrs. Astrid, who saw the young girl as it were born anew under her hands, conceived for her an attachment which surprised herself, much as it made her happy. The strong and healthy Susanna had stood too distant from her; the weak, and in her weakness the so child-like affectionate one, had stolen into her heart, and she felt her heart thereby bloom, as it were, anew.

Such is the operation of all true devotion, all true affection, and that in every stage of life; for affection is the summer of life and of the heart.

So soon as strength and clear memory again revived in Susanna, she begged to be informed of the fate of all those who had made the mountain journey. With astonishment and joy did she then learn how Mrs. Astrid had discovered in Harald her sister's son; and how, by this, much darkness had vanished from her life.

Through Sergeant Rönn, and the subsequent inquiries to which his statement led, within a short time perfect clearness was obtained on all that concerned the circumstances of Harald's childhood. It was then discovered that Mr. K. had been a confidant of Colonel Hjelms, and was of a sufficiently worthless character to enter, for the sake of gain, into the plans of the Colonel, and to receive Harald, and cause him by degrees to forget his former circumstances. Sickness came in aid of severe treatment; and after a sojourn of some months in K.'s house, he found the poor boy so much stupified, that he could, without fear of the betrayal of the secret, yield to the solicitations of Mr. Bergman, and make over to him a child whose daily aspect was a torment to him. But we return now to the present.

Harald, under a skilful medical care in Bergen, after the mountain journey, was quickly restored to health. When he had attended the marriage of Alette, he had travelled abroad, but would, in the course of the summer, return to Sem, where he would settle down, in order to live for the beloved relative whom he had again discovered.

The guide, the honest old peasant of Halling, had met with his death on the mountains. His grandson wept by his corpse till he was himself half dead with hunger and cold, when the people from the dales, sent by Mrs. Astrid and Harald, succeeded in making a way through the snow-drifts to the Björöj-säter, and in rescuing him.

Susanna dropped a tear for the old man's fate, but felt within her a secret regret not to have died like him. She looked toward the future with disquiet. But when she could again leave her bed, when Mrs. Astrid drove her out with her, when she felt the vernal air, and saw the sea, and the clear heaven above the mountains, and the green orchards at their feet; then awoke she again vividly to the feeling of the beauty of the earth, and of life. And she contemplated with admiration and delight the new objects which surrounded her, as well the magnificent

forms of nature as the life and the changing scenes in the city; for Susanna found herself in the lovely and splendidly situated Bergen, the greatest mercantile city of Norway, the birth-place of Høllberg, Dahl, and Jøle Bull.

Yet would she speedily separate herself from all this, and, what was still harder, from her adored mistress; for Susanna had firmly determined never again to see Harald. Crimson blushes covered her cheeks when she recollected her confession in the mountains, at the moment when she thought herself at the point of death, and she felt that after this they could not meet, much less live in the same house without mutually painful embarrassment. She would, therefore, not return again to Semb; but, so soon as her health would permit it, would go from Bergen by sea to Sweden, to her native town again, and there, in the bosom of her little darling, seek to heal her own heart, and draw new strength to live and labour.

But it was not easy for poor Susanna to announce this resolve to her mistress. She trembled violently, and could not restrain her tears.

It was at the same time calming and disturbing to her feelings, when Mrs. Astrid, after she had quietly listened to Susanna, answered with much composure—

"You are at liberty, Susanna, to act as you find it best; but in three or four months, for so long will my affairs yet retain me here—in a few months I shall again return to Semb, and it would be a trial to me to be without you on the journey."

"Then I shall accompany you," replied Susanna, glad that she was needed; "but, then . . ."

"Then," began again Mrs. Astrid, "when you will leave me, I shall arrange for your safe return to your native place."

"So, then, yet some months!" thought Susanna, with a melancholy pleasure. And these months were for her inexpressibly pleasant and strengthening. Mrs. Astrid occupied herself much with her, and sought in many particulars to supply the defects of her neglected education. And Susanna was a quick pupil, and more affectionately than ever did she attach herself to her mistress, while she on her part experienced even more and more the truth of the adage: "the breath of youth is wholesome."

In the beginning of the month of July Mrs. Astrid travelled again with Susanna over the mountains which had once threatened them with death; but at this season of the year the journey was not dangerous, though always laborious. Mrs. Astrid was the whole time in the highest spirits, and seemed every day to become more joyous. Susanna's mood of mind, on the contrary, became every day more depressed. Even Mrs. Astrid's gaiety contributed to this. She felt herself infinitely solitary.

It was a beautiful July evening when they descended into Heimdal. Susanna's heart swelled with sadness as she saw again the places and the objects which were so dear to her, and which she should now soon quit for ever. Never had they struck her as so enchanting. She saw the sun's beams fall on the Krystalberg, and she called to mind Harald's sagas; she saw the grove of oaks where Mrs. Astrid had sat and had enjoyed the fragrance which Susanna's

hand had prepared for her in silence. And the spring where the silver-weed and the ladies-mantle grew, the clear spring where she had spent so many happy hours; Susanna seemed to thirst for it. The windows in Semb burned with the radiance of the sun, the house seemed to be illuminated: in that house she had worked and ordered; there she had loved; there the flame of the winter evenings had burned so brightly during Harald's stories. Silently ascended the pillars of smoke from the cottages in the dale, where she was at home, knew each child and each cow, knew the cares and the joys which dwelt there, and where she had first learned rightly to comprehend Harald's good-heartedness—always Harald—always did she find his image as the heart in all these reminiscences. But now—now should she soon leave all this, all that was beautiful and dear!

They arrived now in Semb, and were greeted by Alfiero with barkings of clamorous delight. Susanna, with a tear in her eye, greeted and nodded to all beloved acquaintances, both people and animals.

The windows in Mrs. Astrid's room stood open, and through them were seen charming prospects over the dale, with its azure stream, its green heights and slopes, and the peaceful spire of its church in the background. She herself stood, as in astonishment, at the beauty of the grove, and her eyes flashed as she exclaimed—

"See Susanna! Is not our dale beautiful! And will it not be beautiful to live here, to make men happy, and be happy oneself!"

Susanna answered with a hasty Yes, and left the room. She felt herself ready to choke, and yet once more arose Barbra in her, and spoke thus—

"Beautiful! Yes, for her. She thinks not of me; she troubles herself not the least about me! Nor Harald neither! The poor maid-servant, whom they had need of in the mountain journey, is superfluous in the dale. She may go; they are happy now; they are sufficient to themselves. Whether I live or die, or suffer, it is indifferent to them. Good! I will therefore no longer trouble them. I will go, go far, far from here. I will trouble myself no farther about them; I will forget them as they forget me."

But tears notwithstanding rolled involuntarily over Susanna's cheeks, and the Barbra wrath ran away with them, and Sanna resumed—

"Yes, I will go: but I will bless them wherever I go. May they find a maid equally faithful, equally devoted! May they never miss Susanna! And then, my little Hulda, then my darling and sole joy, soon will I come to thee. I will take thee into my arms, and carry thee to some still corner, where undisturbed I may labour for thee. A bit of bread and a quiet home, I shall find sufficient for us both. And when my heart aches, I will clasp thee to me, thou little soft child, and thank God that I have yet some one on earth whom I can love, and who loves me!"

Just as Susanna finished this ejaculation, she was at the door of her room. She opened it—entered—and stood dumb with astonishment. Were her senses yet confused, or did she now first wake out of year-long dreams! She saw

herself again in that little room in which she had spent so many years of her youth, in that little room which she herself had fitted up, had painted and embellished, and had often described to Harald; and there by the window stood the little Hulda's bed, with its flowery coverlet, and blue muslin hangings. This scene caused the blood to rush violently to Susanna's heart, and, out of herself, she cried—"Hulda! my little Hulda!"

"Here I am, Sanna! Here is thy little Hulda!" answered the clear joyous voice of a child, and the coverlet of the bed moved, and an angelically beautiful child's head peeped out, and two small white arms stretched themselves towards Susanna. With a cry of almost wild joy Susanna sprang forward, and clasped the little sister in her arms.

Susanna was pale, wept and laughed, and knew not for some time what went on around her. But when she had collected herself, she found herself sitting on Hulda's bed, with the child folded in her arms, and over the little, light-locked head, lifted itself a manly one, with an expression of deep seriousness and gentle emotion.

"Entreat Susanna, little Hulda," said Harald, "that she bestow a little regard on me, and that she does not say nay to what you have granted me; beg that I may call little Hulda my daughter, and that I may call your Susanna, my Susanna!"

"O yes! That shalt thou, Susanna!" exclaimed little Hulda, while she with child-like affection threw her arms about Susanna's neck, and continued zealously: "O, do like him, Susanna! He likes thee so much; that he has told me so often, and he has himself brought me hither to give thee joy. And seest thou this beautiful necklace he has given me, and he has promised to tell me such pleasant stories in winter. He can tell so many, do you know! Hast thou heard about Rypan in Justedale, Sanna! He has told me that! And about the good lady who went about after the Black Death, and collected all the motherless little children, and was a mother to them. O Sanna! Do like him, and let him be my father!"

Susanna let the little prattler go on without being able to say a word. She buried her face in her bosom, and endeavoured to collect her confused thoughts.

"Susanna!" prayed Harald, restlessly and tenderly. "Look at me! Speak to me a kind word!"

Then raised Susanna her burning and tear-bathed countenance, saying, "O! how shall I ever be able to thank you?"

"How!" said Harald. "By making me happy, Susanna. By becoming my wife."

Susanna stood up, while she said with as much candour as cordiality, "God knows best how happy I should feel myself, if I could believe—if words were spoken for your own sake, and not merely for mine. But ah! I cannot do it. I know that it is your generosity and goodness—"

"Generosity! Then am I right generous towards myself. For I assure you, Susanna, that I never thought more of my own advantage than at this moment; that I am now as completely egotistical as you could desire."

"And your sister Alette," continued Susanna, with downcast eyes; "I know that she does not wish to call me her sister, and——"

"And since Alette once was so stupid," said now a friendly female voice, "therefore is she here to deprecate it." And Alette embraced heartily the astonished Susanna, whilst she continued—"O Susanna! without you I should now no longer have a brother. I know you better now, and I have read in the depths of his heart and know that he can now no longer be happy but through you. Therefore I implore you, Susanna, implore you earnestly, to make him happy. Be his wife, Susanna, and be my sister."

"And you too," Alette," said Susanna, deeply moved; "will you too mislead me with your sweet words! Ah! could you make me forget that it is my weakness—that is, I who, through my confession, have called forth— But that can I never; and, therefore, can I not believe you, ye good, ye noble ones! And, therefore, I implore and adjure you—"

"What fine speeches are making here!" now interrupted a solemn voice, and Mrs. Astrid stood before the affectionately contending group, and spoke thus with an assumed sternness. "I will hope that my young relatives and my daughter Susanna do not take upon them to transact and to determine important affairs without taking me into the council! But yes, I perceive by your guilty countenances that this is the fact; and, therefore, I shall punish you altogether. Not another word of the business, then, till eight days are over; and then I demand and require, as lady and mistress of this house, that the dispute be brought before me, and that I have a word to say in the decision. Susanna remains here in the mean time in safe keeping, and I myself shall undertake to watch her. Dost thou believe seriously, Susanna," and Mrs. Astrid's voice changed into the most affectionate tones, while she clasped the young maiden in her arms, "dost thou believe that thou canst so easily escape me! No, no, my child, thou deceivest thyself there. Since thou hast saved our lives, thou hast become our life-captive—thou, and with thy little Hulda! But supper is laid under the lime-trees in the garden, my child; and let us gather strength from it for the approaching strife."

### THE LAST STRIFE.

The winged troops hie  
From the black woods outpouring;  
Under them fly  
Storms and waves roaring.  
Over them waken  
Mild stars, and beckon  
The troop to the sheltering palms.

AUTUMN SONG, BY VELHAVER.

THERE is on earth much sorrow and much darkness; there is crime and sickness, the shriek of despair, and the deep, long, silent torture. Ah! who can name them all, the sufferings of humanity, in their manifold, pale dispensations! But, God be praised! there is also an affluence of goodness and joy; there are noble deeds, fulfilled hopes, moments of rapture, decades of blissful peace, bright marriage-days, and calm, holy death-beds.

Three months after the strife just mentioned, there was solemnized at Semb, in Heimdal, one

of those bright wedding-days, when the suns of nature and of men's hearts combined to call forth on earth a paradise, which is always to be found there, though frequently hidden, fettered, deeply bound by the subterranean powers.

Yet from the faces of the fallen shine out  
The lofty features of their heavenly birth,  
And Daphne's heart beats 'neath the rugged bark.

*Figuer.*

It was an autumn day, but one of those autumn days when a sun warm as summer, and a crystally pure air cause the earth to stand forth in the brightest splendour before the azure-blue eyes of heaven; when Nature resembles a novice, who adorns herself the most at the moment that she is about to take the nun's veil, and to descend into her wintry grave. The heights of the dale shone in the most gorgeous play of colours. The dark pines, the soft-green firs, the golden-tinged birches, the hazels with their pale leaves, and the mountain ashes with their bunches of scarlet berries, arranged themselves on these in a variety of changing masses; while the Heimdal river, intoxicated with the floods of heaven, roared onward more impetuous and powerful than ever. Many-coloured herds, which had returned flat and plump from the sätters, wandered on its green banks. The chapel-bells rung joyously in the clear air, while the church-going people streamed along the winding footpath from their cottages towards the house of God. From the margin of the river at Semb ran a little fleet of festally adorned boats. In the most stately of these sat, under a canopy of leaves and flowers, the Lady of Semb; but no longer the pale, sorrowful one, whose glances seemed to seek the grave. A new youth appeared now to play upon her cheeks, to breathe upon her lips, while the clear eyes, with a glad and quiet enjoyment, gazed around her, now on the beauties of nature, and now on a more beautiful sight which she had immediately before her eyes—a happy human pair. Near her, more like a little angel than a mortal child, sat little Hulda, with a wreath of the flowers called by the Norwegians 'thousand-peace,' in her bright locks. All looks, however—as they ought—were fixed on the bride and bridegroom; and both were, in truth, handsome and charming to look upon; the more so, because they appeared so perfectly happy. In a following boat was seen a little strife between a young lady and her husband, who would wrap round her a cloak, which she would not willingly have. The spectators were tempted to take part with him in his tender care for the young wife, who was soon to become a mother. The issue of this strife was, that—Alf got the upper hand of Alette. Other boats contained other wedding guests. The men who rowed the boats had all wreaths round their yellow straw hats. And thus so advanced the little fleet, amid joyous music, along the river to the chapel.

The chapel was a simple building, without any other ornament than a beautiful altar-piece, and an abundance of flowers and green brauches, which now, for the occasion, adorned the seats, the walls, and the floor.

The sermon was simple and cordial, the singing pure; in a word, no dissonant tone came hither to disturb the devotion which the ar-

rangement of divine service in Norway is so well adapted to call forth and maintain.\*

Here Harald and Susanna called on Heaven, from faithful and earnest hearts, to bless their sincere intention, in joy and in trouble on the earth, to love one another, and were declared by the congregation to be a pair.

Many people had come this day to church; and when the wedding-train returned homewards, many boats joined themselves to it, and followed it to the opposite shore with singing and loud huzzas.

But Susanna did not feel herself truly calm and happy till in Mrs. Astrid's quiet room she had bowed her forehead on her knee, and had felt her maternal hands laid in blessing upon her head. Her heart was so full of gratitude it seemed ready to burst.

"I have then a mother!" she exclaimed, as she embraced Mrs. Astrid's knees, and looked up to her with the warmest and most child-like affection;—"Ah! I am too happy, far too happy! God has given me, the poor solitary one, a home and a mother——"

"And a husband too! Forget him not, I beseech! He too will be included!" said Harald, as he gently embraced Susanna, and also bent his knee before the maternal friend.

Mrs. Astrid clasped them both warmly in her arms, and said, with a still, inward voice, as she went with them to the window, whence was seen the beautiful dale in all its whole extent: "We begin to-day together a new life, and we will together endeavour to make it happy. At this moment when I stand surrounded by you, my children, and looking forward as it were into a beautiful future, I seem to myself so well to understand how that may be. We have not here the treasures of art; we have not the life of the great world, with its varying scenes, to enliven and entertain us; but our lives need not therefore be heavy and earth-bound. We have Heaven, and we have—Nature! We will call down the former into our hearts and into our home, and we will inquire of the latter concerning its silent wonders, and through their contemplation elevate our spirits. By the flame of our quiet hearth we will sometimes contemplate the movements of the great world-drama, in order thereafter with the greater joy to return to our own little scene, and consider how we can best, each of us, play out our part. And I promise you beforehand," continued Mrs. Astrid, assuming a playful tone, "that mine shall not be, to make so long a speech as now!"

But both Harald and Susanna joined in assuring Mrs. Astrid that she could not possibly speak too long.

"Well, well," said she friendly; "if you will sometimes listen to the old woman's preachings, she, on the other hand, will often be a child

\* The divine service in Norway is not, as still in Sweden, mingled with worldly affairs. After the service, merely some short prayers are read, in which the clergyman blesses the people in the same words which for thousands of years have been uttered over the wanderers of the deserts. They have not here the barbaric custom of reading from the pulpit announcements of all possible things—inquiries after thieves and stolen pieces of clothing, etc., which to the worshippers, and especially to the partakers of the sacrament, are so unpleasantly painful, and in cold winter days are enough to freeze all devotion.

with you; and learn with you, and of you. I am at this moment equally curious about nature, and long to make a closer acquaintance with her. The thought of it throws a kind of vernal splendour over my autumn."

"And assuredly," said Harald, "the intercourse with nature operates beneficently, and with a youth-restoring power upon the human heart. I always remember with delight the words of Goethe, when, in his eightieth year, he returned one spring from a visit in the country, sunburnt and full of gladness: 'I have had a conversation with the vine,' said he, 'and you cannot believe what beautiful things it has said to me.' Do we not seem here to behold a new golden age beam forth, in which the voices of nature become audible to the ear of man, and he in conversation with her to acquire higher wisdom and tranquillity of life?"

"Our wisdom," said Mrs. Astrid, as she looked smilingly around, "has not in the mean time prevented Susanna from being more sensible than us, for she has thought of the wedding-guests, while we have quite forgotten them. But we will now follow her!"

After the wedding-dinner, spiced with skals and songs, and especially with hearty merriment, Mrs. Astrid retired to her own room, and Alette assumed the hostess's office in the company.

Sitting at her writing-table, Mrs. Astrid, with an animated air, and quick respiration, sketched the following lines:

"Now come, come, my paternal friend, and behold your wishes, your prognostications fulfilled; come and behold happiness and inexpressible gratitude living in the bosom which so long was closed even to hope. Come, and receive my contrition for my pusillanimity, for my murmurings; come, and help me to be thankful! I long to tell you orally how much is changed within me; how a thousand germs of life and gladness, which I believed to be dead, now spring up in my soul restored to youth. I wonder daily over the feelings, the impressions which I experience; I scarcely know myself again. O my friend! how right you were—it is never too late!"

"Ah! that I could be heard by all oppressed, dejected souls! I would cry to them—'Lift up your head, and confide still in the future, and believe that it is never too late!' See! I too was bowed down by long suffering, and old age had moreover overtaken me, and I believed that all my strength had vanished; that my life, my sufferings were in vain—and behold! my head has been again lifted up, my heart appeased, my soul strengthened; and now, in my fiftieth year, I advance into a new future, attended by all that life has of beautiful and worthy of love."

"The change in my soul has enabled me better to comprehend life and suffering, and I am now firmly convinced that there is no fruitless suffering, and that no virtuous endeavour is in vain. Winter days and nights may bury beneath their pall of snow the sown corn; but when the spring arrives, it will be found equally true, that 'there grows much bread in the winter night.' It has pleased Providence to remove the covering from my eyes here upon

earth; for many others will this only be removed when their eyes have closed on the earthly day; all will, however, one day see what I now see, and acknowledge what I now acknowledge with joy and thankfulness."

"Clear and bright now lies my way before me. In concert with my beloved children, with the teacher of my youth, and my friend, who I hope will spend in my house the evening of his days, I will convert this place into a vale of peace. And when I shall leave it and them, may peace still remain among them with my memory! And now, thou advancing age, which already breathes coldly on my forehead; thou winter twilight of earthly life, in which my days will sink more and more, come and welcome! I fear thee no longer; for it has become warm and light in my heart. Even under bodily spasms and pains, I will no more misconceive the value of life; but with an eye open to all the good upon earth, I will say to my dear ones:

Bewail me not, for I am still so blest,  
The peace of heaven doth dwell within my breast."

Mrs. Astrid laid down her pen, and lifted up her tear-bright and beaming eyes; she caught sight of Harald and Susanna, who arm-in-arm wandered down the dale. They went on in gladness, and yet seemed to contend; and the question between them was, indeed, upon a most important matter—namely, which of them should hereafter have in their house the *last word*. Harald wished that this should hereafter be, as lord and master, his exclusive prerogative. Susanna declared that she should not trouble herself about his prerogative; but when she was in the right intended to persist in it to the uttermost. In the mean time they had unconsciously advanced to the spring—the Water of Strife—which had witnessed their first contention, and over which now doves, as at the first time, circled with silver-glancing wings. And here Harald seized Susanna's hand, led her to the spring, and said solemnly—

"My wife! I have hitherto spoken jestingly, but now is the moment of seriousness. Our forefathers swore by the bright water of Leipter, and I now swear by the water of this clear spring, that if thou hereafter shalt oppose me beyond the power of my mind to bear, I will silence thee, and compel thee to hold thy peace in this manner—"

The doves, attracted by some wonderful sympathy, now flew rapidly down upon the head and shoulders of the young couple. All strife was hushed, and you might hear the soft and playful murmur of the spring, which seemed to whisper about—what?

O heaven-azure well,  
Say what thou now didst see!

The well whispered—

"By a kiss—two disputants  
Untied happily!"

"Aha! here we have them!" exclaimed a merry voice, a little way behind the two who were kissing; "but I must tell you that it is not polite thus to go from your guests, to—"

"Come, Susanna, interposed Alette smiling, while she took the arm of the deeply blushing Susanna, "come, and let us leave these egotistical gentlemen, who always will be waited

upon, to themselves a little. It does them an infinite deal of good. We will in the mean time go together, and open our hearts to each other about them."

"Sweet Alette!" said Susanna, glad in this way to be released from Brother-in-law Lexow's jokes, "how happy it makes me to see you so gay and healthy, spite of your residence up in the North, which you feared so much."

"Ah!" said Alette, softly and sincerely, "a husband like my Lexow can make summer and happiness blossom forth all over the earth; but —" and now again the melancholy expression crept over Alette's countenance; but she constrained herself, and continued joyfully, "but we need not now hold forth in praise of these good gentlemen, who, I observe, have nothing better to do than to come and listen to us; and therefore—(and here Alette raised her voice significantly)—since we have done with my dear husband, we will give yours his well-merited share. Has he not shockingly many faults? Is he not—between us two—selfish and despotic?"

"That I deny!" exclaimed Harald, as he sprang forward, and placed himself before Susanna; "and thou, my wife, contradict it if thou—dare."

"Dare!" exclaimed Alette; "she must dare it, for you strengthen my word by your deed. Is he not a despot, Susanna?"

"Am I a despot, Susanna? I say a thousand times 'No!' thereto. What doest thou say?"

"I say—nothing," said Susanna blushing, with a graceful movement, and drew closer to Alette; "but—I think what I will."

"It is good, however," cried Harald, "that I have found out a way to have the last word!"

"Have you discovered that, brother-in-law?" said Lexow, laughing; "now, that is almost a more important discovery than that which Columbus made. Impart it to me above all things."

"It will serve you nothing at all," said Alette, as, with jesting defiance, she turned her pretty little head towards him; "because my last word is, in every case, a different kind of one to yours."

"How!"

"Yes. My last word, as well as my last thought, remains—Alf!"

"My Alette! my sweet Alette! why these tears?"

"Susanna," whispered Harald, "I will prepare you for it in time, that my last word remains—Sanna!"

"And mine—Harald!"

Susanna went now again on Harald's arm, Alette on her Alf's.

After we have, towards the end of our relation, presented such cheerful scenes—ah! why

must we communicate one of a more tragical nature! But so fate commands, and we are compelled to relate, that — the grey and the white ganders—weep not, sentimental reader! which already, three weeks before Susanna's marriage, had been put up to fatten, closed a contentious life a few days before the same, and were united in a magnificent *à la dube*, which was served up and eaten, to celebrate the day of Harald's and Susanna's Last Strife and the beginning of an eternal union.

Often afterwards, during her happy married life, stood Susanna by the clear spring, surrounded by the feathered herd, which she fed, whilst she sang to two little, healthy, brown-eyed boys, and to a young blooming girl, this little song, with the conviction of a happy heart:

At times a little brawl  
Injures not at all,  
If we only love each other still  
Cloudy heaven clears  
Itself, and bright appears,  
For such is Nature's will.  
The heart within its cage  
Is a bird in rage,  
Which doth madly strive to fly  
Love and truth can best  
Flatter it to rest,  
Flatter it to rest so speedily.\*

#### AN AFTER-WORD.

FRIENDLY reader! Now that thou hast arrived at a happy conclusion of the foregoing contentions, thou perhaps dost not dream that now a contest exists between—thee and—me! But it will infallibly be so, if thou, as often has happened before, will call that a Novel, which I have called Sketches, and which have no pretension to the severe connexion and development of the novel; although, to be sure, they be connected. If thou wilt, on the contrary, regard them—for example—as blades of grass, or as flowers upon a meadow molehill, which wave in the wind upon their several stalks, but which have their roots in the same soil, and unfold themselves in the light of one common sun; behold then, we conclude in peace, and I wish only that they may whisper to thy heart some friendly word, respecting the point of light which may be found in every circumstance, in every portion of existence—respecting the spring, which, for noble souls, sooner or later, reveals itself from its wintry concealment. To the Norwegian authors, who in the mountain journey, or in my wandering among the legends of the country, were my guides, I here offer my thanks; and also from the depth of my heart to many benevolent and amiable people, whom I have become acquainted with in that beautiful country, in whose wounds one breathes so fresh and free, in whose hospitable bosom I also once found a dear and peaceful home.

THE AUTHOR'S.

\* Gæjer.





**THE**

**H— FAMILY:**

**TRALINNAN; AXEL AND ANNA;**

**AND OTHER TALES.**

**BY**

**FREDRIKA BREMER.**

**TRANSLATED**

**BY MARY HOWITT.**

**NEW-YORK:**

**PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS**

**No. 82 CLIFF-STREET.**

**1844.**

## P R E F A C E.

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**THIS** volume completes the published works of Miss Bremer. The introduction of these writings to the British public has been a great pleasure to me; and I am sure that they have not only strengthened many a heart in the fulfilment of daily duties, but have caused the path of household life to be strewn with the roses of love and kindness

We all owe thanks and gratitude to Fredrika Bremer; and whilst I shall endeavour, through the favour of the Public, to perfect still more and more these my translations, I now bid her for the present an affectionate farewell.

M. H

THE GRANGE, UPPER CLAPTON,  
*May 5, 1844.*

# THE H— FAMILY.

## PART I.

### ARRIVAL.—TEA.—PORTRAITS

TOWARDS the end of February 1829, I found myself one evening at the custom-house, waiting for the compulsory visit of the officer, after which I could enter the capital of Sweden. It was during a terrible storm, and I was sitting in a small open sledge, frozen, weary, and sleepy, and consequently, as thy compassionate soul may think, my affectionate young reader, not exactly in an enviable condition.

My poor little horse, which had a cold, coughed and sneezed. The fellow who drove me, crossed his arms over his body to warm himself. The tempest howled, and the snow whirled around us. I closed my eyes and waited, as I have often done, and have always found to be the best amid all snow-storms, as well within as out of the house, which one is not lucky enough to be able to escape. At length I heard slow steps advancing over the crackling snow. The inspector arrived with his lantern in his hand. He had a red nose, and looked unhappy. I held in my hand a bank-note, and wished to slip it into his, in order therewith to purchase for myself rest and an uninterrupted progress. He withdrew his hand. "It is not necessary," said he, dryly, but courteously. "I shall not give you much trouble," continued he, as he began to lift out my travelling bags and to disarrange my bundles and handboxes. I found myself, not without vexation, compelled to alight. Out of humour, and with a secret, mischievous pleasure, I dropped again my bank-note into my reticule, and thought, "Well, then, he shall not get anything for his trouble."

In the mean time my social driver began a conversation with him.

"It is dreadfully bad weather this evening, dear sir!"

"Yes."

"I think you would have found it a deal merrier to have been sitting in a warm room, and drinking a drop, instead of freezing your fingers with stopping us here, for which nobody thanks you."

No answer.

"I would give something now to be sitting with my old folks in the warm chimney corner, and eating my Sunday groats; that would taste well, sir."

"Yes, yes!"

"Are you married?"

"Yes."

"Have you children?"

"Yes."

"And how many then?"

"Four." And a deep sigh followed this answer.

"Four! Nay, then, you have mouths enough to fill. Aha! Now you think you have found out something contraband. Cheese, dear sir; cheese, you see. Yes, your mouth may well water. I'd wager that you would rather bite into it than into the moon. Nay, do you not see that that is nothing but a butter tub! Must you of necessity dip your fingers into the brine?" etc. etc.

After the inspector had convinced himself that only a prodigious quantity of cheeses, loaves, and gingerbread, made up for the most part the lading of the sledge, he arranged all again in the most exact order, gave me his hand to assist me into the sledge, and carefully wrapped the furs around me. My displeasure had in the mean time altogether vanished. "It is," thought I, "the duty of poor inspectors to be the plague and torment of travellers, and this one has been mine in the politest way in the world." And whilst he continued to replace every thing conscientiously and carefully, arose in my soul all kind of representations which mollified me yet more. The red frosted nose, the dejected look, the stiff fingers, the four children, the snowy weather, the dark dismal evening; all these arose within me like shadows in a camera obscura, and softened my heart. I felt again after the bank note; I thought about a loaf and a cheese as a supper for the poor children; but whilst I felt, whilst I thought, the inspector opened the bar, took off his hat politely, and I drove hastily through the barrier, wishing to call out "Halt!" but without doing so. With a heavy heart, and with the uncomfortable feeling as if I had lost something valuable on the way, I drove through the city, and saw in the white whirling snow-flakes before me, as if in a transparency, the frosted red nose, and the dejected countenance, upon which I could so easily, at least for a moment, have called up a glad expression.

How many opportunities for doing good, in great or in small degree, are lost through indecision! Whilst we are asking ourselves, Shall I, or shall I not! the moment is passed, and the flower of joy which we might have given is withered, and often can no more be revived by tears of repentance.

Thus thought I sadly as my sledge slowly moved through the deep snow-slush of the streets, and often sank down into a kennel, out of which it was raised with difficulty. The wind had blown out the lights in the lanterns, and the streets were scarcely lighted at all, except by the lamps in the shops. Here I saw a gentleman who had almost lost his cloak, and whilst he wrapped it tighter around him, the wind blew his hat off; there a lady, who, holding with one hand an umbrella, with the other her pelisse, went along blindly but courageously, and drove right upon a fruit-stall, whose sharp

nosed proprietor bid her with a shrill voice to look better about her.

Here howled a dog; there swore a fellow who had driven his cart against another; a little lad went whistling gaily amid the snow-storm and the hurly-burly, which did not trouble his calm, childish mind. Ever and anon sped a covered sledge with lighted lamps, comet-like, on its beaming path, and driving aside both people and animals. This was all which I on this evening saw and heard of the great, magnificent capital. In order to enliven myself, I began to think about the amiable family in whose bosom I should soon find myself, on the glad occasion which took me there, with other cheerful, light, and soul-warming things which I could bring together in my memory. At length my sledge stopped. My driver exclaimed, "Now we are there!" and I said to myself enraptured, "Now then I am here!" and I soon heard around me many voices, which, in various but in joyful tones, exclaimed, "Good day!" "Good day!" "Good evening!" "Welcome! welcome!" I, my loaves, cheeses, gingerbread, we were all heartily welcome, and installed in an excellent and warm room.

Half an hour later, I sat in the handsome and well lighted drawing-room, where Colonel H— and his family were assembled. It was tea time; and from the boiling teakettle ascended a curling cloud of steam, which floated above the glittering teacups and the baskets up-heaped with cakes, rusks, and rye-loaves, which covered the ample tea-table. Telemachus, as he came out of Tartarus into the Elysian Fields, could not have felt a greater contentment than I, arrived from my snow-stormy journey, in the friendly haven of the tea-table. The gay, pleasant beings who moved around me; the excellent apartment; the lights, which in certain moments no little contribute to making the soul light; the enlivening, warming draught which I was enjoying; all was excellently animating, inspiring, all was—ah! wouldst thou believe it my reader! that the frosted nose there at the barrier, in the midst of my pleasurable sensations set itself on the edge of my teacup, and embittered to me its nectar! Yes, yes, but it did so; and I think that I should have been less shocked to have seen my own double. In order to regain my perfect peace, said I to myself, "To-morrow I will rectify my inattention; to-morrow!" and pacifying myself with my resolution for the morrow, I now seated myself, according to my way, silently in a corner of the room, knitting my stocking, sipping now and then from the teacup, which stood upon a little table beside me, and noticing unobservedly the family picture before me. Colonel H— sat in a corner of the sofa, and laid Patience, the *blockade de Copenhagen*, I fancy. He was tall and strong-built, but thin, and had a sickly appearance. His features were noble, and from his deeply sunken eyes beamed forth a penetrating but quiet glance, for the most part full of an almost divine goodness, especially when it was riveted upon his children. He spoke seldom, never made speeches, but his words, uttered slowly and with a certain calm strength, had generally the effect of an oracle. Seriousness and mildness governed his whole being. He carried himself uncommonly upright; and I

have always imagined that this was less the result of his military bearing than of his inflexible honesty, his firm integrity, which were the groundwork of his character, and were mirrored in his exterior.

He did not mingle himself in the conversation which, this evening, was carried on with much animation among his children; but yet, now and then, let fall dryly witty observations, which, accompanied by an expression of countenance so archly comic, and yet at the same time so full of conciliating goodness towards those to whom they referred, that these felt both embarrassment and pleasure.

His wife ("her Honour," as I from old custom mostly call her,)—her Honour sat in the other corner of the sofa, and netted, but without particularly attending to her work. She seemed not to have been handsome even in her younger years, but had, especially when she spoke, something kind, lively, and interesting, which it was a pleasure to see. There was something tender, something restless in her manner, and especially in her eyes. One read there that she incessantly bore upon her heart that long, unending promemoria of thoughts and cares which, for a wife, mother, and housekeeper, begin with husband and child, go through all the concerns, all the least branches of home and domestic management, and never once come to an end; like the atoms of dust, which must be blown away, and which yet always fall again.

Her Honour's tender and restless glances dwell this evening most frequently upon Emilia, the eldest daughter, with an expression both of pleasure and pain. An affectionate smile fluted upon her lips, and tears glittered on her eyelids; but as in the smiles, so in the tears, beamed the warm and heartfelt mother's love.

Emilia seemed not to observe her mother's glances, for she served tea quite calmly with white and beautiful hands, whilst by a grave, dignified mien she endeavoured to put an end to the tricks of her brother Carl, who introduced into the tea-service all that disorder which, as he asserted, existed in his sweet sister's own heart. She was of middle size, a stiff figure, but well-grown. Blond, fair, but without regular beauty of feature, her agreeable countenance was particularly attractive, from the expression of purity, kindness, and integrity which rested upon it. She seemed to have inherited her father's quiet character, united, at the same time, to greater gaiety, for she laughed frequently, spite of her assumed dignity, and that so heartily, that she seduced all the rest to join her.

It is becoming to very few people to laugh; one sees too many persons who during this expression of mirth, place the handkerchief before the face, to conceal the disagreeableness which is occasioned by the puckered up eyes, the movements of the stretched-out mouth, etc. etc. Emilia, had it been necessary for her to resort to this measure of prudence, would have scorned it,—she was, even in the least things, all too simple and upright to practise a single coquettish manoeuvre. She had not, however, in this case, any necessity, for her laugh was infinitely charming, as well because it was so naive and so heartfelt, as that it displayed the liveliest white teeth, that adorned a sweet and fresh mouth; yet of this she never thought.

If I had been a young fellow, I should have thought, the moment I saw Emilia, "Behold there my wife!" (N.B.—If she will.)

But yet Emilia was not in every thing as she seemed, or, rather, she had a good deal of that inconsequence which may be interwoven and united even with the noblest human natures, even as there are knots in the finest and noblest webs.

Besides all this, Emilia was no longer in her first youth; and thou, my young sixteen-year-old reader, wilt perhaps consider her very, very old. "How old was she, then?" askest thou, perhaps. She had just passed her six-and-twentieth year. "Uh! that is horrible! she was indeed an old, old person!" Not so horrible—not so old, my rosebud. She was merely a rose in its full bloom, and so thought also Mr. —; but of this hereafter.

I pity the painter to whom the difficult task should be given of painting Julie's portrait, for she is the *perpetuum mobile* in more than one sense. Now she played tricks on her brother, who never left a debt of this kind unpaid; now employed herself in another way with her sisters. Sometimes she snuffed the candles, and snuffed them out, in order to have the pleasure of relighting them; she arranges or disarranges the ribbons of her mother's negligée, and sneaks often behind the Colonel, lays her arms around his neck, and kisses his forehead; his exclamation, "Let me alone, girl!" terrifying her by no means from soon coming again.

A charming little head, around which rich plaits of fair hair formed a crown, blue, lively eyes, dark eyelashes and eyebrows, a well-shaped nose with a little high-bred curve, a somewhat large but handsome mouth, a small, delicate figure, small hands, small feet, more willing to dance than to walk—see there Julie, eighteen years of age.

Brother Carl—ah, I beg pardon—Cornet Carl, was three ells high, well grown, easy in his movements—thanks to nature, gymnastics, and Julie. He had a many peculiar ideas, as steadfast as the hills, three of which are his favourite ideas: Firstly, that the Swedish people are the first and most superior people in Europe. Against this none of his family contend. Secondly, he never should fall in love, because he was twenty years of age without ever having felt his heart beat, whilst many of his more fortunate companions had gone crazy out of pure love. "It will come in time," said the Colonel. Julie said he would presently be over head and ears in love. Emilia sighed, and prayed that God might defend him. Thirdly, the Cornet fancied that he was so ugly that he should even frighten horses. Julie said that this peculiarity was very fortunate for him in case of an attack of the enemy's cavalry; but she, as well as her sisters and many others, regarded the open, honest, manly expression of her brother's countenance as a full compensation for any lack of beauty in feature. She often repeated to him with a secret little joy how horribly ugly and unbearable she found Mr. P., with the handsome Apollo-head without expression and life. Cornet Carl loved his sisters tenderly, and rendered them all the service which lay in his power, more especially that of trying their patience.

Near to her father sate the youngest of the

daughters, the seventeen-year-old Helena. At the first glance one cast upon her, one was ready to pity her; at the next to wish her happiness. She was plain and humpbacked, but intellect and cheerfulness beamed from her uncommonly bright eyes. She seemed to possess that steadfastness and repose of character, that clearness of mind, that stability and cheerfulness, which give a more sure guarantee for the repose and happiness of life than all those showy outward attractions which are worshipped and loved by the world. She was working zealously at a dress of white silk, and now looked up from her work to nod kindly and significantly at Emilia, or to raise to her father a glance of reverential, almost adoring tenderness.

One might almost fancy that the Colonel, most of all his children, loved this one whom nature seemed so hardly to have used, for often when Helena would lay her head upon her father's shoulder, and raise to him her affectionate glance, he would bend himself down to her, and kiss her forehead with an expression of tenderness which cannot be described. On the other side of the Colonel sate a young lady, the daughter of a relative. One might have taken her for an antique statue; so beautiful, so marble-white, so immovable was she. More beautiful dark eyes than hers were never seen; but ah! she certainly was to be pitied. Those beautiful eyes never more could behold the light of day. She had been blind from cataract for four years. That which ruled in her soul, whether storm or shine, it was difficult to see; its mirror was darkened, and something proud, cold, and almost half-dead, lay in her exterior, and repelled all questioning glances. It seemed to me as if she had said, with a feeling of proud despair, in the hour when fate announced to her "Thou shalt no more see light,"—said, with a solemn oath, "No one shall see my suffering!"

Still one other little group must come forth in my picture; namely, that which in the background of the room consisted of Magister\* Nup, distinguished for his good-nature, learning, silence, shortsightedness, his turned-up nose, and his absence of mind; together with his pupils, the little Axel and the little Claes, the youngest sons of the Colonel, remarkable for their especial good condition and plumpness; for which reason they had in the family the surname of "the Dumplings."

The Magister, spite of his wig having taken fire three times, hung now with his nose over his book in the nearest possible proximity to the light. The Dumplings ate rusks and played at the famished fox, and waited for the fourth illumination of the Magister's head; the approach of which they announced to each other every now and then, by friendly elbow jogs, and "See now! Wait now! Now it comes!"

Now I should like inexpressibly to know whether any of my amiable young readers, either out of a great politeness or a little curiosity, would wish to have any nearer description of the person who sits in a corner of the room, stock still, knitting her stocking, sipping now and then from her cup of tea, and making her remarks on the company.

In order that I may not leave any wish of my

\* Master of Arts.

readers unfulfilled, I will also give a sketch of her. She belongs to that class of persons of whose existence a simple member of the sisterhood has thus expressed herself: "Sometimes it is as if one were everywhere, sometimes again it is as if one were nowhere." This strange existence belongs in general to persons who, without belonging to families, are received into them, for sociality, for help, for counsel and action, in pleasure and in need. I will, in a few words, give a description of such a person in general; and in order that she may not remain without any part in our titled social circle, I will bestow on her the title of "House Counsellor." Her sphere of action is extensive, and is of the following nature. She may have her thoughts, her hand, her nose, in every thing, and foremost in every thing—but it must not be observed. Is the gentleman of the house in a bad humour? Then is she pushed forward either in the capacity of a lightning-conductor or else a pair of bellows, whose property it is to blow away the tempest. Has the lady the vapours? Then her presence is as necessary as the bottle of eau de Cologne. Have the daughters vexation? Then she is there to share it. Have they little wishes, plans, projects? Then she is the speaking trumpet through which they speak to deaf ears. If the children cry, then they send for her to pacify them. Will they not sleep? She must tell them stories. Is anybody ill? She watches. She executes commissions for the whole family, and good counsel must she have on all occasions, ready for everybody. Does grand company come? Is the house put in gala-array then? She vanishes; people know not where she is, no more than they know where the smoke which ascended up the chimney is gone; but the works of her invisible presence cease not to betray her. One sees not upon the festal board the pan in which the cream was boiled; this must stand quietly upon the kitchen hearth; and in like manner is it the lot of the House Counsellor to prepare the useful and the agreeable, but to renounce the honour. If she can do this with stoical patience and resignation, then is her existence often as interesting for herself as it is important in the family circle. It is true that she must be humble and quiet, go softly through doors, must move with less noise than a fly, and above all things, not like this, settle upon people's noses; must yawn as seldom as her human nature will allow. But on the contrary, she may use eyes and ears in freedom, although with prudence, and she has excellent opportunities to derive benefit therefrom. Contrary to what is required in the physical world, there is in the moral world no place so useful for an observatory as the lowly one unobserved by all eyes; and consequently the House Counsellor possesses the most advantageous position for directing around the family hemisphere her searching telescope. Every movement, every spot upon the heart's planet, becomes visible by degrees to her; the smallest wandering comet she follows upon its path; she sees the eclipses come and go; and whilst she observes the phenomena, the growing feelings and thoughts in the human soul, more countless than the stars of heaven, she learns day after day to comprehend and interpret one point after another of

the Creator's great and admirable hieroglyphics. One sees, therefore, that she by degrees must acquire a good deal of that precious, ever-applicable gold, which is called knowledge of mankind; and the hope smiles upon her, that she, in the future, when spectacles adorn her nose and silver hair her aged brow, shall, as an oracle, talk to listening youth of that which she *knows*, and which they now do not *anticipate*.

So much for the personality of the House Counsellor in general. A few words now on that one who, in the family of Colonel H—, must fill this character to a certain extent. To a certain extent I say, because, thank God, she is regarded there more as a friend, and has therefore not the post of the prompter, nor stands behind the scenes; but steps often forth upon the stage, and says her word just as freely and unreservedly as any of the other actors.

The first word which her childish lips stammered forth after her twelvemonth's sojourn upon this lower earth, was "Moon." Eight years after this, she wrote her verses "To the Moon;" and the morning of a life which since then developed itself so dryly and prosaically, was a lovely poetical moonlight dream. Many a sonnet, many an ode, was consecrated by her pen to all the most attractive objects of nature, whilst the rich youthful days in which the heart beat so high, in which the feelings swelled like a spring flood, and in which the abundant well of tears flowed from so sweet a pain,—but in all which she sung, wrote, or dreamed, there was always something of moonshine.

The parents shook their wise heads. "Girl, if thou writest verses, thou wilt never learn to make soup; thou wilt let the sauce burn. Thou must think betimes that thou must learn to maintain thyself; must be able to spin thy thread and bake thy bread. One cannot satisfy oneself with moonshine." But the girl wrote her verses, and boiled the soup, and did not burn the sauce; turned round her spinning-wheel, baked her bread; but forgot not her childhood's friend, the gentle moon. Afterwards, when its friendly light shone upon the grave of her parents, she wrote no verses in their honour, but looked up with a beseeching glance to the mild heavenly countenance, as to a comforter, whose light should enliven and guide the fatherless and motherless upon her solitary way. But ah! the fatherless and the motherless might have nearly famished in the beloved moonlight, had not another light, and other beams, brought to her salvation. This came from the hearth of a count's kitchen. She succeeded in the preparation of a wine-jelly, and this made her fortune.

People had discovered in her the talent of making excellent wine jelly; people became by degrees aware that she also possessed some other similar invaluable gifts. One young lady with chapped lips found herself greatly benefited by her lip-salve; one old gentleman found in her, to his great comfort, a never-weary listener to the histories of his forty-nine ailments. The tender mother of four little wonderfully gifted children, heard with deep emotion from their rosy lips, of her uncommon ability in rhyming together father and rather, pleasure and treasure, little and brittle, birth-day and mirth-day, etc. etc. A sleepy honourable lady was all at once wide awake when this same talented

person prophesied by the cards that she would very soon receive a present; nine persons celebrated within a short time her excellent advice for toothach, pain in the chest, and for colds in the head; and at a bridal and a funeral, people discovered in her a wonderful faculty for arranging all, from "her grace's" head-dress down to the dish of confectionary, from the myrtle wreath in the locks of the bride down to the bread and butter on the table with the brandy; and at the solemn marriage festival, as well as the decking of the last resting-place of the dead bride, as well as the entertainment of those who, even on mournful occasions, never forget that people must eat to live.

By the industrious use of these talents, and by the bringing forth of others of a similar kind, she rose by degrees, step by step, to the rank of a House Counsellor. The writing of verses she had almost entirely forgotten, excepting that now and then some meagre lines were forced out from duty.

Upon the moon she looks but seldom, unless to observe when it is new moon or waning; and yet its beams are perhaps the only friends which will visit her lonely grave. But here is not now the question about writing elegies. Will anybody now know anything more about the prosaic friend of the moon? Her age! That is somewhere between twenty and forty years. Her appearance! As most people's is; although, perhaps, most people might be quite offended if they were thought to have any resemblance to her. Her name! Ah! your most obedient servant,

CHRISTINA BRATA HVARDAGSLAG.

JULIE'S LETTER.—HELENA.—THE BLIND.—EMILIA.  
THE BRIDEGROOMS.

I HAVE already said that it was a happy occasion which was the cause of my journey to the capital; and I should therefore give the best account of it if I laid before the eyes of my young readers the letter which I a short time before received, in my solitude in the country, from Julie H—.

My best Beata,

Lay aside thy eternal knitting when thou seest these lines; snuff thy long-wicked candle. (It is, is it not, in the evening that the post comes to R—?) Bolt thy door, so that, without any fear of being disturbed, thou canst sit in peace and comfort on thy sofa, and with the besitting attention read the great, remarkable news I have to announce to thee. I can see from here how horribly curious thou art—how thy eyes open—and now I will tell thee—a tale!

There was once upon a time a man—who was neither king nor prince, but who yet deserved to be these. He had a daughter; and although fate had not permitted her to be born a princess, yet there assembled themselves half a score of gracious fairies around the little one's cradle, merely out of pure esteem and kindness to her father. They gave to her beauty, understanding, grace, talents, a noble heart, good temper, patience, in one word, all which can be given to make a woman charming; and in order to complete the measure of good gifts, stepped forth,

last of all, the fairy Prudence, speaking thus, in carefully selected words: "For the sake of her temporal and eternal welfare, shall she be in the highest degree prudent and circumspect, nay, even difficult, in the choice of a husband!" "Well said; wisely said!" exclaimed all the lady-fairies, amid deep sighs.

The richly-gifted one grew up, was as amiable as any one might reasonably expect, and lovers soon knocked early and late in the day, with sighs and prayers, upon the door of her heart. But ah! for the most of them it remained immovably bolted; and if it were, only for a moment, opened a very little to any one, it was closed again in the next minute, and fastened with double bolts. Fortunately, the time of the Princess Turandot was long passed; and in Sweden, where the lovely Elimia dwelt, the air must have been of a much cooler kind than that of the land where Prince Calaf sighed—for one never heard of the rejected lovers putting an end to their days; one saw them scarcely lose their appetite; yes, one even hears of some who (would any one believe it!) choose a beloved with as much indifference as one chooses a stocking.

The first who announced himself as pretendent to the heart of the beautiful Elimia was found by her to be too sentimental, because he was horrified at the crime of killing a gnat, and sighed over the innocent chickens which figured as roast upon the dinner-table, and besides were the favourite dish of his beloved. United to him, she feared being in danger of being starved to death on pure blanc-mange and vegetables. The second did not avoid treading upon emmets, loved fishing and hunting, and looked as if he were cruel and hard-hearted; rather, much rather, would she marry a hare than a hunter! A hare came, shy in look, trembling in his knees, stammering forth his sighs, his wishes, and his doubts. "Poor little thing," was the answer, "go and hide thyself, thou wilt otherwise be the prey of the first wild beast which meets thee in his path!" The hare hopped away. The lion-man stepped forth with proud lover-word. Now the beauty was in great fear of being eaten up, and she hid herself till the mighty one was gone past. This was the fourth. The fifth, merry and gay, was considered to be trifling; the sixth was believed to have an inclination for gambling; the seventh, in consequence of two or three pimples on his nose, to be inclined to strong liquors; the eighth looked as if he could be ill-tempered; the ninth seemed to be an egotist; the tenth said in every sentence, "the devil fetch me!"—it would not be well to venture forth into life with him. The eleventh looked too much upon his hands and feet, and was therefore a fool. The twelfth came. He was good, noble, manly, handsome; he seemed to love honestly; he talked well; people were in great perplexity what faults they should find in him. He seemed to love truly, but perhaps only seemed; or if he loved, perhaps it was rather the attractive, perishable body than the immortal soul.—God help us, what heavy sin! If it continued so then—but the lover swore that it was the soul, precisely the soul itself which he adored, and in that fortunate moment he so powerfully assailed the already yielding heart, that in the end her trembling lips moved them-

selves in such a way that he saw they must open the door through which the capitulating yes must proceed. He took this all for settled, regarded the word as said, fell upon his knees, kissed her hand and mouth, and lovely Elimia, ready to fall down with astonishment and confusion, found herself, she did not know how, betrothed.

The marriage was fixed by her father and her bridegroom for a short time afterwards. Elimia did not say yes to that, but neither did she say no; and her bridegroom thought "silence gives consent." As the time went on, the lovely Elimia counted. "Now there are only fourteen, now only twelve; Gracious Heaven! now only ten; and Lord God! now only eight days remaining!" Now a great anguish and horror overcame her soul. Spectral and ghostly shapes, numerous as the locusts which overwhelmed Egypt, took possession of her hitherto so bright and calm spirit, and called forth there uneasiness and darkness. Now she wished to delay, not to say break off, her engagement with the noble Almanzor; who certainly, said she, had a many more faults than people believed; and one uncommonly great one, that of being so well able to hide them. Perfection is not the lot of human nature; and they who seem to be most free from faults, are perhaps, in fact, the least so. Besides which, she fancied that their characters did not at all harmonise; further, he was too young, but she too old; and so on; and the sum and end of all was, that she should be unhappy for the whole of her lifetime.

A very good friend of Elimia had the greatest desire in the world to break the neck of the fairy Prudentia, whose unlucky gifts caused Elimia to thrust from her the happiness which awaited her in her union with a husband who seemed altogether made for her, and devoted to her in the tenderest manner.

Now, I see how impatient thou art, Beata, and askest what is the sum and substance of all this, and what purpose it serves! All this, my good friend, will serve, first and foremost, as a little whet to the appetite before dinner, because I have to shew thee what wonderful magic power is suddenly bestowed upon the little Julie; for with a few strokes of my pen I change all my above-mentioned personages; make *once* into *now*, and the tale into truth.

Almanzor then becomes the young, amiable Algernon S—; and his bride, lovely Elimia, my sister Emilia H—, who so bitterly repents of the "yes" which she has given. The fairy Prudentia again must undergo a great change; and is nothing else but the fickleness and irresolution which have so strong a power over Emilia's heart that it now questions whether she is determined to enter the holy condition of matrimony. If one do not now from all sides push her onward, she will go, like the crabs, backwards. Now this Emilia, whom I so inwardly love, and who often makes me so impatient, sits in the corner of the sofa opposite to me; is pale and restless; thinks upon her wedding-day—and has the vapours! Must one laugh about it or cry? I do both, and make Emilia do the same.

The only thing that one can now do, to prevent poor Emilia from pondering and beating her brains, troubling and distressing herself for no-

thing, is to allow every thing to go topsy-turvy, with bustle and stir around her, till the wedding-day—and turn her head, if possible. I know that papa would never allow any of us to break a given promise. Emilia knows this too; and I fancy that it is precisely this which makes her so dejected. And yet she loves Algernon; yea, admires him at times; but she would, for all that, if she dared, give him now a refusal. Tell me how can one explain this—how does it hang together? Still, however, when her fate is once inevitably determined, I know that that all will be well; and the drollery of the affair is, that Emilia thinks so too. In the mean time, in the next week all will be in order. On Sunday, that is to-morrow week, is the horrible wedding-day. Emilia will be married at home, and only a few acquaintance will be invited. Emilia wishes it to be so, and people gratify her now in every thing which she desires, if it be only reasonable. She says people do so with all poor sacrifices. Comical idea! Thou seest, best Beata, how necessary thy presence here is for us all. In truth, we need in every respect thy council and thy aid. Pack up, therefore, thy things immediately, and journey here as quickly as thou canst.

On Monday Algernon comes to Stockholm, and with him my bridegroom also. I have not been so hard to please, so anxious as Emilia, and yet have not chosen badly. My Arvid is an Adonis, and has a heart which is worth gold. Papa thinks much of him, and that is the most important thing. My good, my revered, my beloved papa! I had so firmly resolved never to leave him and mama—I cannot imagine how I ever determined to be a bride; but my Arvid was irresistible. Papa, however, has Helena, who never will marry, and Helena is worth three such Julies as I am. Papa was at first much against my marriage, and had so many objections that it was nearly given up altogether; but I threw myself upon my knees and wept, and Arvid's father (the friend of papa's youth) made such beautiful speeches, and Arvid himself looked so cast down, that papa in the end was softened, and said, "Nay, they may then have one another! And Arvid and I exulted like two larks. Thou wilt see him; he has a dark moustache, and imperial large blue eyes, the loveliest—but thou wilt see—thou wilt see! He has the most beautiful *son de voix* in the world, and Emilia may say what she will, but it is actually charming when he says, "The thousand fetch me!"

It sounds strange, perhaps, thou thinkest—but thou shalt see, thou shalt hear! Come, come, and embrace, at the latest on the evening after to-morrow. Thy friend,

JULIE H.

P.S.—Bring with thee, I pray, some of the beautiful loaves which thou knowest that papa and mama think so much of: some cheese for Carl and Helena, and a little gingerbread for me. Thou hast always a store of such. Emilia, poor Emilia, poor Emilia! methinks, will have quite enough to swallow down her vapours. Thou canst not conceive how afraid I am that she may, out of pure disquiet or grief, be quite yellow or ugly when Algernon comes. Emilia, I fancy, almost wishes it in order to put his love to her immortal soul to the test. I fancy, actu-

ally, that she would require him to love her just the same if she were changed into a mole! I am really troubled. Emilia is so changeable in her appearance, and is quite another person when she is anxious and uneasy than when she is calm and cheerful. Once more farewell.

P.S.—Dost thou know who is to marry Emilia?—Professor L.; who looks so horribly grave, has a twisted foot, a red eye, and two warts upon his nose. He has lately received a living. Papa has much esteem and friendship for him. As far as I am concerned I should find no great pleasure in being married by a weak-eyed priest. But I am not to be married for a couple of years, or, perhaps, in the autumn, therefore it is not worth while thinking about it now.

I had nearly forgotten the innumerable greetings of the whole family to thee.

I immediately accepted Julie's invitation, and arrived, as has already been seen, one evening at the end of February at Colonel H's.

There remain yet a few words to be said on the occurrences of this evening, and I knit again to these the thread of my narrative. The blind girl, who had sat for a time silent and still, said at length with a kind of vehemence:

"I would sing." Helena rose up quickly, led her to the piano, and sat down to accompany her. Helena inquired what she would sing. "Ariadne à Naxos," was the short determined answer. They began. In the beginning the voice of the singer was not pleasant to me; it was strong, deep, almost dejected; but the more attentively one listened, the more one paid regard to the feeling which spoke through it, and which it revealed with magical truth, the more one was enchanted: one shuddered involuntarily; one felt one's heart beat in sympathy with Ariadne when she, penetrated by an increasing anguish, seeks for her beloved, and takes the resolution to climb the rock in order that there she may the more easily be able to discover him. The accompaniment here expressing in a masterly manner her climbing, one seems to see how she hastened breathless and full of foreboding. At length she has neared the top, her eye is cast over the sea, and perceives the white, ever receding sail. The blind girl followed Ariadne with her whole soul, and one might have believed by the expansion of her eyes, that she saw something more than—mere darkness. Tears involuntarily filled all eyes as she, with a heart-rending expression of love and pain in voice and countenance, exclaimed with Ariadne, "Theseus! Theseus!" When her inspiration and our delight had reached the highest point, the Colonel suddenly rose up, went to the piano, took the singer by the hand, led her away without saying a single word, and placed her again upon the sofa, when he seated himself beside her. I remarked that she hastily withdrew her hand from his. She was deathly pale and much excited. No one except myself appeared to be astonished at this scene. They began an indifferent conversation, in which every one, excepting the blind girl, took part. In about an hour the Colonel said to her, "You need rest;" and with that arose and conducted her from the room, after she silently, but with a kind of solemnity, bowed her head in salutation of the remaining company. Just as he was

about to leave the room, the Colonel called, "Helena," and Helena followed them.

Soon after this I went up into my room to enjoy repose; but the image of the blind girl which incessantly floated before me, prevented me long from doing so. I heard her penetrating voice, saw her expressive countenance, and could not help endeavouring to guess the nature of the feelings which shook her soul.

I was not yet asleep as Emilia and Julie softly stole into their room, which lay next to mine. The door stood open, and I heard the half-aloud conversation of the two sisters. Julie said with some vexation, "You yawn, you sigh, and yet Algernon comes in the morning! Emilia, you have no more feeling than a paper-box."

EMILIA How do you know but that this is out of sympathy with Algernon, who perhaps just now does the same!

JULIE That does he not: that I am sure of. Much rather do I believe that he hardly knows on which foot he stands, out of impatient joy of soon seeing you.

EMILIA Do you judge this from his last letter?

JULIE That, indeed, was written in such haste. One is not always alike inclined for writing; perhaps he had a severe headache, or a bad cold in the head, or he had taken cold.

EMILIA Whatever you will; but nothing can excuse the cold, unmeaning end of the letter.

JULIE I assure you, Emilia, it stands there "with the tenderest devotion."

EMILIA And I am certain that it stands there quite dry and cold, "with esteem and devotion remain," and so on; just as as people write to an indifferent person, "subscribed with esteem," and so on; for the meagre esteem must always remain where the warmer feelings are gone. Where is my night-cap! Ah, see there! Ho! ho! ho! ho! You, Julie, see everything rose-coloured.

JULIE I see that a lover must take care never to speak of esteem. But I am sure that Algernon never wrote that horrible word, using one warmer and heartfelt. Sweet Emilia, fetch his letter. You will there see that you have done him injustice.

EMILIA On purpose to please you, I will fetch his letter. We shall then see that I am right.

JULIE And we shall see that I am right.

Emilia fetched the letter. Both sisters approached the light with it. Julie would snuff the candle; and either by accident or intention, snuffed it out. For a moment all was as silent as it was dark, and then Emilia's hearty laughter was heard. Julie joined in; and I could not avoid making a trio with them. Tumbling over, and running against chairs and tables, the sisters at length found their beds, and cried, laughing, to me, "Good-night, good-night!"

The day after my arrival was in the house the so-called "cleaning-day;" a day which now and then enters into all well ordered houses; and which may be likened to a tempestuous day in nature, after whose storms and rain-gusts all comes forth in renewed brightness, order, and freshness.

They scoured, aired, dusted, and swept in all corners. Her Honour, who would herself oversee every thing, went incessantly in and out through all the doors, and mostly left them all open, which occasioned a horrible draught. In

order to preserve myself from earache and toothache, I fled from one room to another, and found at length in Helena's, up another flight of stairs, a haven free from storm. This little apartment seemed to me the most comfortable and most cheerful in the whole house. It had windows towards the sunny side; the walls were ornamented with pictures, which for the most part represented charming landscapes. Among these were distinguished two from Fabbrantz, in which the pencil of this great artist had conjured up the enchanting repose which a beautiful summer evening diffuses over nature, and which communicates itself so powerfully to the human heart. The eye which fixed itself attentively upon these pictures expressed quickly something loving, pensive, and dreamy; and this was the surest guarantee for their truthful beauty.

The furniture of the room was handsome and convenient. A piano, a well-filled bookcase, and easel for painting, shewed that in this little circumscribed world there failed nothing of all that which can make the pleasures of the outer world dispensable, and which can occupy the passing hours of the day in the most agreeable manner.

Large, splendid geraniums stood in the windows, and awoke, by their fresh verdure, pleasant thoughts of spring, whilst they softened and broke up the beams of the sun, which on this day shone in all the brilliancy which they commonly possess in the keen winter frost. A beautiful carpet covered the floor, which seemed to be scattered over with flowers.

Helena was seated on the sofa, at her sewing. The New Testament lay before her on her work-table.

She received me with a smile expressive of the heart's peace and satisfaction. I placed myself near to her at my work, and felt myself particularly cheerful and happy of mood. We worked at Emilia's bridal-dress.

"You observe my room," said Helena the while, smiling, whilst her eyes took the direction of mine. "Yea," replied I; "your sister's rooms are handsome and excellent, but one must confess that they are not to be compared with this."

"It has been my father's will," said she, "that Helena should be the only spoiled child in the house." She continued, with tears in her eyes, "My good papa has wished that I should never miss the joys and pleasures which are the lot of my handsome, healthy sisters, and from which I am excluded by my suffering and my infirmity. Therefore he has taught me to enjoy that which is far richer, which a knowledge and practice of the fine arts offer to those who embrace them with a warm and open mind. He therefore formed and strengthened my understanding, by regular, and anything but superficial studies, which he himself directed. He has therefore collected in this little corner, where I pass the greater part of my life, so much which is charming and beautiful for the eye, for the feelings, and the thoughts. Yet, what is more than all this, is the heartfelt fatherly love with which he embraces and surrounds me: and this secures me from ever bitterly feeling the want of love, whose enjoyment nature has denied me. He has perfectly succeeded; and I have no other

wish than that of living for him, for my mother, my family, and—my God."

We were silent for a moment, and I worshipped in my heart the father who so well understood how to care for the happiness of her to whom he had given life. Helena continued, "When mamma is gone with my sisters to balls or into company, he passes his time for the most part with me. I read to him, play to him; and he permits me, out of indescribable goodness, to believe that I contribute essentially to the happiness of his life. That thought makes me happy. It is a beautiful, an enviable lot, to know that one is *something* to him who is a blessing to all who surround him."

"Oh!" thought I, and addressed in thought the fathers of families on the earth, "why are so few like this father! Kings of home, how much happiness could you not diffuse around you, how worshipped might you not be!"

We talked afterwards of Emilia.

"It is strange," said Helena, "that a person who generally is so calm, so clear in her judgments, so decided, so reasonable, in one word, should in this one point be so unlike herself. Determined to marry, because she regards a happy marriage as the most blessed condition on earth, Emilia has had the greatest possible difficulty to determine herself to it. Two of her young friends having most unhappily married, has infused into her a sort of panic dread; and she fears so much being unhappy in her marriage, that she never would have the courage to be happy, if others did not act for her. She is now nearly half ill with anxiety, that her union is so near at hand with Algernon S—, for whom she seems to have an actual devotion, and with whom we are all convinced that she will be perfectly happy. She has intervals of calm, and in such a one you saw her last evening. I fear that it will soon be over, and expect that with it we shall see her disquiet and irresolution increase in proportion as the deciding hour approaches, which, as I am persuaded, will perfectly put an end to it; for when once anything irrevocable is determined, Emilia submits herself, and seeks the best in every thing. It will be necessary that till the wedding-day we endeavour in every possible way to divert her, and prevent her from occupying herself with useless fancies. We have each one of us our particular part in the little comedy which we must act before and with our good sister. Papa means to make her walk industriously; mamma consults with her about every thing which now must be arranged before the wedding. Julie intends, in one way or another, never to leave her quiet. Brother Carl will often draw her into dispute about Napoleon, whom he places below Charles the Twelfth, which she cannot bear; and this is the only subject on which I have heard my quiet, good sister dispute with warmth. I, on the contrary, shall occupy her much about her toilet. My little brothers, taught by nature, have known their parts for a long time by heart, which consist in clamouring incessantly, now for this, now for that. Hitherto we have all of us divided the care of satisfying them, now it must all rest upon her alone. You, good Beata, will be delegated, upon every fitting occasion, and in a skilful manner, to introduce commendations of Algernon, which you will not find dif-

scult to award him. Emilia looks upon us all as a party for him; you cannot be suspected of it, and your praise will therefore operate all the better."

I was quite pleased with my commission. It is always agreeable to praise people when one can do it with a good conscience.

After we had spoken for a long time of Emilia and her beloved, of her establishment, and so on, I turned the conversation upon the blind girl, and endeavoured to obtain more knowledge of her.

Helena avoided this subject, and merely said, "Elisabeth has been a year with us. We like her, and hope in time to win her confidence, and thereby be able to make her happier."

After this, Helena proposed to me to visit her. "I go, generally," said she, "every forenoon to her, and have not been there to-day. I would willingly give her much of my time, if she would not rather be alone."

We went together to the blind girl's room.

She sat dressed upon her bed, and sang softly to herself.

"Oh, how much has she not suffered! she is a living image of pain!" thought I, as I now approached her, and in the daylight contemplated that pale, lovely countenance, in which were intelligible traces of a severe and not yet ended fight, and of a pain too deep, too bitter, to be expressed by tears.

A young girl, whose rosy cheeks and gay exterior formed a strong contrast with the poor sufferer, sat in a corner of the room and sewed. She was there to wait upon the blind girl. With a touching cordiality in word and voice, Helena spoke to Elisabeth; she replied coldly and in monosyllables! It seemed to me as if she endeavoured, after we entered, to assume by degrees that cold and inanimate expression which I remarked in her on the foregoing evening. The conversation was continued only between Helena and me, whilst the blind girl silently occupied herself with winding and unwinding a black silk cord around her remarkably beautiful hands. All at once she said, "at! at!" and a faint crimson flamed up on her cheeks, and her bosom heaved higher. We were silent and listened; after a few seconds we heard the dull sound of footsteps, which slowly approached. "It is he!" said she, as if to herself. I looked inquiringly upon Helena. Helena looked upon the ground. The Colonel entered. The blind girl rose up, and remained standing still as a statue; yet I thought that I remarked in her a light tremor. The Colonel talked to her with his customary calmness, although, as I thought, not with his customary kindness; and said that he was come to fetch her, because he would drive out her and Emilia. "The air," added he, "is fresh and clear, it will do you good."

"Me good?" said she with a bitter smile; but without heeding it the Colonel desired Helena to assist her in dressing. The blind girl said nothing, let herself be silently dressed, thanked nobody, and went out conducted by the Colonel.

"Poor Elisabeth," said Helena with a compassionate sigh, when she was gone. I had not indeed the key to this enigmatical being, but had seen enough to make me sigh also heavily. "Poor Elisabeth!"

We returned to our work, which was continued, amid pleasant conversation, till noon.

I went then to Emilia, who was returned from her drive, and found her contending with Julie, who endeavoured with real anxiety to take from her a dress which Emilia seemed to wish to put on. Emilia laughed heartily; Julie, on the contrary, looked as if she would cry.

"Help, Beata, help!" exclaimed she, "did any one ever hear or see such a thing? Listen, Beata! Precisely because Emilia expects Algernon to-day will she put on her ugliest dress—yes, a dress which becomes her so ill that she does not look like herself in it! And not satisfied with that, she will put on an apron as thick as a swaddling-band, and she will put a comb in her hair which Medusa must certainly have left among her effects, it was so horrible! Now I have contended and laboured for a quarter of an hour against this unlucky toilet, but in vain!"

"If in Algernon's eyes," said Emilia with a dignified air and countenance, "merely a dress or a comb can contribute to make one agreeable or disagreeable, then—"

"See, there we have it!" exclaimed Julie disconcerted, "now we are come to the proofs, and I know not how ugly and horrible she may make herself in order to prove whether Algernon will not exceed in fidelity all the most renowned heroes of romance. I pray you, for God's sake, do not cut off either your ears or your nose!" Emilia laughed. "And you could so easily be handsome and amiable," continued Julie, beseeching earnestly, whilst she endeavoured to get possession of the unfortunate dress and comb. "I have determined to be thus dressed to-day," answered Emilia solemnly, "I have my reasons for it, and if I awaken your and Algernon's abhorrence—then I must submit myself to my fate."

"Emilia will nevertheless be handsome," said I to Julie with an attempt to console her, "go now and dress yourself for dinner. Think that you also have a bridegroom to please."

"Ah," said Julie, "with him this is not difficult; if I were to dress myself in a bag and put a jug on my head, he would find that it became me excellently."

"Then you believe," returned Emilia, "that Algernon has not the same eyes for me, as Arvid for you?"

Julie looked somewhat confused.

"Go, now, go," I interrupted, "we shall never be ready; go Julie, I shall help Emilia, and I dare wager anything that she will be handsome against her will." Julie went at length to Helena, who every day combed and plaited her remarkably lovely hair.

Alone with Emilia, and whilst I assisted her with the grey-brown dress, which in truth was unbecoming, I said to her some few, according to my opinion, sensible words on her state of mind and conduct. She replied to me—"I confess that I am not as I ought to be: I wish I could be otherwise; but I feel so little calm, and so little happy, that at times I cannot govern myself. I am now about to form a connexion which it perhaps would have been better never to have agreed to, and if, during the time which yet remains to me, I should be convinced that my fears are well founded, nothing in the world shall prevent me making an end of this connexion, and thereby preventing my being unhappy

for my whole life. For if it be true that one sows a heaven in a happy marriage, it is just as true that an unhappy one is a hell."

"If you do not love Mr. S—," said I, "I really wonder that you have allowed the affair to go so far."

"Not love him!" repeated Emilia with great astonishment; "certainly I love him, and therefore exactly lies my misfortune; my love blinds me to the perception of his faults."

"Nobody would have imagined that, after what you have just said," replied I, smiling.

"Ah yes! ah yes!" said Emilia, "it is so, nevertheless; some are so palpable that one cannot be blind to them; for example, he is too young."

"How unworthy," said I, laughing; "that is actually mean of him."

"Yes, you may laugh. For me, it is really not laughable. I will not say precisely that it is his fault; but it is all the same as a fault in him in regard to me. I am twenty-six years old, and thus am nearly past the boundary of my youth; he is merely two years older, and consequently as a man is yet quite young. I shall be a venerable matron when he is yet a young man. Probably he may be inclined to frivolity, and gladly leave his old tiresome wife for—"

"Oho! oho!" interrupted I, "that is almost too long a perspective. Have you reason to suspect that he is a frivolous character?"

"Not exactly positive; but in this so frivolous age, truth and constancy are such rare virtues. I know that I am not Algernon's first love—who will assure me that I shall be his last? I should be able to bear every thing excepting the infidelity of my husband—that I think I could not survive. I have said that to Algernon—he has assured me—but what will not a lover assure one of! Besides, how can I know whether he loves me with the pure, true love, which alone is strong and enduring? He may have for me only a fancy; and this is a weak, easily severed thread. I have often thought (and it has often inwardly grieved me), that, perhaps, my property, or that which I may one day have, has influenced—"

"No, now you go too far," said I; "you see ghosts in daylight. How can you only seize upon suspicions? You have known him—"

"Only for two years," interrupted Emilia; "and nearly from the first moment of our acquaintance he paid court to me, and has naturally shewn to me only his amiable side. And who, indeed, can see into the heart of man? See, Beata, I cannot say that I know the man with whom I would unite my fate. And how could I become acquainted with him? When people only see one another in regular precise social life, in which scarcely any character has the opportunity of developing itself, one becomes acquainted only with the external and the superficial. A person may be passionate, avaricious, inclined to bad and peevish tempers; and what is worse than all this, may be without all religion; and yet one might see him for whole years in the social circle without suspecting the least of all this; and in particular, the person whom he is desirous of pleasing, can know the least of this."

I did not know rightly what I should say. I thought that this description was true, and Emilia's fears not unfounded.

She continued:

"Yes, if one had known and seen one another for ten years, especially if one had travelled together,—for on a journey one is not so much on one's guard, and shews most of one's natural character and temper,—then one might know tolerably well what a man is."

"That method," said I, "would be tiresome and difficult enough, however excellent one might find it; and would at furthest only be suitable for lovers during the time of the crusades. In our days, people walk in Queen Street and drive at farthest to the North Gate. One cannot diverge more than that. During this ramble, people see the world, and are seen by them; people greet and are greeted; people talk, and joke, and laugh, and find one another so agreeable, that after the little journey, they feel no more indecision about undertaking the great journey through life. But now, to talk seriously, have you never spoken openly with Algernon on the subjects on which you consider it so important to know his opinions?"

"Yes, many times," replied Emilia, "especially since we have been betrothed; and I have always found, or have fancied I have found, in him the opinions and feelings which I wished—but ah! I may so easily have-blinded myself, because I secretly wished it. Possibly, also, Algernon, in his zeal to please me, has deceived himself regarding himself. I am resolved to make use of all my observation to discover the reality and truth, during the short time which remains to me of my freedom; and shall not, if I can help it, through wilful blindness, make him and me unhappy. Granted even that he were quite perfect, yet he might not be suitable for me, nor I for him; our tempers and characters might at bottom be wholly unaccordant."

Amid all these troubling conjectures Emilia was dressed, and one was forced to acknowledge that her costume did not become her. She closed the conversation by saying—"I wish sometimes that I really were married; then I should escape plaguing myself with the thought that I would marry."

"Inconsistency of the human mind," thought I.

At dinner Emilia's toilet was universally blamed, especially by the Cornet. Julie was silent, but spoke with her eyes. The Cornet said nothing; but observed Emilia with a really sarcastic mien, which made her blush.

After dinner Julie said to Emilia—"Sweet Emilia, I did not mean that Algernon really would not think you quite amiable if you were dressed in sackcloth and ashes; I would merely say, that it is not right if a bride does not endeavour in all ways to please her bridegroom. I meant that it would be right—that it would be wrong—that it—"

Here Julie lost the thread of her demonstration, and was almost as embarrassed as a certain burghmaster who was in the same predicament. Emilia pressed her hand kindly, and said, "You have, and that quite happily, followed out your principles; for I have seldom seen you better dressed, and, beyond that, more charming than you look to-day, and certainly Arrid will think so."

Julie blushed, but had more pleasure in these words of her sister than she would have felt in a compliment of her bridegroom.

Towards evening, all the bustle in the house was ended, all retook its former excellent order; and her Honour was also at rest.

Algernon and Lieutenant Arvid arrived at tea-time. Emilia and Julie blushed like June roses; the first looked down, and the latter looked up.

Algernon looked so happy to see Emilia again, was so occupied with her alone, gave so little attention to her toilet, which he did not honour with a glance, but was evidently so charmed, so happy, and so amiable, that by degrees the joy which beamed from his eyes kindled a sympathetic glance in Emilia's, and, spite of dress, apron, and comb, she was during this evening so charming and agreeable that Julie forgave the toilet.

Lieutenant Arvid was no less delighted with his little amiable bride; although it seemed to be no affair of his to express it, like Algernon, in lively and select language. Eloquence is not given to all, and every one has his own way. He drank tea, three cups, ate a dozen rusks, kissed the hand of his bride, and looked entirely happy. I heard him say several times "The thousand fetch me!" and found that a handsome mouth and pleasant voice could soften the unpleasantness of ugly words. Lieutenant Arvid is, in truth, an Adonis.—N.B. An Adonis with a moustache.

His countenance expressed goodness and honesty, but (I beg him a thousand times pardon) something also of foolishness and self-love. His handsome twenty-years-old head did not seem to entertain many ideas.

Algernon had a remarkably noble exterior, in which manliness, goodness, and intelligence, were the chief characteristics. He was tall, had regular, handsome features, and a most agreeable and distinguished deportment.

How, methought I, can Emilia cast her eye upon that noble countenance, and not feel all her fears, all her anxieties, vanish?

For this evening they did vanish, or withdrew into the soul's darkest background. The whole family seemed to be happy, and all was joy and life.

The blind girl, on this evening, did not appear in the company.

#### FIVE DAYS BEFORE THE BRIDAL

Some of her joy and the satisfaction with which Monday came to an end, Emilia woke on Tuesday morning with the exclamation, "Now one day less till the horrible day!"

Beautiful presents from Algernon came in during the forenoon. Emilia did not like the custom of the bridegroom making presents to his beloved.

"It is a barbarian custom," said she, "which turns woman into a piece of merchandise, which the husband, as it were, buys. It ought to be enough to make all civilized nations abandon the usage, when they know the custom of all savage and barbarous people."

Besides this, she found in some of the presents too little regard paid to the useful, too much of luxury and the merely showy.

"If he be only, not a spendthrift!" said she,

sighing. "How little he knows me, if he thinks that I love jewels better than the flowers given by him. However much I love the graceful and the elegant, I am but little attracted by outward magnificence, by pomp and splendour. Besides, these are not suitable for our circumstances."

Emilia's goodhumour was over; she scarcely noticed the presents, over which Julie could not cease to exclaim, "enchanting! charming!" Through the whole forenoon she never took the curl-papers from her hair, and went about wrapped in a great shawl, which hung awry. The Cornet compared her to a Hottentot, and besought her not to fancy that, although she was surrounded by 'savage and barbarous customs,' she could turn a savage. When we went down to dinner, I said to her, in order to act my part as a skilful and worthy commendator, how uncommonly handsome and charming I thought Algernon.

"Yes," replied Emilia, "he is very handsome, much handsomer as man than I am as woman, and this I consider a real misfortune."

"See then," thought I, "now I have run again upon a sandbank!"

Emilia continued. "It is rare that a remarkably handsome exterior does not make him who possesses it vain; and the most unbearable thing that I know is a man who is in love with his own person. He commonly thinks it to be the first duty of his less handsome wife to honour and to worship his beauty and his amiability. Vanity lessens women, but degrades men. According to my opinion, the exterior of a man is of little or of no consequence to his wife. I should be able, I am convinced, to worship a noble Esop, and would have him a thousand times rather than an Adonis. A Narcissus, who worships his own image, see, is what I find most disgusting."

As Emilia spoke these last words she opened the drawing-room door. Algernon was alone in the room, and stood—before the glass! observing himself, as it seemed, with great attention. One should have seen how Emilia blushed, and with what a demeanour she received her bridegroom; who, on his part, confounded by her confusion and her amazed appearance, perhaps also somewhat embarrassed at having been caught in his *l'été-à-l'été* with the glass, was completely out of countenance. It was now my business to support the conversation with remarks on the weather, the roads, and so on.

Fortunately now came in the rest of the family, which made a wholesome diversion.

Emilia continued to look troubled; and as he looked at her, Algernon's countenance became dark by degrees. I thought I remarked that he had a sty on his left eye, and considered it probable that this had occasioned his *l'été-à-l'été* in the glass, but Emilia will not see it. Various trifles contributed to make the understanding worse between the two lovers. Algernon accidentally discovered that he had pleasure in things which did not please Emilia, and he let Emilia's favourite dish pass by him at table. Emilia found out, of a certainty, that they did not in the least sympathise. Algernon made a true but not biting observation, and without particular application, about ill-temper and the disagreeables of it. Nevertheless, it should have not been said at this time. Emilia applied it to

herself, and assumed more of a genteel and dignified demeanour. Julie was anxious. "It would be much better," said she, "that they should quarrel with one another, than that they should sit and be silent and be inwardly angry."

Cornet Carl went to Emilia and said, "My gracious sister, I pray you do not sit there like the Chinese Wall, impenetrable to all the arrows which Algernon's loving eyes shoot at you. Look, if you can, a little less icy. Look at Algernon; go to him, and give him a kiss!" Yes, looked that likely indeed! sooner might one have expected to see the Chinese Wall set itself in motion. Emilia looked not once at Algernon, who seemed infinitely to long after reconciliation. He proposed that they should sing together a newly published Italian duet, probably in the hope that the soul of the harmony should chase away all hostile and ungenteel feelings which disturbed the peace between him and his beloved; and that the duet's "*Cor mio mio ben*" would soon also tone into her heart. Vain hope! Emilia excused herself with headache. She had it actually, and that in a high degree, as I could see by her eyes. She was accustomed to have it easily when she was troubled and disquieted. Algernon fancied the headache a fiction; and without troubling himself about his bride, who sat in a corner of the sofa, supporting on her hands her disturbed head, made known his intention of hearing Mozart's Figaro at the opera, bowed hastily to all, and went out.

The evening crept on slowly. Nobody was in a good or gay humour. Every one said that Emilia suffered, therefore no one expressed any displeasure at her conduct.

The Colonel alone seemed to remark nothing, and quietly laid his patience.

As we separated for the night, the Cornet said to me in a whisper, "It goes quite crazily. To-morrow we must fire off a whole battery of distractions."

Wednesday came. Algernon rose early. His look was so tender, his voice so full of fervency when he talked to Emilia, that she thawed, and tears filled her eyes. All was right between the lovers. Nobody knew how or wherefore, not even themselves.

This day went quietly over, with the exception of two frights which Emilia had, and yet survived. The first occurred in the forenoon, during a conversation which Algernon had with "her Honour." Emilia heard expressions from him which convinced her for the moment that he was nothing less than the greatest miser on the earth. Fortunately she found soon afterwards that he merely quoted a word of a Harpagon of his acquaintance, at which he himself heartily laughed. Emilia breathed again, and joined him. The second happened in the afternoon, during a serious conversation which some of us carried on, sitting in a window in the clear moonlight, while I asserted, "there are, nevertheless, noble and good people who are yet unfortunate enough to have no faith in another life, in no higher object of our existence. These are to be pitied, not to be blamed." With an indescribable expression of anxiety in her beautiful eyes, Emilia looked questioningly at me. Her thought was, "Is it Algernon whom you would excuse?" I replied to her, by turn-

ing her attention to Algernon, who, at my words, cast a glance up to the star-spangled heaven—and this glance was an expression of beautiful and firm hope. Emilia looked up also with thankfulness; and as their eyes met they beamed with tenderness and joy.

This day was on the way to close so well. Ah! why during supper did Algernon receive a note; why during the reading be confused, and immediately lose much of his gaiety; why so hastily, and without saying anything, go out?

Yes, why? Nobody knows that; but many of us would gladly have given his life to know it.

"Yet it never can occur to you to think ill of Algernon on account of that note!" said Julie to Emilia, as they went to bed.

"Good night, Julie!" said Emilia, sighing.

Emilia had no good night.

Thursday. Clouds and mists around Emilia. Vain attempts on our part to dissipate them. Immediately after breakfast, the Cornet took the field with Napoleon and Charles the Twelfth. Emilia would not contend; Julie and Helena laboured in vain to enliven her. I ventured not on my part to say one single word. The note, the note, lay in the way of every thing.

At twelve o'clock Algernon came. He looked very much heated, and there was something uncommonly sparkling in his eyes. Emilia had promised him on the preceding day to drive him out in an open sledge; he came now to fetch her. A handsome sledge, adorned with magnificent rein-deer skins, stood at the door. Emilia declined to go with him, coldly and resolutely. "Why!" asked Algernon. "On account of the note," Emilia might have answered with truth; but she said,

"I wish to remain at home."

"Art thou unwell?"

"No."

"Why wilt thou not give me the pleasure of driving out with me as thou promisedst?"

"The note, the note," thought Emilia; but she only reddened, and said,

"I wish to remain at home."

Algernon was angry; he reddened hotly, and his eyes flashed. He went out, banging the door somewhat violently after him.

The servant who was left at the door with the sledge had in the mean time left it. The horse, terrified by a fall of snow, and left to himself, backed, threw down an old woman, and would probably have set off, if Algernon, who just then came down, had not thrown himself forward and seized the reins with a powerful hand. After the horse was pacified, he called a man who was near, to whom he gave it to hold, and hastened himself to lift up the old woman, who was so frightened as not to be able to move, but who fortunately was not hurt in the least. He talked with her a little while, and gave her money.

To his servant, who came at length, he gave a box on the ear, threw himself into the sledge, took the reins himself, and drove off like lightning.

Emilia, quite pale, had stood by me at the window, and had observed this scene; at the last part of it, she exclaimed,

"He is violent, passionate, mad." And she burst into tears.

"He has," said I, "human weaknesses; and

that is all. He came here in an excited and uneasy state of mind; your refusal to fulfil your given promise, and without assigning any reason for it, would naturally provoke him; the negligence of his servant, which had nearly occasioned a misfortune, increased his heat, which nevertheless only shewed itself by a box on the ear, very well deserved. It is quite too much to expect from a young man that he should conduct himself perfectly coldly and calmly when one vexation after another sets his temper in a ferment. It is sufficient that during his passion he continues as humane and good, as we saw Algernon be just now towards the old woman. Besides, I believe, Emilia, that if you, instead of exciting Algernon's temper by ill-humour and unkindness (pardon me the two beautiful words), would use for good purpose the great power which we all of us have seen that you have over him, then you would never see him passionate and mad, as you call it."

I was much pleased with my little speech when I had ended it, and thought it would have a wonderfully great influence; but Emilia was silent, and looked unhappy.

Algernon did not return to dinner.

Cornet Carl related in the afternoon that he had heard from a comrade of his, of a duel which had taken place in the morning. One of the duellists was Algernon's best friend, and he had invited him to be his second. He had done this by a note (the Cornet said, with an emphatic voice) which was delivered here in this house, where Algernon was then, last evening about a quarter to ten. Algernon had done all that was possible to prevent the duel—but in vain. The parties met, and Algernon's friend had dangerously wounded his enemy. The particulars were unknown to the Cornet.

Now all was explained, and Algernon's image stood bright before Emilia.

Algernon came towards evening. He was quite calm, but grave; and did not go as usual to sit beside his bride. Emilia was not gay; seemed to fear making the first step towards reconciliation; and yet showed by many little attentions to Algernon, how much she wished to be reconciled to him. She made him tea herself; asked him whether he found it sweet enough; whether she might send him another cup; and so on. Algernon remained cold towards her; seemed often to fall into deep thought, and forget where he was. Emilia withdrew herself, wounded; was quite dejected, and sat down at a distance to sew, and for a long time never looked up from her work.

Cornet Carl said to Helena and me, "This is not exactly right; but what in all the world can one do to make it better? I cannot now come forward again with Napoleon and Charles XII. I brought it forward this forenoon, and it did not succeed particularly well. One must confess that Emilia is not an amiable bride. If she be not different as a wife, then.—Should not she now go to Algernon, and try to comfort and to enliven him? See, now she goes. No, it is only to fetch a ball of cotton. Poor Algernon! I begin to think that it is a real good fortune for me to be so without feeling. Poor lovers suffer worse hardships than we soldiers taking our degress. If I were a bridegroom,—God bless

thee, little Clara, what is it that thou wants—a rusk? Go to Emilia, go to Emilia. I have no rucks. Yes, it will do her highness a little good to be moved."

The Cornet saw not how entirely humble her highness was this evening at the bottom of her heart: and that Algernon now was most to blame that the coldness continued between them.

Algernon and Emilia did not approach one another this evening, and parted coldly from each other—at least apparently so.

On Friday morning Emilia determined to make an end of their acquaintance. Algernon was noble, excellent; but he was too stern, and he loved her not. That she had plainly seen on the preceding evening. She would now have an especial conversation with him, and so on. Algernon came. He was much gayer than on the foregoing day, and seemed to wish that all disagreeables should be forgotten. Emilia was in the beginning solemn in the thoughts of her important intention; but Julie, Helena, her Honour, Cornet Carl and I, bustled so about her, and we by degrees dragged her into our whirlpool, and prevented her both from private conversation and inward cogitation. People began after a while to hear again her hearty laugh, and her thoughtfulness did not relapse into melancholy.

In the afternoon of this day the marriage contract was signed.

Even the bride of Sir Charles Grandison, the beautiful Harriet Byron, dropped (so they say) the pen which she had taken to sign her marriage contract, and had scarcely strength and presence of mind to subscribe her fate. Millions of young brides have trembled at this moment, and behaved like her; what wonder was there that the fearful and bashful Emilia was almost out of herself for terror? The pen did not only fall out of her hand, but made a great black blot upon the important paper, which she at that moment regarded as an omen of misfortune; and I doubt whether she now would have signed it, had not the Colonel (exactly like Sir Charles) taken the pen, set it between her fingers, signed and guided her trembling hand.

In the evening, when we were alone in our chamber, Emilia said, with a deep sigh,

"It must then take place! It cannot be helped any longer; and the day after to-morrow he will take me away from all whom I love so fervently."

"One might believe," said Julie, smiling, but with tears in her eyes, "that you were going to travel to the end of the world; and yet only a few streets and market-places will separate us from you, and we can see each other every day."

"Every day! Yes," said Emilia, weeping; "but not as now, every hour."

On Saturday, Emilia was kind and affectionate to every one, but dejected and uneasy, and seemed to wish to escape from the thoughts which pursued her everywhere.

Algernon became graver every moment, and observed his bride with troubled and searching looks. It seemed as if he feared that with her hand she did not give him her whole heart; yet nevertheless he seemed to shun any kind of explanation, and avoided being alone with Emilia.

I had heard from a cousin of the cook's step-sister's sister-in-law, that Algernon had distributed among several poor families, money and victuals; with the observation, that on Sunday they should have a good dinner, and make merry. I related this to Emilia, who on her part had done the same. This sympathy in their thoughts rejoiced her, and gave her again courage.

In the mean time, people on all sides had sewed and worked industriously, so that, the day before the wedding, all was ready and in order.

There was something solemn in the adieu of the evening. Every one embraced Emilia, and in all eyes stood tears. Emilia mastered her emotion, but could not speak. All thought upon the morrow.

#### THE WEDDING-DAY.

THE great, the expected, the dreaded day came at length. Emilia, scarcely arisen, looked with a foreboding glance up to heaven. It was overcast with grey clouds. The air was cold and damp; everything which one could see from the window bore that melancholy stamp which on the cold winter-day weighs both upon the animate and the inanimate. The smoke which ascended from the chimneys was depressed again, and rolled itself slowly over the roofs, blackening their white snow-covering. Some old women, with red noses and blue cheeks, drove their milk-carts to the market, step by step, dragged by lean horses, which hung their rough heads nearer than common to the earth. Even the little sparrows seemed not to be in their usual lively tempers; they sat still, and clung together along the roof-spouts, without twittering or eating. Now and then one of them stretched their wings and opened their little bills, but it was done evidently out of weariness. Emilia sighed deeply. A bright heaven, a little sunshine, would have cheered and refreshed her depressed mind. Who does not wish that a bright sun may beam on their bridal day? It seems to us as if Hymen's torch could not clearly burn if it be not kindled by the bright light of the beams of heaven. A secret belief that Heaven does not look with indifference on our earthly fate remains constantly in the depths of our hearts; and however we may be dust and atoms, yet we see, when the eternal vault is dimmed by clouds or shines in splendour, in this change always some sympathy or some foreboding which concerns us, and often, very often, are our hopes and our fears—children of winds and clouds.

Emilia, after a sleepless night, and depressed by the events of the preceding day, was quite dispirited by this dull morning. She complained of headache; and after she at breakfast had embraced her parents and her brother and sisters, she requested that she might pass the forenoon alone in her own room. It was allowed. The Colonel looked more serious than common. Her Honour had so troubled a demeanour that it went to my heart to see it. Anxiety and uneasiness for Emilia, cares and troubles for the wedding dinner, possessed her soul alternately, and all she said began with

"Ah!" Neither was the Cornet cheerful; and Helena's expressive countenance had a slight trace of sorrow. Julie was inexpressibly amazed that a wedding-day could begin so gloomily, and changed her countenance incessantly, which was now ready to weep and now to laugh. Only Mr. Magister and the Dumplings were in their usual state of mind. The former bit his nails, and was silent and looked up in the air; the latter never left off breakfast.

I assisted her Honour the whole forenoon, and it was not little which we had to do—in part talking, in part arranging, in part working ourselves and laying to a helping hand. We whipped citron creams, poured water upon the roasts, salted the bouillon, lamented over unlucky pastry, rejoiced ourselves over the magnificent set-out, and burnt our tongues over at least twenty sauces. Oh, those are no poetical flames which Hymen's torch kindles at the kitchen fire!

The Colonel himself prepared the bowls with bishop and punch, and occasioned us no little difficulty and disturbance; so many things, so many people, so much room, did he require for the purpose, and seemed to think that there was nothing else of consequence to be done; which no little angered her Honour. She gave her husband, therefore, a little lecture; and he—he conceded that she was right.

Whilst I instructed the cook on the most elegant manner of serving up a first course, Julie came running into the kitchen with tears in her eyes. "Give me! give me!" exclaimed she with her customary liveliness, "something good for Emilia; she ate nothing at breakfast, she will be ill; she will die of mere fatigue to-day! What have you here? Boiled eggs! I take two! Glasses of jelly! I take two! I may do so! Ah, a little caprin sauce, that makes one lively—and now a little bit of fish or meat to it, and a few French rolls—see! now some tarts—now then I am pleased. Emilia likes sweet things so!—Do you know what she is doing, Beata?" she continued in a whisper: "She prays to God. I have peeped in through the key-hole; she is on her knees, praying. God bless her!" and bright pearls ran down Julie's cheeks as she hastened out with those plates full, which she carried I cannot conceive how.

At length our arrangements came to an end; all was now left, together with the necessary instructions, in the hands of the servants and the Colonel. Her Honour and I went to dress ourselves for dinner.

Somewhat later I went in to Emilia. She stood before a glass, dressed in her bridal robe, and contemplated herself with a look which expressed neither that pleasure nor that self-satisfaction which a handsome and well dressed woman almost always feels in the contemplation of her beloved. Helena clasped her bracelet; and Julie was kneeling as she arranged some of the lace trimming. "Look," exclaimed Julie, as I entered the room, "is she not sweet!—is she not lovely!—and yet," added she in a whisper, "I would give half of that which I possess to purchase for her another man: she looks as troubled and grey as the weather!" Emilia, who heard her sister's words, said, "One cannot look gay when one is not happy. Every

thing seems to me so heavy, so unbearable! This day is a horrible day. I would willingly die!"

"Lord God!" said Julie to me, wringing her hands; "now she begins to cry. She will have red eyes and a red nose, and will not be handsome again. What shall we do?"

"Dear Emilia," said Helena, mildly, as she conducted the hand of her sister to her mouth; "are not you a little irrational! This marriage is your own wish, as well as all our wishes. According to all by which human nature can form a judgment, you will be happy. Has not Algernon the noblest qualities? Does he not love you most tenderly? Where would you find a husband who would be for your parents a more affectionate son—for your brother and sisters a more devoted brother?"

"All this is true, Helena; or rather, all this seems like truth. But ah! when I think that I now stand at the point of changing my whole existence—that I shall leave my parents—leave you, my good, my affectionate sisters—that home, where I have been so happy,—and this for the sake of a man whose heart I do not know as I know yours; whose conduct may change towards me, who may make me unhappy in so many ways. And this man will be in the future every thing to me,—my fate must be irrevocably bound to his. Ah! my sisters, when I think on all this, it becomes dark before my eyes. I feel my knees tremble; and when I think that it is to-day—to-day—within a few hours, which shall decide my fate; and that I still have freedom, still can withdraw—then I feel the pang of indecision, of uncertainty, which nobody can conceive. Beata, my sister, never marry!"

"But sweetest Emilia," began Helena again, "you who find it so easy to submit to necessity, think only that your fate is already decided, that it is already too late for you to renounce your own happiness."

"Too late!" exclaimed Emilia, without regarding the last word. "Too late is it not, as long as the priest has not united us. Yes, even at the foot of the altar I have the right, and can —"

"And would you have the heart to do it?" interrupted Julie, in the most tragic tone; "would you drive Algernon to despair? You would actually —"

"A scene!" said a voice in the doorway; and the Colonel, with his arms folded, observing Julie with his comic look, whose attitude was not unlike that for which the celebrated Mademoiselle George is applauded in Semiramis and Maria Stuart. Julie reddened, but still more Emilia.

The Cornet, who followed his father, presented to his sister, from Algernon, some fresh exquisitely beautiful flowers, together with a note, which contained lines which were anything but cold and unmeaning. Emilia's countenance cleared up—she pressed her brother's hand. He threw himself on his knee, in a rapture of knightly enthusiasm, and prayed for the favour of kissing the toe of her shoe. She extended to him, with a gracious smile, her little foot; and while he bent himself down, not as I thought, to kiss the shoe-toe, but to bite it in two, she threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him heartily. The Colonel took her hand, led

her into the middle of the room, and we all made a circle around her. When she saw her affectionate father's glances, and ours full of joy and love, riveted upon her, she was possessed by pleasant feelings, blushed, and was as lovely as ever Julie could have wished. Her dress was simple, but in the highest degree tasteful and elegant. For those of my young readers who wish to know something more of her toilet, here it is. She had on a white silk dress, trimmed with lace; and her light and wonderfully beautifully dressed hair, adorned with the green myrtle crown, over which a veil (Helena's magnificent work) was thrown in a picturesque manner, and which gave to her gentle and innocent countenance much resemblance to a Madonna of Paul Veronese. In order to make her enchanting, there failed only the expression of happiness, hope, and love, which is the most excellent ornament of the bride.

In the mean time, her heart seemed to have become somewhat lighter; and, as if in harmony with her feelings, the sun broke forth from the clouds, and threw his pale beams into the room.

The outward, as well as the inward brightness, lasted but for a moment. It darkened again. As we went down to dinner, Julie shewed to me with a lamenting look, that all that which she had carried up for Emilia was untouched—only one glass of jelly was emptied.

At dinner, Emilia looked around her at all those whom she should so soon leave; and her heart swelled, and tears incessantly filled her eyes. At dinner, nobody seemed to have their customary liveliness, and nobody seemed to eat with any appetite, with the exception always of the Magister and the Dumplings. Emilia, who seemed more dejected under the myrtle crown than ever was king under the diadem, ate nothing; and laughed not once during the dinner, spite of the excellent occasions for so doing, which were given to her by three remarkable pieces of absence of mind of the Magister, at which not even the Colonel could avoid smiling. The first was, that he mistook his snuff-box and the salt-cellar, both of which stood beside him on the table; scattered a portion of snuff in his soup, and took a considerable pinch out of the salt-cellar, which caused him to make many strange grimaces, and to shed many tears. The second was, that in order to dry these, he, instead of his pocket handkerchief, seized hold on one corner of her Honour's shawl; which she, however, snatched from him with haste and horror. The third was, that he bowed and was ceremonious with the servant who offered him meat; and prayed that the young lady would be so good as to help herself. Julie looked troubled in the extreme at her sister. "She neither eats nor laughs," whispered she to me; "it is pitiable!"

But it was more pitiable in the afternoon, when the guests who were invited collected; and Algernon, who was expected early, was not heard of at all. Her Honour wept, looking incessantly at the door, with the most uneasy countenance in the world; and came to me three or four times, only to say, "I cannot conceive why Algernon delays so!" The guests, who had arrived, asked also after him. Emilia asked not, did not look at the door; but one could very plainly see how, with every moment,

she became more serious and paler. Julie seated herself near me; to'd me who the guests were as they arrived, and added thereto some observations. "That handsome, well grown lady, who carries herself so well, is the Baroness S—. Who, indeed, would believe, that every time she enters a drawing-room she is so embarrassed that she trembles! Look at her intellectual eyes, but trust them not; she can talk of nothing but the weather, and at home she yawns all the day to herself. Who comes now, and holds his hat in so beggar-like a manner before him, as he comes through the door! Ha, ha! Uncle P—. That is a good old fellow, but he is lethargic; I shall give him a kiss instead of a farthing. God grant only that he do not snore during the ceremony. Look at my Arrid, Beata! there by the stove. Is he not an Apollo? I think that he warms himself too much at his own convenience—he seems altogether to have forgotten that there is anybody in the room. That is my cousin, Mrs. M—, who is now come in. She is an angel; and the little delicate person encloses a large soul.

"Look how Emilia receives them all; altogether as if she would say, 'You are very good, gentlemen and ladies, who come to witness my funeral.' I cannot conceive what Algernon is thinking about that he tarries so long. Gracious Heavens! how unhappy Emilia looks.

"See, there is the clergyman. Spite of his warts and his red eye, he looks attractive; I feel, as it were, respect for him.

"Look how Carlo tries to enliven and to occupy Emilia. Well done brother; but it helps nothing.

"Now, thank God, here is Algernon at last. But how pale and serious he looks! And yet he is handsome. He goes up to her—see only how proud her demeanour is. He excuses himself, I fancy. What! he has had a horrible toothache—has just had a tooth out! Poor Algernon! Toothache on his wedding-day! What a fate! See now, they all sit in a circle. A circle of sitting people gives me the vapours! What do they talk about? I fancy really that they talk about the weather. A most interesting subject, that is certain! But it is not very enlivening. Hark! how snow and rain patter against the windows. It is horribly warm in here, and Emilia contributes to make the atmosphere heavy. I must go and speak to her."

Soon afterwards, some one came in, and said that people were crowding on the steps and in the hall, wishing to see the bride.

New torment for the bashful Emilia. She rose, but sat down again quickly, turning quite pale. "Eau de Cologne! Eau de Cologne!" cried Julie to me; "she grows pale, she faints!" "Water!" exclaimed the Colonel, with thundering voice. The Magister took up the tea-kettle, and rushed forward with it. I know not whether it was the sight of this, or some effort of the soul to control her excited feelings, which enabled Emilia to overcome her weakness. She collected herself quickly, and went out, accompanied by her sisters, while she cast a glance of uneasiness and displeasure upon Algernon, who stood immovable at a distance, observing her with an usually, almost severe gravity.

"Are you mad!" exclaimed Uncle P—, half aloud; and seized the Magister by the arm,

who now stood with bewildered eyes, and the tea-kettle in his hand. The Magister, terrified, turned himself round hastily and stumbled over "the Dumpings," who fell one over the other like two ninepins which the ball has struck. The tea-kettle in the hand of the Magister wagged about, burnt his fingers, and he dropped it with a cry of pain on the unlucky little ones, over whose immovable bodies a cloud of whirling steam ascended. If the moon had fallen down, it could not have occasioned a greater confusion than at the first moment of this catastrophe with the tea-kettle. Axel and Claes uttered no sound, and her Honour was ready to believe that it was all over with the little Dumpings. But after Algernon and the Colonel had lifted them up, and shook them, it was perceived that they were perfectly alive. They were only so astonished, frightened, so out of themselves, that at the first moment they could neither move nor speak. Fortunately, the hot water wherewith they were wetted, had for the greater part run upon their clothes; besides this, it was probably somewhat cooled, because people had left off drinking tea for half an hour. Only one spot upon Axel's forehead and Claes' left hand required looking after. The Magister was in despair—the little ones cried. They were put to bed in a room, in which I promised to spend as much time with them as I had to dispose of. Her Honour, whose amiable kindness would not quietly permit there to be an unhappy face near her, next consoled the Magister. She succeeded best in so doing, by calling upon him to observe with what a true Spartan courage the little boys had borne the first shock, and she regarded it as a remarkable proof of the excellent education he had given them. The Magister was quite happy, and quite warm, and drawing himself up, said that he hoped to bring up her Honour's sons as real Spartans. Her Honour hoped that this would not be done by renewed shower-baths of boiling-water; but she was silent in her hope.

In the mean time, the exhibition of the bride was ended; and Emilia, fatigued, left the room where, according to the customary, strange, but old usage of Sweden, she had been compelled to shew herself to a crowd of curious and indifferent people.

"They did not think her handsome," said Julie to me, in a doleful tone; "and that was not extraordinary; she was dark and cold as an autumn sky."

We had conducted Emilia to a distant room, in order that she might rest a moment. She sank down in a chair, put her handkerchief before her face, and was silent.

Every thing in the drawing-room was ready for the ceremony. They waited only for Emilia.

"Smell at the eau de Cologne, Emilia! Sweet Emilia, drink a glass of water," prayed Julie, who now began to tremble.

"They wait for you, best Emilia!" said Cornet Carl, who now came into the room and offered to conduct his sister out. "I cannot—I really cannot go!" said Emilia, with a voice expressive of the deepest anxiety.

"You cannot!" exclaimed the Cornet, with the greatest astonishment. "Why!" And he looked inquiringly at us all. Julie stood in a tragic attitude, with her hands clasped above her head.

Helena safe with an expression of displeasure upon her placid countenance; and I—I cannot possibly remember what I did; but in my heart I sympathised with Emilia. None of us answered.

"No, I cannot go," continued Emilia, with emphasis altogether unusual. "I cannot take this oath, which is binding for ever. I have a positive foreboding—we shall be unhappily united—we are not suited for each other. It may be my fault—but it is, for all that, certain. At this moment he is certainly displeased with me—looks upon me as a whimsical being—thinks with repugnance of uniting his destiny with such a one. His severe glance says all this to me. He may be right, perfectly right; and therefore it is best for him, as for me, that we now separate."

"But Emilia!" exclaimed her brother; "do you think on what you are saying! It is now too late. The clergyman is really here—the bridal guests—Algernon—"

"Go to him," best Carl, "exclaimed Emilia, with increasing emotion; "pray him to come here; I will myself talk to him, tell him all. It cannot be too late when it concerns the peace and happiness of a whole life. Go, I beseech of you, go!"

"Good Heavens! Good Heavens! What will be the end of it!" said Julie; and looked as if she would call heaven and earth to help. "Think on papa, Emilia!"

"I shall throw myself at his feet—he will not wish the eternal unhappiness of his child!"

"If we could divert her mind from this—occupy her for a moment with any thing else!" whispered Helena to her brother.

Cornet Carl opened the door, as if to go out; and at the same moment we heard the sound of a heavy blow. "Ah, my eye!" cried the Cornet. A universal terror took place, because this little deceit was played off so naturally that at the first moment none of us thought that it was a trick.

Emilia, always ready to be the first to hasten to the help of others, was the same now, spite of her own great uneasiness, and rushed to her brother with a pocket handkerchief dipped in cold water; drew his hand from his eye, and began with fervency and anxiety to bathe it, whilst she asked with uneasiness, "Is it very bad! Do you think the eye is injured? Fortunately there is no blood—"

"It is perhaps therefore the more dangerous," said the Cornet, dryly; but an unfortunate treacherous smile nullified at the same moment the whole guile. Emilia observed it nearer, and quite convinced herself that the blow was any thing but real. "Ah!" said she, "I see what it is. It is one of your jokes; but it will not mislead me. I pray, I conjure you, Carl, if you have the least affection for me, go to Algernon; tell him that I beseech for a few minutes' conversation with him."

"That none of you had the *présence d'esprit* to blow out the candle!" exclaimed the Cornet, and looked angrily at us, especially at me. Helena whispered something to him, and he went out of the room, followed by Julie.

Helena and I were silent, whilst Emilia, in evident anguish of mind, went up and down the room, and seemed to talk to herself. "What shall I do! How shall I act!" said she several times, half aloud. We saw heard footsteps in

the next room. "He comes!" said Emilia; and her whole frame trembled. The door opened, and Algernon—no, the Colonel entered, with an expression of imposing gravity. Emilia gasped for breath, seated herself, rose up again, grew pale, and crimsoned.

"You have waited too long for yourself," said he, calmly, but not without severity; "I now come to fetch you."

"Emilia clasped her hands, looked beseechingly up to her father, opened her lips, but closed them again, discouraged by the stern, grave expression of his countenance; and as he took her hand, all power of resistance seemed to abandon her; and with a sort of despairing submission, she arose and allowed her father to lead her out. Helena and I followed them.

The drawing-room was strongly lighted, and all the people there had their eyes directed to the door through which Emilia, conducted by her father, entered.

She has told me since then that at her entrance she could not have distinguished one single object, and that everything was black before her eyes. "Then it is not wonderful," said her brother, "that you looked as if you were walking in your sleep."

Algernon regarded her with a seriousness which at this moment did not inspire her with courage.

Neither of them spoke. The drama began. The young couple stood before the clergyman. Emilia was pale as death, and trembled. Julie altogether lost heart. "It is terrible!" said she, and was nearly as pale as her sister.

Now the voice was heard which announced their holy duties to the young married pair. The voice was deep and well-tuned, and seemed to be animated by a divine spirit. It spoke of the sanctity of the state of wedlock, and the mutual obligations of the husband and wife to love one another, to lighten to each other the fatigues of life, to soften its appointed cares, to be an example to each other in a true fear of God; it spoke of those prayers for each other which unite so inwardly, which draw them towards the eternal First Cause; of how the highest felicity on earth is assisted by a union which in this way is begun and continued in the will of God—and then called down the blessing of the Most High upon the young married pair. Those words, so pleasant, so beautiful, so peaceful, awoke in every breast quiet and holy emotions. All was so still in the room, that one might have thought that nobody was in it. I saw plainly that Emilia became calmer every moment. The few words which she had to say, she spoke out intelligibly, and with a firm voice. Whilst she knelt, it seemed to me that she prayed with hope and devotion. I cast, in the mean time, abundant glances around me. The Colonel was paler than common; but contemplated the young couple with an expression full of composure and tenderness. Her Honour wept, and looked not up from her pocket handkerchief. Julie was greatly affected, although she moved neither hand nor foot. Helena looked up to Heaven, with prayers in her bright eyes. The Cornet was at some trouble to make it appear that it was something else beside tears which made his eyes so red; the blind girl smiled quietly; the remainder of the

spectators seemed more or less affected, especially the Magister, who alone, towards the close of the ceremony, interrupted the silence by blowing his nose aloud. Fortunately he had his pocket handkerchief.

The blessings were spoken over the bridal pair by a voice as delightful as majestic, as if it had come from heaven. The marriage was ended. Emilia and Algernon were united for ever. Emilia turned herself round to embrace her parents. She seemed to me to be quite another person. A mild beaming glory seemed to rest upon her brow, and smiled from her eyes; a clear and warm crimson glowed upon her cheeks. She was all at once changed to the ideal of a young and happy bride.

"God be praised, God be praised!" whispered Julie with tears in her eyes, and clasped her hands, "now all is right!"

"Yes, now it can no longer be helped!" said the Colonel, endeavouring to control his emotion and to assume his comic expression, "now you are fast—now you can no more say 'no!'"

"I shall not wish to do so any more," replied Emilia, smiling charmingly, and looking up to Algernon with an expression which called forth in his countenance a lively and pure delight. A sentiment of satisfaction and cheerfulness diffused itself through the company. Every one looked as if they had a mind to sing and dance. Uncle P—, who was wide awake, called for a quadrille, and stamped his feet merrily by the side of the elegant Baroness S—, who, zephyr-like, floated up and across the floor. Julie and Arvid distinguished themselves in the dances in a charming manner; people could not take their eyes from this attractive couple. I danced with the Magister, who invited me as I hope—not out of absence of mind. We distinguished ourselves, though in a peculiar manner.

It seemed to me as if we were a pair of billiard balls, which perpetually lay ready to jostle the other. Certain it is, that we were in part pushed, and in part pushed others continually, which I particularly attribute to my cavalier's incessantly confusing left and right, as well as all the figures of the quadrille. In the mean time we laughed as well and as loudly as the others at our droll skippings about, and the Magister said that he had never before danced such a lively *waltz*!

Helena played on the piano for the dancing. Emilia wished not to dance; she sat in a little boudoir, the doors of which opened into the dancing-room. Algernon was at her side. They talked low, with animation and affection in their looks, and I fancy that in this moment the gergian knot of all misunderstanding, all uncertainty, all uneasiness, all doubt, which hitherto had divided them, was loosened for ever. The mild lustre of one solitary lamp, beaming through its alabaster globe, cast magical light over the young married pair, who now seemed to be as happy as they were handsome.

They seemed to forget the whole world around them, but none of the company had forgotten them. Every one threw stolen glances into the boudoir, and smiled. Julie came many times to me showing me the affectionate pair, and said, "See, see!"

Later in the evening a great part of the company assembled in the boudoir, and a general conversation ensued.

Some works which had lately been published, and which lay on a table, gave occasion to various observations on their worth and on reading in general.

"I cannot comprehend," said Uncle P—, speaking in his Finnish dialect, "what is come to me for some time; I am in a common way as wide awake and as lively as a fish, but the moment I cast my eyes into curs—books they drop down directly upon my nose, and I can see nothing of God's gifts."

"Have you pleasure in reading, gracious Aunt?" asked Emilia from the Baroness S—.

"Ah, good heavens!" replied she, casting her beautiful eyes up to the ceiling, "I have no time for that, I am so occupied;" and she wrapped carefully around her her magnificent shawl.

"If I should ever marry," said a gentleman of probably sixty years, "I should make it a condition with my wife, that she should never read any other books beside the hymn-book and the cookery-book."

"My late wife read no other books; but then—what a splendid housekeeper she was!" exclaimed Uncle P—, as he dried his eyes and took a pinch of snuff.

"Yes, I cannot conceive, the thousand fetch me! why ladies now-a-days busy themselves so with reading, the thousand fetch me! I cannot understand," said Lieutenant Arvid, stretching forth to a plate of confectionery and taking a handful.

Julie cast a bitter glance at her bridegroom, and I fancy that "the thousand fetch me!" this time struck her as not very agreeable.

"I would," said she, reddening with vexation, "much rather dispense with meat and drink than be deprived of reading. Is there anything which is more ennobling to the soul than the reading of good books? Anything which elevates more the soul—I would say, elevates the thoughts and feelings to—over—to—"

"My poor little Julie was never fortunate when she would strike up into the sublime. Her thoughts were rather of the nature of rockets, which mount suddenly upward like glowing rays of fire, but are extinguished in almost the same manner, and lose themselves in ashes.

Gornet Carl hastened to spill a glass of wine and water over Lieutenant Arvid, and pretended that he had interrupted his sister's speech by his exclamation.

"Did I not know that it would go crazily; I tried to balance the glass upon the point of my thumb. Pardon, brother-in-law, but I fancy that you certainly sate in my way. I had not my arm at liberty—"

"I will certainly take care and not disturb you another time," said Lieutenant Arvid, half merrily and half vexed, as he stood up and dried his coat with his pocket-handkerchief, and out of circumspection took a seat on the other side of the room.

In the mean time Julie could not so quickly get out of her dilemma. The old book-hating

gentleman turned himself with great gravity to her, and said—

"I presume that cousin Julie reads, for the most part, moral books and sermons!"

"N—o, not exactly so much sermons," replied Julie; and, as she just then became aware of the searching glance with which Professor L— observed her, she crimsoned deeply.

"Probably cousin reads history more!—that is truly a very excellent study."

"Not directly history," said Julie, again lively and courageous. "but *histories*, on the contrary, most gladly. Short and good, if my uncle will know for what reading I would willingly resign eating and drinking, then it is—novels."

The old gentleman lifted up his eyes and his hands with an expression of horror. From his countenance one might have been tempted to believe that Rousseau's assertion, "*jamaïs fille sage n'a lu de romans*," had made him abominate such dangerous reading.

Something of displeasure betrayed itself in almost every one's looks at Julie's candid declaration. The Baroness seemed altogether shocked at her niece. The Professor alone smiled, full of goodness, and the Cornet said, full of zeal:

"It is really not extraordinary that people read such novels as are written now-a-days. Madame De Staël's '*Corinne*' has cost me a sleepless night; and on account of Sir Walter Scott's '*Rebecca*,' I have for three days lost my appetite."

Julie looked at her brother with the greatest amazement. Emilia's mild blue eyes were raised to him inquiringly; but he thought it best to avoid them.

"My Euphémie shall never read novels," said Baroness S—; upon which she set her lips firmly together, and seated herself higher in the corner of the sofa, and looked down at her handsome shawl.

"Ah, my aunt!" said Mrs. M—, smiling and shaking her head, "but then, what shall she read?"

"She shall read nothing at all."

"A most excellent idea!" said the old gentleman.

"I think, really," said Algernon, "that it is better to read nothing than to read *only* novels. Novel reading is for the soul, what opium is for the body; an uninterrupted, continued use of it weakens and injures. Pardon, Julie, but I think that a young lady could better employ her time than in devoting it to this reading."

Julie looked as if she had no desire to pardon this remark.

Emilia said, "I think with Algernon, that (especially for young ladies) this reading is far more injurious than useful."

Tears filled Julie's eyes, and she looked at Emilia as if she would say, "Do you set yourself against me?"

"I confess," said Mrs. M—, "that they may be very injurious if—"

"Injurious!" interrupted the old gentleman, "say destructive, poisonous, ruinous to the very foundation."

Julie laughed. "Best Professor," cried she, "help! help! I begin almost to believe that I am a lost and misguided being. Say, I beseech you, something in favour of the novel readers, and then I will give you something good;" and,

archly laughing, she held up a garland of confectionery.

"It has, certainly, its entirely good side," replied the Professor, "when it is used with discretion and moderation. For my part, I regard the reading of good novels as one of the most useful, as well as the most agreeable for young people."

"Hear! hear!" exclaimed Julie, and clapped her hands.

"But that requires reasons, my good sir; it requires reasons!" cried Uncle P—.

"Yes, yes—reasons! reasons!" cried the old gentleman.

"Good novels," continued the Professor, "that is to say, such as, like good pictures, represent nature with truth and beauty, possess advantages which are united in no other books in the same degree. They present the history of the human heart; and for what young person, desirous of becoming acquainted with himself and his fellow beings, is not this of the highest worth and interest! The world is described in its manifold changing shapes in the liveliest manner, and youth sees here, with its own eyes, maps of the land over which they so soon must travel in the long journey through life. The beauty and amiability of every virtue is in novels represented in a poetical and attractive light. The young, glowing mind is charmed with that which is right and good, which, perhaps, under a more grave and severe shape, might have been repulsive.

"In the same manner, also, are vices and meannesses exhibited in all their deformity; and one learns to despise them, even if they be surrounded by the greatness and the pomp of the world, whilst one feels enthusiasm for virtue, even though it struggles under the burden of all the world's miseries.

"The true picture of the reward of the good and the punishment of the bad among men, however little their outward fate may bear traces thereof, is set forth in novels with all the clearness, life, and strength, which one must wish to be given to every moral truth, in order to maintain it rightly and universally attractive, and productive of fruit.

"For the rest, it is natural that noble youth should love novels as their best friends, in whom they find again all the glowing, great, and beautiful feelings which they cherish in their own hearts, and which have given to them the first heavenly foreknowledge of felicity and immortality."

Julie now started up with warm delight in her charming countenance, went to the Professor, gave him, not the sweetmeat garland, but embraced him with child-like devotion, whilst she said to him, "A thousand thanks! a thousand thanks! I am contented, quite contented."

The old gentleman looked up to heaven and sighed.

Lieutenant Arvid did not look "quite contented," but ate confectionery assiduously.

Uncle P— slept and nodded; the Cornet declared that it was not, in token of approbation.

The Professor looked quite contented, and kissed with an expression of fatherly kindness, first the lively maiden's hand, and then her brow.

Lieutenant Arvid pushed his chair with a

great noise from him ; at the same moment the doors of the supper-room opened—supper was announced.

A repast has always its peculiar interest for those who have had to do with its preparation, arrangement, and so on.

Every dish, the child of our care, has its own share of our interest and satisfaction, as it now stands adorned and fascinating upon the table, just about to vanish for ever. Yet one has, on such occasions, a heart of stone ; and I am sure that her Honour enjoyed as much I did seeing how all the delicate fish, middle and after courses, vanished through the mouths of the bridal guests, evidently to their great delight and satisfaction. Her Honour, at ease about Emilia, and seeing how excellently well all was served, did the honours with a satisfaction and cheerfulness which seemed only to be disturbed by thoughts about the little Dumplings.

The bride was gentle and beaming. Algeron seemed to be the happiest of mortals. "Look at Emilia! look at Emilia!" said Cornet Carl, who was my neighbour at table, every ten minutes, "could one really believe that she was the same person who plagued herself and us so for half the day!"

Julie assumed a dignified and proud air towards her lover whenever he spoke to her. He in the end did the same, and pouted, but always with his mouth full.

Uncle P— dozed with a piece of blanc mange on his nose, and amid the talk and laughter of the company was heard now and then a snore, which sounded like the droning of a base-viol which struck up to the tweedle-dees of little fiddles.

Towards the close of the repast skals were drunk, not ceremoniously and tediously, but gaily and heartily. The Magister, warmed by the occasion and by the wine, made, glass in hand, the following impromptu in honour of the bridal pair—

Hand about the brimming glasses ;  
Hurrah ! let us drain the bowl !  
Let the foam the ceiling sprinkle :  
Happy couple—here's your skål !  
Ring the glasses altogether !  
May we e'en, as now, be gay ;  
When, in fifty years, we gladly  
Keep your golden bridal-day !

Amid universal laughter and ringing of glasses the skål was drunk. Afterwards one was also drunk for the Magister, who, I am persuaded now regarded himself as a little Bellman.\*

After supper the most agreeable surprise was prepared for Emilia. Upon a large table in the drawing-room were spread the portraits of her parents and her sisters, painted in oil, and most of them most striking likenesses.

"We shall in this manner all of us accompany thee to thy new home," said the Colonel, embracing her ; "yes, yes, thou wilt not get rid of us!"

Sweet tears ran down Emilia's cheeks : she threw her arms around her father, her mother, her sisters, and was not for some time able to thank them. After this the company undertook to make an accurate examination of every portrait, and there was no lack of remarks of every kind. Here they discovered a fault in the nose ;

\* A celebrated Swedish popular poet.

here in the eyes, which were too small ; here in the mouth, which was too large ; besides this, the artists had not laboured to beautify—rather the contrary, and so on.

Poor artists ! see, then, the review which censoriousness—the most common of all maladies—compels your works to undergo. Poor artists ! happy, happy, for you, that you are often a little deaf, and are satisfied with the feeling of the money in your pockets and the consciousness of your talent in your souls !

Emilia alone saw no fault. It was precisely her father's look, and her mother's smile ; her sister Julie's arch countenance, brother Carl's hasty demeanour, Helena's expression of kindness and peace ; and the little Dumplings, O ! they were astonishingly like. One had a desire to give them a sweetmeat.

The poor little Dumplings ! burnt and frightened, they had been obliged to leave the feast, about which they had rejoiced for three weeks. During the whole evening some of us had kept sneaking up to them with apples, sugar-bread, and so on. The Magister himself at first had been the most industrious upon the stairs ; but after he had fallen down three several times upon this to him little known path, he remained quietly in the drawing-room. Her Honour had, during the evening, said at least six times to me, with an expression of the greatest disquiet, "My poor little boys ! I shall positively sit up with them to-night !" And I replied every time, "That shall not her Honour, but I will sit up with them !" "But you will certainly sleep !" "I shall not sleep, your Honour !" "Parole d'honneur !" "Parole d'honneur, your Honour !" And, chased by the uneasiness of her Honour, I went up to them, before the company had separated, well supplied with packets of plaster, bottles of drops, and sweet things.

The little boys were much pleased with the latter, and enchanted that, merely on their account, a light should be kept burning all the night. The adventure of the evening occupied them greatly, and they had never done informing me how the Magister had knocked them, how they had fallen down, and what they felt and thought as the Magister let the tea-kettle fall upon them. Axel thought about the deluge, Claes upon the last judgment. Amid these relations they went to sleep.

At half-past eleven I heard the noise of bells, horses, and carriages before the house of the Colonel. At twelve o'clock all was still and silent, as well within as without the house.

"Soon they all will be sweetly asleep," thought I, and began by degrees to be indescribably sleepy.

Nothing is more painful than to be alone, to be sleepy and be compelled to keep awake, especially when those for whom one keeps awake snore with all their might ; and had I not given my *parole d'honneur* not to close my eyes, I should probably have speedily done so. I knit at my stocking ; but was obliged to put it down, because every minute I was nearly pricking my eyes. I read, and did not understand a word which I read. I looked out of the window, gazed upon the moon, and thought—on nothing. The wick of my candle grew as big as a lily. I wished to snuff it—I unfortunately snuffed it out.

My part as watcher became by this means

more difficult than ever. I endeavoured now to keep myself awake by terror, and wished, in the uncertain glimmering of the white stove, to see the ghost of the White Lady. I thought if a cold hand should suddenly seize mine, and a voice should whisper horrible words in my ear, or a bloody form should ascend up from the floor—when suddenly the crowing voice of a cock was heard in a neighbouring yard, which, in connexion with the dawning day, chased away all imaginary spectres.

The melancholy song of two little chimney-sweepers, who, from the tops of their smoky pleasure-houses, saluted the morning, formed the *ouverture* to the general awaking life.

In the region of the kitchen soon blazed a friendly fire; coffee diffused its Arabian perfume through the atmosphere of the house; people moved about in the streets, and through the clear winter-air sounded the musical bells of the churches which invited to morning prayers. The smoke-clouds curled purple-tinted up to the bright blue heaven, and with joy I saw at length the beams of the sun, which first greeted the vane and stars of the church towers, and afterwards spread their mantles of light over the roofs of the dwellings of man.

The world around me opened bright eyes; I thought about closing mine; and as glad voices greeted me with "good morning," I replied, half asleep, "good night."

## PART II.

### ABOUT OF MANY THINGS.

The wedding-day—has also a morrow! a wearisome day in the bridal house! Of all the festivity of the preceding day, one has only that which remains of an extinguished light—the *fume*. And when from the familiar circle of home, together with all festal sounds and habiliments, has vanished also a friendly countenance (one of the star-lights of its heaven), then it is not extraordinary that its horizon is cloudy; yes, my little Julie, I thought it quite natural that thou gottest up and went about all day like a rain-cloud, whilst thy brother was not unlike a tempest, as he wandered from one room to another, humming the "songs of the stars," which was horrible to hear.

Everybody had agreed that the new-married pair would pass this day with Algernon's old grandmother, who lived quite retired from the world, with her maid, her cat, her weak eyes, and her human love, which occasioned her to wish that nobody should ever marry,—which pious wish she had even expressed to her grandson and Emilia, but in vain. She had, in the mean time, spite of her vexation, wished to see the young couple at her house, and had herself, as report said, peeled the apples for the apple-cake which was to crown the conclusion of the frugal dinner. The day afterwards we were to see them with us, and the next we were to pass with them.

In the mean time we spent the day after the bridal in a sort of stupid quietness. Her Honour ate the whole day nothing but thin water gruel.

After we had brought this heavy day to an end, and every one had betaken himself to his

chamber, Julie felt a lively need to animate herself a little; she sent for walnuts, came into my room, and sat down to crack them, and to praise her bridegroom.

"How incomparably charming he is! So regular, so sensible, so even in temper, so pleasant, so—so order—(a delicate nut!)—so attentive, so prudent, so regular in his affairs—not niggardly either—so good—not too good either—so—so altogether just what he should be!"

I nodded my approval of all this, wishing Julie much happiness, and—yawned quite indescribably. There are perfections which put one to sleep.

The next day we had a little fresher wind. The newly-married came to dinner. A capsuited Emilia excellently; she was gentle, pleasant, able, but not exactly gay; whilst, on the contrary, Algernon was unusually cheerful, animated, and talkative. This annoyed and vexed Julie; she looked at them alternately, and knew not exactly where she was. The domestics put themselves to infinite pains to call Emilia "her Honour." This new appellation did not seem to give her any pleasure; and when an old, faithful servant said to her for the seventh time, "Sweet Miss, ah—Lord Jesus! her Honour," Emilia said, somewhat impatiently and weariedly, "Dear me, let it be: it is not really so important." The servants presented no dish to her at table without making it very formidable with their question, "Does your Honour please?" "Yes, yes, the fellow knows his world," remarked the Colonel. Emilia looked as if she found that world not at all agreeable.

Full of anxiety of heart, Julie took her sister after dinner into another room, threw herself on her knees before her, and, clasping her arms around her, exclaimed with tears, "Emilia, how is it! Sweet Emilia! Lord God—thou art not happy—thou lookest—dejected! Art thou not satisfied! Art thou not happy?"

Emilia embraced her sister warmly, and said, consolingly, but with tears in her gentle eyes:

"I ought to be, indeed, sweet Julie; Algernon is so good, so noble—I must be happy with him."

But Julie, like all persons of lively tempers, was not satisfied with this. "I ought to be!" She wished for "I am," and considered it quite desperate, unheard of, and unnatural, that a young wife should not be indescribably happy. *She had read novels*. She conducted herself through the remainder of the day stiffly towards Algernon, who did not seem to trouble himself particularly about it.

When Emilia, with tearful eyes, had again parted from her home, Julie gave full scope to her displeasure, and highly enraged herself against Algernon, who could be so well pleased and merry whilst Emilia was so dejected; he was an icicle, a savage, a heathen, a —. N.B. The Colonel and her Honour were not present during this philippic: the Cornet, again, took another view of the affair—was displeased with Emilia, who, he thought, required quite too much from her husband. "Had not he, poor fellow, to spring up and look for her work basket! Did he not put on her fur shoes, her shawl, her cloak! And did she once thank him?" Julie took her sister's part, the Cornet, Algernon's; the spirit of controversy threw already one and another bitter seed into the dispute.

and the good brother and sister might, perhaps, have remained at variance had not they, as they both stooped to pick up Helena's needle, knocked their heads together, the shock of which ended the contention by a burst of laughter; and the question of the rights of man and woman—that sea, upon whose billows the two disputants found themselves unexpectedly betrayed, was quickly given up.

The next day was consolatory for Julie. Emilia was gay and happier to receive her parents and her brother and sisters in her own home, busied herself with the most unconstrained grace, with the warmest cordiality, to entertain them well. All the Colonel's favourite dishes were on the table, and Emilia's eyes gleamed with joy as her father desired to be helped a second time to turtle soup, adding that it was "outrageously good!" Her Honour was not a little pleased with the excellence and good order of the dinner, as well as with all the arrangements over head. She blinked, to be sure, a little uneasily at a pudding, one side of which seemed to be somewhat *rusty*; but Julie turned round the dish unobservedly, and her Honour, being near-sighted, believed that the fault lay in her own eyes, and was quiet.

Emilia had the deportment of a *housewife*, and it became her infinitely well. The Cornet was charmed with his sister, and with every thing that surrounded her in her new home; every thing spoke Swedish, thought he; sofas, and chairs, and tables, and curtains, and porcelain, and so on. There was nothing foreign; and it was precisely this, according to his opinion, which made one feel so comfortable and so much at home.

Julie was much pleased with Algernon, who, if he did not exactly make much of his young wife, yet either was beside her, or continually followed her with his loving eyes; one saw plainly how his soul surrounded her, and Emilia cast many bright and friendly glances to unite themselves with his.

How good the coffee tastes when there is snow falling without, and there is the air of summer within. That we ladies all found, as we, in the afternoon, assembled around a blazing fire, enjoying the Arabian bean, had a long and cheerful conversation, during which Emilia talked of the domestic institutions and arrangements which she thought of making, that she might bring comfort and good order into her home; and of which she had in part talked, and should further talk of, with her—her husband. (This little word caused Emilia some little difficulty in the utterance); and see! it was all quite prudent, quite good, and quite to the purpose. We proved all, accurately and maturely, between the coffee-cups and the blazing of the fire; we added to, and took from; and could not, however, find out anything much better than that which Emilia had herself devised.

The family is, at the same time, like a poem and a machine. Its poetry or song of the feelings, which streams through, and unites, one with another, all its members; which twines flower-wreaths around the thorny crowns of life, and brightens with the green of hope "the naked rocks of reality," therewith every human heart is acquainted. But the machinery (without whose well-directed movements *l'opera della*

*vita*, however, remains a fragment without support) many regard as not essential, and neglect it. And yet this part of the institution of domestic life is not the least important to its harmonious progress. It is with this machinery as with the clock. Are all wheels, springs, and so on, well arranged? It needs merely that the pendulum swing, and all is set in proper motion, which goes on as if of itself, with order, and the golden finger of peace and prosperity points out the hours upon the clear face.

Emilia felt this; and she was determined from the beginning, so to arrange her home and her household, that they, spite of the little accidental blows and knocks of fate, should stand to the end, till the weight had run down.

One great and important thing towards the accomplishment of this end, is the prudent and exact management of money matters in housekeeping. In Emilia's case, this was put upon a good and rational footing. From the great common purse there branched out and arranged themselves, various little purses, which, like brooks flowing from one and the same fountain considerably towards various quarters, made the household plantations fruitful.

Emilia was to receive annually, for her own particular expenditure, a certain sum, which she should devote to her own dress and other little purposes, which were not to come into the household register. And as her dress was always to continue simple and tasteful as it had hitherto been, so she would be able to spend a great part of this money to gladden her own heart. Guess, or say in what manner, dear reader—you know how.

A woman ought to have her own purse, great or small, whichever it may be. Ten, fifty, a hundred, or a thousand dollars, according to circumstances, but her own, for which she accounts to—herself. Would you know "why," you gentlemen who make your wives render an account of pence and farthings! Why most especially and particularly, for your own sublime peace and prosperity. You do not think so! Well, then. A maid-servant knocks down a tea-cup, a servant breaks a glass, or suddenly tea-pot, cup, and glass, all at once fall in pieces, and *nobody* has broken them; and so on. The wife who has not her own purse, but who must replace the cups and glass, goes to her husband, relates the misfortune, and begs for a little to make good the damage. He scolds the servants, his wife, who ought to look after the servants. "Money, indeed!—a little money—money does not grow out of the ground, nor yet is it rained down from heaven—many small brooks make a great river." And such like. At last he gives a little money, and remains often in a very ill humour.

Again, if the wife have her own little purse, then such little vexations never come near him. Children, servants, misfortune, remain the same; but no disorder is remarked; all is made right as at first; all is in order; and the head of the house, who, perhaps, with the greatest ease, could lay down a thousand rixdollars at once, need not for a few pence, squeezed out at different times, lose the equipoise of his temper, which is as invaluable to the whole house as to himself.

And dost thou reckon as nothing, thou un-

feeling nabob, those little surprises, those little birthday and namesday pleasures, with which thy wife can give herself the delight of surprising thee—those thousand small pleasures which, unexpected as falling stars, gleam, like them, on the heaven of home, and which must all come to thee from the affection of thy wife, through—a little money, which thou must give to her in the gross, in order to receive again in the small, with rich interest of comfort and happiness.

Now, is it clear yet? Algernon had long seen this, and that operated greatly on Emilia's future happiness.

To every true woman's heart it is indescribably delightful to give;—to feel itself alive in the satisfaction and happiness of others; it is the sunshine of the heart, and is more needed here in the cold North perhaps than elsewhere. Besides this a little freedom is so refreshing.

But where was I just now? Ah! taking coffee with Emilia. Thence go we upon the wings of time to undertake a longer journey.

He who undertakes to relate histories with the pen, must take good care how he husbands the reader's patience. Sometimes he can very well give an account of to-day, of to-morrow, and the next day; but on other occasions he must lump together time and circumstance, if he do not wish that the reader shall lump together his book, and jump from the fifth to the eighth chapter. Highly important is it that it should not be so with my honourable family; so I hasten to take a little leap over probably three months, and only shortly to put together how my H— friends passed them.

Julie and her bridegroom passed them in walking. Every day, when the weather permitted it, they went down the whole length of Queen-street, exchanged greetings and talked with acquaintance, noticed figures and dresses amid the pleasant consciousness how handsome and distinguished their own were. Sometimes they went to a shop and bought trifles, or ate a tart at Berndt's, which was often "dreadfully delicious." In the evenings there was a supper somewhere, or an exhibition somewhere, or a ball somewhere,—and this always furnished a subject for the next day; so that, thank heaven! the betrothed had no lack of conversation. Besides this, Lieutenant Arvid, who had everywhere entrance into the great world, had always something small to relate—some anecdote of the day, some word of this and this about that and that; and so it was all very amusing—thought Julie.

The Cornet had taken an odd fancy. He had set himself to study. Studied the science of war, of mathematics, history, etc., and discovered more and more that as his bodily eyes were formed to look in all directions over the earth and up to heaven, so also was his spiritual eye designed to look into the kingdoms of nature and science, and to acknowledge the light of heaven in these. It was peculiar, that the more he learned to see, the darker he became. He had dread of and for spectres! Yes, gentlemen, it is actually true, and the spectre which he feared has been from time immemorial known in the world under the name of *Ignorance*, an extraordinary fat lady, dressed in a shining white stuff; *Self-sufficiency*, her long-necked

daughter, who always went and trod in the footsteps of her sweet mama; and *Boasting*, who might be the ghost of an old French language-master, who during his lifetime was related to this lady, and often was seen in company with her.

For the rest, he sought gladly the company of older and more learned men; was much at home with his father and with Helena, and often let his young gentlemen acquaintances knock and shake his bolted door in vain. Sometimes, nevertheless, he would be in doubt whether he should not open it, because he thought—"Perhaps my good friends come to repay me my money;" but then he considered to himself and thought again, "then they would not shake the door so stoutly," and remained quiet. The Cornet had two young friends for whom, at a given sign, his door always flew open. These young men formed a noble triumvirate. Their watchword, in time of war as in peace, was, "Forwards! March!"

Emilia and Algernon made a journey in the beginning of April to Blekinge, where, on a large estate, an old aunt and godmother of Emilia's lived. Emilia received immediately after her marriage a letter from her, in which she begged Emilia and her husband to visit her as soon as possible. She had lately lost her only child, a son, and wished now, at the age of sixty, to gladden, or rather to reanimate, her heart, by giving it something else to love, to live for. She desired the new-married pair to spend the spring and summer with her; she spoke of neighbours, and of various good and pleasant things which could make their summer residence agreeable. She mentioned that she should make her will; that her property would be theirs after her death, if they would regard her as a mother.

"Upon my word a beautiful letter!" said Uncle P—. "Set off straight there at once, Nephew, with your wife—have the horses put to the carriage immediately. I wish I were in your clothes, you lucky fellow! Wait till the beginning of April!—Madness! What, and if the old lady should die in the mean time! Sir, that is what one may call sleeping over one's luck! I would take care that it did not happen to me!—Dear Julie, wake me when the coffee comes in."

When the travelling carriage stood before the door, and the weeping Emilia sat beside Algernon exchanging tearful heartfelt glances and anxious adieus with her parents and family, who stood around the carriage, Algernon seized her hand and inquired, "Wouldst thou now rather remain here with these, or accompany me?"

"Accompany thee," replied Emilia gently.

"With thy whole heart!"

"With my whole heart!"

"Drive off!" exclaimed Algernon gaily.

"Emilia, we accompany each other on the journey—through life!"

The carriage rolled away. O that the carriage of every marriage swung upon such springs!

Quietly and sadly did the blind girl pass her dark days; her health visibly declined. Her soul resembled the fires in a charcoal-heap; its flames appear not, do not burst forth, but consume their dwelling silently and surely. In

song alone did she at times utter forth her feelings, and when she believed herself to be alone she composed both words and music—which bore the stamp of an unhappy and unquiet heart. In company she spoke scarcely a word, and only her incessant occupation of twisting around her hands and fingers a ribbon or a cord, betrayed the restless disquiet of her heart.

There is in woman a state of mind which operates by causing to do well whatever she does in her domestic circle; which causes a quiet peace to attend her, like that of a pleasant spring day; that where she lingers, lingers also a prosperity and a well-being which she imparts to every one who approaches her; this state of mind proceeds from a pure, god-fearing and devoted heart. Happy, happy above all others (however in other respects richly gifted) who is possessed of this! And happy was Helena, for it was she who was thus richly gifted. In a letter which she wrote at this time to a friend, she painted vividly herself her happy condition.

"Thou askest what I do!" wrote she at the conclusion of the letter, "I enjoy life in every moment of it. My parents, my family, my work, my books, my flowers, the sun, the stars, heaven and earth: all give me joy, all make me feel the indescribable joy of happiness and of existence. Thou askest me what I do when dark thoughts and doubts seize upon my soul. I have them not—for I trust in God; I love him, I hope in him. I have no cares or anxious fears, for I know that he will make all right—that sometime all will be good and bright. Thus thinking, thus feeling, I must indeed be happy."

"Curro, curri, currum, currere," repeated the little Dampings. "Curri, cursum, currere, you little sinners!" corrected the Magister; and thereon they honestly spent (I never exaggerate!) nearly three months.

"It goes on slowly,—but it goes on safely," said the Magister consolingly, and full of consolation, to her Honour.

Her Honour—God bless her excellent Honour!—but could it only have been managed that for her our flight into the country had been without so much trouble, so many an "ah! oh!" and so many packages and so many trunks! The Colonel said, half in joke, a little word on this subject.

"That is easily said," replied Her Honour gravely.

The Cornet, who could not bear the least remark about his mother, in whose proceeding and action he would never see the least fault, held by her in all her trouble, and contradicted us, who thought it a little unnecessary; and when she was altogether too much put out of sorts, he went about singing "God save the King" (the only English which he knew), in order to withdraw our attention from her Honour.

A month before and a month after the removal, she wearied herself and worked for our good, and on the day of the journey itself—O heavens!

What packing and pitching,  
In cellar and kitchen!  
In parlour and hall  
All the things have a hall,

And wherever we tread,  
Things turn heels over head.  
And gentlefolks ringing,  
And servants off springing.

Guests come, and breakfasts and trunks in array,  
All throng about us, and all must have way.  
Of friendship they talk, goose and beefsteak attack,  
And up go the mouths all—and up goes the pack:  
The lady smiles, grins, and then sighs forth—"Good lack!"  
Quick the travelling time comes,  
The alarm drum booms.  
Thus hurrying, thus hurrying, run hither and hither!  
"Drive onward! drive onward! the mantles bring hither!"  
Such packing and stowing  
Reminds me of going;

and going to—

#### THORSBORG:

THE paternal estate of the Colonel, where we arrived in the middle of May.

Had I a drop of the vein which sprung forth from Sir Walter Scott's inkstand, spread itself through "all lands," and has wetted with historical-antiquarian ink the pens of hundreds of authors, then would I give in this place a magnificent description of the stately castle of Thorsborg, built during the Thirty Year's War by a high-minded and nobly descended lady in nine month's time, with walls as firm as the minds of those times, and with leaded window panes, as small as the rays of light which emanated in those days from the choisters. I would tell how Mrs. Barbro Akeadotter, of Göholm and Hedeås, wife of the Admiral Stjernbjelke (whose portrait is to be seen at Thorsborg, and shews her to be a proud and dignified woman), in order to surprise her husband, then fighting for the cause of freedom in Germany, she raised this noble building upon the height where it now stands in princely grandeur, commanding immeasurable fields and meadows, to an extent of many miles; and how she, on the arrival of our hero at the home of his fathers, had burning lights placed in all the windows of the castle, in order to delight and charm his eyes, I would also whisper that this was not successful, and that tradition says that he was exceeding angry at Mrs. Barbro's handiworks. I would further relate somewhat of the fate of the successors who afterwards lived upon the estate, of whom one, who was gifted with the power of a skald, scratched upon a pane of glass in the castle saloon, and which, in the time of Colonel H—, was still to be seen, the following dictum, as a memorial of themselves, and for our edification:

"Miss Sigrid with her Scoop,  
Are both great fools."

And if I had descended down the stream of time, from the burnt-out volcanoes of the Middle Ages to the calm places of rest of our days, I would, wandering among these, searching among the remains of the lava-streams, and after the extinguished fires collected in the urns of memory, scatter them through these pages, and—that is to say (to talk a little less flowery) I would speak about all the old armour, helmets, and spears, which still are preserved at Thorsborg, and which Cornet Carl embraced with particular tenderness; of the bloody dresses, swords, murder-halls, and such like; and mention among the peaceful remembrances, the doors, overlaid with a thousand wooden figures, of the sleeping-room of Gustavus Adolphus the Second, which were removed here from the

more ancient castle; of the immeasurable saloon with its floor of oak laid chequer-wise, and the oak spars of its roof; of the portrait of Mrs. Barbro, as she sits with her trowel in her hand; of her spinning-wheel, etc.; and, in order not to forget salt to the soup, would I forget to relate of the spectral apparitions which occur in the castle, and which nobody was so liable to perceive as the Magister. He often heard terrible sounds—a mixture of the clangour of the trumpet and the howl of the wolf; he heard how at night time there was a soft moving about in the billiard-ball; how the balls rattled; small bells were rung, and so on. I would relate how the people in the house knew about one ghost, which walked without a head in the great oak saloon in moonlight evenings; and how very often, amid dark nights, lights suddenly beamed from all the windows; and how there was nobody who had not heard sofas, tables, and chairs dragged with a terrible noise up and down the room where nobody was; and that even her Honour—Ha! but I begin to be horrified myself; and I now see clearly how I have only ability with common ink to write about common and every-day things; and therefore find it more safe and agreeable to tell how the little Dimples, happy beyond all description to be in the country, leapt about, and dug among the ditches and heaps of stones, where were the ruins of the old house, sought for treasures and found—primroses. How Julie herself, like a butterfly, sprang after her winged sister beings, defying her bridegroom to run in pursuit of her, until she observed that it was not worth her trouble, for he did not exert himself at all. "It was too warm."

He liked, above all things, to sit upon a soft sofa with his little bride, comfortably resting upon the softly swelling cushion, in a sort of inward observation of life's—easy side. In the mean time he busied himself with hunting alternately on the Colonel's estate and that of his own father. His father was a cheerful, good-hearted, grey-headed man, who esteemed highly five things on earth; namely, his old noble name, his son, the friendship of Colonel H—, his set of white horses called "swans," and his tobacco pipe, for the lighting of which an incessant fire burnt, both winter and summer, in his stove. He was enchanted with his little daughter-in-law elect, who, however, played him many a little trick, over which he was just as easily made angry as he was easily put into good humour again. He related histories willingly, exaggerated prodigiously, swore boldly, and was, after all, that which people called a *man of honour*.

At Thorsborg the family soon fell into a quiet and cheerful way of life. Her Honour went about, to be sure, with her bunch of keys and her troubles, but allowed nobody to disturb themselves on that account; and so intrinsically good was she, that she never annoyed or made any one uneasy but herself.

The evenings were especially agreeable. When we were all assembled in a little green boudoir, rich with pictures and flowers, and where the reading of the works of Franzén, Tegnér, Stagnelius, Sjöberg, Nicander, and many other Swedish poets, which Professor L—'s expressive eloquence and excellent de-

clamation taught us more to value, and made us every day richer in noble and fresh thoughts and feelings. Frequently, also, there was reading of a more serious kind; that, namely, whose object it is to diffuse clearness upon subjects of the highest importance to the human heart—on God and immortality. This, I soon observed, was done with an especial reference to the blind girl, upon whose marble-pale countenance the looks of the Colonel always lingered during the reading of those passages where the rays of divinity penetrated most clearly and most warmly, although through the veil of human weakness. Often, too, were the evenings spent in conversations on the same subjects. Professor L—, the Colonel, and Helena, took the principal part in these. The measures taken by the Colonel, in common with the Professor, for the moral improvement of his dependents, by good schools and other establishments, which were intended as much for their benefit as their enjoyment, gave an unconstrained occasion for these conversations. The human being—his organisation—his education—his dignity—his weakness—the ennobling of humanity through a rightly preaching of a rightly understood gospel—this life in connexion with the future;—these were subjects which were handled by Professor L— with the greatest warmth, beauty, clearness, and power. His fervid and powerful eloquence, which expressed so excellently his rich feelings—the happy ability, which he possessed in an admirable manner, of giving clearness even to the most abstract ideas, by examples drawn from the riches of history, morals, and nature—the calm, beautiful wisdom, which was the result of his learning, and the beneficial strength of which irresistibly passed to the hearts of all his auditors—the fine tone of his manly voice, the dignity and expressiveness of his features—all this caused people to listen to him with delight for whole hours. And when, as he went deeper into his subject, he expressed himself with an ever-increasing warmth, with a more forcible utterance, expressed more lofty and profound ideas, people felt themselves, as it were, lifted from the earth and brought nearer to heaven. It was an apotheosis of thought and feeling, and the heavenward journey of the moment left always behind it in our hearts a living spark of the eternal fire.

It was during these evenings that I saw feelings of a higher and nobler kind arise in the hitherto somewhat childish and volatile Julie. I saw her breast heave, her cheeks crimson, whilst she listened to the conversations on truth and virtue; and her expressive eyes dwelt on the lips of the noble interpreter, as if to draw in every word; and she answered her bridegroom shortly and with indifference, as he sometimes would solicit her judgment on pretty little paper things and cuttings-out, in which accomplishment he possessed a real talent.

The blind girl remained silent during these conversations, and rarely did any movement in her statue-like countenance betray the feelings which stirred within her.

We had also in the evenings conversations of another kind—of a light, but, nevertheless, of an important nature. In these Cornet Carl and her Honour took part. One evening as Professor L— and the Colonel were absent, Lieu-

tenant Arvid gave a long lecture on the best mode of cooking reindeer flesh, and on the sauce thereto. Julie inquired whether Arvid's speech did not give us a great appetite to eat an early supper, and go quickly to bed. Universal applause.

Our day, as Julie and I sat at an open window and worked—a pot of Provence roses standing on the table between us—and we had long sat silent, Julie said all at once, quite hastily, “Do you not think?”—and was still again.

I looked up at her, and asked, “What then?”

“Yes—that—that Professor L—— has something very noble in his countenance, and particularly in his brow?”

“Yes,” I replied, “one reads there his noble soul, his mild wisdom.”

Julie smelled at the Provence rose—its buds seemed to have blossomed upon her cheeks.

“Aha!” thought I.

Again Julie asked, “Do you not think?”—New pause.

“That Prof——” said I, leading the way.

“Yes—that—that Professor L—— has a fine voice, and that he talks most excellently! He makes every thing so clear, so rich, so beautiful. One feels oneself better whilst one hears him.”

“That is true. But do you not think that Lieutenant Arvid has very handsome moustaches, very handsome teeth, and a particularly handsome voice, especially when he says, “the thousand fet——”

“Now you are malicious, Beata,” said Julie hastily, reddening, as she sprung up and ran away. In going past him, she woke Lieutenant Arvid, who, upon a sofa in the next room, was taking his after-dinner nap; upon which he grumbled a little, and demanded, whilst he leisurely stretched out his arms and legs—a kiss in compensation.

He received—“Yes, indeed; pish!”

In the mean time, Julie became more serious every day; her temper, hitherto so constantly cheerful and good, began to be irregular, and sometimes unfriendly; her demeanour became more still and grave and sometimes a faint expression of melancholy dwelt upon her charming countenance. For a long time, however, none of her family remarked this change; every member of which had much of his own to look after.

Her Honour, whose lively nature and active goodness always kept her in motion, had in the country every hour occupied. She was the comforter, the counsellor, and teacher, in great as well as in small; and besides this she was the physician of the whole neighbourhood. She was all this, with an ease and a possession of mind which one could hardly have expected from her, on seeing her troubled manner on occasions of the least perplexity in her own home and household. She herself went about to people with medicines and encouragement, soup and good counsel; and the first gave substance and force to the latter. She was the darling of the whole district; old and young, rich and poor, praised her as “so very good and condescending!”

The Colonel occupied himself apparently in a more passive manner; but in fact was more actively busied about the welfare of those over whom he had power. He was to his depen-

dents, as well as his domestic servants, a good and just, but strict ruler. He was generally more feared than loved; but every one acknowledged that, during the time the property had been in his hands, depravity of manners, drunkenness, and crime of all kinds, had decreased every year; and, on the contrary, order, honesty, morality, social intercourse, and their consequences, prosperity and contentedness, advanced more and more, even to neighbouring places; and the excellent institutions which he formed, the good schools which he established, and which every year made more perfect, gave hope of the increasing cultivation and happiness of the rising generation. Professor L—— stood now at his side as a powerful coadjutor.

This is the place to say a word of explanation regarding Professor L. It shall be short and good.

Professor L—— was the son of a man of property, and was himself in very good circumstances. He had become a clergyman, in order to be, according to his opinion, the most useful to his fellow creatures. He was, in the most beautiful signification, the father of his parish.

Remarkable is it, that he, next to me, and perhaps more than me, paid attention to Julie. His eye followed her often, so kindly serious, so searching—

Helena had the oversight of the parish girls' school, which important office she filled excellently, and with as much pleasure as care.

The Cornet had—oversight of the boys' school!—Does anybody perchance believe it? No, heaven forbid! And that was well, both for him and the school. He had suddenly taken a violent passion for botany; went out early in a morning, remained often abroad the whole day, and came home in the evening quite wearied, with pockets full of weed—plants I will say. He talked a deal about the interest of botany, of its benefit and usefulness; showed Julie incessantly the difference between a pentandria, and an octandria, etc. In particular he was bent upon finding the *Linnea borealis*, which he had been told grew in the neighbourhood, but could not discover. This he now went out to seek both early and late.

“It is very queer with Carl,” said Julie, “when he comes home from his botanical rambles; either he is so joyous that he is ready to embrace everybody, or he looks so cross as if he were ready to bite.”

“He is too much taken up with his botany,” said the Colonel.

Helena smiled and shook her head—and so did I—and so also wouldst thou, my young reader. I guess that thou guessest that he—but hush, hush as long—do not let us betray the secret which will come in proper time to light. In the mean time, we drive in the great family carriage to make—

#### VIRTS.

THE Colonel, her Honour, Julie, the Cornet, and I. Her Honour, who sometimes had ideas which seemed to have fallen from the moon, had lately come upon the notion that I began to be melancholy; which proceeded, she fancied,

from my having beaten my brains over the Book of the Revelations, because she had found me a few times with the Bible in my hands open at the last page, where the coming of the New Jerusalem is described. Now her Honour was afraid of nothing so much as of beating one's brains over books; she half believed that my reason was in danger, and in order to divert me, and to draw me a little from "such things," she was altogether determined that I should accompany her on the visits which were to be made in the neighbourhood.

We set off one beautiful afternoon, and all of us in good humour.

We drank coffee with Mrs. Mellander, who, together with her husband (the appendage of his wife), rented a little place from the Colonel. Mrs. Mellander was uncommonly ugly; marked by the small-pox, and had a bearded chin; carried her nose very high over her silent, worthy husband, who deeply acknowledged her power, and talked about good breeding and morality the whole day long to her two handsome but somewhat awkward daughters, whom the Cornet likened to weeping birches. For the rest she was neat, orderly, and domestic; kept in good order her husband, her daughters, a maid-servant, and three cats, and believed herself therefore to have an excellent head for government.

"Yes, yes!" said she once, sighing, "now people say Count Platen is dead; next year they will perhaps say Mrs. Mellander is dead."

"That would indeed be dreadful," said the Colonel who was present.

Whilst Mr. Counsellor Mellander led the Colonel down into the little orchard to shew him a newly laid out, or, as he called it, a newly broken up piece of land in an old potatoe field, we began to hear every kind of news from Mrs. Mellander. First, that she had read a very entertaining book about a young fellow who was called Fritz.

"Is it a romance?" asked her Honour.

"Yes, it is a romance. It is very amusing. The whom Fritz loved is called Ingeborg."

"Who wrote the book?" again asked her Honour.

"Yes, that I do not know. He must be a clergyman. And it stands there so beautifully how they voyage over the seas, and how she claps her small white hands."

"Can it be Frithiof?" exclaimed the Cornet, perfectly screaming with pure astonishment.

"Frithiof—yes, Fritz, or Frithiof, so was he called."

"By Tegnér?" exclaimed her Honour quietly.

"Ten—yes, yes, some such a name have I heard."

Julie lifted her eyes up to heaven.

Her Honour, who at the first moment looked as if it were desirable to turn the conversation from such a subject, now asked Mrs. Mellander whether she had heard that the Countess B— had removed from her estate.

"No!" replied Mrs. Mellander sharply, and with decision, "I know nothing about her. Between us there is no longer any intercourse. Would you think it, your Honour, that she and I were brought up together? Yes—we were in our childhood together every day; and I had a straw hat with red ribbon, and I said to her,

'listen, Jeannette,' and she said to me, 'listen, Lisette,' and we were the best friends in the world. Then she went on her way, and I went on mine—to my uncle, Counsellor Stridsberg, at Norrtelge. Your Honour knows him certainly!"

"No!" replied her Honour.

"The cross! not know the rich Stridsberg—he married Mamsell Bredström, daughter of shopkeepe Bredström in Stockholm, your Honour knows really—brother-in-law to Lönnquist—who lives in the Packar-market."

"I do not know," replied her Honour, smiling and half embarrassed.

"Indeed—indeed!" said Mrs. Mellander, somewhat displeased, and perhaps with lessened esteem for her Honour's acquaintance. "Yes," said she, continuing her relation, "and thus it happened that we did not see one another for several years. But then, when I was married to Mellander, I went to a concert in Stockholm, and there saw my old youthful friend, who had now become the Countess B—. And I bowed and bowed to her—but what do you think? She looked point-blank at me and never moved again, and acted exactly as if she did not recognise me. 'Aha!' thought I. Now, however, when she drives past my house in her country carriage, she puts her head out of the window and bows and nods. But—I knit. What does your dear Honour think?"

That which her dear Honour thought, however, Mrs. Mellander did not know this time; for in the same moment came in her dear better-half, together with the Colonel, who mentioned our setting off, as the clock had already struck five, and we had almost seven miles to drive to Löfstaholm, where we had to make our next visit, to the Ironfounder D—. In the mean time every one of the company must take two cups of coffee, with the exception of the Cornet, who cursing Mrs. Mellander, her good intention and her coffee, resolutely declined. He and Julie had during this time done their best to enliven and amuse the two Mamselles Eva and Amalia. The Cornet said to them, in his gay good humour, all kind of little polite things. Julie praised their flowers, promised to lend them books, patterns, etc., which had the effect of making the handsome weeping birches, as if shaken by a brisk wind, or enlivened by a beneficial rain, lift up by degrees their branches, and move their leaves; that is to say, Amalia and Eva were quite lively, and their eyeballs turned both to east and west.

At Löfstaholm were the Colonel and his family received with the liveliest and most noisy joy. In an especial manner was great attention shewn to Cornet Carl, who, for his generous deportment, his lively temper, together with his merry fancies, was universally beloved and thought much of by the neighbours, and was in especial favour at Löfstaholm, where balls, theatricals, and pleasures of all kinds were perpetually alternating, and where he had danced now with twelve ladies in four-and-twenty dances—by turns as Captain Puff, or Cousin Pastoreau, or as the Burgomaster in Carolus Magnus—and occasioned universal delight. The parts of lovers he had never been able to take, because he had never been in love; and, therefore, could not naturally represent that which was contrary to his nature.

In order to celebrate the name-day of the Ironmaster D—, his three talented daughters, and his four talented sons, gave on this evening a little concert, to which a tolerably large company of listeners had been invited, and to which now the H— family made a welcome five.

Mrs. D—, whom report called a very accomplished lady, who talked of Weber and Rossini, of education and accomplishment, poetry, colouring, taste, tact, and so on, made therefore a flowery speech to her Honour about her views of education, and of a system which had laid the foundation of that which she had given to her children, and without which, both Weber and Rossini, accomplishment, taste, and tact, would move themselves with any tact.

At the beginning of the concert, Eleonora D— bashfully and blushing seated herself at the piano-forte and played “*Con tutta la forza della desparazione.*” In every accord which she struck, she gave to the ears of the auditors two or three notes into the bargain; and the shakes, thanks to the bass-pedal and fermaté, went over the keys like a dash of India-rubber, over a drawing. The close produced much effect—the whole piano thundered. After this, the blue-eyed Therese sang an Aria out of the barber of Seville. Magnificent staccato tones, and powerful rolls, as if shook with manual force, and shrill exclamation, drew from the audience the most lively declarations of gratitude for so much—trouble.

The Ironmaster D—, a little fat and merry old man, was fascinated by his children, whom, in his paternal heart, he compared to the Seven Wonders of the World, and went up during all this to Colonel H—, rubbing his hands, and asking, with flashing eyes, “Now, what thinks my brother? What says my brother! What? What!”

The Colonel, who had in part too good natural taste, and in part had heard too much good music, not quite well to know what he was about, took refuge in his good-humoured arch smile and the two-sided praise, “They play devilishly!” or, “She sings like the thousand!”—which dubious expressions the happy father received with the most lively pleasure.

A duet which succeeded this, between Adolf D— and one of his sisters, got a little (as the Colonel said) out of joint; and a duet of angry looks took place between the brother and sister; whilst the song, by degrees, again adjusted itself.

The finale, or chorus, which all the seven virtuosos sang together, in which “long life,” and “free from strife,” “howls,” and “skäls,” and such like words rhymed, composed, together with the thereto-belonging and preceding row of words, by Adolf D—, would, I thought, have shook down the house.

Her Honour, who during all this sat as if she were at evening service, with a devotional and rather deplorable mien, now did her best to satisfy the musical family's thirst for praise. The Colonel repeated his words of power, and the company sang a chorus of *bravo!* and *charmant!* which, however, were accompanied by many equivocal looks. This behaviour scandalised the Cornet—he had an easy part to act—who could say, and did say it freely, that he did not at all understand anything about music,

and could not, therefore, give any judgment upon it. Another, who from his musical knowledge (or for his sins' sake) is called upon to give an opinion, is badly off at such a concert as this. One may condemn artists, for one has purchased the right of doing so; but amateurs one can only praise, that one considers oneself obliged to do; and if one cannot do it with a good conscience, the truth takes its flight not willingly without shewing a sour face.

It was not to be thought of that we should return home before supper. The clock struck eleven before we were again in the carriage. It was a mild, unusually lovely spring night. Her Honour was soon asleep, lulled by the rocking of the carriage and by our conversation. We all grew silent by degrees. The Colonel's countenance was gloomy. The Cornet sat and looked at the moon, which, pale and mild, stood above the green peaceful earth. There was a something enthusiastic in his look, which I had never remarked before. Julie was also full of thought. The coachman and horses must also have thought about something for we only crept slowly through wood and fields. When we, about midnight, drove past the parsonage, the residence of Professor L—, we saw a light shining in one of the windows. The Colonel saw it, and said, whilst his eyes beamed kindly, “There, now, sits L—, and wakes and labours for the good of his fellow-creatures. He himself enjoys no nightly repose; and may do so, perhaps, for fifty years or more, before his work will be rightly understood and valued; and such nights succeed to days which are wholly dedicated to the fulfilment of his manifold duties.”

“He is like his light,” said the Cornet, “he consumes himself to illuminate others.”

“He must be a most noble man,” said Julie, with a tear in her eye.

“Yes, indeed,” said the Colonel, “I know none nobler. But he cannot live long in that way; he kills himself.”

“Has he not,” asked Julie, “any sister, or a mother, or somebody at home with him, who will look after him, and love him, and value him?”

“No, he is solitary.”

“Solitary,” repeated Julie, softly and anxiously. Whilst we drove in a half-circle around the parsonage, she leaned out of the carriage-window, and kept her head still turned in one and the same direction.

“What are you looking after, my child?” asked the Colonel.

“After the light, papa—it glimmers so beautifully in the night.”

On the following day several visits were to be made in the neighbourhood; but now it was altogether impossible for the Cornet to accompany us upon these. He had got an intimation that the *Linnaea borealis* was to be found in a woody district about three or four miles east of Thorsborg; and in order to convince himself thereof, it was necessary that he left us before dinner.

“I cannot comprehend,” said Julie, “upon what Carl lives on certain days. He never takes anything with him, however much I may beg of him to do so, whenever he goes on his

pilgrim journeys. It seems to me, also, that he gets very thin."

"Now again he runs to the woods!" said the Colonel, as he saw his son go with great strides across the court. "I fear that his *Linnaea borealis* has turned his head."

Our visits to-day were less fortunate. At the L—'s of Vik the children had the measles; and, for the sake of our little Dumplings, we posted away, on this news, at full speed.

At M—, the Countess was not at home. In a pleasure-house in the garden sung her canary-birds, hungering in splendid cages; and seemed, by alternately lamenting, alternately joyous quavering notes, both by fair means and foul, to draw attention to their want.

Her Honour gave them seed, water, sugar, bird-grass, and a thousand flattering names.

"With all these," remarked the Colonel, "we shall not get a cup of tea this afternoon."

Between six and seven o'clock in the afternoon, not to have tea was a great loss to the Colonel; and her Honour, who knew that, sate with a troubled and anxious countenance in the carriage, whilst we turned upon our homeward way, which would require a full half hour. In order to take a shorter cut, as he believed, the coachman drove by a new way, which also brought us acquainted with a new district. We drew up in a wild spot, overgrown with wood, to give the horses breath. To the right, and at no great distance from the carriage, we saw above the tree tops a column of smoke arise, which a gentle wind drove towards us.

"Upon my faith," said the Colonel, "do I not believe that they have tea ready for us there. See, Julie; does there not shine a white wall through the wood?"

"Yes, I see something grey-white; there is actually a house there; the smoke seems to come from it. It is plain that a fairy is waiting for us there to entertain us. Faeree, which bids to tea, that rhymes excellently."

"My opinion is," said the Colonel, "that if there be no fairy there, yet there are quite certainly people, and who most surely will bestow tea upon us, if we—What do you think, Charlotte; shall we not pay a visit to that little charming palace in the wood yonder? We will tell the gentlefolks there that we wish to make their acquaintance, and that we—in one word, that we are thirsty."

Julie laughed heartily. Her Honour looked quite horrified.

"My good friend," said she, "that would never do."

"It would do for me, charmingly," said the Colonel, "to get a cup of tea."

"Besides, sweet mamma," said Julie, "we might, perhaps, make a very interesting acquaintance. For example, think if Don Quixote did not die of his blood-letting, as people said, but travelled up into the north, and had set himself down here with his handsome Toboso, and received us; or if we should meet with a hermit, who would tell us his history; or a disguised princess—"

"What and whom you will," said the Colonel, "if they be only Christian enough to give us a cup of tea."

As the Colonel now certainly, for the fourth time, had come out with his "cup of tea," her

Honour rebutted so gravely this visit à la Don Quixote, as she called it, that all thoughts of it were given up, and it was determined to continue the drive.

As the carriage was now again set in motion, crack went off one of the hind wheels; the carriage went slowly over, and amid a variety of exclamations we tumbled, the one over the other, down upon the road.

Her Honour lay upon me; but endeavoured, however, before she herself thought of getting up, to draw away her reticule, which by chance was under me, and which I assured her was quite impossible for her to do as long as I was unable to move from the spot.

At length we, every one of us, stood again upon our feet. Her Honour was pale, and we gathered all around her, with fear and anxiety, and asked a thousand questions—"Whether she had struck herself—was much frightened, and such like." But as she replied to all with "No," and as we, to her anxious inquiries about us could also say that we felt neither fright, wounds, nor bruises (of being squeezed I will not speak), Julie burst out into such a hearty and loud fit of laughter that we were compelled to join her. The coachman and servant were both, like us, uninjured, and scratched their heads with troubled faces.

With their assistance, the Colonel now endeavoured to raise the old heavy carriage; but the road consisted of deep sand—the carriage had fallen as good as into a ditch—the coachman was an invalid—the servant an antiquity. They cried out "Eu!—uh!" The Colonel alone worked, and the carriage came not from the spot.

A visit to the grey house (the only human habitation which was visible) was now necessary, and the Colonel, who was so bent upon this visit and his "cup of tea," that he was quite pleased about this affair of the carriage, exclaimed, "We must go altogether in pleasure and need;" offered his wife his arm, and led her, with unusual cheerfulness and merry jokes, along the narrow path, which wound through a thick spruce and pine wood, and seemed to conduct to the so much talked of grey house.

"It will rain," said her Honour, and looked anxiously up to heaven. "My bonnet!—could we not stop here under the trees, whilst Grönvall runs and fetches people to the carriage?"

"It will not rain," said the Colonel.

"It does rain," said her Honour.

"Let us hasten to get under a roof," said the Colonel, and hurried merrily onward, holding his hat over her Honour's head.

At last we arrived before the little grey house. It had a gloomy and forlorn appearance; and with the exception of a little kitchen garden, all around was wild and uncultivated. The silver waves of a lake glittered at some distance through the dark fir wood.

It began to rain in earnest as we reached the house. A door on the right of the entrance stood ajar. It led to the sanctuary of the kitchen. As the Colonel entered, a maid-servant started from a corner, like a hare from her form, and fixed upon us her only half-awake grey eyes and stammered forth—"Be so good as to go up stairs—the gentlefolks are at home."

We mounted up a narrow and dark staircase,

at the head of which the Colonel opened a door, which gave us a view of a little room filled on all sides with washing. Tables and chairs, as well as baskets, were covered with clothes, partly folded and partly not. The air steamed hotly towards us as if from a heated oven.

"Go on, go on!" said the Colonel, friendly admonishing her Honour, who made a halt on the step.

"My sweet friend, I really cannot go and step into the clothes baskets," replied she a little disturbed. The Colonel and I drew these aside, and we went through the land of clothes to another door, at the opening of which we all stood for a moment in astonishment and surprise.

A perfectly beautiful, majestic lady, dressed magnificently in black silk and lace, stood in the middle of a room, tastefully ornamented with beautiful glass, vases of flowers, mirrors, and other useless things. Somewhat behind her stood, although she seemed to me only to float, a young—yes, actually only a young girl,—but so enchantingly, so angelically beautiful, that one was ready to doubt whether there were anything earthly in her existence. She could not be more than sixteen at the most, had her light hair fastened up with a gold pin, wore a light gauze dress, which surrounded like a bright cloud the lily-white, lovely, ideally beautifully formed angelic being.

The elder lady approached us, whilst her dark blue eyes regarded somewhat proudly and inquiringly the uninvited guests. Her Honour stepped backward and trod upon my toes. The Colonel, whose noble bearing and open, and at the same time cheerful manner, made upon every one an agreeable impression, soon called forth an amiable smile upon the lips of the handsome Wood-lady, whilst in a manner at once pleasant and comic he related the cause, or rather the causes of our unexpected visit; besought forgiveness for it; mentioned his name, which seemed to make an extraordinary impression upon the beautiful unknown, and presented his wife and daughter—me, he forgot. I forgive him. Who talks of the sauce to the goose? It follows of itself, of course, as appendix. The handsome Wood-lady replied in broken Swedish, but with a voice which was actual music. "Very welcome! the carriage shall have help, and we will have tea—as good as I can. My daughter, my Hermina," added she, whilst she pushed back the shadowing curls from the brow of the sylph.

In the mean time her Honour advancing to the sofa, stood and curtsied with great politeness before a gentleman who hitherto had been half concealed by the window-curtains, but who now stepped forward, took the hand of the astonished lady, shook it and kissed it, laughing the while, and saying, not without embarrassment, "Sweet Mamma!" It was—the Cornet.

Her Honour said merely, "Good heavens!" and seated herself quite hurriedly and quite confounded upon the sofa, with clasped hands and looks riveted upon her son. The Colonel opened his eyes wide, made a most comical grimace, but said nothing. A sort of embarrassed, uneasy constraint took place in the company. The Cornet, who in particular seemed to stand upon needles, went out to look after the repair-tion of the carriage.

The handsome Wood-lady went out also, and we remained alone with the sylph, whom the Colonel observed with apparent delight. He, as well as her Honour and Julie, endeavoured with questions and observations on a variety of subjects to make her talkative, but it did not succeed; she talked only a little, and avoided answering questions. Child-like innocence, inward grace, and an almost heavenly repose, lay in her whole being, and impressed itself upon all which she said. She spoke tolerably good Swedish, but with an accent in which the fine tones of the Italian tongue betrayed itself. Julie was delighted, and ceased not to whisper to me, "She is an angel, an angel! Look at her mouth!—no, look at her little hand,—no, look at her foot—no, look at her eyes!—ah, brother Carl!—now art thou certainly fast!—she is a real angel!"

In that little tastefully ornamented room stood also a harp and lyre. To Julie's question whether she played upon either of these instruments, she answered by going up to the harp, and playing and singing a canzonetta of Azioli, with a grace and a voice so touchingly sweet that it drew tears from all our eyes.

She had scarcely ended when her mother entered; immediately afterwards came the Cornet and tea. The occupation which this last gave to one and all made the constraint in the conversation less observable, although it did not go on altogether straight forward.

I could not help remarking (one may pardon this in a House-counsellor) the poverty of the tea-service. The cups were of Rörstrand's coarsest porcelain (three of them were joined), the sugar was common, and very grey lump,—of bread or rusks I saw not a trace.

I feared that our handsome hostess observed that I looked a little about me, and that her Honour also looked a little about her, and glanced with half an eye at me. For her countenance betrayed a painful confusion, whilst she stammered out something about the difficulty of getting white flour. With her willing kindness her Honour offered to send her some from her own store, but received for answer a decided and cold "No, I thank you!" whereupon she was at once discouraged, and rather offended.

The Colonel drank with satisfaction his second cup of tea, when all at once we heard a loud noise, and somebody hastily coming up the stairs. Our hostess crimsoned, turned pale, rose and made a few steps towards the door, when it was thrown open, and a man with a wild expression of repressed anger in a pale, sternly significant countenance, entered hastily, moved haughtily and negligently to the company whom he found in the room, and went and seated himself in a window, where he remained silent; whilst he cast, nevertheless, wild, angry, and penetrating glances upon our handsome hostess, who, evidently trembling, came silently and resealed herself by her Honour. By degrees, however, her demeanour became calmer, and she answered several times the angry glances which were cast at her with a look full of pride and even disdain.

The Colonel, who measured the newly-arrived with searching looks, addressed to him a question respecting the weather. At the sound

of his voice the Unknown turned himself quickly round, regarded the inquirer keenly, and a pale red tinged his sunken cheeks, as he replied, without seeming to know that which he said. "Yes, yes—it rains no longer—people may go their ways."

He looked again through the window, and repeated, "It clears up—one could go out without any danger."

The Colonel, who on this day seemed to be possessed by the spirit of contradiction, said, against all appearances, for it cleared up every moment, "It changes now—it clouds over, and begins certainly to rain worse than ever."

Her Honour gave him now a little friendly beseeching glance, and at this silent prayer he rose up, and saw at length that it had cleared up, and that one might "go one's ways."

Amid expressions of gratitude and excuses we made our adieus to the Wood-lady and her daughter, who had large tears in her beautiful eyes when we left the room; silently saluting Mr. Zernebok, as Julie called him, who seemed to wish to shoot us with his eyes, and to help us off.

"You will accompany us, Carl!" said the Colonel to his son; "or do you still think of looking for the *Linnæa borealis*?"

"I shall run and see whether the carriage is in order," returned the Cornet, and was off like a storm-wind.

When we again were seated in the carriage, the Cornet was assailed with questions. He declared that he knew no more of the handsome foreigner than we did: upon one of his rambles into the country he had made her acquaintance—he knew that she was handsome and amiable, lived apart from the whole world, and seemed to be poor—for the rest he knew nothing more—nothing at all.

"Poor!" exclaimed her Honour, "and dressed in that way—such lace!"

The Cornet crimsoned, and merely said—"They are always very well dressed."

"But who in all the world was the cross gentleman?" asked Julie.

"The gentleman of the house," answered the Cornet; "he seems to have an unhappy and an irritable temper—for the rest, I do not know this family."

The Colonel looked sharply at his son, who was evidently embarrassed.

It was silent in the carriage. Her Honour nodded her head as an accompaniment to her own thoughts.

Once the Colonel interrupted the silence, as he said smiling good-humouredly, "I have yet her 'kling, kling,' in my ears."

"Kling, kling!" repeated the Cornet, reddening.

"Yes, yes!" replied the Colonel, dryly, and it was again silent.

Julie had, it is true, her heart and her eyes full of animated words about the two handsome foreigners, but she did not rightly know upon what ground she stood with regard to her brother's acquaintance with them, and besides that, seldom ventured in the presence of her father to give vent to her raptures, from dread of his sarcastic looks, of which she had a panic-terror.

"It is extraordinary," said the Colonel again, "that exactly in that woody region, east of Thorsborg the rare *Linnæa borealis*—"

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"Do you not think, papa," interrupted the Cornet, hastily, "that I should close the window; or perhaps papa should not talk just now—so much—the cold mist comes in."

"Thanks for your care, my son; there is no danger for me. I fear more for you—that you may have caught some malady on your botanical excursions—that you have taken cold—have the ague."

"The ague!" said the Cornet laughing, but reddening at the same time, "one might rather talk about a fever—"

"I will be your doctor," said the Colonel; "and as I see already considerable symptoms, I order you—"

"Thanks most humbly, my best papa! But there is now no danger at all—that I assure you. Besides which, I have much—respect for medicines."

The Colonel was silent. Her Honour sighed. Julie cast roguish glances at me. The carriage drew up, we were at home. It was already quite late in the evening.

During supper the Colonel said to his son, "Now Carl, when were you so fortunate as to meet with your *Linnæa borealis*?"

The Cornet answered briskly, "Exactly today, papa!" and taking out his pocket-book, drew from it a little plant, saying, "this little northern flower, which, with the exception of Sweden and Norway, is found only in Switzerland, and upon a mountain in America, has a most remarkable smell, particularly in the night time. It has already begun to dry, but it smells well yet—does it not, Julie?"

"The cross, best Carl!" exclaimed Julie, "it smells really strong of wormwood!—or, no—what do I say!—it smells—"

"Wormwood!" said the Cornet confusedly, and looked with embarrassment upon his sprig of wormwood; "I have made a mistake—I have lost, I had—"

The Colonel laughed sarcastically, "One must confess," said he, "that this *Linnæa borealis* is a most curious plant!"

The one, however, who, soon after this, came to know something more about the *Linnæa borealis*, was her Honour. There existed between mother and son such an inward tenderness, the questions of the one inevitably drew forth the confidence of the other, if this were not volunteered. Of all her children her Honour loved most her eldest son, although she would not confess that her heart knew any difference between them. He was the most like her of all, not only in feature, but in the intrinsic goodness of the heart. Besides, the care which his extremely weak and delicate childhood required, had cost her a great deal of her own health and strength, and that, perhaps, more than all the rest, had fostered her maternal heart to the child who was preserved through so many sacrifices. That which costs us much becomes precious to us. Now also was she rewarded by the most heartfelt filial love.

If her Honour knew of any mystery, she did not help us out of our darkness. The Colonel seemed to know no more than we did, because he used frequently to joke in gay humour about botany and the *Linnæa borealis*, of which word the Cornet had a real horror—and the utterance of which he always endeavoured to prevent, by

the introduction of some new subject, the first that offered.

In the mean time he continued his rambles uninterruptedly; even undertook a little journey on foot to an adjacent district, which would occupy a week; because—but of that hereafter.

The Colonel said with his customary quietness, "In a fortnight the young gentleman will join the army, afterwards an expedition to Roslagen will occupy him the whole summer; he will lose his love for botany and the Linnæa borealis during that time."

During all this Julie was in her way in a deplorable condition. Lieutenant Arvid, who in the country missed those subjects of conversation which were furnished by a city life, began in his *l'été à l'été* with his bride, to have nothing to say but, "My little Julie!" to which by way of filling up the pause a kiss always ensued, to which the "little Julie" was sometimes averse. After the lovers had sat beside each other for a long time in silent attention, she began to yawn. Then said Arvid, "Thou art sleepy, little Julie."

"Yes," she replied; "and thanks to thee for it," she thought.

"Lean against me, my angel, and get a little nap," said the gentle voice of her future earthly support, "lean against me and the sofa cushion, which I will place thus. I will lean against the other pillow, and also have a nap—that will be divinely beautiful!"

With rather a troubled look, Julie followed the advice, and presently people saw, both forenoon and afternoon, the betrothed sitting and half-slumbering together. Julie often said, to be sure, that it was a sin and a shame thus to sleep away life, but her bridegroom thought that it was thus that one enjoyed it most, and thus, as only a good little wife but a bride will attend to the wishes of her beloved, and so Julie took for the present her forenoon and afternoon nap. Once she was heard to say half angrily, in return to Lieutenant Arvid's prayer that she would consider him as a cushion, "I assure you, that I begin to do so in real earnest."

#### THE BLIND GIRL.

I see—the night alone.

HIS Honour, who now for certainty had discovered the grounds of my supposed melancholy in a probable tendency to consumption, prescribed for me a course of milk diet, and leisurely walks into the fresh air early in the morning.

Perhaps also she did so in order that in an easy manner she might make me the companion of Elisabeth, to whom the physicians had prescribed the same diet. But however it might be, four things were made out: I was melancholy; I had consumption; I should be cured; and I must walk.

I began thus to drink milk, and walk out arm in arm with the silent Elisabeth through the beautiful parks when the birds, especially at this time of the day, struck up concerts, in which they were not disturbed by the gentle steps of the two wanderers, nor by merry words from their lips.

Elisabeth's state of mind was in the beginning cold and unfriendly. She was silent almost always, and the few words which she uttered bore the impression of a diseased and irritable temper. She often asked, "What o'clock is it!" And upon my reply, there always followed from her an impatient sigh, "Not more!"

I was silent, because I—because I really did not know what to say—because I dreaded by an imprudent word to wound her restless, sensitive, unhappy soul. I saw her suffer—would so gladly have endeavoured to console her, but knew not what tone I must strike that it might beneficially reach her heart. Besides, it seems true that human words have less power to assuage the sufferings of a being than this mild, fresh, life-giving spring air which floated around us, than this melodious chorus which swelled forth from the soothing groves, than this rich delicious odour which seemed to be the breath of young nature, which we drew in with ours, and which lovingly pressed to the inmost of our souls. Ah, what could I have said, indeed, more beneficial, more tender, more calming, than this beautiful, wonderful poesy of nature!

By degrees Elisabeth's state of mind became gentler. My silent but unobtrusive attentions were no longer repulsed unkindly. She spoke more frequently, and with greater calmness.

One day she said to me, "You are as quiet and kind as nature; it does me good to be with you." As I never, with a single question, sought to intrude into the inmost of her soul, she seemed by degrees to forget altogether that she was surrounded by anything else than that nature in whose bosom the most unfortunate being need not fear to pour forth her sufferings, and who often is the best, the most consoling friend. She often uttered broken sounds—now full of a still sorrow, now mysterious, wild, murmuring; sometimes she sung monotonously, but charmingly, a sort of cradle-song, as if she would hush to sleep the stormy feelings of her heart. This pensive, pleasing song produced in me sometimes exactly that melancholy which her Honour wished to cure.

In her behaviour Elisabeth gave the same play as hitherto to her unrestrained outbreak of feelings. She often stretched forth her arms with vehemence, or made movements with them as if she would remove from her something horrible; sometimes she pressed her hands tightly upon her breast, or clasped them together upon her brow with an expression of unutterable suffering. Often her movements were so violent and so wild that it seemed to approach an outbreak of insanity. But as soon as our morning promenade was ended, and we drew near home, she regained by degrees her reserved, cold, almost unnaturally stiff demeanour.

One morning when we had sat upon a bench, she said hastily to me, "We sit in the sun—is it not so? I feel its warmth. Let us seek the shade. I do not like the sun, and it has no part in me."

I led her to a bench where a leafy hedge of lilacs kept off the beams of the sun.

"It must be right beautiful to-day," said Elisabeth; "I think that I have never felt such a sweet air." And now she began to question me about the colour of flowers, about trees and birds, about all which surrounded us, beautiful,

but for her invisible, and all this with a tone so mournfully gentle, so filled with quiet resignation, that a deep and inward emotion overcame my heart; and some tears, which I sought not to repress, fell from my eyes upon her hand, which rested in mine. She hastily withdrew it, saying, "You weep for me, you can feel compassion for me! Nobody should do so—nobody should pity me—nobody should deplore me,—I do not deserve it! You shall no longer be deceived in me—know me—detest me! This heart has wished to commit a crime—this head has committed a murder! I advance now—I know it—I feel it—towards death, but towards a quiet, almost easy death, far from shame and dishonour,—and I had deserved to end my days by the hand of the executioner upon the gallows."

I seemed at these words as if the day darkened around me—I was silent in quiet horror. The blind girl was silent too; first with an expression of wild despair, then with a laugh of scorn upon her pale lips. At length this passed off in an expression of gloomy dejection, as she softly and slowly asked, "Is anybody near me now?"

"I am here," replied I, as calmly and as gently as possible, for I felt how much more the unhappy guilty one needs the kindness of his fellow-creatures than the innocent sufferer.

"Soon," said Elisabeth, and laid her hands upon her breast; "soon will the flames of hell, which rage here, be extinguished! Silent death, I know thy friendly approach! The fanning of thy waving wings gives to me at times a moment's alleviation. Soon will this cold heart rest, stiff in the cold earth! Motherly earth, thou wilt clasp in thy breast the weary child, whom no maternal heart, no father's breast, no friend's sustaining arm has known and blessed, during the whole of life's long, long day! But why do I complain! That I may receive the alms of despicable pity! And not once do I deserve that! I am a miserable being!"

She was silent; but, after a pause, began again:

"It is strange!—to-day—to-day—after so many hundred days of the silently-sustained misery of life, my heart will speak—will, like a long-fettered captive, breathe a freer air—will step forth to-day, regardless of the feelings of horror and detestation which the view of the miserable criminal must awake in others. The flames will now blaze up once more, and cast abroad a light, even though a ghastly one, before it is extinguished for ever.

"Turn from me your face, Beata! Follow the example of the sun—it is of no consequence,—or rather is it right so,—I have now something to lose—your pity. Well, I have deserved this punishment."

She was again silent. Vehement and painful feelings seemed to shake her soul, and an indescribable expression of enthusiasm and melancholy was painted on her beautiful countenance, as she stretched forth her arms longingly, and exclaimed—

"Father-land, freedom, honour! Could I have lived, and fought, and died for you! I should not then have been the wretched fallen being that I now am. O if I had been a man! Then would not my heart have beaten fruitlessly

for you, the worthy goal of the eagle-flight of the soul! These flames, which now consume my criminal breast, have then been kindled upon your altars, and blaze on high, a clear and holy flame of sacrifice. But now! Oh, how unfortunate is the woman to whom nature gives a soul, full of fire, strength of feeling, and enthusiasm! Unfortunate the woman who sees in the narrow circle within which she is called upon, quietly and untruly to live and work, only a joyless condition, a prison, a grave of life!

"I was this unhappy one. Oh, how have I not suffered through this contest against destiny! This was the dragon with which I fought—which I fancied myself elected to conquer; and it has thrown me down into the dust, crushed me, trampled upon me like a worm!

"In the haughtiness of my youthful feelings I was proud of my fire, of the depth and expansion of my feeling. I disdained to regulate myself by reason, to acknowledge any other power than my own will. I felt that I had wings. I would fly. I would raise myself above every thing—I have fallen!

"O that my dying voice could be heard by every woman who, fiery and impassioned, believes herself formed to be something great, splendid, and astonishing; who fancies that the breadth and expansion of feeling wherewith she is gifted, entitle her to despise the silent world, within which her place in the social ordination is assigned, which is appointed to her both by divine and human laws. O that she could see me, fallen by over-stepping these laws, and hear me warningly say, 'Misguided, pitiable being! struggle against thyself—against thy own impassioned soul! Behold the dragon with which thou oughtest to contend—whose fire will consume thee, and be the bane of others, if thou do not subject it. Submit thyself to the laws of destiny and society—combat with thyself, or thou wilt suffer, and will be crushed like me!'

"For me it is too late to combat—the power is gone, the will is gone! The fire has the upper hand. The temple burns, burns, burns; and will burn, till the winds find in it nothing but ashes. I have myself kindled my funeral pile—I consume and suffer!

"Thou world around me; full of harmony, beauty, and song; which, like an awakened, smiling child, surrounded me with caressing arms; in vain thou smilest, in vain thou flatterest. I understand thee not—I suffer!

"When I was young—a century since then—there reigned a storm in my breast, but then I was nearer to the first—now I see a heaven no longer. When I was young, very young, I loved already with the whole strength of passion. My first love was for my native land. You smile perhaps, find perhaps this feeling ridiculous in the breast of a girl. So have others done; and yet—my native land! The noble, beloved land of Sweden, had all thy so-called my heart, then wouldst thou now be the home of heroes—the non of Europe!

"You have read—have heard speak, of martyrs—of the fearful torments, of the almost incredible cruelties which the friends of freedom and fatherland have suffered in all ages; and you have turned away your eyes in horror, with-

drawn your thoughts. I read also, I heard also of the fate of these, but thirsted to share them: dwelt with curiosity upon all pangs, all torments of hell; the bliss of heaven seemed they to me. if borne, O fatherland, for thee! I besought from heaven for the honour, the joy of these!

"Whilst the flower of my youth unfolded, and my feelings swelled like the streams of spring, rolled the murder-chariot of war, through Europe—only an echo of the clangour of arms, which glittered forth from contending masses, reached our peaceful land. But it reached my heart, and awoke there the wildest, the most transporting feelings. Ah, I was only a woman! people laughed at my enthusiasm, they ridiculed it. I wept the bitterest tears of indignation, and concealed my fervour in my own breast.

"Peace was made, and the names *fatherland* and *freedom*, which in the blaze of the fires of war seemed so splendid and bright, lost, under the shadow of the olive, many of their enchanting rays. Even in my breast these beautiful names lost their magical power, since no longer was united to them, thoughts of danger, combat, and honourable death. Peace was made; the excitement of mind was stilled. The world which surrounded me was more common-place and uniform than before. But my heart remained like itself, wished to live, wished to labour; I was as before, and more than before, full of desire to reach the splendid heights of existence, and was by my fellow-creatures, the laws of society, conventional life, and established proprieties, repulsed again for ever to my life of nothingness. Never was a galley-slave so unhappy as I. Restless as the spirit of the tempest my soul agitated itself, embracing the world, it desired to raise itself to the stars, pressed through the covering of every feeling, the impediments to all knowledge; and my body and my observation remained fettered to that which is the most despised, and the most trivial in life. I lived as it were, two existences in one,—and the one was the torment of the other.

"The only passion permitted by the world to the heart of woman—in education its development mostly takes place through the reading of novels, sentimental poetry, and such like,—is love. I became acquainted with it. People say that it ennobles the woman, that it creates her happiness,—it has conducted me to crime, it conducts me now to my grave!

"My father died. He never understood, never loved me, never made me happy! why did he give me life? Had my mother lived, (O she would have understood, would have loved me! I have heard much said of her; she had suffered much—combated much. I was the offspring of her last sigh, which I drew in with my first breath—with the first and last mother's kiss. Therefore was perhaps my whole life also like to a work of death—a strife, an eternal combat. Soon, however, it will be at an end!

"My guardian, from whom I had lived hitherto very distant, took me to live with him. You know him—but no, you know him not! You fancy him to be a God upon earth,—and he is a stern, inflexible man,—an irreconcilable, severe judge. O how stern has he not been with me! How I loved him! I had nobody and nothing upon earth. He was every thing to me. I saw nothing and nobody except him. I told him so.

O if he had only had some gentleness, some mercy towards me! But he was only severe. His eye was cold, his word austere. I was in despair, but I adored him nevertheless.

"I was handsome, I was intellectual; full of youth, and life, and feeling. As the waves in vain strike against the rock which resists and repels them, so in vain were all my feelings, all my natural gifts, offered like a sacrifice on his altar. Ah, the waves may yet bathe with tears the hard breast which breaks and repulses them! I could not weep upon the hand which thrust me back,—which extended to me the chalice of death. He whom I above all things valued and loved, he called my feeling for him criminal. I know not whether it were so or no. Common it was not,—and perhaps not suitable for earth. I should not at that time have shunned the glance of angels into my heart—they would have understood me. The angels of heaven love indeed!—and must love in a higher and purer degree than the children of earth, for they love the highest good—they love God! Ah, he was a god to me! Why was he only a vengeful austere judge? His judgment of me caused me to despise myself, and adore him only the more!

"At one moment worldly pride arose in my breast; I wished to conquer my passion,—to punish the inflexible severity of its object.

"I betrothed myself to a young man—good and amiable I believe—who loved me; I do not remember much about him. I wished to punish, and thought I could do so by this means; yes—because sometimes there passed through me the belief that—I was loved by him who was every thing to me. Can love be the only fire which does not possess the power to warm the object about which all its burning rays collect? And besides that, I was so beautiful—and he was, I know it, weak towards female beauty. Yet what have I said! when indeed was he weak? When did I see him waver—the proud, noble, strong! Oh, I—I was the weak—the bewildered, the besotted, the miserable!

"Preparations were made for my marriage; the bridal dresses were all ready; they surrounded me with presents, caresses, and flatteries. I looked upon him whom I loved—he was very pale.

"The marriage-day came—the hour for the ceremony came—I looked at him, he was pale; there burned in his eyes a gloomy flame; but he said—nothing. In the last important moment—I looked again at him—at that time he turned his face from me; his handsome, noble, beloved face, he turned from me,—with a look—O memory! I said, *yes!* Hell was in my heart!

"That same evening I went forth and hid myself—hid myself from every one. It was strange in my head and in my breast. How they sought for me!—ha, ha, ha! there was a commotion!

"I had some money with me, and succeeded by travelling under an assumed name, in reaching one of the seaports of Sweden.

"I saw the sea—a storm agitated it—the morning heaven stood above it with red flames. I remember it yet—ah! it was beautiful! I sat upon a rock, and looked out at the sea. The immeasurable opened its arms for me; but

low rolled over billow—roaring, foaming—thither—thither—in the infinite, towards the unbounded distance, where ocean and heaven embraced each other. It roared and raged—hu! it was fearful and magnificent. Something like a fresh gale swept through my troubled breast. I felt myself refreshed, strengthened. The billows spoke a language which did me good. They whispered, they beckoned to me, 'Thither! thither!' Half the day I sat silent upon the rock, looked out at the sea and listened; saw the sun ascend from the waves, saw the sails with white dove-like wings upon the blue sea, under the blue heaven, floating away towards some far-off peaceful shore. I listened to the admonitory voices of the billows, and determined to follow their call.

"I wished to go to America. I wished to go far, far from the earth which he trod, from the air which he breathed; from the language, the manners, which were his.

"The day was come on which I was to set out—it was now the hour. I was about to ascend into the ship of my deliverance, its streamers floated merrily in a favourable wind; soon should I be rocked upon the heaving waves, which sung so pleasantly,—amid their song, all at once was heard the sound of a voice—I felt my arm seized, and dragged back by force. Terrible words were spoken to me by a beloved voice. I scarcely understood them—every thing appeared to me strange, incomprehensible. Like a prisoner was I brought back to my husband. At that time I felt something extraordinary in my head and breast—it was a dance, a whirling—and, as it were, a gnawing grief. It increased and increased in violence—I became what people call—mad!

"The same hand which led me with force from the shore of deliverance, now fettered my hands. He whom I loved so infinitely—for whom I would have given my life a thousand times—laid me in chains—and conducted me to—the madhouse!

"A time, without time, passed over for me there—days, nights, mornings, evenings, all were alike,—all were a blank. Of this time I remember nothing,—only this, that I several times heard a well-known voice name my name; also this, that once somebody near me said, 'Yet if she could but weep!' I wondered, then, very much what all this meant, and often repeated, in a sort of confused uneasiness, 'weep!'

"One day—I know not where they had conducted me—nor with whom I was. Before my eyes every thing floated in wild, confused masses. Then all at once I perceived a roaring, like that of a stormy sea; but the roaring was possessed of a sound, a tone—swelled in wonderful and mighty harmony, sunk into a pleasant and grave melody.

"With this a voice united itself, which sang clear and still,

'O Lamb of God, which takest away the sins of the world.'

"Like a cloud which, full of the dew of heaven, sinks down upon a hard, barren earth, thus sank down upon my stiffened soul the holy harmony, and extinguished its scorching lava.

"Impelled now by a strange power, I began loudly to accompany the singing, and sang with a full remembrance of the words and the music.

It was that which I heard when I received the communion first—when I, with holy feelings, bowed my knee, and saw heaven open itself above me. At the words,

'Give us thy peace,'

my tears began to flow, and from this hour my consciousness returned. Yes, that—but peace—ah, I perceived not that; and now always, and perhaps for ever, tarried heaven's dove far from me.

"Ah, I desired not that it should come to my breast! there was no submission, no sanctification, no desire for it.

"My husband was dead. I was glad of it. I came again to the house of my guardian; I wished to do so; my heart had undergone a change, and I believed that I hated as much as I had loved before. I wished again to see him for whom I had suffered so much—see him to defy him; to let him see, and, if possible, feel, that even I could be proud, cold, disdainful. I wished to humble him. Adored by wife and children, and loving them in return, I saw him stand calmly and happily in the bosom of his family. For all—for the very meanest had he kindness; for me he had only a look more cold, more proud, more severe than before.

"I felt all the chords of my soul vibrate. A horrible feeling took possession of my breast. His actual coldness mocked my assumed coldness; his strength, my weakness; his calmness, my perpetual disquiet. He had acted severely towards me. I thought that he, in his happy pride, trampled me like a worm in the dust. His image pursued me; sleeping or waking, I saw only it. It stood before me like a giant; he stifled, he stopped my breath. If he were not, then I should breathe! If he were not, then I should be! If he no longer lived, then he would cease to be my life's torment. Struck out from the number of the living, he would soon cease to exist in the memory of the living. I would give myself air—revenge—punish him—revenge! To-day, to-day his calm look defied me—to-morrow!

"Crime, like a word, the offspring of thought, springs forth and appears often, like something harmless; but its consequences extend themselves through eternity.

"One evening I mixed arsenic in a glass of almond milk, which my guardian was about to drink.

"I had some by me to mix for myself; for it occurred to me that I should feel—remorse."

"Have you felt remorse?"

I was in no mood to answer.

Elisabeth continued, "After I had done this horrible deed, I went up to my own room; I felt myself calm and cold; marble cold was my body; so seemed my heart too; its throbbing was stupified. I stood before the fire, warming my icy hands, when I began to bear violent movements and an anxious noise in the house.

"Anxiety then took hold of me. I went down and saw my victim, pale as death, almost without consciousness, sitting leaning back on the sofa, surrounded by wife and children, who were sunk into an actual agony of despair.

"As I entered, my guardian cast a look upon me; never shall I forget it! Then a burning spirit of hell approached me, and seized with

sharp bloody claws upon my heart. *It was remorse!*

"I confessed my crime aloud; called for the curse of them whom I had made unhappy. I threw myself on the floor, and let my forehead kiss the dust. Nobody raised against me a voice of accusation; but no hand was extended to me. I crept to the feet of him whom I had murdered; I wanted to kiss them; but another foot thrust me back—it was his wife. I kissed it, and was so happy as to lose consciousness.

"I continued for a long time in perfect bewilderment of mind. When I recovered my consciousness, I saw my guardian standing beside my bed, heard his recovery from his own lips, heard him give me his forgiveness.

"So sunk, so deeply sunken was I, that I would rather have heard his curse. It would, it seemed to me, have made my unworthiness less deep, and him less great.

"The wildest storm of all passions raged in my heart. I cursed the light, and the light withdrew its beams from my unworthy eyes, and eternal night enclosed my body as well as my soul.

The storms of nature are short; to them calm, clear days succeed. In the human breast the hurricanes of passion rage long, and have only a moment's calm. I knew such, but it was the calm of night—the stupefaction of life—stifening—the cradle-song of darkness. It ceased in order to give place to a new rending, burning fire, which the eternally flowing fountains of tears never could quench. I felt an infinitely oppressive, burning desire for *reconciliation*.

"Oh, the death of the crosses—torments, bloody sweat, unending pain! to suffer it, and through it reconciliation; that, that had been delight! But blind, like a mummy among living beings; a criminal broken off from humanity; a nullity in ability, a nothing.—I stood, despicable, despised! O misery, misery, misery!

"That I might, however, at the least, punish myself, I determined to live—to live—a mark for the scorn of those whom I loved and honoured; to repulse every compassionate hand—and to torment myself as much as possible.

"I left once more the family whose happiness I had nearly destroyed, and for several years passed a wretched life. I returned because death had laid his hand upon my breast. My guardian wished it. He will govern my existence till its last breath. I can no longer help it—it is the decree of fate. I have power no longer,—with me all is past—past!"

She ceased. I began now to speak some composing, admonitory words. I spoke of patience, of submission—I mentioned—prayer.

"Prayer!" repeated Elisabeth with a bitter smile. "Listen Beata. For the whole of many years I have prayed,—night and day, at all times, at every moment; I have lain upon my knees till the cold has stiffened my limbs to ice, and prayed, 'O Father, take this cup from me!' Like a stone, which has been thrown upwards and falls down again and wounds the breast of the sufferer, has prayer become to me—I pray—never again!"

"O pray, O pray!" I said, weeping, "pray only with the right mind—Gud pities—gives strength to the pure will."

"God!" said the Blind, with a gloomy voice, "O world,—which I shall never more see;—

sun, which no more will light my eyes, thou speakest of a God! Heart, eternal disquiet! in thy throbbing sounds his name. Conscience, chaatser—thou proclaimeest revenge! Fire of love,—thou life of my life! in thy flames I divine of thy eternal origin. But, bright angel,—thou, faith,—which canst shew me my God—thou I know not. I had been early cast down into the abyss of doubt. I deny not—but I believe not. I see—darkness alone."

"And the clearness of reconciliation! And the beaming glory of the Crucified?—and Jesus!" I asked with astonishment and horror.

The Blind was silent a moment, with an expression of bitter melancholy, and then said—

"I once read about a vision or dream—and many a time has its spectral form arisen, horrible and sad, in my inward being.

"In the middle of the night,\* shaken by invisible hands, the doors of the church sprang open. A crowd of dejected shadows thronged around the altar, and only their breasts heaved and moved with violence. The children rested, however, quietly in their graves.

"Then descended from on high down to the altar, a beaming shape, noble, sublime, and which bore the stamp of unobliterated suffering. The dead exclaimed, 'O Christ! is there no God!' He answered, 'There is none!' All the shades began to tremble violently; and Christ continued, 'I have gone through the worlds, I have ascended above the suns,—and there also is there no God. I have trodden to the extreme bounds of creation, I have looked down into hell, and I have exclaimed, 'Father, where art thou?' But I heard there only the rain, which fell down, drop after drop, in the depth,—and the eternal storm, which no order leads, alone replied to me. I then raised my eyes to the vault of heaven, and found there only space—dark, silent, boundless. Eternity rested upon chaos, and gnawed it, and consumed itself slowly. 'Renew your bitter, heart-rending cry of lamentation and disperse yourselves, for all is over!' The unconsolated shadows vanished. The church soon was empty; but all at once—horrible sight!—hastened forth the dead children, which in their course had awoke in the churchyard, and threw themselves down before the majestic form of the altar, and exclaimed, 'Jesus, have we no father!' and he replied, but with a torrent of tears, 'We are all fatherless; you and I, we have no —,'"

Here the Blind broke off, as if in horror of this disease, delirious fantasy; was silent a moment; but after this clasped together her hands, stretched forth her arms as she uttered a wild, penetrating cry, full of the most horrible despair.

At this moment hasty steps approached us, and the Colonel stood suddenly before us, fixing upon me an inquiring and uneasy look. The Blind, who knew his step, let fall her hands, trembling, but raised them again quickly towards him, beseeching him, with a heart-rending expression, "Be reconciled! be kind to me! I am so unhappy! If I am again mad—take me not to the madhouse! It will soon be all over with me. Let beloved hands, at least close my eyelids!"

\* See Madame de Staël's Germany, 2nd vol., Jean Paul's Dream.

Compassion and deep pain agitated the countenance of the Colonel. He looked long at Elisabeth, seated himself beside her, placed his arm sustainingly around her waist, and let her head rest upon his breast.

It was the first time that I had seen him tender towards her. The tears flowed slowly down her pale cheeks. Beautiful she was, but beautiful like a fallen angel, whose expression of despair and deep shame shew that she felt herself unworthy of the pity that was given to her.

I now saw her Honour approaching us in the distance. When she saw Elisabeth in the arms of the Colonel, she paused for a moment, but again advanced to us, although with some astonishment expressed in her face. The Colonel remained still. Elisabeth seemed to see nothing around her. Her Honour came near to us, the glances of husband and wife met, and—melted together in a clear and friendly beam. From a common feeling they extended to each other their hand.

Her Honour caressed Elisabeth, and spoke tenderly to her—she answered merely by sobs. After a moment the Colonel rose, and giving one arm to Elisabeth, his wife took the other, and softly and with tender care they led her home between them.

I remained alone quietly in the park. Amid uneasy and painful feelings, I looked up to the mild spring-blue heaven, with inward longing that its clearness might beam down into my soul.

During the wandering through a quiet destiny, saved from the agitations which visit so many pilgrims of life, and sustaining in a peaceful breast a living faith, a sanctifying hope; for the greatest part have the misfortunes, suffering, and despair of my fellow-creatures been the cloud, which at times has concealed my beautiful sun and the gladness of my life, which many times has made me look up on high with a painful—"wherefore!"

But the answer is not long delayed, because it has been demanded with the inward voice of prayer. Calming winds have wafted through my excited soul, and have whispered,—

"The clouds fly, the sun remains still. The crime, pains, and despair of human beings cannot darken the goodness of the Creator. We see merely a small part. Those die—change. God is unchangeable."

In vain is it that we doubt, that we murmur, that we disquiet ourselves. All the erring paths of life have a point of exit. In the moment when the darkness seems to us the deepest, we are perhaps the nearest to the light. After the hour of midnight strike indeed the hours of morning; and were it even the bell of death, which announced the hour of deliverance, what could we indeed say to ourselves more consolatory, if to us the labyrinth of life has been narrow and dark, than, "A door will open, and we shall come forth—to the light!" Let it seem to us ever so narrow and so closed against us,—we know it—"A door will open to us!" Well then,—let us wait, let us hope!

Elisabeth's state of mind remained from this day yet more unquiet. She had now and then attacks of actual insanity, and the care and anxiety for her were obliged to be redoubled.

Her suffering and her unpeaceful life diffused

frequently some gloom over the remainder of the family. In particular it seemed to operate prejudicially on the health and temper of the Colonel.

That I may not weary the attention of my readers by fixing their eyes upon a picture so dark, I will conduct them now to another. It is bright and gay; in it appears united the youth of the earth and the human heart. We will call it—

#### SPRING AND LOVE.

"I, I too was in Arcadia!"

INNOCENT joys! innocent cares! ye friends of my young years,—angels, who, amid smiles and tears, opened to me the portals of life, upon you I call to-day! And you also, thoughts, pure as the blue of heaven! feelings, warm as the beams of the May sun! hope, as fresh as the breath of the spring morning! I call you—come, O come to revive my wearied mind.

I will sing of spring and love, youth and gladness;—pleasant and fresh memories, the nightingales of the moments of youth; lift up your tones, I will set to notes your melodies, and be yet once more enchanted by your song!

On the two-and-twentieth day of May ascended a clear spring-sun, and tinged with gold-yellow beams Cornet Carl's eyelids. The stars of the order of the sword glittered as it were by dozens before his dreaming eyes. He endeavoured eagerly to see them more clearly, strove to open his eyes,—woke, and saw the stars vanish before the splendid beams of the day, upon whose prisms of light millions of atoms danced.

A quarter of an hour after this he was to be seen, with his game-bag upon his shoulder, brushing through the fresh morning dews. It was a spring morning, beautiful as that described by Böttiger:

All nature lay so glad and still;  
Green stood each molehill there;  
And every lark sang sweetly shrill,  
To every floweret's prayer.  
The little brooks flowed softly on;  
And o'er the lake's calm breast,  
Through reeds she went, the silent swan,  
So rich in song, in silver vest.

Up to the sun the eagle flew,  
Its brightness thence to draw;  
From flowers the bees their nectar drew,  
And annets dragged their straw.  
In the rose's cup the butterfly  
Its purple wings conceal'd,  
And the maple green, that grew hard by,  
Two cooling doves reveal'd.

A young man there, in joyous mood,  
Was walking in the shade;  
The spring-time revell'd in his blood,  
And love his eye display'd.

In this young man we now see Cornet Carl, who, in the affluence of pleasant and fresh feelings, which the morning hours of life and nature united alone bestow, looked around him.—now up to the bright blue heaven, now down to that reflected in the diamonds of the grass glittering in morning dews; now to the far distance, where the rosy-hued light clouds withdrew themselves ever farther and farther.

A delicious balsamic odour came caressingly upon the wings of the zephyrs—

Thus far had I written, amid the ever increasing warmth of the feelings, when I suddenly perceived so strong a fragrance of rose-essence that my head became quite confused; at the same time I became aware of a buzzing and humming around me. I lifted my pen (which just at this moment was as if it were possessed) from the paper, and looked around me.

What a sight! The room was full of little shining cherubs, with garlands of roses in their hands, garlands of roses round their heads, and whose incessantly trembling wings occasioned that extraordinary buzzing. The longer I observed these wonderful beings, the more dazzling and bewildering seemed to me the colours which shone in their eyes, upon their cheeks, upon their pinions, and so on. And as I turned my eyes from them, upon other objects,—behold, then seemed to me my ink white, my paper black, my yellow walls were green, myself (in the glass) *couleur de rose*. No wonder was it that the rose odour mounted up into my head.

Now I recognised the little rascals. I had seen them before; and who has not seen, who does not know them? It is they who play their jugglery upon the girl of seventeen, and turn her head a little. It is they who confuse the eye of the youth, and let him read in the tablets of his future "*pleasure and usefulness*," instead of "*usefulness and pleasure*." It is they who bear the blame of people giving themselves so much trouble about nothing, running thirty miles after a jack-o'-lantern; that people many a time cannot see clearly enough to lift up their hand and catch hold of their good luck which goes close beside them. It is they who, like April weather, travel about, deceiving the whole world, and making fools of the whole world; who contrive that P. gets married, and that B. remains unmarried, and that both do wrong; who occasion A. to say "Yes," J. to say "No;" and they both say wrong. It is they who throng even into the banking-house of Beräkenman, make him confused in his bills, and cause him to write down a seven instead of a two. It is they, in short, who buzz so unmercifully, humming and whirring around the bard, and often cause him to produce that which has no sound reason in it, to paint reality with false colours, and to mislead himself and others. Charming phantasmagoria of the imagination, little rose-coloured rogues! Who knows you not? But who avoids not, who would not willingly chase you away, who has for once experienced your tricks and your cheats? Who, in particular, who lives and weaves through the *rez-de-chaussée* of every-day life, works with discretion and order to throw his shuttle into the simple web, must he not take care, more than any one else, that he do not allow his brain to be mystified and his thoughts bewildered by your rose odour?

I saw in what danger I stood, upon what a dangerous path my pen had begun to travel. I laid it down, rose up, drank two glasses of water, opened the window, breathed of the yet snow-cold April air, looked up to the bright heaven, looked down into the court where they were hanging out clothes, next turned my attention upon three cats, which always sate in a ground-floor window opposite to me, observing, with philosophical looks and little motions of the head, the world around them; with one word,

I allowed my looks to take hold of the every-day world around me, and come out from the world of fantasy which raised me upon the wings of my youthful remembrance, and spread itself around me. One of the pretty little rogues had whispered in my ear, "One may permit to oneself a little falsehood, merely to produce a good effect;" and if I had not in time looked about me, and bethought myself; then perhaps, might the reader have happened to see such a spring, and such a love, the like of which is nowhere to be found, unless, perhaps, in Arcadia.

When I returned from the window, the air of the room was free and fresh. The little rose-coloured shapes of delusion had vanished, and I again saw all objects in their true and natural colours.

The picture of reality must resemble a clear stream, which, during its course, reflects with purity and truth the objects which mirror themselves in its waves, and through whose crystal one can see its bed and all that lies thereon. All that the painter or the author, in the representation of these, can permit to his fancy, is to act the part of a sunbeam, which, without changing the peculiarity of an object, yet gives to all hues a more lively brightness, lets the sparkling of the waves become more diamond-like, and lights up with a purer brilliancy even the sandy bed of the brook.

In the strength of this new discovery, I assume with calmness the part of sunbeams, allotted to me in all discretion, and allow it to pour its brightness over a true representation of spring and love. But sunshine may weary, like every thing else, when it lasts too long (as, for example, in Egypt), therefore I will allow my sunbeams merely here and there to glance forth during our wandering through the elysium of youth, and to light up only the places where I desire that my reader should pleasantly delay his steps; or, also, where I have a desire to sit down to warm and rest myself. Let us now step out of the shadow into

#### THE FIRST SUNBEAM.

It shines through a gloomy pine wood, and presents us with a view of an open space. In the background we see that little grey house which figured in the scenes of a foregoing chapter. In the foreground we see the green shores which are bathed by the clear waves of a lake. Granite rocks rear up here and there their unshapely forms, and stand like sentinels around the heaven-blue palace of the water-lady; young birches peep forth beside this with green crowns, and rock their branches, rich in joy, in the west-wind which plays around, full of life and delight, in one word, full of *spring*.

On the shore of the lake, in the green birch-wood, we perceive a young man and a young lady sitting beside each other upon the flower-decorated grass. They look happy,—they seem to enjoy nature, themselves, every thing. He relates something to her; his eyes beam; now they look up to heaven, now glance around, with an expression of proud, blessed consciousness; now they rest for a long time upon her, as if they would read into her soul. Now he strikes his breast; he stretches forth his arms, as if he would embrace the whole world; he speaks with all the warmth of a deep and inward devo-

tion, and must therefore most certainly persuade. She listens kindly to his words: they seem to please her; she smiles, sometimes amid tears, sometimes with an expression of surprise and admiration; clasps together or lifts up her hands with an exclamation of lovely delight, and looks in an especial manner all the more convinced. Convinced of what! Of the young man's love?

Fish, fish!

Must it be of love directly?

No,—convinced that Gustaf Wasa was the greatest king; Gustavus Adolphus, the greatest knight which ever lived; that Charles the Twelfth was as great a hero as Napoleon, as well as that *the Swedish people were of all people the first and foremost on the earth.*

Some of my readers, who have a particularly good memory, or else an uncommon faculty for guessing, may perhaps send up the rocket-like idea:

"Here have we certainly Cornet Carl and his *Lianza borealis*, or the handsome *Hermína*!"

So it was.

"But how have they made acquaintance?" asks some one perhaps.

I answer, see the Old Testament, First Book of Moses, twenty-fourth chapter. Eleazar's acquaintance with Rebecca. The modifications which are caused by the difference in ancient and modern times, manners, and modes of speech, between an Idyllic scene in Mesopotamia in the time of the Patriarchs and one in Sweden in the nineteenth century, are not so important as to induce me to give a new sketch of a scene which would only give occasion to every one to repeat Solomon's tiresome, but true proverb, "There is nothing new under the sun;" and besides, would excite in me the unpleasant feeling of giving a feeble copy of a beautiful original—but enough; here also was a weary traveller, a well, a young maiden who came with a pitcher to draw water, and who gave to the traveller to drink. This one had to be sure no camels, but still a gentle, thankful heart, for all love, excepting Christians, impenetrable. And this beautiful weakness and this noble strength caused him to accompany that kind maiden to her home, and carry for her her pitcher of water.

Since we have now taken a draught of light (for, in order not to offend the Temperance Society, I will not call it a dram) of the first, we will go over to the

#### SECOND SUNBEAM.

Which will give us a sight of the Wood-family, as well as an insight into Cornet Carl's heart, which may afford us an oversight of that which may be the intention of fate regarding him, and may lead to moral reflection on the superintendence which it is good for every one to have over his heart amid the magic play of life.

If Hermína might with justice be compared to Rebecca, yet the Baron K—, Hermína's step-father, had not the least resemblance to the hospitable Bethuel. Cold and unfriendly in the extreme, he almost repulsed the young wanderer. His wife, the already announced Woodlady, was not much kinder. It seemed as if she felt both fear and vexation to have been discovered in that hiding-place. But no one

could long be fearful, or cold and unfriendly, towards a young man like Cornet Carl. His candour, his amiable and fresh cheerfulness, the goodness which beamed from his whole being, his simplicity, together with a certain noble grace in his deportment, which he derived from his father; his careless, free, gentle look, which always met clearly and calmly that of others, which attached to him persons of the most dissimilar temperaments, characters and minds, and made them always happy with him: People felt themselves involuntarily inclined to put confidence in him; wished to live in his society, as they wished to live in open natural scenery,—because in such they feel life to be lighter, themselves happier and better; because *wo* there—but what is the use of making a memorandum of that which everybody knows by heart.

Cornet Carl wished to captivate, and captivated actually both Baroness K— and her husband, so that they assented to his desire of visiting them again, if (and this was made an express condition) he would promise that to no one, and not even to his family, would he mention his acquaintance with them, or their place of residence.

The Cornet promised this, because—because he felt a particular, indescribable desire to come again.

A few days were sufficient to make him aware of the singular and unhappy misunderstandings which reigned in this family; but it was a long time before he understood the causes of them. Baron K— was a Swede, his wife and stepdaughter Italian, who had arrived with him in Sweden about two months before. Their dresses were splendid and remarkable, and elegant in a high degree. Their behaviour, their mode of speech, their accomplishment, their talents, betrayed that they belonged to the higher and more refined circles of society; and yet they lived now in want of many of the necessaries of life—N. B. of those which become necessary to the effeminate children of the world. Excepting one single room in which, as it were, was heaped together all the splendour which had been rescued from a shipwreck of fortune, all in the house exhibited actual poverty. The daily food which the handsome Italians enjoyed, was no better than that which every peasant family in Sweden had. The Cornet, for his part, always declared that there was no better diet than herring and potatoes.

Between Baron K— and his wife it was almost always stormy weather. There seemed to be between them now the most vehement love, and now the most decided hatred, which sometimes in the deportment of the Baroness assumed an expression of proud disdain, whilst he gave vent to expressions of anger and rage. Scenes often occurred between the unhappy pair, in which they mutually made the most bitter reproaches and accusations; the most insignificant trifles could give occasion thereto. An almost senseless rage on his side, exclamations of despair and tears on hers, ended such scenes mostly. The character of the Baroness seemed fundamentally to be noble; but she was at the same time, inflexible, proud, and passionate in the extreme. Her husband, at the

same time weak and despotic, was of an outrageous and unbroken temper; only in moments of a kind of remorseless calm, which he sometimes had, might it be suspected that here also existed a nobler nature—a something which deserved to be loved.

Patient, kind, and gentle, as a suffering angel, stood Hermina, spreading the snow-white wings of her innocence reconcilingly between these natures, angered and embittered in the strife of passion.

She was what is called a *beautiful spirit*. But this was not born so, like her lovely body. It was formed by early suffering, early experience of domestic sorrow and trouble, especially through an early awakening of religious feeling, which enabled her to bear with patience, to resign with smiles, sacrificing her pain to Heaven, and working full of love and unwearingly upon earth. To lessen her mother's suffering, and to obtain for her somewhat more of comfort, she took upon herself even the coarsest business of the house, which otherwise would have been done by the one maid of the family. And it was affecting to see that lovely, ideal, finely accomplished being, working like a maid-servant, carrying burdens under which she sunk; that is to say, under which she would have sunk, had not Cornet Carl come and set things in order, and take the burdens and carried them upon his own shoulders. From the hour in which he came, there was a great change for Hermina. As Jacob served Laban for the beautiful Rachel, so served Cornet Carl Baron K—, to alleviate Hermina's pain. He hunted and fished, provided stores for the kitchen, and was only with difficulty prevented from being cook himself, when he saw how the beautiful face and hands of Hermina would be burnt by the fire. Help of any other kind he dared not to offer in their poverty, to these proud and high-minded gentlefolks.

Hermina had hitherto served her mother almost like a slave, but without being rewarded with the tenderness which she so well deserved. The Baroness K— seemed accustomed to receive sacrifices without thanks; still less did she seem willing to make any herself.

She bore with difficulty the troubles of adversity and poverty in which she saw herself placed. She required that Hermina, as well as herself, should continually be both tastefully and handsomely dressed, and which a very rich wardrobe, brought from Italy, enabled her to do. It was as if she wished in these relics of departed pomp and splendour, to find consolation for her present fate; or as if she could not believe that this fate was actually serious, but merely a momentary enchantment, which might be dissipated at any hour; as if she expected that some fairy's wand would change the little grey house into a palace; and she held herself therefore in readiness, in a dress suitable to her rank and her dignity, to receive visitors and congratulations.

Hermina was treated by her stepfather at the same time with indifference and severity, and one saw plainly, that that which she did for him, she did not do for his sake—but for God's sake.

From the moment when the Cornet came into the house, he had there a sort of power, which increased daily, and this he made use of to make Hermina's life happier.

Baron K— was for the most part absent during the day, and did not return till evening; sometimes also he remained two or three days away. During these intervals of peace, the Cornet contrived to procure for Hermina a liberty which she never knew before, and which she now enjoyed with childish delight. He induced her mother, who had a feeling for the beauties of nature, to take long walks in the wild but romantic district. Botany had formerly been her favourite pleasure; the Cornet revived her taste for it—sought for flowers everywhere (even I fancy where none were to be found), that he might convince the handsome Italian, who was charmed with the abundant vegetation of her native land, that Sweden was as rich in flowers as it was in heroes and iron. At least it was certain (and that he himself acknowledged afterwards) that he had not the least diffidence in representing the mountain cudweed, trefoil, dodder, the marsh ledum, the sweet gale, wormwood, tansy, and such like, as most uncommon and remarkable productions of nature.

He mentioned in particular, as the most beautiful thing in nature, that wonderfully charming flower which has derived its name from "the world's greatest naturalist, the Swedish Linneus." He tried to inspire the Baroness and Hermina with the greatest possible desire to find this miracle of a plant. Every day he had new suspicions about their being able to find it in some new district; he sought long—long and well, and discovered it only at that moment when he discovered his love.

These walks gave the Cornet continual opportunities of being with Hermina. He gave her his arm in walking; when they rested he shaded her from the sunbeams; by degrees he induced her to run about and climb among the rocks, in one word, to enjoy the free, fresh, youthful life, of which her days passed hitherto in the stillness of a convent, had given her no idea. As she now, with the rosy hue of health and gladness upon her cheeks, beautiful and light as a nymph, floated about in the charming scenery full of fragrance and spring, and often turned her angelic countenance beaming with grateful devotion towards him, who was the cause of her life's enjoyment, then—then felt the Cornet something wonderful in his heart; a warmth—a delight—an altogether something which had been to him hitherto a totally unknown feeling.

The Baroness seemed to contemplate the two young friends as two children, whose sport she allowed, because they still brought all their gaiety, all their flowers, as a sacrifice to her. The Cornet possessed the good faculty of keeping people in good humour with themselves, and therefore with others.

After all, however, he was most useful to Hermina in the moments when the so often recurring unpleasant domestic scenes, drew from her bitter tears, which she for the most part went to conceal in the kitchen. There he followed her, consoled her with brotherly tenderness, or endeavoured by conversation or interesting stories, to lead her thoughts to pleasanter subjects.

On one of these occasions Hermina was needed and called for. She was not instantly

found, and this occasioned severe reproaches from her stepfather. The Cornet took up these as a glove thrown to him, and the manner in which he replied to the challenge obtained for Hermina greater freedom. He might now frequently go out alone with her. Her education in the higher branches of knowledge had been neglected. He was her teacher, especially in Swedish history, he was to her as a brother. She soon gave to him too the sweet name; and as they one day had been studying together the Swedish grammar, they came to the decision that *thou* was incomparably more beautiful than *you*, and that they must use it to each other.

Hermina again was for Cornet Carl one cannot exactly say, an instructress, nor precisely a sister; but she was so unobtrusively the light of his eyes, the gladness of his life, she was his —. It is high time to inform my reader, and especially my young lady reader, how it was with Cornet Carl. He was—in love.

That indeed nobody would have guessed. He himself neither believed, nor suspected, nor guessed it before

#### THE THIRD SUN-BEAM.

As he walked one evening, at the going down of the sun, on the shore of the mirror-calm lake, Hermina leaned upon his arm. She was silent and pale. Pale with that paleness which shews that the heart is joyless; that she was resigned, but that she suffered.

A scene deeply agitating to her gentle spirit had just occurred between her parents. Cornet Carl had borne her away from them almost by force, and now endeavoured, but without success, to divert and enliven her dejected mind. After they had walked for some time, they seated themselves under the birch-trees, beside a mossy wall of rock, and observed silently the dying purple, which painted itself in the mirror of the water, and upon the woody heights of the opposite shore.

It was then that Hermina first turned a tear-moistened eye to Cornet Carl, and said, "Thou art very good, my brother." She wished to say more, but her voice trembled; she paused, seemed to struggle with her emotions, and continued as she half turned from him her countenance: "Thou tarriest here on my account, out of kindness to me, and thou hast for my sake borne many disagreeable and heavy hours, and—thou couldst nevertheless be so happy; thou hast indeed a father, a mother so good, so excellent—sisters whom thou lovest so much,—they must miss thee—return to them—and remain with them—be happy—never come back hither!"

The Cornet sate silently and looked on the lake, and as if in a mirror of the soul, he looked at the same time into his own heart.

"Why shouldst thou continue to come hither?" began Hermina again, with a persuasive expression in her sweet gentle voice. "Thou givest thyself a deal of trouble, a deal of vexation, and yet thou canst not change my fate. My father has to-day spoken bitter, threatening words to thee—ah, leave us! Why shouldst thou delay? Be not uneasy for me, Carl! God will strengthen and help me!"

"Hermina!" said Cornet Carl, "I cannot leave thee—but it is as much for my sake as for thine."

Hermina turned to him her countenance with an inquiring look, whilst some large tears slowly rolled down her cheeks.

"Because—because," continued the Cornet, deeply excited,—"That, Hermina—because I love thee beyond all description—because I have no happiness in the world, if I do not see thee, am not with thee."

Hermina's angelic countenance beamed with astonishment and inward gladness.

"There is, then, somebody who loves me—and that is thou, my brother! How good God is to me!" and she extended to the Cornet her hand.

"Dost thou also love me?" asked he, with a secret trembling, and held the small white hand in his.

"How could it be otherwise!" replied Hermina. "I have been indeed, for the first time in my life, happy since I knew thee. Thou art so excellent, so good. Thou art the first person who has loved Hermina."

"And the first whom Hermina has loved!" asked the Cornet, not very stout-heartedly.

"Yes, certainly! except my mamma!"

An inward feeling of felicity overcame the two young lovers; and as if Amor himself in a rosy cloud had sunk down upon the heathy turf beside them, there floated around them, at that moment, a delight, so sweet, so enchanting (certainly Olympus had not more beautiful ambrosia), that Cornet Carl, amid the delight of his soul, sprang up and exclaimed, "This is the Linnæa! My life's flower is found!" It grew really in long leafy trails down the mossy rocks. Soon was a wreath woven for Hermina. Who can describe the scene of pure and inward happiness, of innocent joy which followed! Hermina was pale no longer—the question was not again thrown out whether Cornet Carl should return to his family. Hermina was indeed *his*. He was Hermina's. They understood each other, they were happy. All was become good, they should always be together. *Nobody* could divide them more—they belonged to each other, on earth—in heaven.

Nature seemed to sympathise with the young happy pair, mild and full of love, she enclosed them like a tender mother in her caressing arms.

Who would not willingly give ten heavy years of autumn for one moment of spring and love!

#### THE FOURTH SUNBEAM

—shines over the Cornet's wrath so grimly.

One warm pure day the Cornet arrived at the house in the wood, heated, wearied, longing, pining, thirsting to cast a kindly glance on his beloved, to receive a refreshing draught from her hand. Scarcely had he reached the house

\* I know perfectly well what a heap of Romance-gold I at this moment push from me. I see plainly how this little crumb of a novel might have been better, might have been more interestingly carried out, conducted with more animation; how both the coming in and the going out of this piece might have made my book go off splendidly. But this would have required more words; ergo, more lines; ergo, more paper, and my publisher is so horrified lest my book should be too big, and cannot be sold for a rixdollar banco, that I see myself compelled to crush together my soul and my ideas, that I may get my book into the shops within the stipulated price. My publisher fancies that the Swedish public will not lay out very much in such every-day things. I think that he is right, that they are right, and that I am right, to write accordingly.

when he heard the sound of her harp. He hastened up, and beheld Hermina more lovely, and more tastefully dressed than ever, sitting with the harp in her lily-white arms, and beside her,—O horror, O lightning, and thunder, and death! work of the nether-regions, invention of hell! beside her sate—not Cerberus the spectre, with three heads; no, worse!—not Polyphemus with one eye; no, worse, worse!—not the Evil one—no, worse, worse, worse, far! Ah, it was not "The Beast" which sate beside "The Beauty;" no, it was a young man, handsome as a statue, another Prince Azor.

The handsome, proud, calm, cool, refined, and ornate Genserik G— observed with astonishment the heated, dusty, and more than that, as he seemed, the highly confounded Cornet H—. Soon, however, he elevated his Apollo-figure, advanced, with animation full of grace, towards the new-comer, extended to him his hand with friendly condescension, rejoiced to see him in the country, and reminded him of the last time they had met in Stockholm. The Cornet seemed not at all to rejoice, and scarcely uttered one civil word on the subject. Genserik went again to Hermina, and asked her to sing. The Cornet went up to her under some pretence, and whispered to her, "Do not sing."

With commanding voice and look, the Baroness desired her daughter to sing. Hermina sang, but with a trembling voice. The Cornet seated himself in a window, and wiped with his pocket-handkerchief the perspiration from his brow. He spoke, during the whole time that Genserik's visit lasted, scarcely three words; in part, because nobody talked to him; in part, because the young G— talked incessantly himself. And he talked so well, had such select and polite turns in his conversation; told a story with so much interest,—he had so much knowledge and insight into things, that it was a real pleasure to listen (horror to the Cornet). Besides this, he had a consciousness of his own worth, which raised it all the more in the thoughts of others.

"I am—I have—I do—I consent—I think—I wish—I will—I have said," was the theme around which and to which his thoughts and words always played rondo, at all times returned. Summa: that *I* became by degrees, so great, so important, swelled so greatly, that Cornet Carl saw his *I*, as it were, melt away or crushed down. He felt himself almost stifled in that oppressive atmosphere, and was obliged to seek for breath in the fresh air. He walked up and down in the orchard, amid desperate thoughts.

"What bad-weathered wind, surely coming from the sand-desert of Zahara, had blown hither the young Law-commissioner, the fatal Genserik G—! The Baroness paid him extraordinary compliments. What does that mean? He is rich, he is handsome, accomplished; he is Law-commissioner, he is—ah, good heavens, what is he not? He shewed evidently his admiration for the lovely Hermina—in particular (it is enough to make one mad) for her singing.

"And Hermina! why did she sing, when I asked her not to do so? Why did she let compliments be paid to her by a strange fellow—a Law-commissioner into the bargain! Why did she give to her only friend hardly a friendly look! Why did she not take one single step to obtain for him—so much as a glass of water; but let

him stand there and wipe his forehead and be thirsty, and be plagued and tormented both body and soul!"

Nobody replied to the questions of the unlucky lover. The heaven was cloudy about his head, and his feet got entangled in the trodden-down rows of peas. Suddenly he heard the tramping of horse's hoofs. It sounded to the Cornet like the kettle-drums of gladness. Genserik rode away, and the Cornet returned hastily to the house, to receive an explanation and satisfaction. He received neither. The Baroness met him coldly and repulsively. Her severe and watchful eyes rested upon Hermina, who sate and sewed, without venturing to look up. It was in this moment of mutual constraint and displeasure, that the Cornet was surprised by the visit of his family. How it then went on, the reader knows.

A time of grief followed for the Cornet. He could no longer go to the house of his beloved without finding Genserik there before him. His rival was openly favoured by Baron K— and the Baroness. The Cornet was treated by them with more and more indifference. Hermina alone was gentle and kind; but dejected, silent, reserved, and avoided his questions.

In order the better to watch and observe the movements within the Wood-family, the Cornet determined to undertake a so-called journey on foot; which consisted in this, that he quartered himself in a hay-barn as near as possible to Hermina's place of residence; here he slept at night, and during the day wandered round Hermina's dwelling like a bee around flowers.

One may be happy in such a barn—yes, lying upon straw or hay, may fancy oneself in heaven! But if the thorns of grief stick in the heart, then it is certain that the barn and its bed of thistles add pain to torment. The Cornet made a memorandum on this subject.

A great change, by degrees, now took place in the Wood-house. There was an abundance of eatables, wines, and many articles of luxury; there was an increase of several servants. Baron K— was in brilliant good-humour; the Baroness more majestic and proud. The Cornet all the more superfluous and overlooked. Genserik G— grew over his head. The greatest antipathy sprang up between the two young men; but the Cornet, angry, bitter, and biting, shewed mostly to disadvantage beside the uniformly cheerful, always coldly polite, and calm Genserik. He felt this, read it in all countenances, and became thereby the more embarrassed. He played what is called a "miserable fiddle;" and that we may no longer weary the ears of the fine-feeling reader with it, we will look about us in the

#### FIFTH SUNBEAM.

More dissatisfied than usual with Hermina, her clouded friendliness, her reserved manners with herself, with the whole world, Cornet Carl walked one evening, full of thought, up and down in the sighing pine-wood. When he reached the spring where he had first seen Hermina, he stood with troubled feelings, observing in its clear mirror his sun-burnt, dissatisfied looks, his face so little handsome, comparing it, in thought, with Genserik's handsome, bright, and circumspect appearance. Suddenly then he saw in the well a face looking down beside his own. It was beautiful as an angel—

it was Hermina. A shiver of delight thrilled through the Cornet; but was quickly stifled by a bitter feeling.

"Hermina," said he, "it was certainly Genserik thou thought of meeting."

Hermina stood silent a moment, then laid her hand gently upon his arm, and only said, "Carl! have we ceased to understand each other?"

He looked at her, and her gentle, loving, but tearful eyes met his.

Lovers! if the silken skein of your love and your happiness has become entangled, and you wish to strengthen it, do not talk. Look at one another!

Cornet Carl felt all at once as if a veil fell from his eyes—the mist vanished from his soul. All at once was clear to him; and so heavenly clear. Long stood the young lovers silently there, and drunk light, and peace, and felicity, from their mutually bright beaming eyes.

As there was no longer any spark of uneasiness remaining in their souls, the lovers began to make explanations and declarations.

"Is it not thou," said Hermina, among other things, "is it not thou who first loved me; who made me feel that there was a pleasure in living? And even if thou hadst not done so, how canst thou think that I could place a cold egotist like G— beside thee?"

"But he is so confoundedly handsome!" said the Cornet, laughing, and yet half confused.

"Is he? That I have not remarked. He does not please me. I know one who pleases me—one whose face it does me good to see—one whom I think handsome. Wilt thou see his portrait?"

She led him to the spring. The Cornet saw there with satisfaction his sunburnt countenance beaming with joy.

"But thy parents favour Genserik —"

"And I favour thee."

"He loves thee."

"And I love thee."

"Hermina!"

"Carl!"

When a person has left this earthly life, to go to a better in heaven, people say, full of confidence, "Peace be with him!" And then they turn to think about other things.

Even so when two lovers turn from the valley of care of this life, and enter the bright heavenly kingdom of reconciliation, one may say, "Peace be with them!" and think upon other subjects.

Yet we will, as the last "God's peace be with it," cast now a

#### SIXTH SUNBEAM.

And this smiles over the delight which beams upon Cornet Carl during several happy days. He was sure of Hermina; and her silence, her reserve, her politeness towards Genserik, his multiplied visits, his *I*, his lover-politeness—Baron K— and his wife's coldness towards him (Cornet Carl)—nothing more disturbed him. The barn afforded him a heavenly bed. The spring in nature mirrored the spring in his soul. The woods, flowers, waves, winds, birds, all sang to him, and for him. "Gladness! gladness!" Gladness!—Ah, Rinaldo, Rinaldo! Hark! The trumpet's clang calls thee from Armida, and thou must resign gladness.

The trumpet's sound! Not from the fields of Palestine—not from that promised land—but from Ladugardsland; or rather from the Ladugardsgård. All as one! Now, Rinaldo, Cornet Carl, thou must leave her who is more virtuous, more discreet, therefore more beautiful than Armida. Thou must tear thyself from her enchanted palace, the little grey house. Thus wills that unmoveable General-in-chief of all life-regiments, *Fate*, who pays so little regard to the demands of the heart.

The trumpets sound, duty calls—to the camp, to the camp; and then,

#### THE SEVENTH SUNBEAM

is extinguished in the lovers' parting tears.

In order to spare our own, we command our thoughts, turn to the right, march! again to Thorsborg. There we shall, with old acquaintance, go about new business, as if

#### TO DIG THROUGH THE EARTH, ETC.

ONE evening, as we were all assembled around the sick-bed of the blind girl, Professor L— read aloud a translation of Herder's "Ideas." The subject was the development of mankind in another world; the explanatory hints, as regards his transformation, which are given to us on earth, by the changes which we remark in the kingdom of nature, and which are all a gradual advance towards perfection.

Professor L— closed with this remark on the foregoing: "The flower seems to us at first as a vegetating seed, then as a sprout; this puts forth the bud; and now the flower first unfolds itself. Similar unfoldings and changes are shewn to us by other existences, among which the butterfly is a well-known symbol of human transformation. See there crawls the ugly, coarse, greedy caterpillar; his hour comes, and a feebleness of death comes over him; he fixes himself firmly; he swaddles himself up, and spins here at his own shroud, as if in fact the organs of his new existence were within him self. Now the rings work, now strive the powers of the new organization. The change goes on slowly at the beginning, and seems destructive: the ten feet remain in the dried-up skin, and the new being is now unslapely in all its limbs. By degrees these shape themselves and come in order, but the existence awakes not before this change is perfected: it now presses towards the light, and the last development quickly takes place. A few minutes only, and the tender wings become five times greater than they were within the covering of death. They are gifted with elastic power, and with the splendour of all beams which can be found beneath the sun. Its whole nature is changed: instead of the coarse leaves upon which it earlier fed itself, it enjoys now the nectar-dew from the golden cups of the flowers. Who, in the form of the caterpillar, could have divined of the existing butterfly! Who would recognise in it the same being, if experience had not shewn it to us! And both these existences are only periods of life of one and the same being, upon one and the same earth. What beautiful development must not lie in the bosom of nature, where the organic sphere is wider and greater;

and where the periods of life which it unfolds embrace more than a world.

"And thus nature shews to us also, in this analogy of existence, that is, of progressively perfecting existence, wherefore she weaves into her realm of shapes the slumber of death. It is a beneficial stupor, which enwraps a being, and within which the organic powers strive after new development. The being itself, with its greater or less degree of consciousness, is not strong enough to see and direct its combats. Thus it slumbers and awakens first, when it stands forth perfected. The slumber of death is also as it were a fatherly, gentle alleviation; it is a composing opiate, under which operating nature collects its powers, and the feeble invalid is refreshed."

Here L— ceased. A deep and pleasant emotion had overcome us all. We sat silent, with looks riveted upon the poor invalid, down whose cheeks large tears gently rolled, whilst low, lamenting tones came from her lips. Her Honour embraced her with tenderness. The Colonel laid his hands as it were in blessing upon her head. A deep, sonorous, continued snoring drew, at this moment, all our regards upon Lieutenant Arvid, who was sleeping comfortably in a corner of the sofa, with mouth open, and nose turned up in the air. This trumpet tone was a signal of revolt for Julie, who with glowing cheeks vanished from the room. After a moment I went to seek for her, and found her standing upon the steps before the house, leaning with crossed arms upon the iron balustrades, and looking fixedly upon the bright evening heavens, in which pale stars began to appear. "Julie!" said I, laying my arm around her waist.

"Ah, Beata!" sighed Julie, "I am unhappy—I am very unhappy! Must I remain so for my whole life?"

Before I could reply, Lieutenant Arvid came out on the steps, and exclaimed with a yawn, "What the thousand are you doing here, Julie! Standing and getting cold—getting cold in the head and chest. Come in again, dearest. I fancy, too, that they have begun to bring in supper. Come, then!"

"Arvid," said Julie, "come here to me for a moment;" and she took his hand kindly, and said with animation, "See how beautiful every thing is, this evening; let us go into the park. There, you know, where we once agreed to—I want to talk with you there, to beg something from you—"

"We can just as well talk with one another in the room—"

"Yes—but it is so lovely this evening. Look around you! Listen to the bird, how sweetly it twitters! Do you hear the wood-horn yonder: Look there, too, where the sun descends—what soft crimson—ah, it is a lovely evening!"

"Charmant, my angel," replied Lieutenant Arvid, with a suppressed yawn; "but—I am outrageously hungry, and perceived a delicious smell of chops as I passed the kitchen. I long to meet with them again, in the saloon. Besides, now there ascends a cursed mist. Come, my angel!"

"Arvid!" said Julie, drawing back her hand, "we have such dissimilar inclinations—such different tastes. I see—"

"Don't you like chops?"

"God bless you, with your chops—I do not speak of them. But of our inclinations, our feelings—they do not accord—"

"Yes; that I can't help."

"No; but I fear that we are not fitted for each other—that we shall be unhappy—"

"Ah, thou dear one! that may be. One should not meet trouble half way. That takes away one's appetite. Come, let us eat our supper in peace. Come my little wife—"

"But I will not—and I am not your wife," said Julie, as she turned herself from him; "and," added she, a little lower, "will not be your bride any longer."

"Will not?" said Arvid calmly. "Yes, but you see there are some difficulties in giving that up. You have my ring, and I have yours,—besides, I am not very much afraid; girls have their caprices. Nay, nay, let it be till morning. Adieu, Julie! I go to eat some chops, do you swallow down your caprices," and he vanished in the eating-room.

Julie took my arm and went down into the orchard, whilst she wept violently. I walked silently beside her, waiting for her to open her heart with some complaint against her bridegroom. But she was silent, pressed my hand, and continued to weep.

As we turned into a side alley, a figure wrapped in a cloak came slowly towards us. Professor L—'s voice proceeded from this, and began kindly joking Julie on her romantic taste for evening walks. When he approached us, he saw her weeping eyes, and became suddenly silent and grav.

"Professor L—," said Julie, half merrily, and with a voice half choked with weeping, "tell me, what must a person do, when he sees that he has begun a very foolish business and cannot go on with it—"

"Then," said Professor L—, "wisdom must bear the consequences of folly."

"And one should be unhappy for one's whole life!"

"Unhappy one should not be,—but better and more prudent one should be, and should make all past errors steps by which one should ascend nearer to perfection."

"That sounds beautiful, most especially edifying—and in the mean time one should grow weary of wisdom and perfection for a whole life,—and find every day insufferable."

"Only a very weak person," said Professor L— mildly, "can so sink under the weariness and anxiety of life. The most gloomy and joyless position in life has its points of light, if one will but see them. Within ourselves we may in every care and trouble most surely find the springs of consolation. If our surrounding circumstances disturb or vex us, let us seek for some plan of freedom and an inward rich life within ourselves. Then may we say with Hamlet, 'O, I could let myself be enclosed within a nutshell, and fancy myself lord of an immeasurable world!' To become acquainted with this world which lives within us, to regulate it, to bring it into clearness and progressive development, is an enjoyment which no position in life can deprive us of, and an enjoyment which we must soon acknowledge as sufficient to make us love even the coldest earthly life. To learn to think, is to learn to live and enjoy."

"But," sighed Julie, "how can one learn to think with a——"

"With a man who only thinks about chops!" ended I in spirit.

"Good books," continued L——, "are gentle comforters, guides, and friends. With their help one can, if one earnestly wishes it, not go wrong in bringing one's inward life into equipoise and consistency." He was silent for a moment, and added with warmth and emotion, "my books, how much have I not to thank them for!"

"You have been unhappy!" said Julie, with heartfelt sympathy.

"Every thing which I loved most tenderly on earth, have I lost—and that not merely through death. Since my childish years has this trial followed me. Every thing upon which I warmly fixed my heart has been torn from me. Many a bitter moment has passed since I was able to bow myself submissively before the will of the Eternal God, and yet——"

"O that one could comfort you," exclaimed Julie, with child-like fervent devotion.

"I have," continued L——, "sought to strengthen my heart, to preserve it from suffering so bitterly. I have struggled long with its sensitiveness—I am no longer young—and yet (this he said with a sorrowful smile) I shall have perhaps soon to go to my books to find consolation."

"I wish I was a book!" said Julie with tears in her eyes.

Professor L—— looked to her with fatherly—no, not exactly fatherly, but nevertheless indescribable tenderness.

"Good, amiable girl!" said he in his beautiful, harmonious voice; and continued after a moment, more calmly, "It is weakness to complain. We find strength to endure, in prayers, and in the fulfilment of our duties. Let us obtain our strength from these fountains."

He extended his hand to Julie, who gave hers weeping.

At this moment we reached a ditch, from which three little black figures, which seemed to ascend up from the earth, met our astonished eyes. And scarcely less astonished were we as we recognised the little Dumplings and a playfellow with them, standing up to the middle in a deep ditch, and sunk in deep deliberation. To our repeated questions regarding all this, succeeded on their part, first silence, then some confused sounds, at last the discovery and the rather dim explanation of their great secret. They had merely undertaken to dig through the earth, and to give their family, and in particular the Colonel, a great surprise thereby.

That which now arrested their progress was certainly not the difficulty of the undertaking, bah! but a deep thought, which arose in the brain of the little Claes, that when they had got through the earth they then should probably fall through it, and then where should they come to!—that—would Professor L—— be so good now as to tell them that?

We now all laughed together.

Professor L—— deferred his explanation to the morrow, and, joking kindly, sent the pigmies with their giant-schemes home. A messenger came at that moment after them and us, to say that we were waited for at supper. The little

triumvirate set off at a short gallop. We followed more slowly after, but now were surprised by Lieutenant Arvid's cursed mist, which stood like a wall between the orchard and the castle court. We now observed for the first time, that Julie was without a shawl. I was not much better provided for. L—— took off his cloak, and insisted on wrapping it round Julie. She would not at all listen to it, because L——'s health was not of the strongest. They would have stood till now contending and protesting, if I had not come between with a compromising project, and proposed that they both should make use of the very wide cloak. It was adopted; and Julie's delicate zephyr-like form vanished in the corner of the cloak, which she laughingly wrapped around her. And the train went forward through the night and mist.

That was, however, a little crazily done, thought I afterwards. The late Madame Genlis and M. Lafontaine no less, in their romance-world, never would have let two lovers come under a cloak without making use of such an excellent opportunity for a declaration of love, and I should really wonder, if Mrs. Nature did not this time open a way, let some sigh, some word——

I listened attentively as I followed the inhabitants of the cloak, but—they were silent,—no word, no sound. Yes, now!—What was it? Julie sneezed. Now L—— said, indeed, "God help!" and this may help them to something—no, he said nothing.

We leave the orchard, we go across the court. Will nobody speak then? Now!—no. We mount the steps, we enter the door; now then!—no! The cloak falls from Julie's shoulder; she thanks and curtsies, L—— bows.

As we came into the saloon Lieutenant Arvid sat and ate chops. They had waited a long time for us. For our excuse I related the contention about the cloak.

During the whole of supper, her Honour shook her head at Julie to reprove her for so great, unheard-of imprudence as to go out so late without a shawl.

When Lieutenant Arvid perceived the eyes of his bride which had been weeping, he seemed very much confounded, but probably he thought "it will all be right when she has eaten and slept:" for he made no haste over his supper, and afterwards sought no opportunity of conversing with his bride, and went to bed at his usual time, and with his usual calmness.

But Julie's uneasiness did not leave her; on the contrary, it seemed to increase. In vain Arvid prayed her to take "a little nap," and to consider him as a "cushion." She seemed no longer to find repose upon it. In vain his father came, old General P——, with his magnificent equipage, and besought his little daughter-in-law to drive out with "the Swans"—it helped nothing. There daily occurred between the betrothed a many little quarrels, which assumed, spite of Arvid's unexampled phlegm, more and more of a serious character. Her Honour, who now became observant of this, was at first quite uneasy, and always held herself prepared to knit together again the broken thread of unity with some good-humoured jest, or some conciliatory word. It succeeded, to be sure, still; but—every day became anew entangled.

Thus went on a time. Cornet Carl set off at the breaking up of the camp to Roslagen. From this place he wrote the most despairing letters on account of dust and heat, and vexation, and ennui, and such like. About botany he said not a word.

During the whole of the summer Elisabeth's condition remained the same, and Her Honour continued to consider the milk diet necessary for my chest and my melancholy.

The Paræ spun the life's thread of the rest of the family of common flax, mixed with a little hemp, but still more silk, till the end of the month of August—when they lifted the shears. Let us see—

### WHY?

AFTER a heavy and sultry day, a mass of storm-clouds collected themselves together, and covered the whole heaven at sunset. A sort of silence of death spread itself over the whole region. One heard no sound from speedily home-going herds, no birds twittered; the leaf of the aspen moved not; even the swarms of gnats ventured upon no hurrah, as usual at the going down of day; the whole of nature stood as if in a painful expectation of something mysterious and uncommon occurring.

Later in the evening began the fearfully beautiful scene.

Pale lightning illumined every minute the whole region, which in the intervals was wrapped in an almost night-like darkness; and by the lightning-flashes was shewn how masses of clouds assumed ever darker hues, and in threatening shapes congregated together above the castle. Now and then a rapid tempest passed through the air, to which again succeeded a dead calm. With a dull but strongly increasing noise was heard the thunder-chariots rolling furth from many sides.

Her Honour hastened from stove to stove, from window to window, to see that all were well secured. Julie and Helena stood with their father in a window, and drew closer to him at every fresh flash, every fresh thunder-peal.

I went to the blind girl. She sat upon her bed in a stooping, bent position, expressive of the utmost weariness of life, and sung with a low and melancholy voice—

It is night, it is night!  
My eyes are dark, on my heart is blight,  
For repave it longesth.  
Give me rest, give me rest,  
And now in the house by the earth-worm possess'd,  
O pallid death's angel!  
O let me sleep low,  
Ah! I am so weary of watching and woe,  
So weary of living!

Here the arms fell, and her head, in weariness of life, sank down on the cushions. She was silent a moment; I saw her smile mournfully, and then begin again to sing, but in a clearer voice and more cheerful tone—

When the morning dawns clear,  
And the song of ree-nion my grave draweth near,  
Which calls to excuse,—  
Shall I see thy day,  
King of light, and from earth's sordid clay  
Raise up my forehead?

Here her tears began to flow; and changing her tone, she sang, weeping and in broken stanzas—

O mother, O mother,  
Be my defender,  
Clasp thou thy daughter,  
The guilty, repentant!  
Teach her what prayer is,  
Teach her what hope is!

Give to her tenderness,  
Give to her quietness!  
O mother, O mother!  
Warmly embrace me,  
Clasp to thy bosom,  
So tender, so loving!  
Let me experience  
How in affection,  
Bosom to bosom,  
Thrills an divinely!

Ah, so'er have I known this,  
O earth whilst abiding!

Lonely I wander,  
Lonely, love truly;  
Lonely I suffer,  
Bitterly, bitterly!

And e'en in dying,  
Still I love lonely!

O mother, O mother!  
Take me, O take me  
Hence from the cold world,  
Hence from its sorrows!

Glimmering spark of light,  
From the dust call me!  
Lift me from darkness,  
Raise me to splendour!

A violent thunder clap, which echoed through the whole castle, interrupted her song; to this succeeded others, even more rapidly and more violently. A wild storm began to rage at the same time.

"Is anybody here?" asked the Blind. I went up to her. She said, "I heard music, which does me good. Lead me to the window."

When she came there, she crossed her arms on her breast, and turned her face up to heaven. The lightning flashes passed over the lovely pale face, whilst the terrific claps of thunder seemed as if they would strike down the being which, with a kind of defying gladness, raised a calm brow towards the spirit of destruction.

By degrees, violent feelings seemed to arise in Elisabeth, and the combat in nature found an echo in her soul. Suddenly she exclaimed, "I see something! A fiery hand, with burning fingers, passes over my eyes!"

She stood a moment, as if in eager expectation, and then said with a kind of quiet rapture, "How glorious, how glorious, the singing up there among the clouds! Sister-harmonies, do you call my heart! Here, in my breast, is the first voice,—there, now sounds the second. Now there is unity—now is there life and gladness! Fire of heaven! Maternal-breast! clasp me in a burning embrace! Mother, mother! is it thy voice which I hear!—thy hand which I saw!—which I see—I see now again! Beckonest thou me? Callest thou me?"

"Air!" shrieked she now wildly and commandingly, "lead me out into the free air! I will hear my mother's voice,—I will fly to her breast and be warm again. Without are wings of fire they will sustain me. There is a chariot—hear now its rolling! it will take me. H, hce, hence! dost thou not see hands! they beckon. Hear voices! they call—ha! dost thou hear!"

I embraced her with tenderness, and besought her to remain still. She interrupted me, as she solemnly said, "God may refuse to hear thy last prayer, if thou refuse mine. He will bless thee, if thou comply with mine. Lead me, lead me out into the open air! It will be the last time that I shall ask any thing from thee. Thou knowest not how all my weal and woe depends upon this moment. Lead me into my kingdom—the kingdom of the storm—there, there only shall I experience peace, Beata, good Beata! See, I am quiet and collected, I am not mad. Hear me, hear my prayer! I have lain in fetters all my life—let me, only for one moment be free, and all my many bleeding wounds will be healed."

I had not courage to withstand this voice, these words. I led her down upon the terrace, which extends on the wall of rock a considerable way outside the castle. The young girl who was Elisabeth's maid, from fear of the storm, would not accompany us.

I soon repented of my complaisance. Scarcely were we come out into the wild uproar of nature, than Elisabeth tore herself loose from me, sprang forward a few paces, and then standing still, raised a loud cry, full of wild, insane delight.

It was a scene of terrific beauty. The lightnings crossed around, with red tongues, the whole region; the storm swept around us, and now rolling, now whizzing thunder claps circled over our heads. Like the spirit of the tempest, the Blind stood upon the rocks with wild, sorrowful gestures. Then she laughed and clapped her hands together in insane gladness, then turned herself round about with extended arms, whilst she sung with a strong and clear voice—

Lightning and flashing,  
Flaming waves dashing,  
From the world's sea of fire!  
Wild tempests quaking,  
And riven chains breaking  
The grave's silence shatter!

Thunders—and all ye  
Mighty, I call ye  
From the world's sullen breast,  
Behold in a woman  
Your queen, who doth summon  
You, hear my behest!

Lightning, forth wing thou,  
Sing thou, O sing thou,  
Hail Freedom to thee!

The victor's song rings now,  
Life findeth wings now;

I am the free!

Again she laughed wildly, and exclaimed, "How glorious, how glorious! how splendid! How glad I am, glad! glad! Now is my day of rule come!—A crown, a crown of fire, will descend from the dark clouds and be placed upon my head. My day is at hand, my time is come!"

At this moment, to my indescribable comfort, the Colonel stood at the side of the unhappy one.

"You must," said he, "return to your room."

With a hasty movement, Elisabeth withdrew her hand from his, and instead, as before, of submissively complying with his wishes, she stood now before him proudly and insolently, with the look of a Medea, and repeated, "My hour is come! I am free! Must? Who dares

to say that word to me, here in this place! Stand I not in my own realm? Has not my mother fetched me in her arms? Seest thou not how her arms of fire embrace me, and repel thee?"

The Colonel, who dreaded an increasing outbreak of her insanity, wished to take her in his arms, to carry her again to the castle, when Elisabeth hastily, with infinite tenderness, laid her arms around his neck, and said to him, "So, if I clasp thee in my arms, and thou me in thine, then will my mother take us up both in her bosom of fire. What bright and heavenly bliss! This is my day—my hour is come! I am free, and thou art taken captive. I defy thee—I defy thee ever again to become free!"

Was it the word *defy* which awoke the defiance of the man, or was it some other feeling, but the Colonel suddenly released himself from Elisabeth's arms, and stood still at a few paces distance from her.

"Yes, I defy—I defy thee!" continued she. "Thou hast fettered my limbs, thou hast bound my tongue; and yet I now stand before thee powerful and strong, and like lightning, will launch against thee the fearful words. 'I love thee! I love thee!' Thou canst no longer forbid them to me, thy wrath is powerless. The thunder is with me—the tempest is with me! Soon shall I be with them above, for ever. Like a cloud upon thy heaven shall I follow thee all thy life; like a pale ghost shall I hover above thy head; and, when all is silent around thee, thou shalt hear my voice exclaiming—'I love thee! I love thee!'"

A strange and deep emotion seemed to have overcome the Colonel; he stood immovable, with his arms folded, but dark fire flashed from his eyes.

Elisabeth continued with a quiet enthusiasm, "O how deeply have I loved thee! So deeply, so warmly, no mortal ever loved! Heaven, which thunders above my head—earth, which soon will open my grave,—you, take I for eternal witnesses! Hear my word! Understand thou, thou, my life's beloved torment, noble, lofty object of all my thoughts,—of my love, of my hatred, yes, my hatred,—hear how it sounds—'I love thee!'—with my being's most inward, most holy life have I loved thee;—deep as the sea, but pure as heaven was my feeling. Thou hast not understood it—nobody on earth could understand it,—my mother knew it,—and *He* who is above us all. If we had lived in a world where words and deeds could be as innocent as feelings and thoughts—O then, like a bright, warm flame might I have enclosed and shone around thy existence—have penetrated thee with felicity,—have burned a pure sacrificial flame for thee alone. Such was my love. But thou didst not understand it—thou didst not love me—and thou repulsed me, and thou forsook me—and I became guilty,—but loved nevertheless,—and love now—and always, and eternally,—and—*alone!*"

"Alone!!!" exclaimed the Colonel, whilst a powerful feeling seemed to transport him out of himself.

"Yes, alone," repeated the Blind, confused and trembling, "could it be otherwise? I have sometimes suspected—but—O my God, my God! could it be possible? O say, is it possi-

ble! By the eternal happiness which thou deservest,—and which never can be mine,—by the light which thou seest, and which I never shall behold,—I conjure thee—say, say, hast thou loved me?"

A moment's perfect silence reigned in nature. It seemed as if it would listen to the answer, which I also awaited with trembling anxiety. At length, pale, slow lightning flamed around us.

Solemnly, with a strong, almost powerful expression in his voice, the Colonel said:

"Yes!"

The Blind turned upwards her countenance, beaming with superhuman bliss, whilst the Colonel continued with violent and deep emotion:

"Yes, I have loved thee, Elisabeth, loved thee with the whole power of my heart—but God's power in my soul was more powerful, and kept me from falling. My severity alone has saved thee and me. My love was not pure as thine. It was not the poison which thy hand gave to me, which disturbed my health—it was the combat of passion and desire—it is the care for thee. Elisabeth! Elisabeth! thou hast been infinitely dear to me,—thou art so yet—Elisabeth."

Elisabeth heard him no longer; she sunk down as if it were under the load of happiness which fell upon her; and I sprang towards her at the moment when she fell like one dying upon the earth, whilst her lips whispered with an indescribable expression of happiness, "He has loved me!"

The Colonel and I were scarcely able to carry her to her chamber. I trembled—his strength was as if paralysed. A sweat of anguish hung in drops on his brow.

Elisabeth recovered, in a short time, her consciousness; but when she re-opened her eyes, and the stream of life again rushed through her veins, she merely whispered, "he has not despised!—he has loved me!" and remained still and calm, as if she had closed her account with the world—as if she had nothing left for her to wish.

During the remaining part of the night, the storm raged terrifically, but the lightnings shone now upon the countenance of the blind, beaming with inward happiness.

From this moment, and during the few days which she yet lived, all was changed to her. All was peace and gentleness. She spoke seldom, but pressed kindly and gratefully the hands of those who approached the bed upon which she lay almost immovable. One often heard her say, softly, "He has loved me!"

One day her Honour stood beside Elisabeth, she who did not seem aware of her presence, and repeated with inexpressible delight the words so dear to her. I saw an expression of pain depicted on the mild, kind countenance of her Honour—saw her lips tremble, and some tears roll down her cheeks. She turned herself hastily, and went out. I followed her, for she had forgotten her bunch of keys. We went through the ante-room. The Colonel sat there, his head bowed upon his hand, as if he were reading. He had his back turned to us. Her Honour stole softly behind him, kissed his forehead, and stifled, as she went into the bed-room, her forth-bursting sobs. The Colonel, astonished, looked after her, glanced then upon his hand, wet with the tears of his wife, kissed

them away, and resumed his thoughtful posture. After a moment I followed her Honour into her bed-chamber, but she was not there; her hymn-book lay open upon the sofa, and its leaves bore traces of tears. At length I found her, after I had gone about through all the rooms, in the kitchen, where she was rather scolding the cook, because she had forgotten to cut the cutlets from a breast of lamb which was frizzling over the fire; which oversight actually was unpardonable, as I had already told her twice that we should have breast of lamb for dinner, and cutlets for supper.

"One cannot trust to any but oneself," said her Honour to me, a little piqued, as I gave to her her bunch of keys.

I now left Elisabeth neither day nor night.

With an astonishing rapidity her earthly existence seemed to speed towards its end. It seemed as if the first word of affection which she had heard, had been the signal of her afflicted soul's deliverance.

It is so with many children of the earth. They strive against the sting of affliction for many and many a year—live, suffer, and contend. The sting is broken, and they fall down powerless. Happiness reaches to them her beaker. They set their lips to the purple edge—and die!

Besides Helena and me, Professor L— was almost constantly with Elisabeth. In part he read aloud to her, in part he talked with us in a manner which was calculated to elevate her slumbering feelings of religion, and strengthen her faith in the dear truths which stand like bright angels by the couch of the dying.

Once he proposed to her several questions on the condition of her own mind. She replied, "I now have not strength to think clearly. I have not power to examine myself. But I feel—I have a hope—I have a presentiment of clearness!"

"May the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee!" said Professor L—, with quiet dignity and prudence.

The next day Elisabeth besought the whole family to assemble around her. As we all, together with Professor L—, were assembled in mournful silence in her room, Elisabeth called by name those whom she wished to approach her bed,—seized their hand, kissed it, as she uttered with humble devotion the word "Forgive!" So she went through them all. No one was able to speak, and that mournful "Forgive!" "forgive!" was the only sound which interrupted the sad murmur of sighs.

The Colonel and his wife stood there now together. Elisabeth was silent for a moment, and breathed heavily and with difficulty. At last she said, "Will my friend come to me!"

The Colonel went forward—she extended her arms to him—he bent himself down to her—they kissed. O what a kiss! The first and the last—that of love and of death!

No word was spoken. Pale as one dying, and with uncertain steps, the Colonel withdrew. With trembling voice, Elisabeth said, "Lift me up out of bed, and lead me to Mrs. H—."

We did so. She shewed an unusual strength, and supported by two persons, went to the other end of the room, where her Honour, who did not seem aware of her design, sat weeping.

"Assist me," said Elisabeth, "and place me upon my knees."

Her Honour rose up hastily, to prevent its being done; but, notwithstanding, Elisabeth hastily lay at her feet, kissing them, whilst she stammered forth, with convulsive sighs, "Forgive! forgive!"

She was borne almost lifeless again to her bed.

From this moment the Colonel did not again leave her.

Through the night which succeeded this day, and the day following, she lay still, but seemed to suffer physical pain. In the evening, as Professor L——, the Colonel, and I sat silently by her bed, she woke out of a still slumber, and said aloud, in a clear voice, "He has loved me! Lord, I thank thee!"

After this she sank into a kind of sleep or stupor, which continued probably an hour. Her breath, which during this time had been very rapid, began by degrees to become feeble. A long pause occurred—then came a sigh—then a longer interval—and then again a sigh. All at once the breath seemed to cease. It was a terrible moment. A slight spasm passed through the limbs—then a violent sigh or gasp, followed by a sadly-mournful sound—and all was still.

"She has ceased to be!" said the Colonel with a suppressed voice, and pressed his lips upon the death-pale brow.

"She *sees* now!" said Professor L——, and raised a solemn and beaming look to heaven.

The joyous air of the summer evening played in through the open window, and the birds sang gaily without in the hedge of honeysuckle. A gentle rose light, a reflection of the lately descended sun, diffused itself through the chamber, and spread an illuminating glory over the deceased.

So still, so free from pain, lay she now there! She who so long had combated and despaired—so calm, so still now! Over the white pillow, and even down to the floor, fell her rich brown hair. On her lips was an extraordinary smile, full of an expression of sublime knowledge. I have seen that smile upon the lips of many who sleep the sleep of death. The angel of eternity has impressed upon them his kiss.

Peaceful moment, in which a heart which has so long throbbed with disquiet and pain, experiences rest! Peaceful moment, which reconciles every enemy to us, which draws near to us every friend, casts oblivion over every error, the beams of glory over every virtue, which opens the blind eyes and releases the bonds of the soul! Beautiful and peaceful moment, although borne upon the wings of a nocturnal angel, thou smilest towards me like the rosy hue of morning; and when I see thee advance towards another, I have many a time longed thou shouldst come for me also.

#### THE SKIN GETS ENTANGLED.

ELISABETH was no more. She had been like a gloomy thunder-cloud, and darkened the bright heaven of existence which most nearly surrounded her. When she was gone, all experienced a sentiment of peace and security. Many

tears were consecrated to her mournful memory. but no heart recalled her. Pitiable Elisabeth! thou first gavest peace when thy own heart enjoyed it in the grave.

We see every day that the most insignificant, the least endowed persons, but who are kind and gentle, become more beloved in the world and more lamented than the distinguished, richly gifted, who misuse their talent; who, with all their beauty, their mind, their warmth of heart, have not made one being happy.

The Colonel alone retained for a long time a gloomy state of mind, and was more reserved than common towards his wife and children. Their tenderness and attentions, however, as well as the beneficial operation of time, began by degrees to dissipate this gloom, when circumstances connected with his domestic circle anew shook his rest, and agitated his naturally powerful feelings.

One day, Arvid's father, General P——, burst into the Colonel's room, full of fury. First of all, he relieved his heart by a salvo of curses and oaths; and when the Colonel coldly asked what it all meant, he stammered forth, almost beside himself, "What does it mean? What does it mean? Thousand d—ls! It means that your—your—your daughter is a cursed—"

"General P——!" said the Colonel, in a voice which brought the angry man quickly to himself, and who replied rather more quietly, "It—it—it—means that your daughter plays with truth and faith, that she befools—fetch me seven thousand!—that she will break off with Arvid, will return to him the betrothal ring. Fetch me seven! that Arvid is beside himself, that he will shoot himself through the head, so violent and frantic as he is; and that I shall be a miserable, childless old man!" Here a few tears rolled down the old gentleman's cheeks, and he continued in a voice in which anger and pain contended: "She sports with my son's peace—sports with my gray hairs. I loved her so tenderly; as a father, brother. As a father, I had set also my hope of the happiness of the evening of my life upon her. It will be the death of me. She says directly to my Arvid's face that she will not have him; directly in my son's face. Fetch me seven thousand! He will be a laughing-stock to the whole country. He will shoot himself, brother; he will shoot his brains out, I say; and I shall be a childless, miserable old man," etc. etc.

The Colonel, who had heard all this in the most perfect silence, now rang the bell violently. I was in the next room, and went in to the Colonel, in order a little to reconnoitre, and to prepare Julie for that which awaited her.

The Colonel's countenance betrayed anger and severity. He desired me to tell Julie to come down to him.

I found Julie in the greatest anxiety; but, from the General's visit to her father, prepared for that which was before her.

"I know—I know," said she, growing pale at my message, "it must come out—it cannot be helped."

"But hast thou actually," I asked, "broken off with thy bridegroom?"

"I have—I have probably," answered she, troubled and full of anxiety; "I cannot now tell all—yesterday evening a word escaped me

against Arvid—he was cold and scornful—I was violent, he was in a passion and rode away in anger."

Again we heard the Colonel's bell ring.

"My God!" said Julie, and pressed her hands to her heart, "now I must go—and must have courage. Ah! if it were not for his contemptuous look—tell me, Beata—did papa look very solemn!"

I could not say no; prayed her not to hurry herself—to consider well her own promise, once so solemnly given, the Colonel's strict principles regarding the sanctity of such a promise.

"Ah, I cannot—I cannot! was all that Julie was able to say, while trembling and pale she went down stairs to the Colonel's room. When she came to the door she paused, as if to strengthen her resolve, said "I must!" and went in.

In the course of about half an hour Julie came into Helena's room, where I also was, and looked quite inconsolable. She threw herself upon the sofa, laid her head upon Helena's knee, and began sobbing loudly and violently. The good Helena sat silent, but sympathetic tears ran down her cheeks, and fell like pearls upon Julie's golden plaits of hair. When, after a little time, Julie's suffering seemed somewhat to allay itself, Helena said tenderly, as she passed her fingers between her sister's rich curls, "I have not arranged thy hair to-day, sweet Julie. Sit up a moment, and it shall soon be done."

"Ah, cut off my hair—I will be a nun!" replied Julie; but for all that rose up, dried her eyes, let her arrange her hair, assisted Helena with hers, and was calmer.

So certain is it, that the little occupations of everyday life possess an often wonderful power to dissipate troubles.

When we inquired what had really happened, Julie replied—"This has happened, that I am condemned for the whole remainder of my life to do penance for the thoughtlessness of one moment—and to be a wretched being—that is to say—if I submit to the sentence—but I will not—rather papa's displeasure—rather—"

"Ah, Julie, Julie!" interrupted Helena, "think well about what you say!"

"Helena, you know not what I suffer, how I have struggled with myself for a long time. You know not how clearly I see the lamentable and the miserable part of my fate, if I must be Arvid's wife. Ah! I have hitherto gone as if in sleep, and sleeping I gave him my hand,—now I am awake—and should not withdraw it if I saw that I gave it to a—"

"Arvid is a good person, Julie!"

"What do you call good, Helena? Those who merely are not bad? Arvid (I have tried, I have proved it) seemed good, because he has not been tempted to be bad; calm and collected, because he troubled himself about nothing but his own convenience; reasonable, because he sees no further than his nose extends. Ah! he is merely a collection of negatives—why should one fear to add to his collection, and make him a present of another no? Do not imagine that it will trouble him long—he does not love me—he cannot love, he has no feeling! Ah! he is a bit of moist wood, which my little fire would in vain strive to kindle; the same would by degrees vanish in smoke, and in the end quite go out."

"If even, sweet Julie, Arvid be not the man whom you deserve, and who would make you, as your husband, happy, why should not your fire nevertheless burn clearly? Arvid is, indeed, not bad; he would never become a spirit of torment to you. How many wives are there not, who, united to husbands who beyond all comparison stand far below them, yet develop themselves as noble and excellent beings; create happiness and prosperity around them, and enjoy happiness through the beautiful consciousness of fulfilling their duty. See our cousin, Mrs. M——, how estimable and how amiable she is! And what a man is her husband! Look at Emma S——; look at Hedda R——."

"Yes, and look at Penelope and sisters and company—ah, Helena, these women have my high esteem, my reverence, my admiration. I would resemble them; but one thing I know clearly—that I cannot do so. That independence in opinion and judgment, that calmness, that clearness, that certainty and perspicuity of principle, which are so necessary when in married life one would take the lead—this I have not—not at all! I am exactly one who requires to be guided—I am a vine-branch, and need the oak for support. At this moment my understanding has developed itself—I feel a better being arising within me—a new world opening itself for me! Would that I might wander through it on the hand of a husband whom I could love and esteem; whose heart would reply to the purifying fire within mine; who with the light of his clear understanding would illumine the twilight in my soul; (behold Professor L——, thought I)—oh, how much better a being should I then be!—and arrive at a goal which I now rather imagine than see. But with Arvid, see Helena, with Arvid—my world would be like a store-room—I myself like a bit of mouldy cheese.

"It is truer than you think. Ah, it is a mournful affair, this marrying. There are a great many with whom it has happened as it now might happen with me—they have hoisted the sail of matrimony in foolishness,—have fancied they should reach the island of bliss,—and have been stranded, and fixed for the whole of their lives upon a sand-bank. Like the oyster in its shell, they have crept about and sought for a little sunshine, till the merciful wave came—"

"Julie! Julie!"

"Helena! Helena! It is a sketch from every-day life; every day strengthens its truth. How many noble natures have been ruined in this way! And so will mine be, if I am not able in time to sail past the sand-bank."

"Julie! I fear that this cannot be done. Papa's principles are immovable; and among these stands foremost firm adherence to a promise. And I think that he is perfectly right. Besides, as regards the annulling of a betrothal, the taking back of a given promise of marriage, there lies in it a something so deeply wounding to female delicacy, that I consider —"

"Delicacy here, and delicacy there: I consider it quite indelicate, and in particular quite absurd, that a whole life's happiness should be sacrificed to delicacy."

"Could you be happy, Julie, if you lost your connexions—your father's affection—the esteem of the world?"

"The esteem of the world—I would not give many stivers for it; but the esteem of those whom I love—ah Helena, Beata—is it indeed possible that I could lose that? Then it certainly would be better that I condemned myself to be unhappy —"

"You shall not be unhappy, Julie," said Helena, as with tearful eyes she clasped her sister in her arms—"you shall —"

"Of that you know nothing, Helena," interrupted Julie, with irritable impatience; "I know that I should be so. There is a something still, besides Arvid's unworthiness, which would make me so; it is the certainty that I have missed my goal—the certainty that I might have had a nobler, a happier lot—that I might have lived upon earth for the happiness of a superior and excellent being. Ah, I feel it. I might, like a lark, have winged myself on high in freedom, light, and song; and now, now, I shall, as I feared, crawl about on the sand-bank of life, like an oyster, dragging along with me my prison!"

By the repetition of this horrible, but no less correct comparison, a new, vehement grief overcame Julie: she threw herself again down on the sofa, and remained the whole day without eating or being willing to hear any consolation. Her Honour ran, partly herself, and partly sent me, incessantly up and down stairs with drops and smelling-waters.

Julie was really, though not seriously, unwell, and remained two days in her chamber, during which she did not see her father. Neither Lieutenant Arvid nor the General were heard of during these days, to the great comfort of Julie.

Her Honour had always had her own little tactics, or domestic policy, whenever any misunderstanding occurred between her husband and her children;—namely when she talked with the first, her words were always on the side of the latter; and with the latter she asserted and proved to them that the first was in the right. Her heart was, I fancy, often a deserter to the side of the weaker, because when, in certain cases, every thing was obliged to yield to the iron will of the Colonel, her Honour always caressed her children with redoubled tenderness. She had now also talked with her husband in Julie's behalf, and for the releasing her from her engagement, but found him inflexible ("impossible!" said her Honour); and when she now saw Julie so wretched, she was imperceptibly towards him—not unfriendly—God forbid!—but, nevertheless, a little less friendly; in appearance (I'll answer for it that it was not so in reality) somewhat less anxious about his comfort and satisfaction in a many little things. A certain unpleasantness, hitherto altogether foreign to the family, prevailed in the house for some days.

"If the mountain will not come to Mahomet—Mahomet must go to the mountain," said the Colonel to me, one morning, with a good-tempered smile, as he was about to go up the stairs which led to Julie's room.

At that very moment a travelling-carriage drove into the court, and Cornet Carl, with a flushed and almost bewildered countenance, sprang out and up the steps, embraced with silent fervency his parents and sisters, and be-

sought, after this, a moment's conversation with his father.

The moment extended to an hour, when the Cornet, with a pale and disturbed countenance, came alone out of his father's room. As if unconsciously, he went through the sitting-room and saloon into her Honour's boudoir, without seeming to be aware either of her or me, and seated himself silently with his elbows rested upon a table, and covered his eyes with his hand, as if the daylight distressed him.

With maternal anxiety her Honour observed him; at length she rose, stroked his cheek with her hand caressingly, and said to him, "My good boy, what is amiss with thee?"

"Nothing!" answered the Cornet, with a low and suppressed voice.

"Nothing!" repeated her Honour. "Carl, thou makest me anxious—thou art so pale—thou art unhappy!"

"Yes," replied the Cornet, in the same low voice.

"My child, my son! What ails thee?"

"Every thing!"

"Carl! and thou hast a mother who would give her life for thy happiness?"

"My good mother!" exclaimed the Cornet, and clasped her in his arms: "forgive me!"

"My best child! tell me what I can do for thee! Tell me what thou wantest—tell me all! It must have an outlet some way—I cannot live and see thee unhappy!"

"I must be unhappy, if I cannot obtain, or raise on bond, the sum of ten thousand rix-dollars. If I get them not to-day, Hermina is—my Hermina is in a few days the wife of another! Good God! the happiness of my whole life, and that of another, I would purchase with this beggarly money—and it is denied me! I have spoken with my father—opened to him my heart—told him all. He has this sum—I know it—and he—"

"And he has denied thee?"

"Positively, decidedly. He says that it is the inheritance of the unhappy and the needy; and for the sake of these suffering strangers makes his own son unhappy!"

With this the Cornet started up, and went with great strides up and down the room, as he exclaimed, "What low being has dared to blacken Hermina to my father—this God's holy angel! She would deceive me! She—she loved the detested G—! He only, or his emissaries, have been able—"

Here the Cornet massacred a carriage with its accompanying horses (the equipage of the little Dummies); and her Honour, terrified, removed from her son's neighbourhood a vase with flowers, whilst she, attentive to his complaints, asked anxiously,—"But why! But how!"

"Do not ask me now!" said the Cornet impatiently. "I can say only this now, that my life's weal or woe rests upon my obtaining to-day the specified sum of money. I may become the happiest being on the earth, or the most unhappy; and not I alone—"

"Carl!" said her Honour solemnly, "look at me! God bless thy honest eyes, my son! Yes, I know thee. Thou wilt not let me take a step, the consequences of which I may repent."

"My mother! wouldst thou repent having effected the happiness of my life!"

"It is enough, my child. I go now to speak to thy father. Wait me here."

In a violently excited state of mind the Cornet awaited the return of his mother. I saw that in a moment he was in that delirium of youth which makes it appear incredible that any one can oppose their wishes or their wills. In such moments people cannot bear the word "impossibility." They seem to themselves as if they could command the sun even, seem as if they could tear up the roots of the mountains; or, which is all the same, tear up the principles from a firm human breast.

It was a long time before her Honour returned. Julie and Helena accompanied her. She was pale; tears glittered on her eyelids, and her voice trembled as she said, "Thy father will not; he has his reasons; he thinks that he does right, and does quite certainly what is best. But, my good child, thou canst be assisted, nevertheless. Take these pearls and jewels. They are mine—I can dispose of them—take them. In Stockholm thou wilt receive a considerable sum for them."

"And here, and here, best Carl," said Julie and Helena, whilst with the one hand they reached to him their treasures, and threw the other affectionately around his neck: take these also, Carl; we pray thee, take, sell all, and make thyself happy!"

A dark crimson flushed the countenance of the young man, and tears streamed down his cheeks. At that moment the Colonel entered, stood in the doorway, and riveted a keen glance upon the group which occupied the back-ground of the room. An expression of anger, mingled with scorn, lighted up his face. "Carl!" exclaimed he with a strong voice, "if thou art sufficiently unworthy to take advantage of the weakness of thy mother and sisters to satisfy thy blind passion, then I despise thee, I will not acknowledge thee as my son."

Deeply unhappy, and now so deeply misjudged, the bitterest indignation poured its gall into the heart of the young man. He was deathly pale, his lips convulsively compressed. He stamped his foot violently, and was out of the door like lightning. A few minutes afterwards, he mounted his horse, and galloped across the court.

THE CORNET! THE CORNET! THE CORNET!

"Halloa! it sounds through the wood."

HALLÖA! it sounds. The hunted fly, and the hunters follow. What is the game? An unhappy human being. And the hunters! The furies of anger, of despair, and frenzy. How they drive! An unexampled chase! The hunted fly, and the hunters follow. Halloa! halloa! They lose not the scent—they follow—they follow, through the thickest wood, over the dancing billows, over hill, over dale, with gaping jaws—will swallow their prey—it goes bound after bound—but runs wearily on its course. Halloa! halloa! it will soon be ended!

Onward! onward! spurred the pursued his sporting horse, which flew foaming over hedges and fences. Wild tumults raged in his soul. Wrapt in a cloud of dust, he posted over the road through gloomy and wood-over-grown

tracts, whilst he thought to stupify every feeling, every thought in his soul, and listened only to the admonitory forward! forward! which rung in every throb of his fever-wild pulse.

The peaceful inhabitants of the cottages, which rushed past like a storm-wind, sprang in astonishment to their door, and asked in wonder, "What horseman is that who is run away with?" And one of them (Stina Ander's daughter at Rörum) declared that she had seen a hound and a hare come forth; the one out of the cottage, and the other out of the wood, and sitting, the one opposite the other with staring eyes; saw the wild rider, after which, quite bewildered and out of sorts, they had sprung past each other; the hare into the cottage, the dog into the wood.

The wild rider, Cornet Carl, made no halt till he pulled up at the gates of the Wood-house, so well known to us, threw himself from his horse, and sprung up the steps. All the doors in the upper story were fastened; all was still. He sprang down the steps. All the doors in the lower story were fastened; all was still and dead. He sprang across the court to a little out-building, and pushed open a door. There, humming a psalm, and spinning flax upon a whistling wheel, sat within the cottage a little, wrinkled old woman.

"Where are the gentlefolks! Where is Miss Hermia!" exclaimed the heated, almost breathless Cornet.

"Ha!" answered the little old spinning-woman.

"Where are the gentlefolks!" cried the Cornet, with an annihilating voice and look.

"What d'ye say!" replied the old woman, as she poked her nose comfortably into a little snuff-box.

The Cornet stamped. (A mended cup fell down from the shelf, three crippled glass jingled together). "Are you stone-deaf!" shrieked he, at the highest pitch of his voice. "I ask which way the gentlefolks from here are gone!"

"Which way! To Thorsborg; does the gentleman mean! Ay, then go over the fields, and—"

"I ask," screamed the Cornet very loudly, in despair, "where the gentlefolks are gone to from here."

"To Fromere! Yes, yes—then you must go—"

"It is beyond all patience!" said the Cornet, in despair, "it is enough to drive one mad!"

"Ay, ay, indeed!" sighed the little old woman, perplexed and terrified at the appearance of the Cornet's anger, and went quickly to pick up the pieces of the broken cup.

A small piece of money upon this flew under her nose, and the stranger had vanished.

"God preserve me! God bless!" stammered the astonished and pleased old woman.

Another door on the same floor now flew open before the powerful grasp of the Cornet's hand.

On her hearth, beside her pig (that is to say her child), sat in the room a fat, dear mother, feeding her little bristly-haired boy with hasty-pudding.

The Cornet repeated here his questions, and received for answer—

"Yes, they are set off."

"But where! say where! Did they leave no message,—no letter for me!"

"Letter? Yes; I have one that was left for the Cornet H—, and I was just thinking of setting out with it to Thorsborg, as soon as I have put a drop of gruel into the boy, poor thing—eat, boy."

"In heaven's name give me here the letter directly—haste, go this moment, I say, after it, go—"

"Yes, yes—I'll go as soon as I have put these drops of gruel into the boy. He is hungry, poor creature—eat, boy!"

"I will feed the boy, give me the spoon—only go and fetch the letter here directly!"

At length the woman went to her chest. The Cornet stood on the hearth, took gruel out of the pot with the spoon, blew it with anxious countenance, and put it into the little fellow's open mouth. The woman tumbled the things about in her chest, sought and sought. Snuff-box and butter-pot, stockings and under-petticoats, hymn-book and bread, came one after another, and lay all about the floor—the letter not.

The Cornet tramped and stamped in painful impatience.

"Be quick there! No, is it not there? Ah!"

"Directly, directly! wait only a bit, wait—here, no, here; no, wait a bit—wait."

Wait! One may imagine to oneself whether the Cornet was inclined now to "wait a bit!"

But the letter was not forthcoming. The woman put by her things, and muttered between her teeth—

"It's gone—it's not to be found!"

"Not to be found!" repeated the Cornet, and poked in his terror a spoonful of hot gruel into the throat of the boy, who set up a loud roar.

The letter was not to be found. "The boy must certainly have picked it up, have torn it in two, or else have burned it," and the dear mother, who was more concerned about her boy's trouble than the Cornet's, said angrily to the latter, "Go to Löfstaholm, there you can take leave. The gentlefolks are gone there, and Miss Agnes was here to-day with Miss Hermina."

The Cornet left a rix-dollar as a plaster for the scalded throat, and cursing half aloud the goose and the gosling, mounted Blanka again, who in the mean time had been cropping the yellow autumn grass which grew here and there in the court.

Now to Löfstaholm. Six miles had to be got over. Blanka felt the spurs, and sprang off at full gallop.

A river divides the road. The bridge was broken down, and was under repair. There is yet another way—but that makes a bend of a mile and a half. Blanka soon snorted courageously in the waves, which washed the foam from neck and nose, and kissed the feet of the rider as he sat in his saddle.

Two travellers at some little distance began to talk.

"Do you know, mother," said the one thoughtfully to the other, "I think that it is the Neck himself, who has ridden on the black mare through the river."

"Do you know, father," said the other, "I think it is a bridegroom who rides to his beloved."

"Trust me, my old fellow!"

"Trust me, my old woman!"

And "trust me, my reader," the rider stands now on the opposite shore; and forwards, forwards speeds he again through wood and field.

Poor Blanka! when the white walls of Löfstaholm shone forth amid the green-yellow-brown trees thou was not very far from being knocked up, but at the sight of them the rider somewhat relaxed his speed, and when come into the court, Blanka was able to rest, and to draw breath by the side of the three other riding-horses, which proved that Löfstaholm had guests at this moment.

The iron-master and knight, Mr. D—, sate in his room and contemplated with the mein of a satisfied connoisseur, a head in black chalk, done by the promising daughter Eleonora, and the iron-master's lady, Mrs. Emerentia D—, whose maiden name was J—, stood beside him reading with delighted attention, a poem on the pleasure of "Rural Life and Simplicity," written by her most hopeful son Lars Anders (whom the family called "the little Lord Byron"); as Cornet Carl stepped violently into the room, and after a slight apology, without troubling himself as to what people thought of him, his state of mind, and his questions, prayed to know what was known here of Baron K— and his family's hasty journey.

"Nothing more than this," said Iron-master D—, and wrinkled up his brow, "that they passed by here yesterday afternoon, and that Baron K— was pleased to come up here and say rude things to me, and to pay me, it may be, a fourth of the sum which I have lent to him out of pure kindness, an eternity since.—A Dido,—Cornet H—, by my Eleonora—"

Mrs. D— took up the word. "The Baroness, or what must one call her (for I have the idea that she is no more a Baroness than I am), was not pleased once to move to me from the carriage. Yes, yes, one gets beautiful thanks for all the politeness one shews to people. No, she sate as bolt upright and stiff as a princess in her carriage,—her carriage say I—yes, very pretty—young G—'s equipage it was, he himself sate in it like a caught bird in a cage,—and that perhaps made her so proud."

"G—'s carriage! G— with them!" cried the Cornet, "and Hermina!"

"Sate there, and looked straight before her like a turkey-hen. Yes, in that girl I have been quite mistaken. I thought that it was a shame for her, and allowed my daughters to take a little care about her and encourage her musical talent. Therese, in particular, was actually bewitched with her. But I soon found that I had committed an imprudence, and that she, as well as her family, in no respect was fit society for my daughters. All kind of strange reports are in circulation respecting these high bred gentry—they have sent themselves off in a manner—"

A servant now came in with tobacco-pipes, which he arranged in a corner of the room. The Iron-master D— thought it as well to continue the conversation in French.

"Oui, c'est une vrai scandale," said he, "une forgerie de tromperie! Un vrai frippon est la fille—je sais ça—et le plus extrêmement mauvais sujet et sa père."

"Son père," corrected Mrs. D—, "et le pire de toute chose c'est son mère. Un conduite,

oh ! Ecoute, cher Cornet, dans l'Italie, le mère et le fille et la pere—"

All at once there occurred in the next room a fearful noise, a screaming, a laughing, a tumult, a jubilation beyond all comparison. There was scraping on fiddles, there was jangling with shovels and tongs, there was singing, yelling, piping, and in the midst of this din were heard all kind of exclamations, of which this alone was intelligible :

"Papa ! Papa ! now we know the piece ! Now the scene is in order ! Hurra, hurra !"

The jubilant herd rushed now like a foaming torrent into the room ; but when the wild young people beheld Cornet Carl, their delight was beyond all bounds. A universal cry was uttered :

"Iphigenie, Iphigenie ! Hurra ! hurra ! Cornet H— Cornet Carl will be our Iphigenie ! Hurra ! Long live Iphigenie the Second, long live Cornet Iphigenie ! Long live—"

"Death and hell !" thought the Cornet, as the wild crowd regularly fell upon him, and endeavoured to drag him with them, amid the cry, "Come Iphigenie ! Come Cornet Carl, hence, hence ! We will have a rehearsal immediately ! The Cornet may hold his part in his hand—come, come, only !"

"Hocus-pokus about Cornet Carl ! Fall down on your knees, and rise up as Iphigenie."

This last was bassooned forth by the sweet little Agnes D—, who stood on tiptoes to hang a veil over Cornet Carl's head, but could not reach up to his ears. Lieutenant Ruttelin came to her assistance. Eleonora D— and Mina P— had already swung a large shawl over his shoulders, and three young gentlemen endeavoured to wrap him round with a sheet, which should be a gown. Among the seconds of the Misses D—, Lieutenant Arvid was also to be seen.

The Cornet resisted ; it was in vain ; he raised his voice, shouted to and with them,—in vain—he could not, amid the noise around him, either make himself understood, or once heard.

An actual despair out of pure vexation overcame him, and brought him to a desperate resolution. Making use of his strength, not in the most polite manner, he pushed with both arms right and left the people from him, tore off the sheet, and—ran—ran through an open door, which he saw before him, and striking into a long row of rooms, looked neither to the right nor the left, but ran, ran, ran ! Ran over a servant girl, three chairs, two tables, and came at length from room to room, out into a great dining-room, on the other side of which was a porch. This the Cornet knew, and was just about hastening there, when he was aware of the jubilant herd, with the loud cry of Iphigenie, Iphigenie ! who were coming through the porch to meet him. The Cornet, in the greatest distress of mind, was just about to turn round, when he saw near him a half-open door which led to a little winding staircase.

He shot down this like an arrow. It was dark and narrow,—turned and turned. It began to turn round in the head of the Cornet itself, when at length his feet reached firm land. He stood in a little dark passage. From an iron door which stood ajar gleamed a stripe of light. The Cornet went through this door also. Through an opposite window, defended with

stout iron bars, shone a feeble and descending autumn sun, and lit up the white-grey stone walls of the vaulted room. The Cornet found himself—in a prison !—no, in a store-room.

The Cornet sought after a way of escape. There was indeed in the little passage a door, opposite to the door of the vault, but it must be opened with a key, and no key was there. The Cornet sought and sought—in vain. He sat down on a broad-chest in the vault, freed himself from his shawl and veil, and heard with satisfaction how the wild chase rushed forth overhead, and seeking traces of him, drove about in the neighbourhood ; but he heard them always sufficiently near, to prevent him from coming up. Unhappy, indignant, weary, embittered with the whole world, he stared before him almost without the power of thinking. A dish of confectionery, the remains of a party, of veal cutlets, and currant-cream, standing in the sunshine on a table, met his eye kindly and invitingly.

The Cornet experienced a strange emotion ; in the midst of his despair, plagued with a thousand tormenting thoughts, he felt—hunger.

Poor human nature ! O man, crown of creation ! Dust-king of the dust ! Is it heaven or hell, which storms within thy breast ! Eat must thou nevertheless ! One minute an angel, another an animal ! Poor human nature !

And on the other side :

Happy human nature ! Happy duality, which alone preserves the unity of the being. The animal comforts the spirit, the spirit the animal, and thus alone can the human being live.

The Cornet lived,—was hungry,—saw food, and did not long delay the satisfying of his hunger therewith. The party was soon added to the more substantial stuff.

Forgive ! forgive, young lady reader ! I know—a lover, a hero of romance in particular, ought not to be so prosaic, so earthly, and our hero is perhaps in danger of losing all your kind sympathy. But reflect, reflect charming creatures, who live on rose-odour and feelings, he was a man, and worse, a Cornet ; he had had a long ride, and had not eaten a morsel the whole day. Reflect on that !

"But is it becoming to eat in this way in other peoples' store-rooms ?"

Ah, my most gracious Chief-mistress-of-ceremony ! when a man is very unhappy and very much embittered, very heart-inwardly weary of the world, then people think that everything is becoming to them, which in any way is becoming in itself, and does not overturn anything but *convenances*. One has then an actual delight in trampling upon these, as upon other kind of weeds, and is often in that kind of state of mind, a beautiful cosmopolitan spirit, which makes one capable of saying, "Get out of the way !" to the whole world.

Cornet Carl had just cleared the party out of the way, when a tumult, increasing in strength, renewed its shrill cries after the unlucky "Iphigenie !" and a rattling and noise on the top of the stairs made known to him that the hunting-herd spied out and were upon his track. Quite beside himself, he sprang to the window, seized with all his might one of the iron bars, with the intention of loosening it, and, cost what it would, of making his escape.

O ray of deliverance! The Cornet seized the key, it went into the keyhole; and, as if chased by furies (the Cornet thought in this moment of bewilderment that all the sweet, accomplished Misses D—— had Medusa-heads), flew through a long passage out into the porch, down the steps, over the court, and upon the back of Blanka. Scarcely was he in the saddle, before, like a swarm of bees streaming out of the mouth of the beehive, the raging herd burst forth from the gate, singing, nay, screaming in chorus—

Iphigenie! Iphigenie!  
Heavens, what gross poltroonery!  
Lovely maid, where art thou, then?  
Come again, O come again!

The Cornet dashed off, and soon vanished from the eyes of the chorus, behind the trees. Three young gentlemen, who, in the joyousness of their hearts, believed nothing else than that all this was merely a madly merry frolic, mounted their horses in a twinkling, and followed the fugitive.

When the Cornet saw himself again pursued, he suddenly rode more slowly, to the great astonishment of the chasing triumvirate, who speedily overtook him, and surrounded him with shrill laughter and cries.

"Aha! aha! Now we have the Cornet fast—now there is no more help. Give yourself up captive, Cornet H——, and turn round directly with us." And one of them seized upon his horse's bridle.

But the arm was rudely struck back; and looking stiffly and proudly upon his pursuers, the Cornet said with warmth—

"If the gentlemen had the least grain of sense, they must have seen directly that I am in anything but the humour to play and to be played with. They would now also see that all these frolics are to me disgusting. I wish them at the devil, and you with them. Leave me in peace."

"That's very abusively said, the thousand!" said one of the triumvirate, and put his horse at the same pace as Cornet Carl's; whilst the other two gentlemen, standing rebuffed and taking counsel together for a moment, galloped back again amid loud laughter.

The Cornet rode gently, and looked with a keen, angry, and inquiring glance at his unbidden companion, who observed him with a pair of large, clear light blue eyes with a kind of ironical quietness.

The two silent riders now reached a cross-road. Here the Cornet turned himself proudly to his companion, and said—

"I presume that we part here; good night, sir."

"No," replied the other, carelessly and ironically, "I have now a few words to say to you."

"When and where you please," said the Cornet, frowning up.

"Hoho! hoho!" said the other, ironically; "do you take the matter so ill? Where and when you please, are indeed words which we may use as a kind of challenge—when and where one pleases to take one another's lives. Now, for my part, that can certainly be when and where you please; but this time I do not mean it to be so serious. I only accompany you to hold a little conversation, to see whether I cannot enliven you a little, excite you a little—to converse with you."

H

"With certain people," said the Cornet, "I converse most willingly with the sword in my hand—that keeps at a distance."

"Sword!" said his opponent carelessly: "why a sword!—why not rather with a pistol! That talks louder, and serves also to keep folks at a distance. I don't fight willingly with the sword."

"Perhaps with pine rather," said the Cornet, disdainfully.

"Yes, pine; or rather hair-pins," replied his opponent, smiling, as he took off his hat, and from the richest plaits of hair which ever adorned a lady's head, drew a large hair-pin, to which he (or rather she) fastened a little note, which she reached to the Cornet with the words, which she uttered in a very different tone—

"If you find this more painful than the point of a sword, forgive those who must bring it to you against their will."

And the blue-eyed horsewoman, Therese D——, gave the Cornet a friendly, compassionate look, saluted him lightly, turned round her horse, and vanished quickly from his wondering eyes.

But these soon expressed another feeling, for he recognised in the address of the note the handwriting of Hermina. With feelings which one can easily imagine, the Cornet opened the letter and read the following:—

"My only friend upon earth! farewell! farewell! If thou come, it is too late. I have been compelled to yield to my mother's despairing prayers. To-day I set off to Stockholm. Tomorrow I am Genseerik's wife—if I live till then. My brother, my friend, my all,—ah, forgive me! Farewell!"

HERMINA.

"Now to Stockholm!" said the Cornet, with desperate and firm determination to win her—or die!—"Thanks, eternal Heaven!—there yet is time."

The evening began to be stormy and dark. The Cornet felt nothing, and cared for nothing around him, but rode at full speed to the inn.

"This moment, a stout active horse!" cried the Cornet in a thundering voice; "I will pay you what you will!"

In a short time a snorting steed neighed merrily under the wild rider, who with voice and spur still more excited his courage, and with the blind fury of impatience sped onward, onward, over —; but let us take breath for a moment.

KLA-WHIT! KLA-WHIT!"

*The Corpse Owl.*

It was night. The moon's silver flood streamed quietly down over the castle of Thorsborg, where all seemed still, because no light shone from the deep windows, speaking of a wakeful human eye, of a heart which knew no rest. Ah!—and yet—

The clear lamp of night shone into the Colonel's room, and lighted up, one after another, the gilded-framed family portraits, whose forms seemed by the pale bluish beams to come again to life, and from the night of antiquity, in whose shadows their joys and pains, hatred and love, prayer and glances, had long been extinguished,

now looked forth with quiet dreamy smiles upon the combats of their living descendants with the dark powers of life, and in the spirit of these thoughts—which thought alone perceives—whisper,

Thou wilt forget, wilt be forgotten quite—  
The combat of the day be hid in night;  
Repose will follow when thy strife shall cease.  
Spirit keep this in mind,—and have thou peace!

Peace? Quiet, apparitions!—you wish to comfort. But there are moments when thoughts upon this word of the grave and of heaven make us shed bitter tears.

The Colonel stood in his window and looked out into the moonlight night. His lofty brow was paler than common, and dark fire beamed in his deep-set eyes.

A storm-wind raged now and again through the court-yard, and carried along with it heaps of yellow leaves, which struck up a whirling dance before the old rock-firm building, and reminded one of courtiers, who tried to amuse their dark glancing prince. The flag-staff on the tower swung round gratefully, and an uneasy, anxious whistling, such as in stormy weather one hears in great buildings, passed lamentingly here and there through the castle. This sound was worthy to be the messenger of misfortune; it distressed the hearer like melancholy forebodings. White clouds, of strange, fantastical shapes, were driven over the heavens, and resembled hosts flying forth with torn banners. They wrapped a storm-sail over the queen of night, who nevertheless quickly broke through it with conquering beams, and at length they assembled themselves in dark grey masses lower down on the horizon.

The Colonel contemplated with uneasy and gloomy feelings the wild conflicts of nature. He bitterly felt that the spirit of discontent with his poisonous breath disturbed also the peace of his hitherto so happy and united family. He, who loved his own family so dearly, who was so tenderly beloved by them in return, he was no v all at once become as it were a stranger to them. Wife, children, removed themselves from him—turned their faces away from him; and it was his fault; he had refused their prayers; they were unhappy through him; and at this moment, when his conscience bore witness that he had firmly adhered to his principles of right—that, without wavering, he had acted up to his severe but lofty ideas—in this moment painful feelings arose in his heart, which seemed to accuse him of having erred in their application, and thereby, that he had caused suffering which he might have prevented—that he had embittered the days of those beings whom he was called upon to make happy and to bless. A physical sensation of pain, which was peculiar to him, and which he mostly perceived when his soul was painfully excited—a spasm of the chest, which made breathing difficult, was now more than commonly acute during these gloomy thoughts. He felt himself solitary; no one, at this moment, felt tenderness towards him; nobody's thoughts hovered above him on the peace-bringing dove-wings of prayer; he was solitary! A tear forced itself to his manly eye, and he looked up on high with a dark wish soon to leave a world where pain ruled.

A white cloud, which bore the form of a hu-

man being with outstretched arms floated alone, along the starry vault; it appeared to descend lower and lower, and the outstretched misty arms seemed to approach the Colonel. He thought upon Elisabeth—upon her love—on her promise to be with him after death. Was it not as if her spirit would now embrace him? Was it not her apparition which now, when every affectionate voice was silent around him, descended that she might solitarily call to him through the night, I love thee! I love thee!

Nearer and nearer came the ghost-like appearance; the eye of the Colonel followed it with melancholy longing, and almost unconsciously he raised his arms towards it. Then was it suddenly snatched up by the storm-wind,—the extended arms were rent from the misty body, and in broken, wild flames, like a mysterious fantasy, the white cloud passed by above the turrets of the tower. Space was desolate. The Colonel laid his hand upon his breast,—it was desolate there. Some deep sighs laboured forth from its painful recesses. At this bitter moment some one approached him with soft footsteps—an arm stole under his, a hand was laid familiarly and tenderly upon his hand, and he felt a head lean softly upon his shoulder. He looked not around—he questioned not—he knew that she now was near him, who for so many years had shared with him joy and pain; she alone could divine his hidden pain,—she alone in the silent night came to him with consolation and love. He laid his arm quietly around the companion of his life, and held her closely to his breast, when soon both the inward and outward pain allayed themselves. Thus stood the wedded pair for long, and saw the storm travel over the earth and chase amid the clouds. They said not one word in explanation of that which had occurred, not one word of excuse. What need was there of it? *Reconciliation* clasped them to its heavenly breast. They stood heart throbbing to heart, they were *one*.

The storm, which increased every moment, moved with raging winds the tower-bell, which had just struck twelve. The dull strokes of the bell were perceived. The Colonel held his wife closer to his breast, who at this moment was thrilled by an involuntary tremor. She looked up to her husband. His eye was immovably riveted upon one single point, and hers, following in the same direction, remained still and immovable like his.

On the road, which was visible from this side, almost in a straight line to a considerable distance from the building, a black body was moving along, which, as it approached the castle, assumed every moment a larger size and more extraordinary form. Before long they could distinguish by the light of the moon, that it consisted of several persons, who in a particular manner seemed held together, and as it were moved together very slowly, but altogether in a body. Now it was hidden by the trees of the avenue—now again it was in sight and much nearer. Several men seemed to be carrying something heavy with great care.

"It is a funeral procession!" whispered her Honour.

"Impossible! at this hour!" replied the Colonel.

Nearer and nearer came the dark mass. Now

it entered the court. The wind blew wildly and bestrewed it with withered leaves, and took with it the hats from the heads of several of the bearers, but none of them went to seek after them. The procession advanced right forward to the principal building. Now it ascended the steps—so softly, so carefully; blows thundered at the door,—all was silent and still for a moment,—the door opened and the train entered the house. Without saying a word the Colonel left his wife and went hastily out of the room, the door of which he locked, and sprang down stairs. The bearers had set down their burden between the pillars of the hall. It was a bier. A dark cloak covered it. The bearers stood around with uncertain and dejected countenances.

"Who have you there?" asked the Colonel, in a voice which as it seemed that he had not the power to prevent trembling. No one replied. The Colonel went nearer, and lifted up the covering. The moon shone through the lofty gothic windows down upon the bier. A bloody corpse lay there. The Colonel recognised his son.

O paternal pain! Cover with your wings, ye angels of heaven, your smiling countenances, look not down upon a father's pain! Be extinguished, extinguished, ye beaming lights of the firmament! Come, dark night, and with thy holy veil, hide from all eyes that pang which has no tears, has not a word. O never can human eye penetrate a father's pain!

Noble and unfortunate father! When we saw thy eyes fixed upon thy son, we turned away ours—but thou hadst our fervent prayers.

All the domestics were, together with myself, put in motion by the arrival of the message of misfortune, we all stood dumb around the bier. At a motion of the Colonel, and the words, "a surgeon!" every one was in activity. A messenger set off directly to the city to fetch a skilful surgeon and one well known to the family, and the lifeless body was lifted from the bier, and carried to a chamber. The tears of the bearers fell upon the body of their beloved young master. The Colonel and I followed the slow mournful procession. I dared not look at him, but heard the deep almost rattling sighs by which he breathed with the greatest difficulty.

When the body was laid upon a bed, they began, almost without hope, eagerly to make use of all means which are available to revive a fainting or swooning person. The feet were brushed, the breast, the temples, and palms of the hands, were rubbed with spirits. Blood now began to run slowly from a wound in the head; it was bound up. Busied with the feet, I ventured an anxious, inquiring look at the Colonel—but turned it away again hastily with horror. He was the colour of death—a spasm had drawn together and disfigured his features. The lips were closely compressed, the eyes fixed. All at once I felt, as it were, a light tremor pass through the stiffened limbs which my hands touched. I scarcely breathed. It was repeated—I looked up to the Colonel.

The one hand he held tight upon his breast—the other he conveyed to his son's mouth. He seized mine and led it there. A faint breath seemed to come from it. A feeble throbbing moved on the temples; a sigh, the first saluta-

tion of reviving life, heaved the breast, a faint tinge of life spread itself over the face. The Colonel looked up to heaven. O with what an expression! O fatherly gladness! thou art worth being purchased with pain. Look down O angels of heaven, into the blessed father's heart! It is a sight for you.

Now the slumbering eyes opened, and mirrored themselves in the father's look, which, with the highest expression of anxious gladness, rested upon him. They remained thus fixed for a moment, and then softly closed again. The Colonel, terrified, placed his hand again upon his son's mouth, to ascertain if the breathing were weaker than before; then the lips moved themselves to a kiss upon the paternal hand, and an expression full of peace and reconciliation spread itself over the young man's countenance. He continued to lie immovable, with his eyes closed as of one sleeping. The breath was drawn feebly, and he made no effort to speak.

When the prudent and affectionate Helena sat beside me on her brother's bed, the Colonel left us to seek for his wife. He beckoned to me to follow him, and I sprang up stairs, pinching my cheeks the while that I might not look like a messenger of death. Her Honour sat motionless, with her hands clasped together; and, in the moonlight, was not unlike one of the pale ghosts of antiquity which glanced around her in a silent family circle. When we entered, she said to us with quiet anguish,—“Something has happened! What has happened! Tell me—tell me every thing!”

With admirable calmness, with inward tenderness, the Colonel prepared his wife for that which awaited her; and endeavoured, at the same time, to inspire her with a consolation and a hope, greater, certainly, than he himself cherished. After this, he led her into the sick-room. Without speaking a single word, without uttering a sound, without letting fall a tear, the unhappy mother went up to her son, who now appeared to be nearer to death than at first. The Colonel stood now at the foot of the bed, and preserved his manly, powerful deportment; but when he saw his wife softly lay her head down upon her son's bloody pillow, and with all a mother's love and a mother's indescribable expression of pain kiss his pale lips, and the uncommon likeness of both countenances became now more striking amid the mournful shadow of death, which seemed, as it were, to rest upon both—then he bowed down his head, hid his face with his hands, and wept like a child. Ah! we all wept bitterly. It seemed to us as if the spark of hope, which was just kindled, was extinguished—and nobody thought that the mother would survive the son.

And yet, human cares, gnawing pain, sharp sword, which pierces through the inmost of the soul—you kill not. The wonderful seed of life can nourish itself even with sorrow—can, like the polypus, be cut asunder and grow together again, and endure, and suffer. Sorrowing mothers, wives, brides, daughters, sisters—womanly hearts, which sorrow always strikes deepest and breaks, you bear witness to this. You have seen your beloved die—have believed that you died with them—and yet you lived, and could not die. But what do I say! If you live, if you are able to submit yourselves to life,

is it not because a breeze from a higher region has infused comfort and strength into your soul! Can I doubt of it, and think of the noble Thilda R—, the mourning bride of the noblest husband! Thou didst receive his last sigh—with him thou lost all upon earth—thy future was dark and joyless,—and yet thou wast so resigned, so gentle, so friendly, so good! Thou didst weep; but saidst consolingly to sympathising friends, "Trust me—it is not so difficult." O then they understood that there was a consolation which the world gives not. And when thou, endeavouring to mitigate thy pain, saidst "I will not make him uneasy by my grief," who could doubt that *he* whose happiness on the other side of the grave thou soughtest to preserve, was near thee, and surrounded thee with his love, and strengthened thee, and comforted thee!

"And there appeared to her an angel of heaven, and strengthened her."

Patient sufferers, hail to you! You reveal the kingdom of God upon earth, and shew us the way to heaven. From the crown of thorns upon your heads we see eternal roses bloom forth.

But I return to the inconsolable mother, whom the first unexpected blow of misfortune had overpowered. She collected herself—to go through a long time of trial, for her beloved wavered a long time between life and death. She herself failed of strength and resolution properly to attend upon him. Had it not been for Helena, had it not been for the Colonel, and had it not been (I shame to say it) for me—then:—but now we were all there, and therefore (through the mercy of God) the Cornet remained—alive.

In times of sorrow and mourning, souls become united. When outward misfortunes assail us—then we draw one towards another, and it is for the most part when watered by the tears of pain, that the most beautiful flowers of friendship and devotion grow up. Within the family, a common misfortune mostly effaces all little contentions and misunderstandings, to unite all minds, all interests in one point. In particular when death threatens a beloved member, then are silenced all discords in the family circle, then only harmonious, even if they be mournful feelings, move all hearts, attune all thoughts, and form a happy garland of peace, within whose bosom the beloved invalid reposes.

After this occurrence with Cornet Carl, and during the course of his illness, all unpleasantness, all constraint in the H— family vanished; every care, every feeling, every thought, united themselves around him, and when his life was out of danger, when he began to enjoy himself—O how vividly they felt; how highly they loved one another!—and what an indescribable necessity there was to make one another happy; how they feared in any way to darken the brightening heaven!

It was extremely affecting to me,—but I cannot imagine what is come to me to-day that I wish to touch the heart so much—and to make my readers weep, both at my sorrow and at my joy,—as if there did not fall useless tears enough in the urn of sensibility,—or as if I myself had become regularly low-spirited with the H— family. Let us therefore pay a flying visit to the D— family, and see whether we

cannot amuse ourselves a little. Through the power of my magic-wand (the most miserable goose-quill on earth), we will now betake ourselves, that is to say, my reader and me, for a moment to

#### LÖFSTÄMPLIN.

BREAKFAST was in. The table was full of people. Upon the table stood bowls, and skales were proposed.

"The thousand fetch me!" said a voice (which the reader perhaps recognises), "if I have not a desire to drain the cup to the very dregs once more in a skål to Miss Eleonora!"

A lively neighbour, as red as a peony, said, kindly admonishing, "What would Julie H— say to it?"

"Julie H—. The thousand fetch me! I don't trouble myself about that which Julie H— says. Miss Julie may see what she has occasioned with her caprices. It would please me, fetch me the thousand! some fine day to send back her betrothal-ring. Yea, yea!"

"Skål—Arvid!" cried Lieutenant Ryttelin, "a skål for independent men!"

"And for their friends!" cried the little Lord Byron. "I mean their lady friends," whispered he to Eleonora—"But it will not do for the rhyme's sake—do you understand!"

"Yes, I don't trouble myself much about that," she replied.

"Lieutenant Arvid! Lieutenant Arvid P—, I have the honour to drink skål to you!" exclaimed the Ironmaster D—.

"And I, and I, and I!" repeated many voices.

"Fill up your neighbour's glass, Eleonora!"

"Ladies and Gentlemen! I propose a skål for Lieutenant Arvid's bride—that she may be-think herself, and what belongs to her happiness—and take him again into favour."

CHORUS. "Yes, that she may—"

A voice. "Ladies and Gentlemen—the thousand fetch me! ladies and gentlemen—that is an affair—fetch me the thousand! about which I don't trouble myself. I have a great desire not to be taken into favour again—I—but—but to—yea, to send back her betrothal-ring—the thousand fetch me!"

CHORUS. "Skål for independent men! Skål for Lieutenant Arvid!"

"And skål for girls without caprices; skål for my Eleonora and her sisters!" cried the Ironmaster D—.

CHORUS. "Skål, Skål!"

"Drain the bowl!" added the little Lord Byron, with a grimace.

#### TEA AND SUPPER.

I HAVE just had the honour of seeing my readers at a little *déjeuner*; I now pray for the honour of entertaining them at a little supper. Nay, nay, do not be frightened! It will not be great, nor grand; nor will it be like a rousing up of his Excellence *Ennu*, nor will keep you up in wakeful pain beyond midnight.

I cover a little round table in the blue boudoir at Thorsborg. In the middle of the table Helena has placed a large basket of grapes, and

wreathed it with asters, gilliflowers, and other flowers which still retain their hues under the pale beams of the autumn sun. Around the Bacchus crowa are arranged those simple dishes, of which one finds mention made in the legend of Philemon and Baucis, as well as in all idyls where suppers are talked of. I shall waste, therefore, no paper by the enumeration of milk and cream and other pastoral dishes.\* Her Honour would perhaps not forgive me for passing over in silence a dish of honey-cake, from which flowed an aromatic juice, as well as a great tart (to the perfecting of which she had lent a hand) filled with plums—more light, enticing, and delicate than one can—the Colonel, it is true, declared that when he had eaten a piece it lay rather heavy on his stomach,—but, as her Honour, after a little vexation, said, “one does not know what oppresses some folks. Gentlemen have such curious ideas!”

At that very moment, for which I pray the attention of my kind reader, her Honour left off rubbing, for the fifth time, a speck from a water-bottle, which in the end she discovered to be a peculiarity in the glass itself, and therefore, alas, immovable! At this moment there assembled by degrees, in the room, lighted mildly by a lamp, Julie (without the betrothal-ring), Professor L—, the Magister with his pupils, and, last of all, entered, between his father and Helena, Cornet Carl, who for the first time since the fall from his horse joined the family circle during the evening hours. Her Honour went to meet him with tears in her eyes, kissed him, and allowed herself no rest till she had seated him on the sofa, between the Colonel and herself, comfortably supported by soft cushions, which she even would place around his head in such a manner as if it could only be sustained by the help of winged cherubs. The Colonel observed too, with sweet roguish pleasure, and a laconic—“Ay! ay!” how the cushions tumbled to right and left. Her Honour declared that the Colonel blew them. When she had settled them to her mind, she seated herself silently, and contemplated, with a tender, pensive smile, the pale countenance of her son, whilst tears, which she herself did not observe, rolled slowly down her cheeks. The Colonel looked at her so long with a mild serious eye, that at length she was aroused by its expression to attention to herself, and she immediately conquered her emotion, that she might not disturb the rest of her beloved invalid.

It was delightful to see how the little Dumpplings, with looks full of appetite, and open mouths, brought to their sick brother of the good things with which Helena had loaded the table, and how indescribably difficult it was for them to resign the plates. Julie knelt before her brother, and chose, from a dish which she had set upon the sofa, the largest and most beautiful grapes, which she gave to him.

I had almost a mind to ask Professor L— what book it was which he read so devotedly

and with such attention. He would either have answered “Julie,” or he would have looked a little confused, and have turned to the title-page of the book, which would have looked very suspicious, namely, as regarded the reading of the book.

In the looks of the greater part of the little company, this evening, there was a something very unusual—a constraint, a liveliness, a something, in a word, like that which sparkles in the eyes of children when they on Christmas-eve expect the arrival of the Christmas-goat.

Cornet Carl alone was dejected and silent: the indifferent, feeble expression of his eyes testified of a joyless heart; and although he replied mildly and kindly to all the evidences of affection which were heaped upon him, there was a something so mournful, even in his smile, that it called forth tears afresh in the eyes of her Honour.

In the mean time the Magister went fishing after somebody who would play chess with him. He had more than once set out the chess-pieces on the board, and turned it round, and coughed at least seven times, to give a sort of signal that opponents desirous of battle might now announce themselves. But as no combatant presented himself, he set out now on a crusade to seek out such, and challenge them. Professor L—, who saw himself first threatened with a challenge, stuck his nose so solemnly into his book, that the Magister lost courage to venture the attempt, and turned to Julie, who fled to the other end of the room. After that, he was about to try Helena, but she was so occupied with serving at table;—now he came up to me with a determined countenance. “I must,” I said, “go and see whether we shall have moonlight this evening.” We had last night the moon in the wane.

The poor Magister at last, with a deep sigh, threw a glance on the little Dumpplings, who were just now seizing upon the tart, and admonished them to make good speed, as he was thinking of shewing them the movements of the chess-pieces.

The Colonel, who blew his tea, and who with a smile observed the movements of the little company, now raised his voice, and said, giving to every word an unusual emphasis,—

“I have been told to-day that Lieutenant Arvid P— has sought from Eleonora D— (and has found it too) consolation for the instability of a certain young lady.”

O how Julie crimsoned. Professor L— dropped his book to the floor.

“I fancy,” continued the Colonel, “that this may be very good. Eleonora D— is, I believe, a clever girl, who knows what she is about, and understands how to take the best side of others. Arvid P— is a good match for her, and she is a good match for Arvid. I wish them all possible happiness.”

“I too!” said Julie half-aloud, and stole towards her father, delighted to discover in his words an acquiescence in the dissolution of her betrothal. She looked at him a moment, with an expression in which hope, joy, tenderness, and doubt alternated; but when his eye, full of fatherly gentleness, met hers, she threw her arms around his neck, and gave him more kisses than I could count.

\* Ah, heaven have mercy on me! It comes now clearly into my mind that Baucis, when the unexpected strangers arrived, ran out in order to sacrifice to their entertainment her only goose. And I, who have invited so many strangers to supper, can treat them neither with goose, calf, nor turkey! I am ashamed of myself, up to the eyes!

Professor L— threw his arms around himself (with the mind probably of embracing somebody), and contemplated the beautiful group with a look—oh, how eloquent is a look sometimes!

"Give me a glass of wine, Beata!" exclaimed the Colonel, "I will drink a joyful and joy-bringing skål. A glass of Swedish wine of course!"

(Friendly reader, it was berry-wine he meant—and which he called for me to bring him. Forgive this little boasting.)

I gave it to the Colonel.

"Skål to thee, my son Carl!" cried he, with a beaming glance.

At this moment harmoniously sounded a fine harp—accord from the next room. An electrical thrill seemed to go through everybody in our room, and a sort of illumination kindled up all eyes. The Cornet was about to start up, but was held back by his father, who laid his arm round him; whilst her Honour, in anxiety of his evidently violent emotions, threw upon him more eau de Cologne than was reasonable or agreeable. To this harp—accord followed another, and yet another. Thus, like the delicious odours of a spring morning, there gushed forth by degrees an enchanting stream of beautiful and pure melody, which now rose, now sunk, with infinite delight, and which penetrated so beautifully the inmost of the heart, that one might have said that the finger of an angel touched these strings. To these tones were soon united a voice even still more delightful. A young female voice, pure, clear, and melodious, which trembled in the beginning, but by degrees acquired more and more certainty, and sang with more and more enchanting expression:—

Remember'st thou the moment when  
Thy heart a heart had found,  
And wert so blessed—and love's flame burned,  
And lit life's barren ground?

It was so sweet, it was so bright,  
The world was all so fair,  
Each thought bore up to heaven's height  
Our gratitude and prayer.

Then came a time, whose bitter we  
Did soul from soul compel,  
And sadly passed from tongue to tongue  
A trembling fare thee well!

Farewell all joy which earth can give,  
Farewell all pleasures here!  
Farewell, my friend! O care is o'er  
See all again is clear!

See, thy beloved is near to thee;  
Meets thee with blissful heart,  
And whispers, "I am ever thine,  
We never more shall part!"

What did the Cornet do in the mean time? A firework of joy and rapture flashed from his eyes. His feet moved, he stretched forth his arms; but withheld by the arm, by the prayer and eye of his father, he could not rise from the sofa. The soul also soothed its vehemence during the song; feelings of quiet happiness seemed to possess his soul, and he looked up to the ceiling with a look as if he saw heaven open.

Her Honour, who in the mean time had gone out, returned at the close of the song, leading by the hand the enchanting singer—the angelically beautiful Hermína. The Colonel rose, and went to meet them. With real fatherly affection he embraced the charming creature, and presented her solemnly to the company as his fourth beloved daughter.

Let nobody blame the Cornet that he did not instantly spring up and throw himself on his knees before his beloved. He really could not do it. The feeling of transporting happiness was too strong for his exhausted strength, and a transient faintness overcame him at the moment when he saw, on the hand of his mother, that beloved being enter the room whom he had believed to be lost for ever. Her Honour now emptied over him her whole bottle of eau de Cologne.

As he again opened his eyes he met those of Hermína, which, full of affection and tears, rested upon him. The Colonel took the hands of the young lovers and united them. The whole family closed in a circle around the happy pair. Words were not spoken; but those looks, those smiles, full of love and bliss—O how much better they are than words!

#### PROBABLE CHORUS OF MY READERS.

But how! But what! But why! But when! How came it about! How did it go on!

I shall have the honour, methodically and orderly, as is becoming to a House-counsellor's, on this subject to give my

#### EXPLANATION.

When a jelly has nearly finished boiling, one throws into it white-of-egg (as is said in artistical phrase) to clear it.\* So also, when a novel, little story, or literary composition of any kind, approaches its completion, then one throws in an explication or explanation, to get rid of the sediment; and this is generally much of the quality of white-of-egg, namely, is sticky and cementing, clear and clarifying, and tolerably insipid.

I see already what faces will be made over my white-of-egg chapter, and am myself rather uneasy and anxious about it, and think it will be best, instead of my own written word, to give my reader part of a conversation which one fine November afternoon took place between Mrs. D—— and Mrs. Mellander, who was her's, as well as the whole neighbourhood's newspaper and advertising gazette; but in order to spare my reader the mistakes and conjectures of the two ladies, I will, unknown to Mrs. M—— and Mrs. D——, introduce a prompter on the scene; that is to say, a breath of the spirit of truth, which, whether it passes over the field of the history of the world, or through the smallest chink in the door of domestic life, is an important, always dear-bought auxiliary or assistant. My prompter is besides unlike him who is engaged at our royal theatres, in this, that he prompts not the actors, but the spectators to the right track. But to the affair.

*The scene is at Löstaholm, in Mrs. D——'s boudoir.*

(Mrs. D—— sits over the afternoon coffee.

Mrs. Mellander comes in).

Mrs. D. Nay, my sweet Mrs. Mellander, nay at length—welcome! I have waited almost

\* The reader is respectfully requested to recollect that the House-counsellor's good fortune, or ascent, was prepared or boiled up in a wine-jelly. Now, therefore, in grateful memory of the offspring of hush-horn, she serves up therewith a dessert.

half-an-hour. The coffee is almost cold—I must certainly have it warmed.

Mrs. M. Heaven forbid! my little, your Honour—cold or warm is good enough for me.

Mrs. D.—(as she serves her). Now Mrs. Melander, now, what news?

Mrs. M. Ay, your Honour, now I am, thank God, clear about all—a bit more sugar—if you please.

Mrs. D. Nay, tell me, tell me, then! I have heard say that the little wood-beak yonder,—Hermina, is adopted by the H— Family as their own child—that she and Cornet Carl are betrothed—and that there soon will be a wedding.

PROMPTER. Not for three years, says Colonel H—. The Cornet must first travel, and look about him in the world; and Hermina (her Honour says) must first learn Swedish rural economy, and that of itself will require three years.

Mrs. M. It seemed to me that somebody was talking near us;—are we alone?

Mrs. D. Not a Christian soul can hear us.

Mrs. M. Nay, then I shall tell your Honour a horrible story—but see—I will not have it said that I told it.

Mrs. D. Not a Christian soul shall know of it.

[The prompter whistles.]

Mrs. M. Well then! It runs so. In the beginning, the present Baroness K— was in foreign parts married to a Swedish nobleman, who was called something of Stjern—and had by him a daughter—no other than that handsome young Hermina; about whom neither father nor mother troubled themselves greatly—because, do you see, they wished to have had a son, and the girl must have had a sad time of it at home. Now—in the mean time comes Baron K— there abroad—into—Taly—or whatever the country is called—and sees the handsome lady, Hermina's mother—falls madly in love with her, and she is over head and ears in love with him. Her husband was aware of it—there was a horrible disturbance in the house, and the two gentlemen got to fighting.

PROMPTER. A duel.

Mrs. M. The end of it was that Baron K— was obliged to leave the country. He returned now to Sweden, and lived there for a while a godless life, gambled and rioted till all his affairs fell into disorder. One day he heard that the husband of the handsome lady abroad was dead—and set off speedily, and thought to get a handsome wife, and with the handsome wife's money to pay his debts. Now—he courted the widow—she said yes to him—married him in privacy, thinking afterwards to get the forgiveness of her old father;—but he (a rich and high-bred personage) became raging mad against her, and disinherited her. Yes—the new-married folks had nothing to live upon in foreign lands. Nay—then they came handsomely hither, and on the very morning the trading-house in which was the remainder of K—'s property became bankrupt—and now sprang the creditors from all sides upon him, and he was obliged regularly to hide himself from them; therefore he lived in that little Wood-house there, and would let neither dog nor cat see him; and when perchance people came there, he was as mad as a wild bull—and was angry with his wife, whom he fancied had deceived the people there. Yes,

—if must have been an unhappy and miserable life.

Mrs. D. But how came young H— there?

Mrs. M. Yes, heaven knows that!—that I have not been able rightly to get at—but there he came—and the two young folks fell in love with each other. About the same time also there came there the handsome, rich Law-commissioner G—, and fell in love, too, with the little Hermina.

Mrs. D. That is altogether incomprehensible! The girl is altogether not handsome—no *frischeur*, no colour.

Mrs. M. Ah! what is she beside the sweet Miss D—s? Like a radish beside beet-roots.

Mrs. D. (offended) Mrs. M— means probably roses.

PROMPTER. Peonies.

Mrs. M. Yes,—I mean so exactly,—of course. Where was I just now? I have it. Nay—the young H— travelled in the mean time, and remained away the whole summer, and the Law-commissioner went continually to K—'s, and made himself agreeable. One fine day he was there courting—and what do you think? Hermina would not have him—and gave him a direct no. Nay there was a disturbance in the house!

Mrs. D. The girl always seemed to me a romantic fool.

Mrs. M. In the autumn all Baron K—'s creditors set upon him and would have money, or would take him to prison. Your Honour sees the affair was this, that he during the summer had secretly visited Stockholm, and gambled and won, and therewith had maintained the house-keeping and kept off the creditors for a time. But all at once his luck took a turn, and he came into horrible difficulty. He then swore a deep oath, and said to Law-commissioner G—, "Pay for me ten thousand rix-dollars—and you shall have Hermina for my wife." And he replied, "As soon as she is my wife, I will pay the money on the morrow." The Baron would at first terrify Hermina into saying, "Yes." But it would not do. He then threw himself on his knees before her and prayed, and the Baroness did so too—and the girl cried, and said merely, "Give me three days time." The parents would not, but were obliged to submit; and during these days she wrote to Cornet H— that he must come to her hand-over-head—

PROMPTER. Not verbally correct.

Mrs. D. — that he should pay the sum of money, and have her for wife.

PROMPTER. She did not write so.

Mrs. D. An intriguing thing!

Mrs. M. Yes, truly! Nay—the Cornet came home quite beside himself; wished to have the money from his father, who said—no.

Mrs. M. Yes, yes; the old ones are all covetous. Nay, the rest I know. There was a dispute between father and son. Mrs. H— got into it—they said foolish things to one another.

PROMPTER. False!

Mrs. M. Yes; it became a regular family quarrel. The Cornet rode away desperate—came to the place in the wood,—found the K—s gone, was as if out of his mind, rode hither and thither—the whole day, and met at last with an acquaintance whom he challenged.

PROMPTER. False!

Mrs. D. Yes—and was carried home at night, as if dead, to his parents. But which way had K— taken?

Mrs. M. That was in this way. There came people out who positively would seize upon Baron K—. Then he and the Baroness assailed Hermina with prayers, so that she, out of anguish of heart, said yes to anything. Law-commissioner G— talked to the creditors, and promised to pay them in a few days. And so he conducted Hermina to Stockholm, that there on the following Sunday the bans might be published once for all, and directly afterwards they be married; all was to be done secretly, and in haste, because every one, and the Law-commissioner in particular, was afraid of young H—.

Mrs. D. But how came it that there was no marriage?

Mrs. M. Ay, because Hermina became ill, and nearly half mad, like Clementina in Grandson (a novel, your Honour knows), and she was about to put an end to her life.

PROMPTER. False!

Mrs. D. How wicked.

Mrs. M. Her mother then became anxious, and sent a messenger to Colonel H—, with whom she had formerly been very well acquainted.

PROMPTER. False! false! false!

As the prompter seems of the three speakers to be the one who knows best the progress of the pair (probably because he holds the manuscript in his hands), thus he may step down upon the stage, and endeavour to disentangle that which he is as capable of describing, as the others of relating falsely.

PROMPTER. My gracious ladies and gentlemen, the affair is this: Hermina's suffering of soul, against which she had so long combated, brought on, during the days permitted to her, a sort of still insanity, which terrified all those around her. Genserik G—, who discovered in Stockholm how desperate K—'s affairs were, and who plainly perceived Hermina's dislike to him, withdrew from the game, and vanished all at once, without any one knowing where he was gone. Baron K— saw quickly that nothing could save him from ruin, and determined to fly, and his wife to accompany him. It was in this moment of hopelessness, when a new star ascended for the unhappy husband and wife. They approached each other,—they wept together—a veil of oblivion was dropped over the past—they promised to support one another through the weary journey of life; their earlier love awoke, and allowed them to hope, that if they preserved its fire, they might even in the depths of misery find some happiness. The heart of the Baroness, whose ice-suffering appeared to have broken, bled for Hermina, and shuddered for her fate, of having to wander around the world with her unhappy parents as a prey to want and misery. One evening as she sat observing the lovely, pale girl consumed with care and suffering of mind, who now lay in a quiet slumber, she knew that her heart was breaking, and subduing her feeling of pride, she seized her pen and wrote the following lines to Colonel H—'s lady—

"A despairing mother calls upon the mercy of a mother. In four-and-twenty hours I shall leave Stockholm, to fly out of Sweden. My daughter I cannot and will not take with me. I will not see her become a prey to misery, for it is misery which I go to meet. Your estimable character, the kindness which I have myself seen beam from your countenance, has given me courage to turn myself to you with this prayer. O! (if you heard my trembling lips utter it—if you saw in my breast the broken and repentant mother's heart, you would listen to my prayers); receive, receive my child into your house, into your family! In mercy receive her! Take my Hermina under your protection; take her as maid to your daughters—for that, at least, the grand-daughter of the Marquis Azavello might be suitable. Now she is weak and ill—weak in body and mind; she is not good for much now, but have patience with her; ah! I feel—I become bitter, and—I must be humble! Forgive me! and if you will save me from despair, hasten, hasten hither like an angel of consolation, and clasp my pitiable child in your protecting arms. Then will I bless you and pray for you; O may you never know a moment as bitter as this!

EUGENIA A—."

This letter was received by Mrs. H— some day's after her son's accident. She showed it to the Colonel. Both of them immediately set off to Stockholm, and returned with Hermina, who from this moment received from them the affection of parents, and who soon in the atmosphere of peace and love which surrounded her, bloomed forth as lovely as she was happy.

[Exit PROMPTER to make room for BEATA HVARDAGSLAG, who looks very much disposed to talk.]

Few people upon the theatre of life love the dumb parts. Every one wishes to come forward in his place to say something, even were it nothing more than "I am called Peter"—or "I am called Paul, look at me! or listen to me!" and as I, Beata Hvardagslag, will not do myself the injustice to appear more discreet than I am, therefore I again step forward and say, "listen to me."

Baron K— vanished hastily with his wife out of Sweden. They took their way towards Italy, where the Baroness wished to make another attempt at reconciliation with her father. They expected during this journey to have to struggle with every difficulty which want and poverty can occasion; but it was otherwise for them. In many places on the way they found, quite incomprehensibly, that they were provided for by some person quite unknown to them. In different cities lay sums of money ready for them to take up,—a good angel seemed to attend and watch over them. The Baroness's letter to her daughter contained these tidings.

"It is all my husband's work," said her Honour to me one day, with a beaming expression of pride, affection, and joy. "K— was his enemy during his youth, and had done him many wrongs. Although since that time they have been altogether separated, I know that my husband has not forgotten K—because he cannot forget it—but such is his revenge. He is a noble man—God bless him!"

I said "Amen!"

## THE LAST SCHEME.

August 1830.

THE widowed Provostess, Mrs. Bobina Bult, sat in her travelling carriage, with the reins in her firm hands. Round about her were packed, in hay, a mass of eatables in bags and tubs; in the middle among these, her good friend, C. B. Hvardagslag.

The August evening was mild and beautiful, the way was good, the horse cheerful: and yet Mrs. Bobina's set-out looked shabby; for before her went an empty cart, driven by a young peasant lad, who seemed to have made up his mind to try her patience; as he drove, step by step, with her carriage, preventing us from passing him; because, when we turned to the right, he turned to the right; and when we to the left, and tried to get past him, he was there before us. And all the while, he sang with a full throat, songs on most disagreeable subjects; looked often round at us, and laughed scornfully. I looked up to Mrs. Provostess Bobina Bult—for I am, alas! a little lady, and she is tall grown, and straight and powerful as a house-beam,—and I remarked how her under-lip projected in a manner which I knew to betide anger. I saw her chin and the point of her nose grow of a crimson colour, and her little grey eyes shoot out arrows of vengeance. Many a time did we, both by good and bad words admonish the boy to leave the road free, but in vain. Provostess Bobina bit her lip, gave me the reins without saying a word, jumped out of the car, took some prodigious strides, and stood, one, two three, beside our tormentor; seized him with a strong hand by the collar, dragged him out of his cart, laid him on the ground before he had time to think about resistance, and gave him, with the heavy handle of her whip, some blows upon the back, while she asked him whether he would beg pardon and mend, or prove still farther the strength of her arm. Probably he was already convinced of its unusual strength, for he was speedily humble and repentant, and promised all that one wished. Provostess Bult now allowed him to get up, and gave him a short but powerful penance-sermon; the conclusion of which was so beautiful that it moved me, moved herself, and even the peasant lad, who wiped the tears from his eyes with his hat brim. "I know thee," added Mrs. Bobina, "thou art from the parish of Aminne; thy father has long been sick; thou canst come to me at Lofby on Monday morning, and have something for him."

We now drove on unimpededly, but had now and then a detention by the way. In one place, we helped an old woman who had been upset with her cart; in another place the Lady Provostess disappointed to release, with much difficulty a great pig, which had set itself fast in a hedge, and whose lamentable cry went to the very inmost of the heart.

At the down-going of the sun, we saw its beams salute Lofby. Small columns of smoke rose corkscrew-like from the cottage chimneys, dispersed themselves in the clear evening air, and united themselves in a light transparent cloud, which like a rose-coloured gauze veil, floated over the village, which, with its pretty houses, green gardens, and its murmuring, clear

river, presented a charming view, as we slowly drove down an easily-descending hill, which quickly branched out into two arms; one of which carried us to our home, lying some fifty paces from the village.

The cows came in long rows from the pasture meadows to be milked, with jingling bells and peaceful lowing. Wood-horns sounded, peasant-girls sang with clear and shrill voices; and to this sound was added the bing-bong of the church bells, which sung on the Saturday evening, "Good-night" to the week, and announced the day of rest. Mrs. Bobina Bult's countenance was joyful and solemn. Everybody greeted her kindly and reverentially, and kindly she greeted everybody. When we had arrived at our little school, the swarm of children broke forth from the house amid sounding cries of joy, and embraced her with unbounded rapture and affection. Caresses and gingerbread were divided among all.

Many things now took up the time of Provostess Bobina. One girl had just begun to weave a web, another had just finished hers—these the Provostess must see.

A servant man had cut his leg; the Lady Provostess must bind it up; a little sick boy in a neighbouring yard could not rest (so his mother said) till he had seen the Lady Provostess. A dear married couple had fallen out, and agreed that the Lady Provostess should settle things between them,—and so on, and so on.

First of all, Mrs. Bobina talked with all her scholars; prayed with them all; wept with one little one deeply repentant for a serious oversight in the course of the day; admonished another; praised a third; and kissed and blessed them all, and went to look after her duties out of doors. When the clock struck eleven she had bound up the wound; mightily scolded at first, and then reconciled the married pair; comforted the little boy, and so on. When she returned she looked at the prices of weaving; arranged about the work and housekeeping for the morrow; eat in haste two potatoes with a little salt, and then went to the other end of the village to convey to an expectant, sick, and unhappy mother, the joyful tidings of a child now turned from the paths of vice.

I sat in the mean time in my room. Four little girls lay in beds around me, with rosy cheeks and snow-white sheets, sleeping quietly.

The calm beautiful August night, which was so warm that I could have my window open; the silence and repose around me; the light breathing of the slumbering children, had in them something delightful and pacifying, and awoke in me that still, pensive feeling which spreads calmness over the present, and often fans the remembrance of former years within us. The moon, that friend of the days of my childhood and youth, arose and looked kindly and pale over the birch-groves into my room. Its light stole caressingly over the closed eyelids of the children, then shone quietly upon a face which the days of life had withered—upon a breast whose feelings years have not yet been able to calm. O how wonderfully floated forth upon the friendly beams all those, so dear to me, mournful and joyous memories of my past life,—how clearly they ascended from the night, and crowded to

my heart, so animated and warm! All the people with whom during my life I had come in contact, and who had become dear or important to me, seemed as if they would assemble around me, and revive their influence by word and glance. The H— family, from whom I now had been separated for nearly a year, came at this moment so near to me that I seemed as if I could talk with its amiable members, ask them how all stood within their home,—whether they were happy, whether they yet called me to mind!—Yes—whether! For I had received, for a long time, not the least token of remembrance, not a line, not a word. A childish anxious feeling of being forgotten—of rightly belonging to nobody—of being to persons whom we esteemed so highly and loved so much, so little—so nothing at all—overcame my heart for a moment. I could not help weeping—I sate with my handkerchief before my eyes, when Provostess Bult, who had seen me at the window from the court, came in. She questioned me seriously, like some one who will know a thing to the bottom, and I confessed my weakness with humility. She blamed me with warmth, admonished and kissed me with motherly tenderness, and bade me go to bed directly, and for her sake to take care of my health for a long time.

She left me; but I did not obey her just then—struck a light, lighted my candle, and sate down to write a lecture—to myself. At that moment I heard the clock strike half-past twelve. All at once there was a noise in the house, and directly afterwards somebody sprang up stairs, and came to my room. My door opened softly, and the widow Lady Provostess Bobina Bult, in nightcap and slippers, with her bed cover over her shoulders, stood there with joy-kindling eyes, and a thick letter in her hand, which she reached to me. "From H—s! from H—s!" she whispered. "I would not wait any longer for the city-messenger; but just as I was laying myself down I heard him coming. I had a presentiment! Good-night! Good-night! God give thee joy!" And forth was Mrs. Bobina Bult.

I had joy. Julie's letter was as follows:—

August 13, 1830.

It is a clergyman's little wife who writes to you. It is two months since I was no longer Julie H—, but Julie L—. I had not courage to write before. I have been bewildered in my head, and properly anxious for some time. The causes:—first, the horrible respect I had for my dear husband,—yes,—I actually did not know for a time how I should conduct myself with my admiration of Professor L—, feelings of my inferiority and my precious self love, which would not allow, under any condition, Julie H— to go—how shall I say it—under its true price. And then—this blessed country house-keeping!—cows and sheep, and eggs and butter and milk, and so on, and a deluge of small things—and then mamma, who was so uneasy, and would help me; but—now,—by degrees every thing is come, for all that, into wonderful order. The little god with arrow and bow helped me. My good L— is, I fancy, more solicitous to please me than I him,—yes, he was and is, God be thanked, rightly in love with me. After I saw this there was no need

—I took courage. Cows, calves, and hens throve; under the great kettle of the house-keeping there was a brisk fire,—and inamma was easy, thank God. And my husband—of course he was pleased,—because I was pleased with him.

Beata, do you know what I pray for, morning and evening,—yes, every hour,—with all the fervency of my heart!—"O God, make me worthy of my husband's love. Give me ability to make him happy!" And I have received much ability,—for he is (so he says and seems) very happy; if you knew how fresh he looks—how gay! It is because, do you see, I look after him; he does not look any longer so shabby as formerly; and then—he does not sit up at night; that he has left off. And nevertheless he thinks and writes (as he himself confesses) more freely and more powerfully than formerly. Besides this, I take good care not to disturb or trouble him when he is in his study, writing and reading. O!—when I wish very much to see him for a moment, (he is, after all, handsome, Beata!) I steal softly in, play him some little trick, lay a flower in his book, or kiss his forehead, or such like, and then go quite softly out, and receive, when I turn myself round to shut the door, always a beam of his eye, which follows me as it were secretly.

For the rest I endeavour to form myself into a right estimable clergyman's wife. I wish people to call L—'s wife a pattern for all the wives of his congregation. Don't imagine that with all this I forget, or neglect, my little outer man: O no! I take counsel very often in the glass, but do you know which glass I most frequently consult! Ay, that which I see in L—'s eyes—it is so charming to see oneself *en beau*.

O Beata! how much more noble it is to be united to a person, whom one highly esteems and honours, and who is, at the same time, so good! As Arvid's wife, what a nonentity I should have remained, what a life of nothingness I should have led! Now I feel with inward joy that every day I ascend higher in my own esteem, and that of my husband. It is a happy feeling—to ascend.

Do you know that Arvid is married—has been so for three months. His wife, Eleonora D—, always looks very wide awake—and he looks—one may say—almost obliged to be cheerful. I fear that his good rest is a little disturbed. Poor Arvid! The young couple, in the mean time, give magnificent feasts and entertainments. The old gentleman P— drives (certainly intentionally) almost every day past here with his "swans" and his daughter-in-law, in the handsome landau, and drives quite slowly, as if he fancied he was driving the funeral procession of my good luck; but I feed my ducks with joy, and with a heart free from care; not kindly to Eleonora, and thank the Eternal Goodness for my lot.

It is Saturday evening. I expect my husband home. In the arbour outside my window I have set out our little supper table; asparagus from our garden, beautiful raspberries and milk—L—'s favourite dishes—complete our supper. The angelic Hermina Linna decorates at the moment the table with flowers. How lovely she is, how good she is, how indescribably

amiable, no one can imagine! She has almost supplanted us with our parents—and yet, one forgives her so willingly. Ah! brother Carl! thou hast found a beautiful pearl. He will soon leave the shores of the Mediterranean, to find again in his beloved North his life's pearl, and to shut it up in the muscle-shell of marriage. Ha! how did I hit upon that narrow simile! Yet it must stand. Beams only the sun of love into the mother-of-pearl habitation it will float forth upon life's stream, a little island of bliss. Carl writes home such amusing and interesting letters. His soul is like a museum, among whose jewels *Hermina* will live. Thus, indeed, of a truth, like a pearl in gold. Do you know what happened to Carl before he left us? One fine evening he went to sleep—a ornet, and woke—a Lieutenant! Was it not harming!

To-morrow, my beloved parents and sisters come here to dinner. It will be a happy day.

I have told you how happy I am, and yet I cherish now one wish and one right vividly, the fulfilment of which will complete the measure of my happiness. My good friend there is in our house one little room, pretty and comfortably papered with green, and with white curtains (precisely such as you like), looking out on meadows where fat cows, which give the most beautiful milk, graze pleasantly; in the room is a bookcase, a—yet it is so tiresome to describe!—come and see it, and if it please you, and you think you can be at home with your entertainers, then—call it yours. My good friend, come to us—come. Now I hear *L—* coming at a distance. He comes into my room. I shall pretend that I neither see nor hear him. One must not spoil these men, and make them fancy that one listens to their steps. Yes,—cough—embrace me—I shall not stir, nor drop my pen. One must not always submit; one must not spoil his —

(*L— writes.*)

wife; and therefore *Julie* must give me the pen,

and, sitting upon my knee, see me write that for which she will inwardly be sorry.

Our good friend, *Beata*, come to us. We expect you with open arms. In our home you will find yourself well off. Come and see how I hold *Julie* in check. In order to give you a proof of this, she shall not, spite of her zeal, write one word more to-day.

I will write—

14th of August.

I cry, I laugh, I am beside myself—and yet I must write. Do you know who is here? who is just come! Guess, guess! Ah, I have not time to let you guess. *Emilia* is here, my sister *Emilia*! *Emilia* the good, *Emilia* the gay, *Emilia* the handsome—the happy *Emilia*! And *Algernon* is here, and the little *Algernon*—the most magnificent little boy on the earth! *Mamma* dances with him, *papa* dances with him, *Emilia* dances, *Algernon* dances, *L—* dances. Wait, wait, I will come and sing, and cannot write a word more, so sure as I am called

*JULIE.*

P.S.—*Beata*, come back to us!

Prays

THE H— FAMILY."

Amiable and happy family, I thank you; but *Beata* will not come. I shall write this answer to-morrow. Innocent children, who slumber around me, I shall remain with you, because I can be useful to you. Happiness resigned often gives contentedness of a higher kind—it gives peace. O might I only know *that*—whilst every day's quiet billows uniformly, but silently, bear me onward and towards that silent shore—and every day will be blessed.

Nightly mists rise up from the meadows announcing the morning, and admonish me to rest. Around the hillock of my life ascends also a cold mist. If it come nearer, I will write at once, and take leave of the H— Family.



## PREFACE TO TRALINNAN

(THE BONDMAID).

A beloved friend, to whom I would communicate my warm interest in the Northern Legends of the Gods, read aloud with me during solitary autumn evenings in the country, a learned disquisition upon them. Her countenance continued steadfastly cloudy and dissatisfied during the whole, and when she came to the words—"Loke, found the half-roasted heart of a woman;" she flung the book vehemently from her and exclaimed—"Nay! I can bear this no longer! It is too monstrous! too disgusting! It makes me actually ill!"

"And yet," I zealously interposed—"I assure you there is much and deep meaning in this mythology, and the greatest interest, if we—"

"That may be," interrupted me my friend somewhat impatiently, "but to comprehend it, I promise you I must take another method. Do you write something about this meaning that you consider so deep, and then I shall see whether I shall comprehend or endure it."

The challenge was accepted with laughter; the execution of it drew forth tears—for the misery and the darkness of the past arose, and was felt as present. Three days after our little conversation, the *BONDMAID* was written; and I proposed to read it aloud to my friend, while by way of prologue I said, "I have here endeavoured to collect into one tangible picture what our forefathers believed respecting gods and men, about life and death, heaven and hell, as well as earthly things. In the dawn of the world, as in that of the day, we see first the shadows of night still rest on the earth, yet at the same time we behold the morning red of the eternal truth, and herald of the sun, in whose light our race has acquired light, and the slave his freedom." My friend listened to my prologue in silence, and I commenced my reading.

It is always a hard matter to go through with, as my friend, whenever I begin to

read to her any of my compositions, is sure to begin mercilessly to gape. I say "to go through with," because I have found that if the article rivet her attention, which, heaven knows is not always the case, the gapiags quickly disappear, and give place to most lively and enchanting sympathy. As now, therefore, with a secret glance at my friend, I began to read aloud "the Bondmaiden," and with a dreadful feeling saw her let one undisguised yawn follow another; I pretended not in the least to perceive it, but read on, and soon beheld to my great consolation, the mouth close itself, and the eyes and ears become profoundly attentive. The result of the reading was, nevertheless, but little edifying.

"Ah, my poor soul!" said my friend with a deep sigh, "that truly was no amusing history! For your Krumba, or Tumba, or Katakumba, is too hideous; and then the conclusion—ah! it is horribly tiresome altogether!"

I defended my Bondmaiden the best that I could, at the same time observing that her name was Kumba, and not either Tumba or Katakumba. My friend's last words were, "It may be very true that she is beautiful. I would willingly wish to believe so; but I beg to be excused liking her. There is interest enough about her; but the conclusion, the conclusion . . . !"

The Bondmaid continued a good while after this in silence, undergoing, the while, first one and then another change, but still without being able to win my friend's favour. I have now resolved to make the public, from whose decision, as from that of God himself, there is no appeal, the judge between us; and to hear what it says of the Bondmaiden. My friend assures me, that no one can desire more cordially than she, that "Katakumba"—she has perversely taken a determined whim to call my Bondmaiden thus—may be admired; and I protest to my friend, that no one can more heartily chime in with her desire than

THE AUTHORRESS.

## PERSONS.

FRID, King's Daughter, betrothed to King Dag.

KUMBA, }  
FEIMA, } Bondmaids.

GRINGERDA, a Sorceress.

A Spirit of Light.

A Spirit of Darkness.

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The Scene is a woody mountain region. Amongst the rocks rises the Castle of a Viking. On one side is the Sea : on the other a Flower-Garden.

# TRÄLINNAN.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*The Flower Garden. FEIMA binds up flowers to their supports. KUMBA waters them.*

FRID.

THE morning is delicious and clear. Yet glitters in the grass the honey-dew from the tree Mima. The Nornor sprinkle its crown with water from the sacred fountain, and let it softly rain down in heavenly sweetness over the flowers and leaves of the field. The bee sucks it from the bosom of the flowers, and then bestows the precious juice on man, which is delicious both to the sick and the sound. How beautiful, how rich, is Nature, how full of wisdom are all her arrangements! How great is the goodness of God, who shaped the earth for mankind like a cup filled with honey!

Brightly advances the sun on his hero path. Receive my greeting, thou radiant creation of the All-Father, thou at whose fire spirits of light and spirits of darkness assemble themselves affectionately to prepare the golden harvest of the earth! Here all burns, here all rejoices in the splendour of the All-Father's eye! The All-Father is light, is fire. Love, too, is fire, is an animated flame sprung from the All-Father's bosom. O Sun! thou, the image of his person; thou, warm and glorious as love; I bow myself in adoration before thee, and pray thee to protect a flame as pure and powerful as thine. A beam of thy fire kindle thou in the eyes of King Dag; it burns yet more beautifully in his heart; he is the descendant of a divine race;—protect him, illumine his voyage over the great sea! Make his path light, his arm strong and victorious! Conduct him home to the court of his fathers, to his faithful bride; and, kneeling by his side, I will consecrate to thee a better offering than now, thou glorious king of day!

*[She approaches Kumba and Feima.*

Bond-maidens, it is good! The flower-garden is well tended. The beauty of the plants gladdens both eye and heart. Soon, too, will King Dag see it, and reward your care. He has commissioned me to give you a testimony of his favour. He will one day give you more beautiful ones himself. Feima, take this silver chain. Thou shalt wear it on thy wedding-day. The same sun which blesses my union with King Dag shall witness thy marriage with thy faithful Hreimer. He shall be my master-gardener. The cottage, which I have caused to be built for you, will soon be completed. I wish you always to remain with me and the king. Thou shalt brew the mead for our wedding; and thou wilt do well, Feima, to call the good Disor to thy aid, that it may be clear and strong.

FEIMA.

*[Falls down and will kiss Frid's feet. Frid extends to her her hand.]*

Princess! thy favour is great! We will live and die for thee! How beautiful is thy hand; how white, how silken. Only King Dag has hands as beautiful as thine!

FRID.

More beautiful, Feima, because they are stronger. Kumba, thou art the most intimate of my attendants. From the years of childhood have we been together. Thou shalt always be near me. Take this golden ring.

KUMBA.

King's daughter, that is not for me.

FRID.

I give it thee.

KUMBA.

My hand is brown; my fingers are short and bony—what shall the golden ring do there? It does not become me. Retain thy gift. Thy favour is all that I desire.

FRID.

O very well! I will keep my ring, but—till thy wedding-day. I know that Klur loves thee. Thou wilt not always be hard with him. He shall put the ring on thy finger. *(Kumba turns away.)* If thou hast a wish, thou shalt tell it me, that I may gratify it. I desire that all should be happy. Ah! see, see here reddens a rosebud! Welcome, thou little harbinger of the highest happiness! *(kisses it.)* Kumba! Feima! tend it well. Protect it from the night chill; moisten its root with the clearest water. "When the rose-buds reddens, then shall I be near thee!" wrote last to me, King Dag. This rose is the first which reddens this year in the flower-garden. Perhaps when this flowers opens, shall my life's happiness be in bloom. Tend well the delicate bud, bond-maidens! Ye shall not do it in vain. Kumba, in about an hour I shall expect thee to attend me to the bath.

KUMBA.

I will be punctual.

FRID.

Once more—take care of my rosebud!

*[She goes.]*

### SCENE II.

KUMBA. FEIMA.

FEIMA.

How good she is!

KUMBA.

She is happy!

FEIMA.

How beautiful she is, and proud! Well is she worthy to be beloved by a king like King Dag. Kumba! What art thou doing? Thou breakest off the bud which she bade us cherish!

KUMBA.

She can have so many others.

FEIMA.

O Kumba! that was ill done. Ought not her slightest wish to have been a law to thee? She, thy lady, thy benefactress!

KUMBA.

I am her slave!

FEIMA.

And yet is she so gracious, so condescending to thee! Fie! Kumba!

KUMBA.

Reproach me not. My mind is embittered. I will die!

FEIMA.  
Die! Wherefore?

KUMBA.  
I am a slave!

FEIMA.  
And has one of our race ever been treated better than thou? Has not the king's daughter exempted thee from laborious occupations? Hast thou not from childhood been allowed to be near her, and treated better than all the servants? Does she not give thee better clothes, better food? Dost thou not go freely about in the royal halls? Hast thou not there been instructed in much that thralls are not wont to know?

KUMBA.  
Feima! Why dost thou call me fortunate? Call me unfortunate! Why was I not left in the humble cottage, with poverty and hardship, and taught by custom to endure the stern lot to which I was born? Why did the bondmaid receive a dwelling in the halls of kings, and learn to compare? Why did I learn to love beauty and greatness, when my lot was ugliness and insignificance? Why did I receive instructions which taught me only to despair?

FEIMA.  
Ah! it was thy proud heart which taught thee to feel thus! It is thy haughty spirit which converts the sweetness into poison!

KUMBA.  
Frid too is proud, and yet in her that is no fault!

FEIMA.  
No! for pride becomes her; but pride does not become us. She is of the race of the Jarls; we of that of the Thralls.

KUMBA.  
And yet Feima, the Saga says, that the father of our race was a god—yes, the same god who afterwards became the father of the haughty race of the gods. We are the elder brethren and sisters. Why are we suffered to creep in the dust, when the younger brethren are exalted to God's heaven?

FEIMA.  
I do not know. But this I know, that it would not befit thee to wear Frid's crown on thy head, her golden girdle around thy waist, and to walk so slowly and proudly as she does. I feel that I could not help laughing at that.

KUMBA.  
Woe is me! I know it too. In me that were ridiculous, which in her is beautiful. I am called, and I am, Kumba.\* But it is precisely of that that I complain. Why am I so?

FEIMA.  
And I know too that there are much good and many joys for us if we can but bridle our minds and our desires. Have we not the sun's light and warmth? Have we not the fragrance of flowers as well as the king's daughter? Have we not the enjoyment of the cottage which protects us; of food which we eat? Can we not, under the guardianship of good masters, possess our husbands and children as well as the Jarls?

KUMBA.  
Slaves!

FEIMA.  
Hreimer is a slave; yes, and his hand is sooty, but diligent and faithful is that hand; his heart is good, and his glance tells me how dear he holds me. By his side I shall live happy and

free from care, for we love one another, and we love our masters, and know that they will not separate us, or sell our children away from us. We desire nothing better than always to live in their service.

KUMBA.  
Happy thou!

FEIMA.  
The same happiness may be thine if thou wilt; Klur loves thee.

KUMBA.  
Fie, fie, fie then! I speak not of him.

FEIMA.  
And if thou wilt not have a husband; if thou wilt remain single, what more pleasant lot canst thou have than to serve the noble Frid, and live in the royal halls, and see around thee men and women of the race of the Jarls? That, indeed, is great and beautiful.

KUMBA.  
Miserable! Know, Feima; farther towards the north, towards the region where giants and horrible dragons have their abode, there is found amid ice-clad mountains, a people not far removed from beasts. Their clothes are the skins of wild beasts; their dwellings, caves and clefts of the rocks; their speech a bestial noise. Well, then, amongst this people, in their woods, I should feel myself happier than here, in the halls of the king's daughter!

FEIMA.  
Thou wouldst prefer living amongst detestable monsters of the woods rather than with the good and beautiful Frid? Thou wouldst rather freeze in their caves, and hunt in their woods, than plait her golden hair and bathe in a silver ewer her white feet?

KUMBA.  
Yes, that would I.

FEIMA.  
Wonderful! And why?

KUMBA.  
Because there I should be free! Because amongst them I should be somewhat.

FEIMA.  
I do not understand thee. But if thou findest thyself so unhappy here, wherefore, Kumba, dost thou not make thy prayer to Frid for thy freedom? She loves thee, and could certainly not refuse thy request. Wherefore dost thou linger where thou art in torment?

KUMBA.  
Ask me not!

FEIMA.  
Thou art very strange. Thou wilt and thou wilt not.

KUMBA.  
Woe is me! It is so. My feet are riveted to the spot which bears me.

FEIMA.  
Sister! poor sister! I compassionate thee!

KUMBA.  
Well mayest thou. But the powers who made the races of the Jarls and the slaves, who gave to the one gold and to the other dust—of these will I demand, Was it just that ye dealt thus?

FEIMA.  
Kumba, tempt not the gods!

KUMBA.  
They who require of men worship because they conferred on them a wretched life—who demand praise and offerings for the clod of earth which we cultivate with the sweat of our brow for others—to them I will say, "In your unjust selfish existence—"

\* Clumsy.

**SILENCE!** O silence! It is horrible to hear thee! Thy eyes flash, Kumba! Thou blasphemest!

**KUMBA.**

But if I do murmur and blaspheme in despair over my lot, what then? In a little time I shall grow dumb in the work—in a little time the blaspheming spirit will disappear like a vapour in space, and be as it had never been. But it has not disturbed the rejoicing songs of Valhalla; aloft there is not heard its pain and complaint. And when the achievements of the mighty shall live immortally in the songs of the Scalds on the earth—when their glory shall be admired by succeeding generations—who shall know anything of the life of slaves, of their virtues, their sufferings? Dumb, beneath the burden of their labours, they have sunk into the earth, and are forgotten. Where is found justice for them, in heaven or upon earth? We are born to no end.

**FEIMA.**

Nay, that I cannot believe. Say not our holy Sagas, that for us, too, shall be found room after death, there, where every one shall receive his reward for what he has done on the earth, whether it be good or evil?

**KUMBA.**

Seest thou the pale grey cloud in the distance, which sails over the wild heath? Seest thou, far off in the marshes, the vapours tossed about by the wind? There beholdest thou the life of a slave after death. Seest thou the sun, how he warms the world from the inward glow of his own happiness; the stars by night, beaming down tranquilly, as kings from their thrones, as happy spirits in the courts of the gods—there hast thou the immortality of the noble-born of the hero-race. Dark is our life on the earth, dark on the other side of the grave! It is not good to go poor to Odin—the poor find in his halls no room. Alone for a nobly-born hero, alone for a king who carried far and wide the blood-dripping sword, resounds the road to Valhalla; for him only are adorned its couches, for him its cup is burnished, and the Valkyrior bring wine. The joys of heaven are made only for the great, the happy on earth.

**FEIMA.**

But it is said likewise, that the servant who comes in the train of a great lord can slip into the glorious Asgård; therefore, often do the servants kill themselves on their master's corpse.

**KUMBA.**

Fools! Yes, to become slaves to them after death as they have been here. "Wretches" are the slaves termed by the Scalds; and justly, for wretched is their lot even there, beyond Hela's nocturnal halls. Thralldom and fatigue await them as here. And for such of us, who do not accompany some mighty lord in death, there shall be no resurrection—we have here lived in pain.

**FEIMA.**

Ah! my heart tells me different. It says that the gods will never take away again the existence which they have given.

**KUMBA.**

Seest thou the worm in the sand which is tortured and dragged along by ants? See how it writhes, how it is agonized! Let it be! If thou rescuest it, a thousand others will still be tortured. In vain dost thou writhe, worm. Thy tormentors drag thee to the hillock, to the un-

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honoured funeral-pile, from which no glorifying flame ascends, and where thou shalt speedily become nothing. Is not the worm created by the gods as well as we? They regard not the worm; they look not down on us. Our fates are alike.

**FEIMA.**

No; no! I would not believe that, if thou said it a thousand times. They who have served in truth shall certainly hereafter dwell in peace and joy. But, were it indeed not so, were it otherwise—

**KUMBA.**

What then?

**FEIMA.**

From the dust was I taken. The goodness of God gave me life. I have seen the beauty of the sun; I have enjoyed the fruits of the earth, the freshness of the water, the cool shade of the trees—I have loved. If the gods shall one day reduce to nothing the dust which they have raised up, I will then praise them for the life which I have enjoyed; and will deliver again into their hands what from their hands I have received, if not without regret, at least without complaining.

**KUMBA.**

Shall I admire, or shall I despise thee?

**FEIMA.**

We are small; let us in humility acknowledge it. Humility is the soul's repose. O Kumba, Kumba! Leave thy proud heights—bumble thyself. See, it is only by stooping that thou canst gather this beautiful flower. Quit the regal palace if thou art not happy there, but go not amongst the wild people. Come to us, sister; come and remain with us. Hreimer and I will love thee, cherish thee, perform the heaviest tasks for thee. Choose a husband, possess a cottage, and press a child to thy bosom. My mother has told me, that when she gave me birth the world became light to her, and that she would not have exchanged me for a kingdom. The animals, which are so much beneath us, how they love, how they rejoice themselves in their young! Become a wife and mother, Kumba! become good and happy.

**KUMBA.**

The cradle and the bier are the tools of the Norðnor, and no one can escape his fate. I will not give birth to a being doomed to unhappiness.

**FEIMA.**

Hreimer and I are happy, and yet we are the children of slaves.

**KUMBA.**

My mother was amongst the slaves of Queen Gunnild—she was the most faithful of her servants. Poor and heavy was her lot, yet did she wish to live. My father was a free-born person, who thought little of forsaking the woman who loved him, and the child she had borne to him. I remember a night—that night has stretched itself over my whole life. Flames arose from a pile—they ascended high into heaven. It was the corpse of the queen which was burned. My mother was amongst those who tented the pile; she, with many others, were cast alive into the flames! The queen, it was said, needed her attendants in the other world. I stood amongst the people, still a child, and heard my mother's cry, and saw her burn. Fatherless and motherless, I went thence into the world alone, and wandered in the woods without knowing whither. There came people who seized me, and carried me back to the court of King Atle. They said that I wished to run away and I was conducted

to the presence of the king. I answered haughtily to his questions, and he caused me to be whipped till the blood came, in punishment, as he said, of my disobedience. Thou, Feima, then lay on thy mother's bosom—thou didst not understand what I felt.

FEIMA.

But Frid, King Atle's beautiful niece, understood it. She begged thee from the king, and cherished thee like a mother, although she was scarcely older than thyself. She endeavoured to recompense thee for all that thou hadst suffered.

KUMBA.

Then did I sit in the nights, and gazed on the wandering stars, on the flying clouds. I asked them of my mother's fate; I called her name, and listened. The night wind flew complaining over the heath, and the fog bedewed me with tears. See, there, the only answer that I received.

FEIMA.

O canst thou not forget the horrors of thy childish years in all the kindness which has been showered on thy youth? And what dost thou know? Perhaps thy mother's soul lies happily in the sunshine which now closes thee in its warm embrace. O that it would become light in thy soul, and that thou couldst see life and thy own destiny in a clearer vision! It is long since thou hast offered to the gods. Come, sister, come! Let us go to the holy fountain of offering on the mountain. Dost thou see this silver-penny? I received it once from King Dag. I will now offer this for thee. Carry thou also thither an offering of something dear to thee, that we may win the favour of the Powers, and that they may hear our prayers.

KUMBA.

And what wouldst thou that I should solicit?

FEIMA.

A pious, a contented mind.

KUMBA.

Am I then so wicked, Feima?

FEIMA.

Sister, pardon me the hard word;—thou art not good.

KUMBA.

Thou speakest the truth. But, Feima, I have wished to be good. O! had the gods heard my sighs, Feima, I should now have been pious; like Frid, I would wish to make all happy. Seize, torment a bee, and it will sting, and leave poison in the sting; but leave it in its freedom, let it possess its wings and its flowers, and it will suck and confer only delicious sweetness.

FEIMA.

And what wouldst thou desire of the gods?

KUMBA.

Beauty, high birth, wealth, and—a king's love; room in the halls of Odin after death, for me and all my race.

FEIMA.

Kumba, thou art mad. Thy glance is wild. Poor sister! Thy mind is diseased. Come, O come with me to cool thy brow with the holy water, and offer and pray with me in the still morning, while the tumult of the world is hushed, and when Heimdal's ever-listening ears can be reached even by the lowest prayers. Come!

KUMBA.

I will not, sister. At the prayers which now arise within me, thou wouldst be horrified, and the gods would reject me. Thou art right. My soul is sick. Therefore go leave me alone. Go!

FEIMA.

And what shall I say to the king's daughter, when she inquires after her rosebud?

KUMBA.

Tell her that a bitter north wind took it off.

FEIMA.

Then thou wilt not accompany me?

KUMBA.

No, I say; no! Leave me alone.

FEIMA (*aside, as she goes away*).

I will then go alone, and pray for her. Yet—Hreimer, will gladly accompany me to offer with me for the unhappy sister. [*She goes.*]

### SCENE III.

KUMBA (*alone*).

Yes, go! Offer, pray to the mercenary, the unjust gods. I am not childish enough to do that. But she is good and pious. Were I but pious as she! Can I not be so? No! for I know more than she; my eyes have pierced deeper into the dark disposal of events; and a poison corrodes me, which she does not know. "Why dost thou not fly?" she demanded. "Wherefore dost thou not solicit thy freedom?" Unhappy power, which binds my will and my soul! Abhorred, beloved torment, which causes me to court what I never can win, and to seek what I ought to fly from, thou wilt tyrannize over me in life and in death. Ah! why saw I the glorious object that I am not to possess? Why should I behold a day which will never shine for me? Why, stern and terrible fate, didst thou allure me up into the light, only to plunge me deeper into my darkness? The mischief is now done; my eyes are dazzled, my glance is fascinated, my heart is doomed, my life is given over to misery. Here is my torment, and here must I remain; so will the inexorable Powers. I must, because I must hear his name pronounced. Not to hear him mentioned, is not to get air to breathe. I must see him again, once more hear his voice, and live in the lustre of his eyes. O King Dag! wilt thou notice the bondmaiden? Wilt thou give one look, one thought, to her who would gladly die for thee? Thou wilt clap thy proud steed with thy strong victorious hand; but it would be defiled by the touch of the hand of Kumba. For Frid—for the king's daughter—is thy hand; for her, thy embraces, thy kisses, thy great, proud hero-heart. And her do I tend and adorn every day, that she may become more beautiful for thee, and all the happier in thy love. Every day shall I see her beauty and happiness, and feel myself devoured by envy. O depth of anguish! O bottomless pit! In thee am I doomed to live and move for ever! [*She pauses.*]

In the cold, foggy Nifelheim is the fountain Hvergelmer. Streams of poison rush from it; and in its depth, amid countless snakes, lies the great snake Nidhogg, which gnaws at the root of the tree of the world—gnaws, gnaws till it decays. When I was very young, the Saga easily made me shudder. I am now quite at home in it. I seem sometimes indeed to be myself the fountain, that mist is my world, and that the worm gnaws at the tree of my life. [*Again silent.*]

Sometimes dark thoughts rise up within me. It is said that elves of darkness, which live on the northern edge of the earth, beneath the deepest roots of the Tree of the World, sometimes ascend thence, and speak words with the children of men, which fright the light of day. Hell sends them forth to execute its commissions and

affairs. It seems to me as if at times the voice of evil spirits spoke within me, and exhorted me to . . . .

[Another silence.

If I could but die, and find rest! Could my life, after death, but become pleasant; might once the freed spirit but look down from heaven upon the earth, where it had suffered and been tormented . . . Did I but know that a merciful God had prepared for his tired and weary child a peaceful and bright abode, where it might repose after its hard conflict, O then could I still submit myself! could then renounce, then . . .

[Weeps.

But, O ye Gods! ye have forgotten us, and therefore is my spirit exasperated. To your favourites you have given all, to us nothing. Nothing? Yes, bitterness! poison! But with the poison there is strength. Ye Gods! if from the drops, which from hour to hour you cause to drop into my bosom, there swells a stream which burns and destroys, the guilt *fall*—on you!

SCENE IV.

*Frid's Bedchamber.*

FRID. KUMBA.

FRID

Kumba! Plait my hair, and anoint it with the oil of the south, which I received from King Dag.

KUMBA.

What thou commandest I will do.

FRID.

And while thou plaitest it, relate to me some of the Sagas which thou knowest so well. It is justly said that the dwelling of the Sagas is surrounded by the murmurs of cool billows, to whose rushing Odin gladly listens. Enlivening and soothing at the same time are Sagas and song,—a worthy pastime for the race of the gods.

KUMBA.

Wilt thou, king's daughter, hear the ancient Sagas of Rig ?\*

FRID.

Gladly.

KUMBA.

Heimdal—so it is said; the trusty and wise god, went once on a time to walk in the country, and came on the sea-shore to a house which he entered. The door stood wide open; a fire burnt on the hearth, and within ate the inhabitants, grown grey with labour, Æ and Edda, in old-world garments. Edda took out of the ashes the heavy, thick, seed-mingled cake, brought forth the soup in a bowl; but the greatest delicacy was the sodden calf. Heimdal, who called himself king, continued three nights there, and nine months after his departure, Edda gave birth to a son, which was baptized and named Träl (slave). He grew and flourished, was of a dark complexion, had wrinkled skin on his hands, contracted knuckles, thick fingers, an ugly countenance, a humpback, and long heels. A beggar-girl came to the house; her feet sore, her arms sunburnt, her nose hooked. She was called Trälinna (bondswoman, or female slave). She lived there with Träl, the heavy days, and bore him sons and daughters. Their employment was to twine boat ropes, to drag loads, to carry firewood, to keep and fatten cattle, herd swine, watch the goats, dig turf. From her came the race of slaves.

\* Introduced into the older Edda. See Geijzer's, "Sven Mikes Hålder."

Rig went farther, and found in another house another pair. The door stood a-jar; fire burned on the hearth. The husband was shaping a tree into a weaver's beam; his beard was trimmed, his hair cut on the forehead; he had a close shirt, which was fastened by a clasp at the neck. The wife twirled the spinning-wheel, spun thread, and converted it into clothing. She had a fillet on her head, a brooch on her bosom, a cloth round her neck, and ribbon on the shoulders. The couple were called Æfe and Amma. Rig was hospitably entertained, and stayed with them three nights. Nine months afterwards, Amma gave birth to a son, rosy and blooming, with sparkling eyes. He was baptized and called Karl. He grew and throve, learned to tame oxen, to cultivate land, to build houses, forged horse-nails, made carts, drove the plough. To him was conducted home as a bride, Snör, hung round with keys, in kirtle of goat's hair. They exchanged rings, spread the sheet, built a house. They had sons and daughters, and of them are come the race of *Karls*, or free men.

Rig went further. He came to a hall. The door was closed, and adorned with a ring. He entered. The floor was strown. There sat, the couple, looking each other in the eyes—*Foder* and *Moder*. There work was play. The husband shaped bows, twisted strings, polished arrows. The wife ironed and starched her sleeves, and made up a head-dress. She had a jewel on her breast, a silken kirtle, blue figured linen, a countenance more beautiful, a bosom more charming, a neck more white than the recent snow. *Moder* spread the figured white cloth on the table, set on it the thin white wheaten cakes, and dishes of embossed silver, full of all kinds of meat, pork, and roasted birds. There was wine in flagons and embossed cups; they drank and talked till the day dawned. Rig remained three nights there also, and after nine months, *Moder* brought forth a son, who was wrapt in silk, was baptized, and called Jarl. His hair was flaxen, his cheeks bright, his eyes keen as those of a young eagle. He grew up, twisted bowstrings, shaped bows, flung the spear, shot arrows, shook lances, rode horses, hunted with hounds, drew the sword, and exercised himself in swimming. Then came Rig again to the court, taught him Runes, gave him *his* name, and acknowledged him as *his* son. The young Rig therefore marched over the rocks in war, won victories and lands, distributed goods and estates, and married the daughter of *Herve*, the slender, fair, noble *Ema*. Of their sons, the youngest was *Kour*. He contended with his father Rig in the knowledge of Runes, and won. Then was it the son's lot to be himself called Rig, and thenceforth to understand Runes beyond all others. From him are descended the *Jarls* and kings.

Here ends the Saga about Rig.

FRID.

Thanks, Kumba! The Saga is beautiful and full of meaning.

KUMBA (*aside*).

Beautiful!! Yes, for her.

FRID.

But my attention was distracted while I listened to it. A great, a precious, and almost affecting recollection came vividly on my soul. To-day, three years ago, I saw, for the first time, King Dag.

KUMBA.

Ah! speak of that! (*aside*). The poison is sweet!

FRID.

Thou knowest that my father's brother, the gloomy Atle, had in an engagement killed King Dag's father, the victorious King Iivar. King Dag, and his brother Ragnar, revenged their father's death, and stormed my uncle's castle. Shut up in the inner room of the castle with my tender brother Arild, I heard the din of arms, and the battle-cries of the warriors. Arild clenched his little hands in wrath. I prayed to the gods for his life, for I held him as dear as a mother. Suddenly I heard a cry, accompanied by a wild jubilation of victory. "Atle is fallen! The brave Ragnar has slain him!" But immediately thereon—"Ragnar is wounded! Ragnar is dead! Revenge! revenge!" Amid a horrid din, steps drew near the room. Before the strokes of war-axes, the door went to pieces. At this moment I felt not fear, but wrath and a proud desperation. I had seized spear and shield, and stood there resolved to die, rather than to surrender myself a prisoner; and till my last breath to defend the little one. "Back!" thundered a lordly voice to the on-pressing martial throng; and environed by the flashings of bloody swords, as by a thousand jagged lightnings, I beheld before me a man—a god he seemed to me to be.

KUMBA.

It was *he*!

FRID.

Yes, it was *he*! It was King Dag! "Yield thyself!" exclaimed he to me. In answer I sought his breast with my spear. My trembling hand was arrested by his sword, and he disarmed me. Bleeding, I sunk by my brother's side, exclaiming, "Mercy for him! Mercy for the child!" "Death to the traitor's son!" cried wildly the warriors, and rushed on. King Dag turned himself to his people, and covered us with his shield. "Back!" exclaimed he once more commandingly to the wild troop. "With women and children we contend not." The victory is won. Down with your weapons!" But a frantic lust of murder had taken possession of Ragnar's people, and they cried—"Blood for blood!" Then shouldst thou have seen King Dag! Glorious and strong as the god Thor, he lifted his broadsword in defence of the helpless. Like lightning flew its strokes whistling through the air, and fell on the blood-thirsty warriors. Heaps of dead were round his feet.

KUMBA.

The brave! the glorious!

FRID.

Seized with amaze at his superhuman strength, Ragnar's people began to give way. Then cried King Dag—"Hither, my men! Every true friend follow me!" He lifted up Arild, and placed him in the arms of one of his warriors; he took myself in his own, and guarding me with shield and sword, he broke through the tumult of war. I saw nothing more. A swoon overpowered my senses; my eyes were closed.

KUMBA.

But he watched over thee?

FRID.

When I opened them again, it was night; but a night lighted up by a red and wild splendour. I saw from the distant strand a castle stand all in flames; but cool winds fanned my cheek, and father and farther over the dancing waves, conveyed me the winged sea-dragon, and my little brother stood beside me under the purple pavilion, and clasped his hands in childish joy over

the novel spectacle. Before me, on his knee, his godlike beautiful countenance illumined by the flames of the burning, and with uncovered head, lay King Dag, and I was his captive!

KUMBA (*aside*).

Happy lot!

FRID.

Ah, yes! His captive. For my heart had been conquered,—the brave, the noble one; and I could not then, as I wished, in proud anger turn from the victor my glance. By his strength he had disarmed my hand, by his love he now sought to win my love; and when he prayed me as beautifully, as mildly as Balder, when he begged me, as a favour, to accept his kingdom and his crown, then I let him see what my heart felt, and he pressed me to his heart, and called me his bride.

KUMBA.

Thou happy one!

FRID.

Yes, I was happy. Days and nights went on, and life was to me like a beam of the light of God's heaven—all around me was so beautiful. The sea-dragon flew over the blue sea, under the dark-blue heaven, and the waves danced merrily around the prow, covered with golden shields, and the wind sung in the purple silken sails, splendidly embroidered with rich silver vine-branches. By day, King Dag exercised his men in martial manœuvres, and fired them to an almost frenzied, yet joyous, daring, while I watched them from the royal pavilion. When the evening came, and sea and winds were lulled, then took King Dag his harp, and played and sang by my side, which made my heart beat with transport. Then burned the stars clearer, and the spirits of the sea arose in enchantment to the surface of the water; then seemed the sea to burn with a strange light, and we floated onward as on waves of fire. All things did homage to the glorious one, and he did homage to me; yes, happy was I, happy, amid the dangers of war! My father's castle was plundered and burnt. Enemies' hosts invaded King Dag's realm. We possessed no home. Then the son of Valhalla conducted me to the temple of Upsala, and gave me there an asylum, while he advanced against his enemies. He returned and brought me to this strong castle; but was himself again soon obliged to leave me, in consequence of a vow which forbade him to celebrate a jovious feast before he had freed his unfortunate sister Gudrun out of her ignominious captivity. Here should I remain, guarded by his trusty men, till he should return from the Saxon coast.

KUMBA.

And if he do not return? If he perish in strife on the distant strand?—

FRID.

No, no! I fear nothing. A far-precient Vala, a renowned prophetess, who visited the temple of Upsala, has told me his fate. His course will be long and victorious. From this campaign he will return happily, and rich in honours and treasures.

KUMBA.

Thou hast seen the temple of Upsala, the magnificent court of the gods! Thou hast lived amongst Diar and Divo. Were they beautiful and happy?

FRID.

Yes, yes, beautiful and blessed. A noble tranquillity, an infinite dignity repose on their features, and breathe through their whole being.

The cares and the joys of earth touch them not; they stand high above them, gazing into the clearness of the heaven of the gods. The countenance of the chief priest is majestic as we conceive of that of Odin, full of power and mildness. All disquiet dies in him who contemplates it: the before stormy heart hushes itself involuntarily at his glance, and is at peace.

KUMBA (*aside*).

Peace, ah! And I? (*aloud*). And the temple and its happy abodes are really splendid!

FRID.

Beyond all description. Of gold and precious stones are the walls; a radiance glows thence, which illuminates the country far around. The gorgeous splendour of the interior of the temple testifies to the power of the divinity; while the silence in the sacred groves, in the lofty halls, interrupted only by the solemn songs of the Diars, speaks of its sublimity, and draws the spirit to contemplation. Had I not so deeply loved King Dag, I should have dedicated myself to the service of the gods, and continued there amongst the sacred Assyniors.

KUMBA (*aside*).

She chooses between the throne and the temple. But I?—

FRID.

When I recall those days, a wonderfully delightful and solemn feeling seizes me. Ah! it was beautiful in the courts of the temple, in its lofty halls! Pondering on the counsel of the gods, silently walked the deep-thinking Diars.—

KUMBA.

And didst thou learn their secret wisdom—the verses which teach how to quiet waves, quench fire, and dissipate care? Didst thou get to know about the beginning and the end of all things?

FRID.

No! I was too young, and too much engrossed by the outward splendour of life, and by my love. My voice, indeed, blended with the songs of the Assyniors, and I took part in their nocturnal dances, in their ceremonies; but their meaning I understood not. They regarded me—and justly—as not worthy to comprehend them.

KUMBA.

And what, indeed, is all the wisdom of the priests, in comparison with the love of such a king as King Dag?

FRID.

Thou sayst truly, Kumba. But had I never seen him, then could I have preferred, beyond any earthly throne, to live as a priestess in the holy temple. Asg'rd, as it is also called, is an image of the celestial Asg'rd, the eternally green Gudhem; and beautiful is it, amid offerings and songs of praise, to walk before the gods on earth, and up to their everlasting abodes above us.

KUMBA.

That I can believe. Are there always offerings in the temple?

FRID.

Yes, often; but there are in particular three great annual festivals, which were instituted by Odin. Recently has been celebrated the Sacrifice of Victory, that takes place in spring, when the open waters invite to Viking-voyages.

KUMBA.

And do they indeed sacrifice men?

FRID.

Yes. Most commonly slaves and malefactors.

KUMBA.

Slaves and malefactors?

FRID.

Yes, but sometimes also the noblest life. The victim is led forth festively adorned; the seats of the gods are tinged with blood; it is also sprinkled on the assembled people. The smoke which ascends from the flame of sacrifice is delicious, and fills the halls with a delicious aroma. Sweetly sound in accordance the songs of the priests.

KUMBA.

But the victims, the victims! do they complain not? do not their shrieks of misery ascend above the songs of the priests?

FRID.

Their wailings are prevented; or are drowned in the songs of praise.

KUMBA.

They are drowned by the songs of praise!

FRID.

Yes, and no dissonance disturbs the majesty and beauty of the lofty solemnity. But what is this, Kumba? I hear the tramp of steeds, the pealing of horns; the drawbridge is raised! There must be tidings—important ones! Good Kumba, go, fly, and bring me word what it is.

[Kumba goes.]

## SCENE V.

FRID (*alone*).

It is certainly a messenger from King Dag! My heart assures me of it;—how it beats! Still, thou unquiet one, still! O the pleasures and the pangs of love! And yet, beloved pangs, I would not exchange you for the Assynior's eternal repose! O my king! to love thee, that is my life; but if my heart beats thus at the anticipation of a message from thee, how shall I be able to see thy face and not die of joy?

## SCENE VI.

FRID. KUMBA.

KUMBA.

A letter—from—King Dag! With it there are costly presents—

FRID.

A letter! Give it me, give it me! O ye dear Runes! (*kisses the Runic tablet and reads*). He comes, comes soon! Before the next new moon he is here! Victorious, rich in honour and spoil, comes he to his bride, "the eternally beloved." O my bridegroom! O my Dag!

KUMBA (*aside*).

And I?

FRID.

I will myself make the arrangements for the messenger's reception. I will myself speak with him. I must see the man who has lately seen my beloved; I must hear him talk of King Dag. Kumba, go thou and work on the golden girdle, and be diligent, Kumba, that it may be quickly ready. I will wear it on the King's arrival. I desire that he should find his bride beautiful. I shall then really see him soon! Happy I!

Goes.

## SCENE VII.

KUMBA (*alone*).

But I! Why was I born? Shall I now see them, their embraces, hear their sighs of love and vows of truth? Shall I adorn her for him; help to make her still more beautiful in his eyes? So has she commanded. O ye great! ye dream not that a slave also has a human heart. You trample it under your feet, and give it not a thought, and take not the slightest heed of its

death-pangs. "They frown their complaints," said she, "that the joy of the high solemnity may not be disturbed." They dragged them forth to the stone of sacrifice; they murdered them, and drowned their complaints. Out of the fire which devoured their quivering limbs, there arose a sweet odour for the chief priest who sung the praises of the gods. But the men! the slaves! the poor! no help, no escape. They must submit. They were dragged forth spite of prayers and resistance. They must submit. Horrible doom of the Norna! Hard necessity! And for me to—but why necessity for me? If I will, who can constrain me? Can I not, if I will it, command both my own fate and that of others? Necessity exists only for the weak. The strong makes his own laws, and compels even the gods. My stature indeed is low, but my will is strong. Let the sacrificers tremble.

If I should kill Frid, and clothe myself in her garments, and deceive King Dag in the obscurity of night? Loke was cunning, and Loke was successful. I feel that his fire burns in my veins. *(She puts on Frid's mantle, and puts her crown on her head.)* In truth a glorious costume. Well may the heart beat proudly beneath this splendour. Now am I the king's daughter. *(She gazes at herself in a burnished steel shield.)* Woe is me! I am it not. My figure is short and thick, my eyes small, my hand rough. Woe! I am the bondwoman's daughter, and my lot is fixed, woe! *(Flings down the robe and crown and stamps violently.)* No, I will not; I will not long endure this torture. The snake rages in my vitals, and I long after something which may still its hunger. It must be done—by some means! Shall I go to the temple, and gaze into the divinely tranquil countenance of the chief priest, which allays all disquiet? No; I see the sacrificial knife in his hand!—the victim bleeds,—the sacrificers cry—it is the tranquillity of the gods!

#### CHORUS OF SPIRITS OF LIGHT UP IN THE AIR.

Look to heaven,  
To the sun look,  
They deceive men never;  
Shrieks of victims  
Shall have ending,  
God's sure goodness never!  
Offer hatred,  
Offer vengeance,  
Mood of revengeful will,—  
'Tis but torture;  
But the true heart's  
Lot is lovely still.  
Wonder not then  
At the lofty  
Peace of powers sublime,

See how brighten  
Earth's own fortunes  
In the far-off time!  
From the depths, and  
From the heights, will  
There be heard a voice,  
That to captive  
And to mourner  
Shall proclaim—"rejoice!"  
Dumb shall grow each  
Elfin chorus;  
But in heaven's acclaim  
Lofter spirits  
Shall adore the  
World-Redeemer's name.

#### KUMBA.

*(Wakes out of deep thought, and says slowly.)*

But, perhaps, after the conflict—after the sacrifice, after the last bitterness, the last eclipse—it will become light—it will be calm, for the victim! If one surrenders oneself freely, bleeds quietly, prays, and dies!—I hear happy voices speak of peace and reconciliation,—but, perhaps, they are only seductive illusions. I have had such before!—

#### CHORUS OF SPIRITS OF DARKNESS UNDER THE EARTH.

Sweet is revenge, for  
It strengthens and quiets  
Feelings of storm in  
The suffering heart.  
Drink of its fountain,  
Heart, thirst-consumed,  
Deep be thy draught,  
And thy thirst is no more.

Savish souls waver—  
They will and they will not;  
Dare, then shrink trembling,  
And perish in pain!  
Spirits heroic  
Dare, and accomplish,  
Quenching their pangs  
In the conqueror's blood.

#### KUMBA (as before).

Yes. Yes, they were illusions—and I was merely weak. I hear well-known voices ascend out of the depth, and reproach me with it. Despicable is the eternally-complaining, eternally-hesitating soul. Despicable I will not be. I know what I will do. Yonder, far amongst the rocks, on the desolate shore, which the traveller dreads and the mariner shuns, dwelleth a sorceress, noted for her various knowledge, and exercising the mighty magic art—*Seid*. To her I will go—will bestow on her the most precious thing which I possess, on condition that she exerts her magic art for me, and gives my heart rest. Ha! this thought invigorates my soul. It is said that snakes and wolves are her companions. Them I fear not. I have known them as they raged here within me. Away! away! To her! to her!

#### SCENE VIII.

FRID *(alone, standing in a window of the Castle.)*

#### FRID.

What a storm! The night is wild, and in vain have I sought rest upon my bed. The seagull's cries sound shrill amid the roar of the waves. Ran's daughter, the dolorous, the poison-mixing, who, with pale hair, wander from rock to rock, seeking warm human hearts that they may press to their cold bosoms, how they now rave and foam, trembling over each other—the terrible ones! Wildly dash pale lightnings from the careering clouds. O ye friendly powers, who desire the good of men, protect my beloved one on his voyage. Conduct him victoriously through the storms and the waves! He is a true descendant of the race of the gods, and so is his bride. Protect, bless us both!

*[She is silent.]*

Is it the gloom of night which thus operates on my mind, or—is it an unhappy foreboding? But there is a strange feeling in my bosom, and gloomy thoughts arise there, like the black elves out of the earth. Frid was not formerly weak and easily terrified; she had not trembled at the thunders of war; and when the winter-night came black and threatening, then I thought on King Dag and remained cheerful. Why then now? Now that he is no longer far off, now that he approaches every moment nearer to me, when I shall speedily look into his clear eyes—wherefore now this inquiet, this secret quaking in my heart?

*[Pauses.]*

The sky is dark and wild. On the desolate coast gleam meteor lights. I know that they are base creatures, and seek to injure mankind. But ought, indeed, flames, gleaming spirits of witchcraft, to work evil to a descendant of Balder? Ought King Dag's bride to fear them? She will not.

*[Another silence.]*

What strange power is it which moves itself in the air—so strong, so mighty to disturb? And this light, so mild, almost faint, like a feeble petitioner—whom does it guide through the dark night? Why is this light so different to that of the sun in splendour, and in its effect on the heart? How it battles with the dark clouds! Now it is quenched. Strange world, strange dark deep!—

I have been very happy. I have gone through life as in the radiance of a strong sunshine. If at any time the night threatened me, there came only a brighter day. But if the night should now come in earnest, and change my life into darkness!—

I have not reflected much on life. The very happy merely enjoy, and do not think. I have enjoyed life, and praised the goodness of the gods. But many are not so happy as I am. Many have little or no gladness. How do the world and the gods appear to them?—

Thoughts arise in me which I never had before. The lot of life seems to me strangely dealt on the earth. Why do some men receive so much and others so little? The goodness of fate sprinkle the branches of the tree of the world with life-giving streams; but the drops fall unequally. O! but the fresh, the richly-sprinkled branches, will bend themselves over the dry ones, and impart to them of their moisture. This is certainly the will of the benevolent gods, and Frid's highest happiness shall be to follow it. And if some time my hour should come, my hour to suffer—what is that? Ye gods! what a hideous shape rides there on the pale moonbeams! He is little and black as a son of Hel. Is it one of the spirits which was born to Loke by the witch Angurboda; or is it a creation of my sick imagination? No, it draws nearer! It is no illusion!—Speak, hideous one! Who art thou? What is thy will?

BLACK-ELF.

From the under-earth I come on a message to thee.

FRID.

To what end? Wherefore?

BLACK-ELF.

Misfortune awaits thee. Death threatens thee.

FRID.

Death! Ah, no! I will not die, no!

BLACK-ELF.

Death is near thee.

FRID.

Nay, nay! Ah! What dost thou at my heart? It is become so heavy. Away, black one, away! Thou mayest not injure me! I am of the race of the gods.

BLACK-ELF.

Hel waits for thee in his dark dwelling.

[*He vanishes.*]

FRID.

I will not! No, I will not! Away! Ha! What a frost there is in my veins! Kumba! Kumba!

## SCENE IX.

KUMBA. FRID.

KUMBA.

Princess?

FRID.

Kumba! I am ill! Nay, turn not so pale, Kumba. It will go over. Is he gone, the hideous one? Seest thou nothing, Kumba?—there, in the moonshine?

KUMBA.

I see nothing—except the shadow of thy own head on the wall. Look thyself.

FRID.

I have, indeed, had a bad dream. It was a miserable dream—a very miserable dream. It agitated me deeply. It was a weakness. Give me something to drink.

KUMBA.

Take this draught. It will strengthen you.

FRID.

Thanks—I need it. How thy hand trembles, good Kumba. The drink was good. Thanks, Kumba!

KUMBA (*after a moment's silence*).

Dost thou feel thyself better?

FRID.

Yes—I am better. I am calmer now. Go again to thy bed, Kumba. I, too, will go to rest, and endeavour to forget this dream. Good-night.

KUMBA.

Good-night!

[*She withdraws.*]

FRID.

I will try to sleep. I will no longer think on this hideous apparition. It was, perhaps, only a deception, a night shadow, which will vanish in the light of day. I will sleep,—I will sleep..

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*The Flower Garden. The evening.*

KUMBA. FEIMA.

KUMBA.

Thou weepst, Feima.—Wherefore?

FEIMA.

Canst thou ask? Is not the daughter of kings sick, sick to death? Do not her steps every day become fainter, her cheeks paler? See we not the traces of bitter tears on that countenance which before beamed only with smiles? Is not her very voice weak and faltering?

KUMBA.

And therefore dost thou weep?

FEIMA.

Yes; I weep, I will weep, that the lovely, the divinely-good Frid shall go away from the earth; that Hreimer and I shall lose our beloved mistress; that the young king will come home, and find his beautiful bride grown pale. How desolate will the rose-garden be, when we no longer see there the daughter of kings, no longer hear her silver voice; no longer see her beautiful countenance, she, the queen of all flowers! O it was a feast for me even to look upon her!

KUMBA.

Thou callest her the divinely-good. Why didst thou do that?

FEIMA.

Is she not so? Does she not desire to make every creature happy?

KUMBA.

Out of her rich treasure, she gives some gold dust and throws it around her. Who could not do that? What endures, what suffers she for the help of her fellow-creatures? Does she, indeed, touch with a finger the burden under which thou art bowed down? Does she stoop in order to alleviate thy fatigue?

FEIMA.

Kumba, thou art strange! Can, indeed, one of the race of the gods do thus?

KUMBA.

Why not, if it be good? Is not goodness, is not mercy divine?

FEIMA.

Yes; but the high gods, and their descendants, cannot perform the labours of slaves. It is not befitting them. Every one has his proper part.

KUMBA.

See then—it is therefore that I cannot do homage to thy gods, because they deem themselves too good to do good to us. My God, he before whom I would bow my knee, must do otherwise..

FEIMA.

And how?

**KUMBA.**  
He should cause himself to be born in a lowly hut; he should participate in our burdens and our sufferings; he should choose his friends from amongst the despised and poor. He should, like the slaves, be scorned by the high, and partaking in their whole fortune, should, although innocent, be put to death as a malefactor. But after death, he should come again in his glory to his own, and say to them,—“I have suffered this with you and for you, that you might not despair, but believe that the Father of all looks down upon you; for on the other side of Hel’s dwellings, he has prepared a place for you, where you shall rest from your labours, where your tears shall be wiped away, and where you shall live in glory with me to the end of the world!” Oh, many other words should he say, at which the earth should tremble—power should be thrown down—chains should burst, and the fates of the slaves be changed . . . the earth be bathed in blood! . . . Ha! glorious, glorious!

**FRIDA.**  
What spirit speaks through thee? Foam stands around thy pale lips. And thy words! How wild and strange they sound! Kumba! listen! Thou terrifiest me; but I understand thee not.

**KUMBA.**  
That I believe.

**FRIDA.**  
But this I understand, that she is good who gave me this chain, who built for Hreimer and me a cottage; who every day made my heart glad with her friendly words. I know that I would rather bear burdens twice as heavy than see her oppressed by the least thing. When she commands, and I obey her, I know that it ought so to be, and that it is best for us both that it should be so.

**KUMBA.**  
Thou art a slave, body and soul. Remain in thy dust!

**FRIDA.**  
I will so, Kumba, and it shall not hinder me from being contented, and from believing in the goodness of the gods to great and small. To the gods will I now pray for the daughter of kings, that she may be restored to life, to her young consort and us. Blessed be he who heals her; blessed be he who averts from her Hel’s cold hand! But cursed be he who desires her suffering! And if it be a human hand, may it be thus cursed! May Nifelhag’s cold poison-stream drop for ever on the traitor’s heart; may he never enjoy gladness on the earth!

**KUMBA.**  
Sister, speak not thus!

**FRIDA.**  
Yea, thus will I speak! I will work evil to the evil one who desires the death of the good one! But I will not yet despair. I will sacrifice and pray for her. Seest thou this beautiful chain? I received it from her; for her will I offer it for the reconciliation of the unfriendly powers!

## SCENE II.

**KUMBA (alone).**  
Blessings, curses, all are alike to me now, and stir my heart scarcely more than a faint evening breeze stirs the leaf of the aspen. Thus has it been within me since I ate of the she-wolf’s heart, as the old woman’s in Jernskog. It made my

heart hard and cold. The swelling, its scathing torture, ceased. Hunger for revenge grew strong for action. I took courage to give to the proud daughter of kings the poison-draught which the sorceress had prepared. Since then there lies a trance upon my soul—it seems to me to sleep heavily, heavily;—will it not awake?

[A pause.]

Frid is dying. Now is her joyous career closed. Now she partakes the mortal fate of others, and can learn what suffering is. Now will she not embrace, and be embraced by King Dag. All this beauty, this pride, this splendour will wither, moulder into dust! No more will she pass like a reproach over my life, my feelings. I shall get rest!

**FRIDA.** Thou didst promise it me, mighty, dark Grimgarda; but yet lives a gloomy disquiet in the depth of my soul. I thirst after her tears. Methinks they would cool my tongue. A hunger devours me to see her sufferings, to hear her lamentations. That must proceed from the she-wolf’s heart. Before, I was not so hard. And yet—if it could but be undone—if I could in the fountain of Urda purify myself from this guilt . . . and yet go away and die innocent! . . .

But it is too late. Therefore away, foolish thoughts! It is too late; I cannot return; and therefore forward, forward into the night, till all becomes dark; forward into hardness, till all becomes rigid and dead. Powers of Aifgrund, strengthen my heart! I cannot win reconciliation with heaven. Well then, Aifgrund! give to me, then, the benefit of my crime. Frid approaches. I will fix my attention on her feeble gait, on her pale countenance, her dimmed glance. Ha! now be proud, daughter of kings! Boast now of love and honour! I will hide myself behind the hedge of roses, and listen to her bewailings. Sweeter will they be to me than the song of the nightingale in the evening.

## SCENE III.

**FRIDA (her appearance betrays a great debility, a wasting suffering).**

**FRID.**

This is the hour when all things weep the death of Balder. There is no tree, no leaf, no flower, which is not bathed in silent tears; the very stones are bedewed with sadness. Now is Nature weak; her soul is moved; now can she perhaps feel sympathy with the sufferings of a daughter of humanity; and will hear her prayer, and put an end to her torment.

[She supports herself thoughtfully against a tree. He died—the good, wounded by the hand of a subtle foe, and in the same instant Peace quenched her torch and Discord kindled her crackling flames. Pain and tears made their home on the earth. Before, it was not thus; before, it was very different. The gods played joyously on the green earth, and in love created the race of men. Jeffermar came and excited war; and monarchs arose, and strife . . .

I did not notice this before, but now I see it, for the agony which consumes my body opens my eyes to the world’s suffering. What is good, what is pure in life? Does not the serpent of Midgard coil his venomous circle round the earth? Does not Nidhogg gnaw at the root of the Tree of the World? Is there not found a concealed worm in every human heart, in the bosom of every flower? It slumbers for a while,

and the flower diffuses its fragrance, and the man smiles. But it waxes, comes forth, and stings, and the flower withers; and the man dies.

My hour, too, is come; my hour of suffering. Since the night when the Black elf came with its message of terror, a secret disease corrodes my heart, and my days and my nights are without repose. My eyes are weak, my lips parched, my knees tremble—my strength of life dies away! . . . .

O Dag! O my bridegroom! What wilt thou say when thou comest to thy castle, and findest thy bride changed into a pale ghost? Yes, perhaps before . . . . but not that were too cruel! To die without having seen thee were eternal misery. Not so savage the Nornor are not! O no! Stands not the All-Father's heaven above me so clear and mild? Stand not the beings of nature all around me so tearful and tender? Why, then, should I despair? Why should I not yet hope to regain life and happiness? Perhaps this suffering was merely sent to make me better, and more grateful. I will bow myself before the gods of nature, and implore them for help, for great is my suffering, great my need of alleviation.

O ye friendly powers which murmur in the green trees! Strong and healing are the juices which the sun pours into your bosoms. Proud and strong do ye stand against storm and winter, but on the head of the weary wanderer you stretch your protecting arms, and give a covert to the young of the bird. Hear, ye gentle existences, my lamentation and my prayer. Torture consumes my limbs, and will sink by degrees my body to the grave! Tell me, O tell me! have you strength which can give life to my strength; manna, which can invigorate mine?

THE SPIRITS OF THE TREES.

We have it not!

FRID.

Ye spirits which sport in the bosom of the flowers, which glance up so beautifully and joyously at the light, ye whom I trusted, and loved, and kissed; say ye lovely, gracious beings, can ye alleviate, can ye help me?

SPIRITS OF THE FLOWERS (*softly and sadly*).

We can not.

FRID.

Ye pale dwarfs, which dwell in cliffs and stones! I turn to you now, and implore, implore with tears, for great is my suffering! You, too, weep the death of Balder. O! certainly, goodness like gold dwells within your bosoms. Deny me not. Give healing; give help!

THE DWARFS (*roughly*).

No!

FRID.

Everywhere refusal! . . . that is hard. Nature abandons me. Mighty All-Father! wilt thou also do so? To thy heaven I venture to lift my hands, and pray for that life which I received as a gift from thee. Burns not thy evening-heaven so gloriously in the light of thy countenance? Dost thou not look down upon the earth with love, and on the beings whom thou hast created? All-Father! listen to my prayer! Let me live! Let me, at least, once more witness the return of my bridegroom; let me yet once see, and embrace my Dag! And if thou grantest my request—send me a sign. Let a star fall, let a sough pass through the grove!

[*Pauses.*]

All is hushed! It is silent as the grave. The red flames of evening expire and the welkin

L

grows dark. Denied! Denied here! Denied or unheard. It is then certain! I must die!

[*Retires in silence.*]

KUMRA (*comes forth*).

Beautiful! glorious! She sighed; she prayed like me, and was unheard like me. Now are we alike, daughter of kings. Pleasure sits like a cramp in my heart. For this moment of enjoyment have thanks, mighty Grimgerda!

#### SCENE IV.

A Room in the Castle. FRID lies on a couch.  
*It is deep twilight.*

FRID.

Long, long hours, how heavily ye stride on; and nothing affords one moment of rest or forgetfulness. The worm gnaws, and eats even deeper into the tree of my life. *Hresvelger*, devourer of corpses!—thou who sittest at the northern end of heaven, and wastest with thy wings—I hear thy cold wind murmur around me. O I am sick, sick even to the soul! Darkness has obtained power over me! My Dag is absent!

I shall die. I shall quit the friendly earth. I shall relinquish my chosen consort, never more to be enlightened by his glance, never more led by his hand. How will it be with me? They tell of heavenly dwellings, where the noble and the just find entrance when they issue from Hel's dark realm. What are they? Are they indeed for me, and how will it be with me in them? Shall I never see again my beloved king? Shall I love him still, when death chills my heart? Ah, what is my life without my love! How uncertain, how desolate, pale and wild is all in the realm of shadows!

I shall die! I feel how my life dwindles away. Shall it sink into eternal night? But if all here in life—love, virtue, suffering, patience, should be in vain—O bitter, bitter thought!

Good All-Father, no! That cannot be. I will hope, I will trust in thee. Thou didst create the sun and love—thou must be as good as thou art powerful. I will put my head beneath thy hand, and will praise thee even in the embrace of torture. When my tears fall, they shall not accuse thee. Forgive my weakness, my complaints! They will soon be over. I have loved thee, and trusted in thee. I will love thee and trust in thee still, and in my love will find strength to bear my fate. [*A pause.*]

How peaceful is it become within my bosom! I breathe more easily. Methinks that a breath of life is breathed upon my forehead. It grows light. [*A radiant Light-Elf appears at the foot of Frid's bed.*]

What an apparition! My eyes are dazzled!

[*She covers her eyes with her hands. After a moment she again looks up.*]

Is it still there? Beautiful, radiant being! whose splendour is like that of the sun, whose countenance is mild as that of a vernal sky. Who art thou? And whence?

LIGHT-ELF.

My home is the pale azure space. I am of the race of elves, a guardian genius for mankind.

FRID.

O thou comest to me as a messenger of life and gladness! Thou bringest me certainly some of the apples of Iduna, which have power to renew the youth even of the gods. Thou comest to restore to me health and happiness—my heart tells me so. Or why else shouldst thou come so kindly and radiantly? The gods have sent thee

to me to put an end to this bitter trial, to give me again my Dag! Why is thy mild glance so powerful? Why dost thou quench thy clear beams? Ah, shine, shine, gracious being! Kindle with thy light the beams of life again in my bosom.

LIGHT-ELF (*sorrowfully*).

Daughter of man! I cannot!

FRID.

Cannot? Art thou not sent hither by gracious powers to raise and gladden?

LIGHT-ELF.

I came to console thee—to make thy death less bitter.

FRID.

Must I then die?

LIGHT-ELF.

The Nornor have determined it.

FRID.

The goddesses of Fate? The inexorable, the fearful! What have I done to them? Why do they desire my death?

LIGHT-ELF.

Daughter of man, I do not know. The children of Alfhem are permitted to know the will of the Mighty One, but not to penetrate its causes.

FRID.

Then why comest thou to me? Why shouldst thou, by awaking fresh hopes, awaken fresh pangs? Leave me! I can die without thee. Leave me! Thy light gives me pain.

[*The LIGHT-ELF retires, and waits at the bottom of the room like a faint glimmer.*

FRID.

Is he gone? I was impatient, hasty! How weak I am! And he came to give me consolation—But what? Do I not see yonder, although feeble, his friendly gleam? O come again, thou lovely, gracious being! Pardon the weakness of the dying. Come back! and if thou hast comfort to give me, speak to me, and strengthen my soul—

[*The LIGHT-ELF returns, but surrounds himself only with a feeble glow.* FRID *proceeds.*

Thou art very good, and it does my heart good. I feel that to thee I can open my innermost heart. See, friendly being, I have suffered much in a short time; and my own anguish has made my eyes quick to perceive the sufferings of mortals. It has seemed to me that nothing was good on earth; and there have been moments in which I have doubted of the goodness of the gods—of all that makes life valuable; for all under the sun was uncertain and changeable—all flowers blooming only to wither—all creatures born only to die.

LIGHT-ELF.

Does not the heaven vault itself eternally over the changeable earth, embracing it from morning till evening? So does the All-Father surround the world, and bear it in his faithful embrace. The sun continues for ever the same; and in the sun thou beholdest an image of the All-Father's ever-watching eye!

FRID.

Yet war exists on earth; and the old legends prognosticate a fearful strife, in which the earth, and men, and gods shall perish.

LIGHT-ELF.

They will rise again, glorified. One God, mighty, just and good, will then reign in all. Balder will again live upon the earth, and all evil will disappear from it. O daughter of man! the path of life is strife; but the goal is peace, and the means, reconciliation. A day shall come when heaven and earth become one, and gods

and men, as of old, shall on the ~~Idavall~~ Idavall play happily together.

FRID.

But when the powers contend, when worlds perish and are born again, O say! when shall the souls who are already—hence find their home?

LIGHT-ELF.

Many good houses has the All-Father for the just on earth. But the most beautiful is the lofty Gimle; a house more fair than the sun, and roofed with gold. There shall faithful and word-keeping men dwell.

FRID.

Is there a home there for me? Shall my dwelling be Gimle the lofty?

LIGHT-ELF.

Daughter of man! I cannot tell thee that; for many are the races of man, and many are the houses. Perhaps Frigga will take thee up into her glorious Vingolf, amongst the blessed troops of the Assyniors. Perhaps wilt thou become one of the chosen virgins who dwell with Gellon in his heavenly palace. Thy dwelling I cannot declare; but one thing I can promise thee, in the name of the mighty gods—life after death!

FRID.

And tell me, O tell me!—for, of all things, that is to me the most important—shall I, beyond death, see again my beloved king, my bridegroom?

LIGHT-ELF.

Is thy soul strong in its love to him?

FRID.

Without him life has no value for me; but to purchase immortality for him, I will myself become nothing.

LIGHT-ELF.

O then rejoice, daughter of man! For if thy love is stronger than death, then death can never again have power to separate you.

FRID.

Almighty and good gods! What sayest thou?

LIGHT-ELF.

After death thou shalt become his Fylgia, and guide him through all life's dispensations. In his dreams thou canst approach him, and whisper in his ears thy eternal truth; thou canst warn him of the dangers which menace him, of the foe who seeks his life. When he reposes from his fatigues in war, thou canst draw near to him in the shape of a bird, and enchant his soul with song. Changed into the loveliest rose, thou canst breathe fragrance for him, and in fragrance impart thy love. When a treacherous enemy lies in wait for him, thirsting for his blood, thou canst take his form, and the traitor shall cast his spear at thee, and pierce—only the air! But thou weepst? . . . .

FRID.

For joy! How delightful are thy words, beautiful child of the azure welkin. Why do they not let death become bright? I shall no longer fear the time which separates me from earthly life, since, O my Dag! I shall then better be able to accompany and serve thee than I am in this mortal shape. But tell me more, O spirit of light! tell under what circumstances his death-hour also shall arrive!

LIGHT-ELF.

His Fylgia can cause him to fall with honour amid the glory of battle and victory. For him the house of spirits cannot be dark, for thou wilt be there to receive him. The King of Shadows will unite thee to thy consort

FAID.

Beautiful, but wild sound thy words. Shudderings pass through me. Dark seems to me life in the kingdom of the dead. Yet love lives there, and in the Spirits' house I shall meet my consort. But afterwards, O Spirit of Light!—afterwards—shall he leave me? May I accompany him to Odin's radiant halls? May I not sit there on the seat by his side, and fill his cup with wine?

LIGHT-ELF.

Mortal! ask no more. No more can I tell. Deep are the councils of the gods, and the children of Alfhem cannot fathom them. Many a secret rests yet in the breast of the mighty; many a beauty, many a strength, which one day shall be revealed. Many stars, yet unknown, shall be kindled in the All-Father's heaven.

FAID.

And the life which shall be kindled in this celestial home—shall it no more die?

LIGHT-ELF.

That is known to the gods; we know it not.

FAID.

Radiant pictures hast thou given me, but surrounded by darkness. My soul is sorrowful.

LIGHT-ELF.

O daughter of man! Complain not, but humble thyself before the will of the gods. For too insignificant is man, that the gods on his account should lay open their sacred depths. Be satisfied with the light which their goodness bestows, and sink consoled into the All-Father's embrace.  
[He disappears.]

## SCENE V.

*A wild Scene of Rocks. It is night.*

KUMBA.

Where am I? . . . I have lost my way. Around me glide the spectres of night, and over me thunders the Avenger. It is so dark both without and within my bosom; is so stifling. Air! light!

[Thunder and lightning. A tree near KUMBA falls headlong. She darts forward, and seeks refuge in a cleft of the rocks.]

What was that? Ha! merely a tree which fell, struck by the thunderbolt. Why do I tremble? Why am I terrified? Are not these bare uplands familiar to me? Are they not pale scenes out of my soul's thunder-night?

[A pause.]

Why is it now so hushed, so silent? This silence is torture. Why gleam the wan stars so wildly over the crags? The whole sky is one cloud. Can they see through the clouds? What comes sailing there over the black ridge of rocks? Ah, merely a cloud, a dark thunder-cloud. It shrouds the stars; good! I am tired of wandering about! I have long gone round as in a magic circle;—I must rest.

[Pauses. KUMBA leans against a rock, and afterwards proceeds more calmly.]

It is the hour when the wilderness is alive; when its miscreations, born at midnight, roam forth to visit the dwellings of man. The moon, the sun of dark spirits, sends abroad her wan beams to light them in their nocturnal way. There rides Mara on her dragon-steed, she who stifled King Vanland in his pleasant sleep, before he could say farewell to his family. There rise Dodman and Dralin's daughter from the bogs, and with peering eyes creep small spirits forth from their caves. Painful feelings, wicked

thoughts go they to awaken in the souls of those who rest on their beds. They seek to create disquiet, I seek rest. I seek the sorceress, she who deceived me. I will compel her to keep her promise. But it is so dark; I cannot find again the way to her house. Who shall shew it to me?

[A whirlwind.]

Ha! the whirlwind, the spirit of the sorceress! That tells me that the old woman is not far off.

[A fresh whirlwind.]

Again! Good! I come, Grimgerda. Have thanks for thy strengthening summons.

[Thunder and lightning.]

Why quakest thou, tree, till thy very roots tremble? Why this howling in the wood? Joturen makes such a riot amongst the rocky hills that the giant cauldrons ring. Startled creep the dwarfs back into their hiding-places, terrified at the thunder of the gods. Cowardly creatures of earth! Cold drops of perspiration, indeed, stand on my brow; but I shrink not away like you! Lighten, lighten, Father Thor, angry ruler of the cloudy air; and if I must be thy Thrall after death, then is it only reasonable that for once thou shouldst serve me, and light up my earthly way with thy flaming glances.

[Fierce lightnings, amid which KUMBA disappears among the crags.]

## SCENE VI.

*A black mountain Cave. Within glimmers a red fire. A kettle stands on the fire; three Vipers hang over it, out of whose mouths venom drops. The Sorceress Grimgerda stirs the kettle while she mutters softly and makes mystic signs. Black-cloves, wicked Disor, and Imps, move themselves restlessly in the cave. Two wolves watch its entrance.*

IMPS.

What is that which rustles!

What is that which bustles!

In the wood and the dark out there!

A woman cometh hither!

Ah! now for a sly joke with her!

Quick! and we'll seize her ere she is aware!

GRIMGERDA.

Silence, witch-pack! to your places, or I shall teach you! If I receive company, what is that to you? If ye hold not your ungovernable tongues I will turn you into stones—as I once did with some of you—and you shall have to lick up the rain. Back into your caves, I say! Intoxicate yourselves with the substantial poison-fumes, and sleep in peace till I need you. Only my choice attendants shall remain near me. Out of the way, bantlings!

[The Imps being terrified away, four Shadow-shapes of a wild aspect remain about the Sorceress. The Wolves raise themselves and howl. At the same time enters KUMBA with a pale but defying face. GRIMGERDA strikes with her magic wand on the floor. The Wolves lie down, and KUMBA remains standing at the entrance of the Cave.]

GRIMGERDA.

Silence there, presumptuous child of man! I know thee.

KUMBA.

Dost thou know Kumba, the bondwoman's daughter? My feet mayst thou chain down, but not my will, my tongue.

GRIMGERDA.

Perhaps that too—if I wish it. But I wish it not—now. Come nearer. Why art thou come hither?

KUMBA.

To warn thee, witch, to keep thy vow.

GRINGERDA.

What! thou dost not speak civilly.

KUMBA.

Give me rest! Give me rest! Thou promised to give me rest. But thou hast deceived me.

GRINGERDA.

Speak not so loudly. Thou wilt waken my little ones who sleep.

KUMBA.

They sleep! It is now long since I have slept at all!

GRINGERDA.

What dost thou want?

KUMBA.

Every thing. O Gringerda! if thou hast a human heart in thy bosom, then conceive my distress, and help me. The strength which thou gavest me is gone. The tranquillity which I felt at one time is gone; an anguish consumes me, more tormenting, more horrible, than that which I experienced before my crimes. The light of the sun terrifies me; the murmur of the trees makes me tremble; no sleep rests on my eyelids; no tear refreshes them; and I cannot look upon her whom I have murdered, upon her who now wears away patiently in despair, without feeling my heart transpierced as with a poisoned dart. The dart is called—remorse. Remorse drives me to thee to-day. I will have my crime undone. Gringerda! thou who gavest the disease, knowest also the antidote. I entreat thee for a means to counteract the poison which kills the daughter of kings, the means to restore her again to life.

GRINGERDA.

Doth the arrow, once discharged, stop and turn back in its flight? Ask the stream to flow back to its source; the ridge of rocks to bend itself according to the changing current of the wind! Foolish mortal! That which is done cannot be undone; and a strong spirit denies not its own work.

KUMBA.

Thou can'st not?

GRINGERDA.

Cannot, because I will not; will not, because Jernskog's daughter cannot vacillate and repent.

KUMBA.

Can gold purchase salvation for the daughter of kings?

GRINGERDA.

I love gold; but I will not deceive thee. Gold and treasure cannot save her. She must die.

KUMBA.

It is determined then. She must die, and I—I am miserable!

GRINGERDA.

Poor child!

KUMBA.

Dost thou pity me? Thou understandest me then; and there lives a heart in thy bosom. O Gringerda! be good to me! I have suffered so much! Hast thou, too, suffered? Knowest thou the sorrow which devours the heart?

GRINGERDA.

I understand thee, and—it grieves me for thee. Here, my child, eat and strengthen thyself. Then we will talk further.

KUMBA.

No, no! I cannot eat.

GRINGERDA.

Such good is not often offered. It gives clearness and learning in a variety of ways.

KUMBA.

Give me peace! Give me a draught out of the cup of forgetfulness.

GRINGERDA.

The dead only drink that.

KUMBA.

Give me death then! Let one of thy serpents sting me.

GRINGERDA.

Serpents do not sting their like.

KUMBA.

Thy words, Gringerda, sting all the more. But I will forgive thee all, if thou wilt but give me death and forgetfulness, eternal, if possible.

GRINGERDA.

Thy only, who have not done something on earth memorable, *something great*, in good or in evil, can in death taste of the cup of oblivion.

KUMBA.

Woe is me! The draught is not for me then. Listen! There is a sleep, a trance, between life and death, in which man feels neither snow nor rain, neither day nor the heat of the sun; knows nothing, feels nothing, except a reluctance to awake. Say, canst thou not plunge me into that?

GRINGERDA.

Thou desirest that which can alone be the lot of mighty spirits. Kumba, daughter of the bondswoman, thou art not ripe for that.

KUMBA.

That too, dost thou deny me? (*wildly*). Well then, witch! discharge thy vow in another manner. I bought it dearly, and will not have done it for nothing. Thou promised my soul rest, and thou shalt keep thy promise, or I swear by Nastrand . . . . .

GRINGERDA.

Silence, wretched slave! Darest thou to menace me? Abase thyself! Creep like a worm in the dust at my feet, or thou shalt ride on the wolf, and be stung by serpents. Fall down this instant, and beg pardon, or . . . . .

KUMBA.

Or what? Dost thou think that thou canst frighten me, Gringerda? The pure light of the sun can terrify me, and the whispering of spirits in the wood can make me tremble; but thee—thee I fear not! Show me the torture which thou hast in thy power that is greater than that which I already know. Let thy wolves tear me to pieces. I will laugh at it. But in the hour itself of my death, dread thou me, Gringerda! It is not equal between us. What have I to lose, to fear? Nothing! But thou, witch, canst lose thy power and thy wealth. Tremble then! for I feel in my suffering heart a power which is greater than thine! Tremble, at the curse which in the hour of death shall issue from my pallid lips—tremble!

GRINGERDA (*aside*).

Ha! Strength! strength! Great strength! Good; thou shalt serve a still greater cunning.

[*aloud*]

Kumba! To what purpose this childish insolence and defiance? Why wilt thou provoke only an increase of thy misery? Be quiet, be obedient, and I both can and will keep thee.

KUMBA.

Ah, say how! Pardon my defiance, O Gringerda. I am still and obedient. Speak, speak!

GRINGERDA.

All the torments of thy soul proceed from this, that thou standest on the half-way. The escape from thy misery is called *completion*!

KUMBA.  
Speak more plainly.

GRIMERDA.  
Enter fully and for ever into my service. The first matter which I will give thee to complete shall be the ratification of our compact.

KUMBA.  
And what shall be my reward?

GRIMERDA.  
Thou shalt acquire great power already in this life. After death, I will awake thee, and doubly great power shall be given thee to injure the great on the earth, for no power exceeds that of the departed spirit. Thou shalt become as one of mine own, as one of the mighty Disor, which thou hast seen around me.

KUMBA.  
Have they peace?  
GRIMERDA.

Observe them.

KUMBA.  
I see no pain in their features. There seems to play over their sallow lips a smile; but it is not glad. The countenance of some appear restless, and yet on the point of being changed into stone.

GRIMERDA.  
Thou seest them now in their twilight costumes, in their night mantles, in which they recently made a journey into the world of men. But they do not always appear thus dim. When I will it, they glitter in their holiday attire, and at my beck a splendour surrounds them which surpasses that of the temple of Upsala. See for thyself.

[The Sorceress waves a wand, and the Cave all over appears as beaming with gold. The Witch and the Disors are seen in splendid dresses, and with jewelled crowns on their heads. After a pause, GRIMERDA speaks.]  
Now, what thinkest thou?

KUMBA.  
That is grand! (aside.) But they are none the handsomer for it.

GRIMERDA.  
What sayest thou?

KUMBA.  
I say that is grand!

GRIMERDA.  
Yes, I think so. The like shall not be seen in the dwelling of the most ostentatious Jarl. [She makes another sign with the staff, and the splendour disappears.]

KUMBA.  
But it seemed to me that the gold was red as glowing fire, and that I saw lizards and spiders running about amongst the precious stones.

GRIMERDA.  
That is because thou art unaccustomed to such pomp, and therefore it causes, as it were, spiders' webs before thy eyes. But not only splendour and affluence are here offered by us, but joy too; and thou mayest well believe that it goes often right merrily here. Here one knows neither anguish nor remorse. Here we eat and drink well,—sleep when we will; and between whiles, dance and frisk to our hearts' content. Thou shalt have a specimen.

[GRIMERDA blows a horn. The cave seems at once to become alive. Black Elves, Dwarfs, and Spirits swarm forth, and riot about in a wild dance.]

KUMBA (aside).  
A grander music to Algrund's dance. Is this toy? No, it is frenzy!

(Aloud to the imps, that will drag her into the dance).  
Away from me, ye wild beasts! ye foul hobgoblins! I have no desire for your joy. Grimerda, let the tasteless dance have an end. It is irksome.

GRIMERDA.  
It is not so easy to compel them to cease when they are become well heated in the dance. Cold water must then be had recourse to.

[She strikes with the witch-wand on the rocks. Streams of water spring forth upon the dancing goblins, who fly, howling and hurrying, terrified into their dens. The Witch laughs.]

GRIMERDA.  
This merriment moves thee not because thou art unused to it. But ask my imps whether they think the dance tedious. When thou hast been some time with us, thou wilt find it as delightful as they do.

KUMBA (sighs).  
GRIMERDA.  
Well, bondmaiden, hast thou a desire to become free in my service?

KUMBA (indignantly).  
Like one of these?

GRIMERDA.  
No, freer. Listen, Kumba. I mean well by thee, and have something great in store for thee. I have discovered in thee a higher power than exists in all those who are about me, a power worthy of mine. I will give thee a commission, which an ordinary spirit could not accomplish. If thou executest it according to my instructions, the torment in thy bosom shall not only cease for ever, but I will regard thee as my daughter. Thou shalt partake of my wealth; and thy power to injure the great, and to command the low, shall become like mine. Thou shalt partake with me my dwelling; and when thou wilt, thou shalt change it into a gorgeous palace, and adorn thyself with . . .

KUMBA.  
Let us make the business short. At what price wilt thou have my soul?

GRIMERDA.  
Listen! and observe well my words. In the strongly-fortified castle, on the other side of the water, dwells a Jarl, named Harold Sigurdson . . .

KUMBA.  
I know him. A handsome, and a brave man, and a friend of King Dag.

GRIMERDA.  
I hate him; but still more sorely do I hate his wife, the proud Herborg.

KUMBA.  
Very well.

GRIMERDA.  
They have a child—a boy of three years old. His parents' greatest delight.

KUMBA.  
That beautiful child I have carried in my arms!

GRIMERDA.  
Thou shalt kill that child.

KUMBA.  
I? ———A little child?!

GRIMERDA.  
And before its heart's-blood cools, thou shalt—drink it.

KUMBA.  
Detestable!

GRIMERDA.  
That only can forever take away thy soul's sickness.

**KUMBA.**  
No, no! I cannot do it.

**GRIMERDA.**

By this means only canst thou acquire my friendship, and participate in my affluence and my power; by this alone can the bondwoman's daughter become a free and mighty being.

**KUMBA.**

Great gods preserve me!

**GRIMERDA.**

Dost thou imagine that the gods will trouble themselves about thee? But I understand thy remorse, Kumba. Nature shudders at extraordinary deeds; but it is precisely this which separates the strong from the despicable spirit,—the power to conquer the weakness of nature.

**KUMBA.**

Short and good, I will not do it! Do with me what thou wilt—I do it not!

**GRIMERDA.**

Do it not? Do it not? We will see that! Thou shalt, thou must, thou shalt! Thou goest not hence alive if thou refusest to do it.

**KUMBA.**

Let thy wolves rend me to pieces,—I will not do it. My hate, impelled by wild passions, I could seek to gratify; but an innocent child, which never offended me—no! so fallen I am not. Thanks, Grimerda, that thou restorest my strength. I can now, miserable as I am, detest and despise thy treasures.

**GRIMERDA.**

Art thou proud of thy cowardice? Offspring of wretches, go! Thou art not worthy to be near the sorceress. Go, paltry one, and remain the slave of the Jaria.

**KUMBA.**

Better that, than to be like thee.

**GRIMERDA.**

Wretch! dost thou exalt thyself above me? Miserable, cowardly murderess! who hast not the strength to resist evil, hast not the courage to be strong in crime. Contemptible slave, be gone! My wolves would loathe thy spongy carcass! Go! but bear with thee the curse which I announce to thee—"Thou shalt neither find rest here, nor hereafter! Vacillating, dizzy, wavering, thou shalt wander about from morrow to morrow, and wear away thy life in anguish. Thou shalt wither as the thistle withers in the narrow clefts of the rocks. Thou shalt faint in the desert like the hunted wolf, and the sons of lamentation shall extend to thee a bitter drink of the poisonous tears of regret. After death shalt thy dastard soul reside amid the fog in the marshes of the corpse-coast, and in vain shalt thou attempt to lift thyself out of it to the high land. In vain shalt thou stretch forth thy shadowy arms to embrace a creature that can love thee. Alone and miserable shalt thou be tossed about by the wind, and seek earth's abodes only to terrify the innocent child, which loses itself in thy neighbourhood; and thy life and thy being shall be—unblessedness!"

**KUMBA (coldly).**

Thou tellest only what I already know. Hast thou no better curse, witch!

**GRIMERDA.**

Yes, I have; and though it costs me dear, it shall be pronounced—to crush thee. Know then, Kumba, that there is *one* who could save thee; who could give thee rest here on the earth, and after death bear up thy spirit to a glorious lot in the everlasting light—yes; if thou hadst sacrificed to him thy presumption, thy revenge, thy hate,

as he desired of thee. But against him hast thou raved; the deliverer hast thou cast from thee, and eternally hereafter shall his shape haunt thee, punishing and avenging—behold him, and tremble!

[GRIMERDA waves her magic wand, and pronounces the following words with great exertion and with averted face.]

Thou whom I saw with the pale Hel! Thou whose countenance I cannot endure to behold! —White god without spot, without malice! Darling of the creator! Balder the good! Thee do I evoke to the circle of the earth! Thee do I call in the might of the powers of Asfrund to appear upon this spot, in order to avenge thyself! In the awful name of the eternal justice—

[A bright light fills the bottom of the Cave. In the midst of it appears the beautiful shape of a youth full of majesty and mildness, who fixes on KUMBA a severe and painful look. GRIMERDA remains standing, but with averted head, as if burned to stone. KUMBA gives a piercing shriek of inexpressible agony, and falls with outstretched arms on the earth. The scene vanishes; all becomes dark again, and a shrill laugh of mockery is raised by the Goblins who come into active motion.]

## SCENE VII.

FRID reclines in a half-sitting posture on a splendid couch near the window. KUMBA stands at her feet and contemplates her. The sun is going down.

**FRID.**

Soon—soon will all be over! Soon shall I journey to the second light. For the last time do I bow my head before thee, O earth's glorious sun! Thanks that thou yet a while wilt warm my bosom with thy beams. Thanks for this last friendly caress. I see, but I feel it not. My life's sun also goes down, but the peace of even has descended on my heart, and I feel it—it is beautiful to die!

Ah! even in death my dim gaze turns towards the sea, and looks earnestly for the sail of the beloved, and calls him hence. But when he comes he will no more find his bride. She has gone away, but merely the better to follow and serve him. My soul is reconciled to death.

**KUMBA (aside).**

That which stirs within me no mortal can comprehend.

**FRID.**

Yes, my spirit is reconciled; all murmuring, all complaint, is departed. Mine eye, indeed, is dim; but one thing is yet clear and certain to me—death will not destroy my love, will not separate me from the beloved. See there shines already in the cloud Asabron, surrounded by the roarings of the heavenly water. Welcome to me, O sign of the favour of the gods, which shews me the way that I shall travel. I come quickly! All-Father! I am ready, for I am at peace with heaven, at peace with the earth!

**KUMBA (aside).**

How bright she grows! How I blacken! Woe! I hate her no longer. Hate has turned its point against myself.

**FRID.**

Kumba! My faithful attendant! Thanks for the affection thou hast shewn me on earth. Take this costly jewel in remembrance of me. Be free, Kumba; be rich and happy!

**KUMBA.**  
Daughter of kings, I desire only one thing of thee.

**FRID.**  
And what?

**KUMBA.**  
Thy hatred. Know that thou diest by my hand; by the poison received from the bond-maiden. Know that she, like a snake, bit fast into thy heart, and sucked pleasure from thy tortments; know that she long hated thee . . .

**FRID.**  
Almighty gods! Thou, Kumba? Ah, wherefore?

**KUMBA.**  
For thy happiness; for thy beauty; for thy union with King Dag, whom I love; for the injustice of the gods, who gave thee all, and me nothing; for the pangs which envy and jealousy occasioned me! For all this have I hated thee, and taken revenge.

**FRID.**  
O Kumba! Kumba! Thou couldst think thus of me; and I held thee so dear, and put such trust in thee.

**KUMBA.**  
I have deceived thee. This hand has murdered thee. Abhor me; hate me!

**FRID.**  
I sink into the All-Father's embrace. Thy hand gave me poison; but a higher hand has sealed my doom. I have gained by it, for I know that life and love will continue beyond death. For myself I complain no more, but for thee my soul sorroweth. Before I go, take my forgiveness.

**KUMBA.**  
Canst thou forgive me?!

**FRID.**  
O Kumba, hate not; I cannot hate, and therefore has my soul peace; but bitterness only is a torment in death. Thou hast not done me much wrong, Kumba! Thy mind was exasperated,—I understand it now. Pardon me, that in thy presence I was so happy, and did not notice thy suffering! Nay,—gaze not so wildly upon me;—give me thy hand. Let a tear of reconciliation moisten thine eye. Thou wert unhappy. That was the fault.

**KUMBA (aside).**  
Exists goodness so great, love so unbounded? Woe is me! What have I done? My heart will burst!

**FRID.**  
Thy lips move wildly, but I hear no sound. Dost thou remember, Kumba, the years of our childhood? Rememberest thou, when thou first came to me wounded, mishandled. These hands healed thy wounds, these eyes wept over thee. I loved thee at that moment, and I have loved thee ever since,—and now my spirit cannot depart in peace if thou hatest me. A stern power of

witchcraft must have bound up thy heart. But thou shalt not thus harden thyself. Come nearer, Kumba, I will yet once more weep over thee.

**KUMBA.**  
Thou has transpierced! . . . Behold me at thy feet. Hear my last prayer!

**FRID.**  
My Kumba! speak.

**KUMBA.**  
Let me die with thee. Let the same pile which sends thy soul on high, bear also to the other world that of thy guilty servant. In the realm of shadows I will slave for thee.

**FRID.**  
Follow me in death. The God of gods will then determine our fate. Perhaps in a higher light, the daughter of kings and the bond-maiden are merely empty names. Let thy soul cling to mine; never was it nearer to me. We will both watch over him, whom we both loved.

**KUMBA.**  
O these tears! they are a transport! Let me bathe thy hand with them.

**FRID.**  
Bathe my hand with them; they warm my heart. O look out on the sea, Kumba!

**KUMBA.**  
Gods! it is he!

**FRID.**  
He comes! Methought that was his white flag . . . my eyes are dim. He comes!

**KUMBA.**  
Thou wilt not see him! Thou diest! O thou must, must hate me!

**FRID.**  
No . . . I forgive thee. Forgive thyself!

**KUMBA.**  
Now! thou diest!  
**FRID (with arms extended towards the sea).**  
I go . . . to the second light! Thou, O my Dag, never shall I see thee again! [*She dies.*]

**KUMBA.**  
Dead? Yes, dead! It is over! I will die also. Powers of vengeance, your judgment is upon me. She pardoned me, but can you pardon? In your hands I leave my guilty soul. Mighty Thor, accept the offering; and if with wild wings thou pursue round the earth my peace-abandoned soul, I will not sigh, I will not complain! I have deserved it. But one day—I know it—comes a greater than thou! . . . Will he take compassion on me? Will he permit the repentant spirit to find a quiet shore? . . . O can there be pardon? can there be atonement?!

[*She sinks down at the foot of FRID's bed.*]

# LOW AND DISTANT CHORUS OF SPIRITS OF LIGHT.

From the depths, and  
From the heights, will  
There be heard a voice,  
That to captive and to mourner  
Shall proclaim—"Rejoice!"

Dumb shall grow each  
Elfin chorus,  
But in heaven's acclaim—  
Loftier spirits  
Shall adore the  
World-Redeemer's name.



# LESSER STORIES.

## COURTEOUS PUBLIC,

A book is a traveller who betakes himself into the world, and is commonly provided with a letter of recommendation, either in the form of a Preface, in which the Author modestly steps forward, and prays to find acceptance; or in a Postscript, by which the Author recommends himself. If the book be its own letter of recommendation, it is indeed

the very best of all. In the very early comprehensive anxiety that it may not be the case here, one hastens, first of all, to send in a little note, which may, in the warmest manner, recommend to the considerate kindness of the public this little book, and, at the same time, its little

AUTHORESS.

## AXEL AND ANNA;

OR,

### CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN TWO LOVERS.\*

#### AXEL TO ANNA.

From henceforth let the February storm roar at my windows, destroy them, burst into my chamber, and cover me, and every thing that is to be found there, with his ice-mantle; henceforth let my uncle thunder and curse, let the maids scold, the dogs howl, the parrots scream. In my heart is spring—the world is an Eden, human beings are angels; and I am happy. Anna loves me! O tell it me once again! Is it then really true—is it possible! Anna, do you love me!

#### ANNA TO AXEL

I was yesterday at a ball—I danced—heard compliments,—nothing pleased me. Wherefore! Axel was not there! Is not this an answer to your question, Axel!

#### AXEL TO ANNA.

##### WITH A ROSE.

Take the rose! In it so fair  
Is thy charming visage beaming;  
In the rose's crimson gleaming  
Shinee love's image also there.

Yet I would not see displayed,  
Type of our love in it either;  
Roses fade away and wither,  
But our love will never fade.

From the days of Adam even,  
Were they different from each other;  
Earth is but the rose's mother,  
Love, it is the child of heaven.

#### ANNA TO AXEL.

The rose is placed in water, your poem rests on my heart; and yet I am not content. What does this heart then desire! To-day it is five days since I have seen you. If you could only persuade your uncle to call upon us—but I know that is impossible. Therefore, peace, peace, spirit of disquiet!

#### AXEL TO ANNA.

O that I could cause an earthquake, so that the two stories should fall together—that I could stamp the floor through, and suddenly descend

to where my thoughts and feelings always dwell! These, Anna, are simple possibilities in comparison with the impossibility of making the wilful old man move one step. I have stood a whole hour arguing with him. One must live with the world, whilst one lives in the world.—"No!" "Uncle, you look rather unwell!" "No!" "Uncle, you must take some relaxation." "No!" "Talk politics with lively neighbours." "No!" "Uncle, you become a hermit." "No!" "Dear Uncle." "No!" My dear, best Uncle." "No, and no, and no!"

After considering this chain of denials, which is more insurmountable than the Alps or Pyrenees, I proposed to myself several questions. "Wilt thou, through longing, bring a consumption upon thyself?" "No!" "Or the jaundice, from pure vexation?" "No; at least not in this instance." "Wilt thou make thyself happy?" "Yes." "See Anna?" "Yes." "Make the essay now!" Yes.—Hurrah!

#### AXEL TO ANNA.

Did not succeed. Closed doors. Your aunt has a cold—receives no visit. But now I *will* and *shall* see you. I know what I will do. I will go and place myself in the street, directly opposite your window. And should you not come to the window, I will stand there until I turn to stone.

#### ANNA TO AXEL.

Now, in the rain! That I forbid. Do you not see that the rain pours down in streams from heaven.

#### AXEL TO ANNA.

Wet as a sea-god, but happy as—as myself (there is no happier one), I sit again in my room and write to you upon a thick pile of paper, which I should copy for my uncle. But now I am content with all. I have seen you. I find every thing beautiful—even my uncle's style. How charming you are, Anna! You have really more than one point of resemblance with the Crown Princess, without which, now, no one can be pretty. She has large, heavenly blue eyes. Yours are certainly smaller, but equally heavenly. Truly she has dark-brown hair, and you light-brown; but the form of the little head—of the bewitching little head—is completely

\* The original title is literally "Correspondence between two Stories;" which, however, conveys no idea to an English reader. The Swedes, like most of the continental nations and the Scotch, live several families in one house, each occupying a story, or suite of apartments. These lovers, as will be seen, lived thus, and carried on their correspondence from different stories of the same house.—M. H.

the same; and when I only think of your little nose,—like hers, so fine, small, and enchanting,—O I fall into ecstasy!

ANNA TO AXEL.

But I am *not* in ecstasy, I am not charmed; I am dissatisfied, anxious. You have certainly taken cold; you will have a cold in the head—catarrh—fever—will perhaps die! To stand a whole hour in the cold and heavy rain! Axel, I cannot pardon you!

AXEL TO ANNA.

We come to-day, towards evening, to call upon you—we come to call, my most dear uncle, and his most obedient nephew. God bless the old man for his heavenly idea! Only take care that the door of the antechamber be not locked—that we can, unobserved, enter so far that we are not met with the eternal untruth, that “the family is not at home.”

Cold in the head—catarrh! Yes, I sneeze and cough,—but only from impatience. I have fever,—but it is a fever of joy.

AXEL TO ANNA.

could die from vexation. Did not Mr. P——, the eternal, unbearable Mr. P——, step in at the door just as we would go out? My uncle turned back; I gnashed my teeth. Mr. P—— seats himself. I double my fist. “We would just pay a visit,” I began (God knows in what tone). “We must——” “We must put that out of our minds,” said the uncle, interrupting the words of the nephew; “it can take place another time.” I banged the door to, with such violence that Mr. P—— started up from his chair.

ANNA TO AXEL.

*Recipe for a Cold and Fever.*

Drink three glasses of cold water, one after the other. N.B.—Only one every quarter of an hour. Between each go three times up and down the room. N.B.—Only one step is made in a minute; and at every step repeat—

Be pious and good,  
Be patient of mood.

AXEL TO ANNA.

A bad cure; does no good. I have thought of one for myself. Lend me a curl of hair; only one, a single one from among the hundred which you have; only one—a single one. I will lay it on my mouth, on my forehead, on my eyes, on my heart. O do not refuse it me! Otherwise I shall fall most seriously ill. A lock of hair, good Anna, a single one!

AXEL TO ANNA.

[*An hour later.*

A curl! Can you really be so cruel, and refuse it me! See, I lie on my knees and pray for it.

AXEL TO ANNA.

[*Half an hour later.*

A curl, a curl, a curl!

AXEL TO ANNA.

[*A quarter of an hour later.*

I beg most humbly pardon for being thus often troublesome. This time shall certainly be the last; if not—shall I have a curl, or not?

ANNA TO AXEL.

Here, you have it—bad, impatient man! I enjoin a small fragment of a conversation which

was held between me and my aunt, by the light of two sleepy, pale candle-flames.

AUNT.—Men are tyrants.

I.—Yes, truly, that they are.

AUNT.—Despots who, by flatteries or by power, accomplish their wishes.

I.—Yes, yes; alas, it is so!

AUNT.—Never marry, my child

I.—No; God forbid, dear aunt.

Sleep well, Axel.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Command me, Anna, to stand six hours in heavy rain just under your window; command me to go six miles for a flower which you wish to have; command me to kneel fourteen days; command me to have all my hair cut off to stuff your pillow; command me at the next ball, after the heart's-walts, to dance eight times, one after the other, with the full-rigged man-of-war, the dry Mrs. N.; command, beautiful tyrant! I obey. Command me, above all, that I come up every evening to snuff your candle. Its weak flame seems to exercise a darkening influence upon the otherwise clear lights of your understanding.

ANNA TO AXEL.

I command you to-day, between twelve or one o'clock, to stand in the doorway, or to walk up and down before the house. You can then greet us, and see my beautiful new bonnet, which my cousin, Lieutenant Emil Papperto, has assured me is very becoming to me.

AXEL TO ANNA.

The bonnet suits you very ill. The crown is too large, the poke too small. Your face looks in it as large and round as the full moon. I beg you to make Lieutenant Papperto a present of the bonnet, and for his good taste let him himself make use of it.

If you will step this afternoon to the window you shall see me ride past on my new horse, my beautiful Hercules, which I received yesterday as a present from my uncle. I am very well satisfied with the horse, since the five charming Miss Mullitons assured me (when I waited upon them this morning) that they had never seen such a beautiful animal.

ANNA TO AXEL.

If the beauty of a horse consists in having thick legs, a thick neck, a large head, large ears, and in galloping like a cow, Hercules is certainly unusually beautiful, quite unusually beautiful. If my counsel should be followed, I would beg Mr. Axel W. to make the five charming Miss Mullitons a present of the horse, and for their good taste let them make use of him.

AXEL TO ANNA.

If Miss Anna L. was somewhat gentler, and less biting, it would be far more becoming.

ANNA TO AXEL.

If Mr. Axel W. think of paying a visit on the story below him, I must inform him herewith that the family is not at home.

AXEL TO ANNA.

If Miss Anna L. believed Mr. Axel W. had any such intention, I must herewith inform her that she was mistaken.

AXEL TO ANNA.

[*Two days later.*

Anna's name-day! I have ridden six miles

to-day in the early morning to fetch out of the Baron R's hothouse this bouquet, which Anna, I hope, will not be so cruel as to scorn.

AXEL TO ANNA.

I hope that you have received the bouquet. It was certainly not particularly beautiful; but in this season flowers are difficult to get.

AXEL TO ANNA.

For three nights I have not closed my eyes. I really believe that animal Hercules, which I have ridden several days, shakes one too much. To-day I have spoken with Franz Kunninger, and he will take the creature off my hands, although perhaps for only half the sum he cost. But I do not ask after that if I can only get rid of him.

ANNA!

AXEL TO ANNA.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Axel! I have thrown my new bonnet into the fire. I think my aunt would receive a visit this evening, if any one came; that is to say, if a certain old gentleman came—young ones she cannot endure. Yet I am of the opinion, that a certain young gentleman, who should steal in behind the back of a certain old one, would produce no bad effect.

AXEL TO ANNA.

My angel-girl, what a fortunate concurrence of circumstances! Your aunt receives visits this evening, and my excellent uncle wishes this evening to pay visits. He brushes the dust off himself with such zeal, that I could kiss him for it.

He has fully determined that the acquaintance shall commence to-day, since he has remarked that his servant is paying court to your aunt's housemaid, and to this he says he will put an end.

I have given the old gentleman various rules for behaviour. I have told him that now gentlemen kiss the hands of the ladies. He answered that this was a stupid fashion; I find it full of spirit. O Anna! thus I can once more kiss your hand,—your hand,—O joy!

Should Mr. P— come now, I strike him dead.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Millions of years would I give for an evening such as that of yesterday.

Anna, you looked like an angel with your curling hair and white dress—and a good advisable angel were you to me, you made me the happiest of those beings who breathe the air of this earth. How happy am I, and how happy must you be,—you who have made me so happy! O good God, what heavenly moments has one not on this earth against which one says so much that is bad! My uncle and your aunt did not dream that whilst they on the sofa by lamplight were working to dissolve one engagement, we in the twilight at the window closed another. I am like another man since I feel your ring on my finger. Anna mine! My Anna! O what a good and noble being must I now become!

AXEL TO ANNA.

How clear is the heaven, how fresh the air! I must breathe fresh air, my happiness oppressed me. I went out, almost danced through the city, sung aloud, behaved in such a manner that

every one stared at me, and I had the desire to embrace every one. In my breast is a happiness which could make happy half a world. Anna, how I love you!

ANNA TO AXEL.

I also am unspeakably happy. Men love more passionately; but whether better, whether truer—Axel—that we shall perhaps experience in ourselves. I also feel myself better and nobler. I will become good, gentle, true, in one word a really amiable wife, and make Axel happy. Upon this I now think, whether I walk, stand, sit; whether I sew, play, sing or read; and that causes nothing to be either done well, or at the right time. "What is the matter with thee, girl?" demanded my aunt a short time since; "I think thou hast a fever, thy eyes sparkle so—dost thou feel headache?" "I feel rather something at my heart," answered I. "I must take immediately a good dose of Hoffmann's drops." Thor laughed! I also.

AXEL TO ANNA.

"What is come to thee, boy, why art thou so absent?" asked my uncle yesterday. "Wilt thou write so? The paper upside down, the pen upside down? Boy, I believe thou art quite upside down thyself!" "Ah, uncle—have you ever been in love?" "In love, boy? Yes; but then I thought also of marrying." "Yes, I also think of doing so." "Also of doing so? When one has nothing to live upon? Has ever such a thing been heard? Let us see; thou hast monthly thirty-six shillings from me; out of this thou wilt use twelve shillings to hold thy wedding; twelve shillings to commence thy housekeeping; there yet remains to thee twelve shillings and God's mercy for thee to live upon the remainder of thy life. Nay, I congratulate thee. Sunshine for dinner, and moonshine for supper; see, one shall get quite fat upon it!"

Wretched, when people to whom nature has denied every kind of judgment will be witty! Wretched that it should just occur to him to speak of his thirty-six shillings!

ANNA TO AXEL.

Did you see the poor woman with the children in the street just opposite? How miserable they were! I cannot help them, I have nothing now; but you!

AXEL TO ANNA.

Just now I received the money for Hercules, and more than I expected. For what do I want a horse? I can walk. I hasten.

AXEL TO ANNA.

[A day later.]

They are assisted; not alone for the moment, I hope, but for ever. They have a dwelling, clothes, food; work. They can and will work. I do not speak of their joy; through excess, it resembled sorrow. I prayed her to bless you. I am most sincerely happy.

ANNA TO AXEL.

A basketful of flowers and fruit, and undermost, five rows of Roman pearls, was brought me this morning by a little unknown girl. From whom she did not know—she had only received the command to deliver it to me. Axel, it is from you—that I know. Axel, Axel, such presents from you, who have little for yourself! I cannot receive it.

AXEL TO ANNA.

If you will cause me a bilious fever, you will say so. Good Anna, that you accept these trifles is my recompense—(mine, do you hear)—for wandering about the whole day, more like a beast than a man, out of pure philanthropy, without enjoying a single mouthful as big as a pin's-head; and for ultimately being obliged, at supper, to listen to a severe curtain-lecture from my uncle.

Regarding my finances, be quite easy. And the money for Hercules—should that, perhaps, lie by unused? I have money remaining. I can establish myself, my gracious lady.

ANNA TO AXEL.

In order to preserve you from a bilious fever, I will certainly accept this time your gift. But make me no more, I pray you; and at least, not again so soon.

AXEL TO ANNA.

When will that time, that happy time arrive, when I shall have the right to give you every thing, and you no longer have the right to refuse? When will the time arrive when I shall no longer require the pen as the interpreter of my feelings? When shall I speak with you—when dare to see you?

This is for me the Gordian-knot which I in vain strive to unloosen. I have the greatest desire to do like Alexander, and at one stroke to cut it through by carrying you off. After many fruitless attempts, I have perceived the impossibility of coming to you by any usual and natural means. Now I have the most desperate designs in my head. You have certainly heard speak of the ingenious man, who, in order to embrace his mistress, set her house on fire. What do you think of him?

ANNA TO AXEL.

That he was, is, and remains, an incendiary; and of such a one I entertain the greatest horror.

AXEL TO ANNA.

To place a ladder at a window, and, upon the wings of love, float up and in at the window, is and looks so strangely thief-like. But, Anna, to make a visit in a balloon has never, I believe, taken place since the time of that Turk who, according to the Persian legend, thus visited his fair one under the name of Mahomet. This would not be an impossibility; and I see possibilities in every thing, except in being longer able to live without seeing you.

ANNA TO AXEL.

To all heathenish visitors, let them enter even by ladders or in balloons, I am not at home. I declare that such a one I will not know, much less love.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Why do you never show yourself at the window—why never go out—why is a call never accepted? Why do you shut yourself up thus wilfully, thus eternally? Does this happen on my account?

ANNA TO AXEL.

My best Axel, my aunt is very ill—you know this. I dare not leave her a moment. With the greatest difficulty I steal away to write to you; and beg you, for God's sake, neither set our house on fire nor break my windows. Do you think that, among phials of drops and reci-

pes, I am particularly comfortable? But the only thing I can do, the only thing also which you must do, is to be quiet, and await the proper time.

AXEL TO ANNA.

To be quiet! You might as well say this to the storm which now rages till the whole house trembles, I could wish that it would overturn it, if it, with a breath from the spirit of love, would cast you into my arms. Anna, what I now say, you must not take so literally. I wrestle with Fate and will bring her to yield, let this cost what it will.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Human beings have, after all, neither leopards' nor tigers' hearts in their breasts, my Anna! Do you not believe, that if we were to disclose our love to our relatives they would allow us now and then to see each other? Anna, you are my sun, the light of my eyes. If you conceal yourself longer, all around me will become pitch-dark.

Shall we dare the experiment? We have so little to lose by it, so much to win. Say yes!

ANNA TO AXEL.

You are right, Axel; we must make the trial. Do you speak first with your uncle; and when I have heard what he has said, I shall have more courage to reveal myself to my aunt. She is now somewhat better.

AXEL TO ANNA.

"Speak with your uncle;" this is uncommonly easily said—but *done*, that is something quite different. Do you know, my uncle is a man who has quite a peculiar humour, and above all, peculiar eyes. With these he can fix a person who is going to say something that does not please him, in such a manner that the word remains sticking in the poor fellow's throat to all eternity; and then such a tempest rises as can certainly be compared with none in Sweden, but only with those hurricanes which rage in the West-Indian islands. In the mean while I will sew myself a fur garment out of Job's patience and Solomon's wisdom, and dare the attempt.

ANNA TO AXEL.

No, no; be cautious! If you believe that it will displease him so much, and you have not courage enough, it is the best that we drive the whole attempt out of our minds.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Also quite easily said. But before I give up a resolution which I have once taken, may hurricanes, ten times more raging than the one which I will now brave, tear me into a thousand pieces, and blow them to all parts of the world. Farewell; I am now armed for the fight, and—I go!

ANNA TO AXEL.

Wait, Axel, wait! Ah, my dear friend, I fear this is a precipitate step. It is possible they may not consent in the least. Besides, we are both of us still so young.

AXEL TO ANNA.

I am in my twenty-second year, already last autumn I was one-and-twenty, therefore I am of age. You are quite seventeen.

ANNA TO AXEL.

That is true—and perhaps we are old enough.

But ah, Axel, this is the least! I see a thousand impossibilities before us. It is possible our relatives will not on any account give their consent to our union. We really have nothing, my friend! You have no situation, no money; I equally am entirely without fortune. It would be—it is, really foolish with such narrow circumstances to wish to marry. Let us wait, my friend, and well consider, before we risk a step which I now begin to fear might separate us for ever.

AXEL TO ANNA.

I will soon procure myself a situation.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Wait, therefore, until then.

AXEL TO ANNA.

As you command. I must admire your patience and prudence.

ANNA TO AXEL.

You are not angry.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Yes.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Wherefore; best Axel, wherefore?

AXEL TO ANNA.

Ah, nonsense!

ANNA TO AXEL.

Axel, you really grieve me extremely.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Do not detain yourself, young lady, by writing unmeaning words. Lieutenant Papperto might become impatient. I saw him more than half-an-hour since go up to you.

ANNA TO AXEL.

If Lieutenant Emil Papperto will make a call upon my aunt, and she will receive him, I cannot turn him out. My good Axel, be quiet!

AXEL TO ANNA.

Ah, what! Be quiet! I do not shoot myself, neither drown, hang, nor poison myself. Oh, I am quiet—quiet and calm like you; I only think what waistcoat, whether a red or a green one, would best suit the physiognomy of a fortunate wooer. I grant that Nature has not given me a red and white porcelain-face like Lieutenant Papperto, and ladies whom such a one pleases must think a brown and severe one less handsome. But fortunately there are people who can like a countenance of this kind very much. I will now go the Mullitons; Betty Mulliton is really a most lovely girl.

ANNA TO AXEL.

I congratulate you. If you have not yet decided regarding the waistcoat, I pray you to make use of the one contained in this packet, which I have embroidered for you, or rather have bought for you, since every stitch has cost a second of my night's rest. I think that it will be very becoming to a brown and severe countenance. My love to Betty Mulliton!

ANNA TO AXEL.

For the love of God, Axel, what has happened! You have been bled! You are ill! I also am almost ill through uneasiness. Axel, Axel, how wild and imprudent you are!

AXEL TO ANNA.

In somewhat cooler blood, and in a somewhat quieter mood, I hasten to say to you a

word which vainly in my childhood they endeavoured by cudgelling to wrest from my lips;—a word, to escape which I have in later times fought a duel, and which to pronounce at thy feet, my Anna, my angel of Goodness and patience, I now yearn;—PARDON, O PARDON!

ANNA TO AXEL.

The Doctor, I hear, has forbidden conversation, and has ordered you, for several days, silence and rest. Be obedient, my best Axel, and shew in this way that you love me.

Do not think about anything unpleasant. I make myself your invisible sick-nurse. I come and seat myself upon your bed, in my white dress, and with my fair curls, just as I pleased you so much lately. You may not look at me; I draw the green curtains. You must sleep, and there will I sing a little cradle-song. Listen—or, rather, do not listen, but sleep!

"Young Axel is beloved by me,"

Anna sighed, and sung this ditty,

Thinking, "He is, what a pity!

Eaten up by jealousy!

"If, as bridegroom, thus he can

Be so stern, so crooked-pated,

How, when once together mated,

Shall we act as wife and man?

"Shall we say, all day, in strife,

"Wicked Axel!" "truthless Anna?"

Ah! 'twixt Axel, then, and Anna

What an enviable life!

"Axel, thou to me art dear;

Yet, ere such a life be spending,

Let our love have speedy ending;

Trust me that far better were!"

AXEL TO ANNA.

Axel heard fair Anna's song;

Would not mar its tuneful measure;

True, to hear the song was pleasure;

Yet it was a little long.

And thus sang he: "Should I kind,

Should I gentle be for ever;

Merry jesting were I never

In my heart's warm love to find.

"Who is it, excepting thee,

Could from jealousy defend me,

Ever blessed quiet lend me?

Anna, thou must marry me!"

ANNA TO AXEL.

Anna she heard Axel's song;

How impertinently muttered,

Scarcely can in words be uttered;

Hence 'twill be unanswer'd long.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Not so, good Anna; not so, but as follows:

This advice pleased Anna well;

She follow'd it, as reason's plan,

Became good wife to that good man,

And, in so doing, won a deal.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Nay, as you will. Invalids one dare not contradict. Take now and then a spoonful of this apple-jelly that I have prepared for you and sent.

It will do you good.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Anna, I am melancholy. The birds twitter outside my window, and build themselves nests under the roof. I must lie in bed—my only pleasure is to say rude things to the Doctor, and break his medicine bottles, which have no healing power in them.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Amuse yourself rather with reading this book that I send you; there is a deal that is good and true in it. Often when I was low spirited, and in a state of mind in which I saw every thing black, when all the strings of my soul had be-

come inharmonious, has the reading of a good book again tuned them, and listening to their sweet, ringing harmony, I have thought :—

Now heave the foaming billows, now they fall,  
Beneath our boat upon life's stormy flood;  
Let never gloomy cowardice appal;  
Let us hope ever! God is wise and good!

Even if at times the tempest howlath o'er us,  
And gloomy night encompass us with fear,—  
One moment wait!—the tempest dies before us,  
And the still, peaceful heaven smileth clear.

And green-clad shores, enriched with many a blossom,  
Reckon the sailor o'er the peaceful flood;  
Thither he steers with thankful throbbing bosom,  
And, filled with joy, says, "God is wise, good!"

#### AXEL TO ANNA.

That is He, that is He, and you are an angel. Anna! But the spirit of melancholy has seized upon my soul as well as my body to-day. I think, or rather I beat my brains, now too much to be able to read. A wretched crowd of gloomy black fancies surrounds me in my solitude, like ghosts which have risen up from Tartarus. What will become of you with this penurious and severe aunt, who will not open her doors to young and respectable men? Shall you sit year after year with her, and, like her, dry up and become hollow-eyed (which would be nothing to wonder at, since you see only her), and catch her cough? What will become of me with this old uncle, who makes me write out his memoirs and thoughts until my own become quite unclear! What, tell me, what?

#### ANNA TO AXEL.

Let us become whatever we may, only not unworthy and ungrateful creatures. Axel, you may never again speak of my aunt in this tone, she has her less amiable qualities, but she has also her good ones; and besides, I know, intends me so much good. Sooner than make her infirmities of age ridiculous, I would have them myself.

Your uncle, as you yourself have told me, has shewn you a deal of kindness.

#### AXEL TO ANNA.

Oh, they are both, without doubt, angels, true angels of light, who, however, let us sit in utter darkness. I am ill, and out of spirits.

#### ANNA TO AXEL.

I am so happy to-day. I have such good hopes. Whence and wherefore? Listen! I was yesterday in the church. The air was cold, the wind raged, my aunt would not let me go. I entreated and entreated, until the "No, my dear child!" changed itself into a "Nay, so go then, thou self-willed thing!" which sounded most harmoniously to my ear.

For whom I prayed most fervently in the church you will be able easily to guess. I prayed from the most secret recesses of my heart, as confidently as a child may implore an All-good Father. As I, in deep devotion, rose up with the congregation to sing the heavenly hallelujah, a sunbeam, clear and wonderful, streamed through the church-window and illuminated Westin's glorious altar-piece. The angels of Faith, Hope, and Charity, who kneel around the grave of the already ascended One, stood forth at once so living, so supernaturally true, that it seemed as though they opened their lips and joined in our song of praise. In my heart arose powerful and inward conviction, that all will yet be well! and with indescribable emotion I bow-

ed myself to receive for us both the solemn blessing. Axel, all will yet be well!

#### AXEL TO ANNA.

On your account, my Anna, sweet angel, and through you, shall I become blest.

I also to-day have in my soul only joyful feelings, lovely hopes, old, good, and to me most heartily welcome acquaintance. I was up and sat at the window; I have tasted your excellent apple-jelly, and saw how the clear March sun melted the icicles which the cold night had laid upon our neighbour's copper roof. Upon this, I philosophised somewhat in this strain: as the light and warmth of heaven make the ice-veil of night to disappear, will also from thence the rays of a better fortune break through the powerful frost-mist which dims the perspective of our happiness. I gazed so long and so full of presentiment at the sun's activity, until I at length fancied I saw clearly one of the figures which the victorious, piercing sunbeams formed in their resisting ice, the ridge and form of my own nose. Somewhat farther on, close to the side of the chimney, I recognised with delight the form of your white, softly rounded forehead, which seemed modestly desirous of withdrawing itself from the kisses of the sun. O Anna! I must shew you one of these days how lovely this looked,—I must represent the sun.

#### ANNA TO AXEL.

I assure you that I am not at all curious. You have then got up! How I rejoice about it! The most unpleasant thing may happen to me to-day (if it only does not concern you), and I shall laugh at it.

#### AXEL TO ANNA.

Ha, ha, ha, ha! Do you know at what I laugh! At myself, my angel. I have such good hopes and presentiments, that I should find it quite natural if now a good friend should suddenly step in, and say to me—"Axel, thou art become an excessively rich man." I believe also, that I should not be astonished if suddenly little Cupids should sail in at the window, bringing a poor lover a talisman, by which he could command all the gifts of fortune; neither should I open my mouth very wide, if suddenly the ceiling of my room were to open, in order to let a shower of gold stream in! Every thing seems to me possible to-day, nothing would surprise me. I have opened my door and window to welcome my visitors; and whilst I wander smiling up and down my chamber, I now and then cast a glance up towards the ceiling.

#### AXEL TO ANNA.

Cure—draught! I beg pardon; but I am in a very bad humour. I have been obliged to close doors and windows. I became numb and stiff in all my limbs from this cold and draught. No one came. And instead of raising my looks towards the ceiling have carefully examined the floor; so that after a careful examination I can assure you that he who laid it down must have been an arch bungler, for not one deal is like another, either in height or width. I must now go out and breathe the fresh air. I am in health, and will be in health. My uncle and doctor may say what they will.

#### AXEL TO ANNA.

Anna, Anna! my Anna, my Anna! good

Anna, excellent Anna, angel Anna! Anna, my Anna, my bride, my wife, sing, spring, about Victoria!

ANNA TO AXEL.

Axel, Axel, incomprehensible Axel! what is the matter with thee? What has happened?

AXEL TO ANNA.

I have an office—I have an office! He came, the excellent friend through the door,—the angel from heaven. I had almost knocked him down as I went out. O what a friend! He it is who has resigned to me the situation, with its accompanying salary, which has been offered to him, because he had no need of it. He is rich, he has made me also rich. Oh, shew me a mortal who is happier than I! A lover whose—yet still perhaps—if he were already married. But that also in a short time I will become—if you will, my Anna—Anna!

ANNA TO AXEL.

Good Axel, is it possible! Is it then really true! I can scarcely believe it—I cannot take it in. Axel, my dear friend, shall we really become happy!

AXEL TO ANNA.

We shall. My whole life shall be consecrated to your happiness; and your happiness will always, as now, be mine. We can now marry when it is agreeable to us. I have a respectable situation; the salary is certainly not large, but our wants will be small. The comfortable things of life are mostly only for old people, who are no longer able to enjoy the happiness of the heart,—when one can no longer love and be beloved. Nay, why then it may, perhaps, be the best to sleep on a soft couch, that one is happy. We, my Anna, who may pluck in the May of life its most beautiful flowers, we will waken enjoy our felicity, and be happy, even were we poor; yes, even were we obliged to do without every thing. Do you remember with what emotion we once read near Medevi, of that married pair, who, after living together five-and-twenty years, felt themselves so unspeakably happy! O my Anna, do you yet remember this!

ANNA TO AXEL.

In truth, my best Axel—no.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Accompanied by a friend, Mr. L—— and his wife wandered through a wood. Here they encountered some gipsies, who were in great misery. L——'s friend pitied these poor creatures, who are exposed to all the physical calamities of nature. "Well," said Mr. L——, "if in order to pass my life with her (his wife), I must have subjected myself to a condition such as this, I would have gone about begging these thirty years—and we should still have been very happy!"

"Ah, yes!" cried his wife; "even *then* we should have been the happiest of human beings."

What words, my Anna, what words! They were spoken under England's heaven. Let us become worthy to speak them, one day, under Sweden's heaven.

ANNA TO AXEL.

For heaven's sake, best Axel. You do not mean! I do not rightly understand at what you aim. Yet I must confess to you, that to me, suffering, hunger, shivering, begging, appear less

attractive. What do you really mean! A gipsy I will never become; that I tell you, were it only on account of the frightful complexion.

AXEL TO ANNA.

That is not necessary. Nothing shall prevent my wife being white, as well in her complexion as her clothes.

O my beloved Anna, do not overthrow my temple of happiness with your cold, calculating, worldly, and trifling spirit. Let us become happy, not for others, but for ourselves. If you desire this, we certainly can. My salary certainly is small, as I have already said—a nothing in comparison to that which I should wish to offer you. Three hundred dollars is our yearly income. That is truly little, very little; but your prudent housekeeping, my economy and order, will make every penny a dollar. A man requires really so little, only to live—life is really so short. Who has not much, has not much to care about.

With but little ballast, the jolly-boat sails so lightly and merrily on, now over rising, and now over sinking waves. Let us courageously step in;—the wind is favourable—the shores adorned with flowers—the heaven free from clouds—and before us wanders the mild star of love, which lights us as far as the haven. I am now too much excited; later, I will unfold to you my plans.

ANNA TO AXEL.

My good Axel, zephyrs seldom blow on the ocean of life—there very wild storms toss about. I fear very much that, at the first gust of wind, the jolly-boat, without ballast, might be upset.

AXEL TO ANNA.

If one is fearful and cowardly—yes,—if one loses one's equilibrium in the slightest gust of wind. But away with similes! They only confuse; I will dash straight into the affair.

I possess (as you know) a small farm near the city. This is small, quite small, and scarcely worth three hundred dollars, but still one could live very well there. A roof over their heads was all that our forefathers desired when they built their huts. And what a hardy, glorious people were they! We are less, and we have more. Two rooms and a kitchen has our little temple of happiness, a blooming potatoe-field surrounds it, and a garden, where the most beautiful fruit trees and the most lovely flowers can come forth, changes the whole place into a real paradise. A little hen-house. Anna, I will not pardon you if you should laugh.

ANNA TO AXEL.

I truly do not laugh, my best Axel.

AXEL TO ANNA.

A little hen-house, I would say, stands close by, and its pretty inhabitants will afford us profit and pleasure.

With regard to the fitting up of the interior—away with the luxury and cursed superfluity which has made my fatherland poor! Away with the false ideas of what is becoming, proper, respectable; despicable prejudices which only repeat, one should do as others do, away with you! To you I turn, simple manners, honour of the olden time. Temperance and contentment, the doctrine of our forefathers, be welcome and rule in my quiet house. A wood

en bench appears soft when one is seated upon it at the beloved one's side; a bowl of milk, one simple dish placed by your hands upon the table, at which a friend, a friend who knows how to prize what is offered by sincere hearts, will not refuse to take his place—O what a meal! Kings, emperors, invite me into your golden halls! Proud and disdainfully will Anna's happy husband answer, No. O my sweet Anna, how quickly, how joyously, must our days pass away in this little earthly paradise! Hand in hand we wander through life, and die at length so sweetly in each other's arms! But pardon, I will not distress you—do not weep, my Anna!

ANNA TO AXEL.

I will certainly not weep, my best Axel!

AXEL TO ANNA.

Our clothes shall be simple, like our food, like our whole life. You must be always clothed in *white*, for then you are like an angel. The garden I attend to myself, dig, weed, plant, and water, with your assistance, on the days I am not occupied in the city. In the house, disposes and commands, with absolute sway, my ever industrious and circumspect little wife. When I return from my labour in the fields, or out of the city, your harp and your voice will transport me into heaven, or we eat together a simple meal which is savoured by our appetite and gaiety. For the evenings, when the great world with yawns seeks for pleasure where it never yet was found, at suppers, where one goes through a course of moral hungering, or at balls, where one dances as though for wages—in the evenings we read together, Tegnér's poems, Cooper's and Walter Scott's romances, and enjoy, whilst we ennoble our hearts, all the pleasure which genius can afford the soul and the heart. We must not neglect the theatre; in order to see Almlöf plays, we must rather neglect eating and drinking. Thus we are very often there. But you must have a maid-servant, that is true, for you must not burn your face and hands at the hearth. Besides, when I am at home, you must be always near me. O Anna, say, shall we not be unspeakably happy?

ANNA TO AXEL.

I hope so, certainly, my dear friend; but whether precisely in the manner which you have imagined to yourself I know not, I fear that you are precisely the one who is not fitted for such a simple shepherd's life; besides, this is put together in a strange enough manner. Do you yet know, what you once told me, how much pocket-money your uncle gave you yearly?

AXEL TO ANNA.

The dev—(I do not curse). I now remember. Full three hundred dollars—exactly as much as my future salary amounts to,—and this was, by the end of the year, entirely gone. But, angel Anna, when I am once married, you shall see something quite different; then I will become supernaturally economical; I will look at every heller.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Very pleasant for your wife! Willingly, best Axel, will I also look at every heller; and be as economical as possible; but with all this, I fear that, if we follow your plans, we shall become ever and ever more like the gipay pair. Have

you considered that you drink three cups of coffee every morning? And when you were with us one evening, I saw that to three cups of tea you did not despise quite a profuse supply of tea-bread and rusks.

AXEL TO ANNA.

From this day forth, I will eat oatmeal-soup every morning and every evening, drink egg-beer, and soak brown bread in it, if you think the other too dear. You are right. Besides, as a patriot, one must renounce all articles which are not brought forth from the earth of our fatherland.

Agreed, Anna; we eat for a year, from this month forth, every morning, a dish of oatmeal-soup—every evening a cup of egg-beer, in our own little paradise. Besides, this is far more advantageous for the complexion and health than all the cursed tea and coffee drinking. And should it taste even like Peruvian-bark and rhubarb—

When Hobe Anna fills the cup,  
Axel, as nectar, will drink it up.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Oatmeal-soup I can only get down with trouble; and egg-beer is, once for all, very disagreeable to me.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Who fears to share with me a dish of oatmeal-soup despises surely (and this I have observed well from the beginning) the little which I have besides to offer—my heart, my hand. It is true this is very little. The fool! who could be so bold and believe—but I begin to see my errors.

ANNA TO AXEL.

If I do not exactly fancy to eat oatmeal-soup and egg-beer, that does not prevent me, morning and evening, from being able to satisfy myself with a little cold milk instead of coffee and tea. Yes, a cup of cold milk and a morsel of brown bread will taste excellently. This is all that I need.

ANNA TO AXEL.

The little pretty house and the garden (which is to be some time) I find exceedingly agreeable; yet you have, in your tender partiality, conferred upon me a very extensive power of operation. I examine with trembling all the duties which will be imposed upon me in the future; always to be clothed in white, and to dig in the garden,—to put in order, to sweep, spin, weave, cook in company with a maid,—to play upon the harp and to sing,—to care for every thing in the house, and to be constantly with you when you are at home (which we will hope will be the greater part of the day),—to feed the fowls, to drive to the theatre, read romances with you,—with one word, represent six or seven personages at once. My good Axel, you will truly be forced to have, in future, some forbearance, like many others who demand too much from their wives.

ANNA TO AXEL.

[A day later]

I fear you are piqued, Axel; but this time, my friend, you are certainly somewhat in the wrong. To share in life, sorrow and joy with you, is, as you know, my most intense desire. Only on your account I wish that joy might preponderate; but your picture of the future gives me little hope of this. You look through a

burnt yellow-coloured glass, which shews you the object neither clear nor true. I shall always tell you the truth, Axel.

ANNA TO AXEL.

[*A day later.*]

Meanwhile, were it a possibility, and did your uncle and my aunt give their consent, I would certainly not say no. We are really so young, and can work. Only we must strike out of your account this ever-white dress, the music, the play, and the very agreeable and beneficial reading, which, however, in such narrow circumstances, would steal away too much time.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Oatmeal soup tastes really not so bad, and egg-beer I drank fresh last evening. It does not taste exactly good; but perhaps it agrees with one well.

AXEL TO ANNA.

My angel, good Anna, you shall never either eat or do the least possible thing for which you have not a decided inclination. I should deserve to be condemned to bread and water, if I desired anything else. Do you see, heavenly maiden, that it was not after all, such pure earnest with the wooden bench, the single dish, and the one servant-maid. I have, do you see, speculated upon my uncle. He will certainly for decency's sake, when we help ourselves so excellently, assist us a little. My uncle is very far from being hard-hearted, and besides he is very fond of me, that I know.

ANNA TO AXEL.

My aunt is also sometimes very good, and loves me tenderly in her way I know; she has given me many proofs of this. Possibly she would also do something for us.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Anna, we will speak with our dear relatives,—shall we not? We will tell them every thing. Should they say no—Anna, I have your word,—you are already mine before God—and mine you remain, men will not separate us! Yet we must endeavour to move human beings to be human.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Yes, Axel, let us endeavour to soften the hearts of those against whose wishes and commands we neither may nor should act. Yes, let us try this.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Well, to-morrow!

ANNA TO AXEL.

To-morrow!

AXEL TO ANNA.

[*A day later.*]

My dear uncle is somewhat cross this morning. The coffee was cold, and the news in the papers was not according to his mind. "The rulers behave stupidly," said he. "I shall take care not to do the same, I must still wait some hours."

ANNA TO AXEL.

My dear aunt is also in an ill-humour. She has mislaid a piece of money, and broken a bottle of rose-water; but one would believe I had done it. Before three hours, at least, I dare say nothing.

AXEL TO ANNA.

The whole forenoon my uncle has thundered

N

politics. Russia and the whole Ottoman empire have alternately come upon the carpet. I have listened with the most unwearied patience, and said, "Yea," "No," "all the better, dear uncle," or, "all the worse, dear uncle," just as was in accordance with the old man's jeans. What did this help? He became ever more and more jealous; he turned towards me, seemed to perceive in my person a representative of the Turkish empire, fell in a rage, so that I, in order not to receive blows, like the Sublime Porte, was obliged, in all haste, to make my retreat through the door. I am quite vexed about the lost forenoon.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Five times this forenoon have I opened my mouth to begin my little speech, and five times have I again closed it. To have prayed for anything would certainly have been fruitless. For my aunt sitting there in the corner of her sofa, with closely pressed together lips and severe looks, appeared a living, No! But this afternoon!

AXEL TO ANNA.

The old man is now fast, he shall not again escape. He is taking his afternoon nap. I will take great care that he neither goes out, nor that any one comes in to him, before I have been able to say: "I love Anna; I must have her for my wife, or die!"

ANNA TO AXEL.

Axel, how my heart beats! My aunt also is taking her afternoon rest! When she wakes I will speak with her. If she is only not too soon awakened for them, her temper is not good—still Manette! Do not mew so, there is the cream for my coffee; lap and be quiet. Ah! there buzzes a big fly—it will seat itself, perhaps, upon her nose—no—my good angel, send it away! Good, she sleeps quietly. But yet she will wake some time—and I shall speak. I tremble whilst I write.

Axel, how my heart beats! I hear it throb! It is painful! Art thou also in the same state of mind, Axel!

AXEL TO ANNA.

My heart beats, certainly, quicker and more powerfully than the pendulum of a clock; but I wish, did it pain me ever so much, that it would beat as roughly as a cooper's hammer, so that my excellent uncle, who entirely and wholly to pain and annoy me keeps sleeping on, might be awakened by it. Nothing is so unbearable as to wait, to live in uncertainty—to hold oneself ready. I have coughed, sung, made a noise before his door,—all in vain! As often as I listened, I have had the vexation of hearing him snore. Had he not locked himself in, one could have entered easily, blundered over the sofa, or found out some other polite manner of waking the sleeper. But now it is enough to drive one mad. I have the desire to set my curtains on fire, only to bring the fire drum past his window.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Do not be nonsensical, Axel, commit no folly. My aunt sleeps also, or pretends to do so; for as often as I have gone over to her and have looked at her, I have seen her opened eyes hastily close themselves. Most certainly she has remarked that I await her waking to say something to her. Does thy uncle still sleep?

AXEL TO ANNA.

Ever and eternally. His long deep breathing draws away the air from me at the same time; it is just as though I found myself in a cellar-vault. Does thy aunt still pretend to be sleeping!

ANNA TO AXEL.

Still. What shall I do?

AXEL TO ANNA.

Vexation! Now he has awoke, and has stolen forth like a mouse which is afraid of the cat. I heard a slight rustle at his door. When I rushed out to see what this was, I heard, quite down below on the stairs, a clip-clap of galosches, which in all haste hurried out of the door. I ran after him, and cried, "Uncle! uncle! I have something to say to you!" "To-morrow is also a day!" he answered, without looking back. I am in despair. He has remarked something.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Ah, Axel! my aunt has feigned sleep until now. It is now late in the evening, the worst time of the day to make confessions to her. Let it then remain as thy uncle said, "To-morrow!" Ah, it seems to me as though I had gained something by this delay.

AXEL TO ANNA.

A day of fruitless, painful waiting,—a sleepless night. See, this is my whole gain! But to-morrow!

AXEL TO ANNA.

[At midnight.

I cannot sleep. Anna, I have dark forebodings—the morrow will bring us no good. I have now no inconsiderable sum of money in my hands. I have sold something. But, however, what has that to do with the affair! Anna, would it—if our—but it will be best to speak about this when fate has decided.

I believe, my best Anna, the midnight hour shows me ghosts. Anna, I feel deeply, that if you do not wander by my side, my whole life will be only a ghost,—that is, a horrible nothing!

The clock strikes one, Anna. This stroke is our symbol—we also are only one. In the morning hour of life we have united ourselves,—I know that nothing can separate us. Wherefore, then, do I write so seriously? Wherefore am I in such a gloomy mood?

How slowly pass away the hours of the night! Thinking of you, and writing to you, I endeavour to give wings to the minutes. Now, when every thing around me is so still and peaceful, I hear all the more distinctly the storm within me—I cannot conceive how all can be so still, so silent, so dead. Is not this the world—are not human beings here—do not passions wake in their bosoms? Do I live solitary, and have all the spirits of disquiet which fled from reposing hearts assembled themselves in my breast! My gentle Anna, I feel it is a stormy ocean into which your gentle soul will discharge itself. But then will all attain rest!

I have sought after peace—in vain. Separated from you, I shall find it no more. The winged throbbing of the heart—and every throb a sentiment—how the minutes stretch them-

selves out into eternity! And every thing around me is so peaceful. Listen! the town-clock strikes two—will nothing then awake? Will no pain, no love, no yearning, raise its voice through the night? All is still—I alone wake—yet there calls the watchman; but how carelessly he announces to the world that the judgment comes!

It is morning. The world awakes—I am no longer so solitary. It is day also in my soul,—I am peaceful. The hour is here. It means—now!

ANNA TO AXEL.

I have received what you have written to me last night. Axel, could you believe that you alone were awake? Did you not hear the beating of my heart? O how extraordinary, that a mixture of wood, moss, and lime, which is for you a floor and for me a ceiling, should prevent two human hearts from understanding each other! Ah, were this now only somewhat farther off—I tremble!

AXEL TO ANNA.

Still I have hope, beloved, adored Anna; still nothing is lost. This morning, whilst my uncle drank his coffee, I took courage, prayed to God; thought, Anna! drew breath, and went in to him. "My best uncle!" I commenced quietly and solemnly—"My best nephew," answered he, "what shall 'my best uncle' do!" "Your goodness!"—"Now, what then—my goodness?" "I wish—I have."—"I wish—I have—nay that was really excellent!" (The old man has always had an extremely unpleasant manner of repeating my words, and then they always sound as stupid again.) "Dear uncle—I am in love!" "In love! Yes, that I have easily remarked in the jaundiced complexion which thou hast had this half-year past—this is the colour of love." "My uncle, the weal or woe of my whole life depends upon one single word. O my best uncle, who—" Now came a man, whom I wished at the witch's mountain, with the papers into the room. "My son," said my uncle, "come again in a few hours—then we can speak farther with each other. Now I must see how affairs stand between Turkey and Russia." I was precisely not in the mood to wait. I took the papers, stuck them in my pocket, and said in a firm tone, "Firm, uncle, you must hear me." He stuck his fingers in his ears, fixed his eyes upon me like two claws, and cried, "Not one word, not a breath! Give me the papers this moment, or I will never listen to thee again." I cried, and cried again still louder. At length I must, like a little west-wind, give way to the storm of the north. My uncle became again kind, and I went my way; for he would neither have heard nor understood me, as he had fixed his eyes upon his dear papers. An hour will soon have past; yet another, and then I go. O my Anna, my only one!

AXEL TO ANNA.

Turks and Russians, Russians and Turks, what are they and their interests to me!—Straw—paper-cuttings; and on their account must I sit here, as in a fiery furnace. Ah!—now, Anna!

AXEL TO ANNA.

It is past!—All is lost—not a spark of hope remains—I cannot see what I write.

ANNA TO AXEL.

And for me also—I receive a round No—and in such hard terms! O Axel! now I feel for the first time how unspeakably I love you!

AXEL TO ANNA.

To humble me! To threaten me! "Ridiculous—nonsensical!" To threaten to turn me out of doors—me—yes, people don't know me!

ANNA TO AXEL.

My aunt will marry me in a short time—but not to you. "This man, said she, "has his own bones, his own equipage, and is besides a respectable man."—I was forced to laugh, Axel. I have said to her—thou, or no one!

AXEL TO ANNA.

Anna, let us fly! Let us escape from these tyrants who will murder our happiness! The earth is large, a little corner upon it can certainly be found for us. All human beings are not barbarians. You are mine. I conjure you, I command you to follow me. To-morrow, more about this. Hold yourself ready. My determination is irresistible. We fly!

ANNA TO AXEL.

Axel, no! This would be wrong. Axel, reflect. Axel, my friend, my beloved, calm yourself, for my sake!

AXEL TO ANNA.

Place yourself this evening, between ten and eleven, at the door which leads into the neighbouring lane. Be quiet. All is ready, I have money. You are under my protection; you go with me; your duty is only to follow me. Between ten and eleven.

ANNA TO AXEL.

No, Axel! It is wrong, it is unwise. We sin against the laws of God and man in order to plunge ourselves in misery. I love you above every thing; but I need not, and will not, follow you when you do not remain upon the good and right path. And were there no other obstacle, this is sufficient for me. My aunt is sickly and old, she has only me. I will not leave her thus. Axel, come to reflection—I pray, I beseech you!

AXEL TO ANNA.

It is then you, you who will not—who refuse, who break—you, whom I believed mine! Anna, Anna, will you deceive me or yourself! That rich, that estimable man—is it not on his account that you despise me and my poverty! Is he not at this moment with you—he—this man—this detested Emil! Answer, Anna!

ANNA TO AXEL.

I cannot answer to such a question. Axel, I love, I pity you. Axel, be the man who is worthy to be every thing to a woman. Be strong for her sake, be pure in thoughts as in wishes. O Axel, my only, my beloved friend, be my support, be a model to me in this difficult hour. Set me an example of submission, not to a stern and blind fate, but to the ordination of an All-wise Father, under whose support we always wander, let things be calm or desperate as they may. Have patience; we are yet indeed so young; let us wait; let us be patient; every thing may yet turn to good.

AXEL TO ANNA.

You are very calm, very discreet, very patient, quite satisfied. I understand you—Anna, Anna!

ANNA TO AXEL.

What shall I say to calm you, to make you satisfied! I love you indescribably, Axel; but for that very reason will I be worthy of you. Does a woman, indeed, ever preserve the esteem of a lover, who submits blindly to his passion!

Imagine, Axel, that you are some years older than you are (that can appear natural enough when one is unhappy and in suffering, the minutes are then long, and bring experiences as if they were years); imagine that I am your daughter, what would you now say to me! Would you not speak to me admonishingly! Destroy not for the petty felicity of one moment the whole life's happiness of yourself and your friend. Be calm, wait for the time, that is often the only thing, and the most prudent thing, which a person can do. He whom you love so inwardly, so inexpressibly, will some time do justice to her who would rather suffer for him, through him, than pollute a heart which is consecrated to him and virtue, by an impure thought, an action—a crime against duty.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Not a word from you! My Axel! can you really be dissatisfied with me! Yes, Axel, I am calm—because I am resigned,—but happy! ah, that is so!

Will you not say one kind word to me! I need it so much.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Axel, Axel, what wild demons must now be raging in your soul! Axel, pray! Do you know at whose word the agitated waves of the sea became calm! "And it was still." Pray to Him!

ANNA TO AXEL.

O heavens! I am uneasy beyond all description! Axel, could I only see you for a few minutes! How unhappy you must be! Axel, how culpable you are if you despair, if you for one moment could forget, would forget, that Anna loves you.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Do you know, Axel, what a woman's love means? Do you know that which she says in the words—*I love thee*? Listen, Axel! Your life is mine; your virtue, my honour; your sorrow, your joy, are mine; your strength, my support; your courage, my hope,—but your fall, your disgrace—my death!

ANNA TO AXEL.

Axel—Axel—I know it, you have not come home for three nights. I have listened; your foot during these has never trodden that chamber. I saw you yesterday evening from the window; your look was wild; your whole being disturbed, your gait uncertain. Where do you go, Axel! O do not turn from me! Only upon the path of duty and of patience can you find Anna. Axel, Axel, turn back!

ANNA TO AXEL.

Axel, turn back! I cannot, I will not lose you! Listen to me! See, I weep, the tears wet the paper; see these tears—they dim my eyes,—my Axel, turn back!

ANNA TO AXEL.

I will cast no reproaches on you,—fear not one word, which you would not hear, not one

look which you would not wish to see. I am really your friend, your bride—shall be perhaps some time your wife!

AXEL TO ANNA.

Never—never—never!

ANNA TO AXEL.

On your breast will I lean and pray—for my sake—forgive yourself! Let you have done whatever you may—my Axel—I still love you! Yours I am, yours I remain to be!

AXEL TO ANNA.

Never—never more! I am unworthy of you, Anna! I have forgotten—forgotten all,—you—myself—God! I have *gambled*!—Ha, the tempter, the treacherous friend! I have lost every thing which I possess,—still more than I possess—the property of others. I must fly my country. Do not lean on my breast—a hell is there,—do not seize my hand—it is bloody. Farewell! Die, poor maiden, if you can. I—cannot die!

AXEL TO ANNA.

I had hardened myself against all your love, against all your tenderness,—had left your letters unopened. Now I have opened them—in order to allow some fire-drops yet to run on the burning glow of my despair,—in order, if possible, to become insane. It became otherwise;—now the loving words throng beneficially about my soul, like the evening dew upon the hard parched earth.

Anna, you shall not despair on my account—I myself will not despair. I have erred grievously—I will suffer and be reconciled. What caused my error! I know not—despair—jealousy—hell!

AXEL TO ANNA.

You will not say a word to me! But, indeed, am I worthy of it! Can, indeed, the pure angel of heaven speak to the son of crime!

To-morrow evening I shall set off. A letter will inform my uncle of every thing. He will not refuse his forgiveness to his unhappy nephew who has fled his country. *Forgiveness!*—that is the highest for which I can now hope. *Forgiveness!* what a word; how blessed, to those who are forgiven! I beseech my uncle to disinherit me, and thereby to pay my debts. I fear that he will not do the latter. Anna—in my madness I borrowed a considerable sum from a friend, who is not rich, and has a wife and several little children. He loved me, he trusted me, he gave me all which he possessed; I deceived him—I gambled away his little children's clothes and food. Now, would that I could pay him with my blood! Remorse, thou who with tiger-claws rendest my heart, what good do'st thou do him —?

AXEL TO ANNA.

I have erred grievously—have deserved heavy punishment. I will accuse myself before you—I must do it. I knew that I sinned, and sinned nevertheless. It is past, peace is gone—the time is gone when I knew not remorse. In my rage for my losses, I challenged my fortunate opponent. I wounded him dangerously—almost mortally. He was carried home to his mother—to his old mother! He was her darling—her only child,—perhaps she may die,—well for her!

ANNA TO AXEL.

Axel, pray! Let us pray!

AXEL TO ANNA.

I cannot—cannot *now*. I see him—them—the hungry little ones—their deceived father.—O what am I become!

Now I am rather better. Pray for me, Anna! I believe in the power of intercession. I am not worthy to pray. You are pure and good.

This next night I shall set off! I shall go towards Germany—towards North Germany. I shall offer myself for a situation; something may turn up for me to do.

AXEL TO ANNA.

My eyes burn—sleep flies them—that is no wonder. If I could only weep! but that is too good for me. I have something upon my heart which burdens, which gnaws it—that is the pang of conscience. Anna, if you would lay your hand upon my breast—but am I really worthy to have this alleviation!

ANNA TO AXEL.

Here, Axel, take these opium-drops, they will give you rest and sleep. Anna prays for you; Anna weeps for you; Anna loves you.

AXEL TO ANNA.

I have also a little sister—a suffering child—my father prayed me, upon his deathbed, to take care of her. I add her address; when you can go to her—tell her, that her poor brother—tell her, that he is dead. The ring which I enclose will, if it be sold, suffice for some months to pay for her board. When I can, I will send her more, but through you. Thanks, affectionate, good angel, for that which you have sent up. To-night—in a few hours—I shall set off—away from you!

AXEL TO ANNA.

In two hours I shall set off. Clothes which I have sold have obtained money for my journey.

Anna, you have been my guardian-angel. I also have now been able to pray,—I am quiet, resigned—I will suffer and conciliate; I will again have hopes of myself. You have not given me up, God will forgive me. I will live, that I may become worthy of this.

I must now take leave of you—of you, that is to say, of happiness—and of every thing which makes life dear to me. But it is all my own fault. In this solemn moment, when I am about to take a long, perhaps an eternal farewell of you, I will lay open my whole soul before you. What I say to you is the truth, it will be a comfort to you, and will preserve your peace at a time when Axel will be so far removed from you.

I believe on God, the Merciful, All-wise, and Omnipresent. I am a Christian, according to my belief; that my future actions may testify to this belief, let us both pray—to Him who gives the power!

I believe that you, my Anna, love me,—and that, wherever my restless existence may be cast upon the earth, one heart will feel with me, one thought will follow me. The sweet consciousness of the steady presence of an angel!

This firm belief will sustainingly unite itself in my heart with the remembrance of my transgression—my crimes—will steel it against temptations, and will form out of me that improved person whom Anna could love.

AXEL TO ANNA.

[Half an hour later.]

I have not yet besought you to forgive me, and yet have done you so much wrong. Axel, weak and violent, was not worthy of you, Anna. Pardon him, however; in *one thing* he was strong—in his love—and this will endure in his breast to his last breath. Forgive him all your tears—see, mine flow,—welcome, you companions of misfortune, bathe her feet! Tears of repentance, of love, of pain, and of joy—flow, flow; that which ye can win is forgiveness!

Your lock of hair—may I keep it? I will bear it upon my heart; and a stranger, wandering solitarily about the world, I shall still have something with me that will speak to me of the angel who was mine.

Was mine—is mine no longer! I have still one word to say—my last word—ah, a heavy word! Anna, you are free! I have no longer a right over your hand.

Axel's honour is stained, Anna is free! I return your ring.

Now all is at an end!

[Eleven o'clock.]

The hour is come. I have stood at the window and contemplated the heavens. The stars sparkle brightly—brightly as on that evening,—you still remember it! when we exchanged rings, looked up to heaven, and were blessed as angels. The evening star shone then upon us mildly and clearly. Now and then, Anna, when mournful memories of departed hours may not be unwelcome to you, then glance upward to this star, and think on Axel. Often in lonely nights will his glance in joy and sorrow be riveted upon it.

The minutes speed on. God bless you, my Anna, may his angels defend thee!

Sweden shall, please God, one day see again a worthier son.

O my country! may I in the bosom of thy earth, which bore my cradle, find my grave, which Anna will wet with a tear.

My youth, my joy, my country, my Anna—ah! all, all—farewell!

ANNA TO AXEL.

Axel, best Axel, do not set off to-night! Do not set off to-night, upon my knees I pray this from you. Remain yet one day,—on the following night you may set off, if in the mean time things do not change—I—ah, I dare not give you hopes, which may be easily deceived; but perhaps, O Axel, perhaps we may find means to pay your debts. Delay only this one day, Anna prays you.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Why delay!—that for which you hope is an impossibility,—ah, you know not what it is to delay when every thing so—it is as if in the death-struggle one would defer the end. And why! for an impossibility! Yet once more these painful feelings—yet once more to take leave!! But you wish it!

ANNA TO ANNA.

Why do you not write! The hours creep on so slowly. I suffer grievously, but the thought that you have willed it does me good.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Not a word from you! What can it mean? It is already evening—a portentous and sto. my

evening—Anna, in my heart it is still more portentous. Write a pacifying word to me.

AXEL TO ANNA.

My soul is so unhappy—so irritable,—I have suffered so much, I suffer still infinitely. All wild tormenting spirits are still so near to me; O fear to provoke them! Anna, say one word to me!

AXEL TO ANNA.

And yet I *will*, I *must*, seek for peace with you. You cannot deceive me. Yes, I feel it—you might murder me—I would kiss the dagger and still believe on you.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Lieutenant Papperto is with you! How can he go so often, when I find it impossible to obtain an entrance—and at the same time so late! Why is he with you? Is it he who will pay my debts; or, perhaps you and he together! I am really extremely affected!

AXEL TO ANNA.

Anna, I confide in you—yes, I confide in you,—although—but I am unhappy, in despair,—tell me what you do, what you wish!

AXEL TO ANNA.

I have been told, that Lieutenant Papperto has resigned in your favour a considerable property which had been left to you in common by a near relation—a relation, heaven knows who it was; for my part, God himself be with us! I have been told that you embraced Lieutenant Papperto—in his arms, on his bosom, have wept. I have been told that you are betrothed. A busy friend has hastened to gladden me with these tidings. Is it true, Anna? Death and the devil, is it true!

AXEL TO ANNA.

Anna, if you are thus—if you have thus forsaken me—yourself—what will become of me, Anna? In whom shall I still believe!

AXEL TO ANNA.

Your silence is an answer. Then it is true. Ha, woman, woman! Snake, monster! O where can I find the true expression? Where can I get words to describe my feelings? Detestable payment of my debts! Payment with the selling of a soul. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Do you understand me? I write down my laughter—ha, ha, ha! Thus I shall set off on my journey, rich in sad experience. It is now night—the hour is come—hurrah! Welcome storm-wind, which salutes my forehead as a brother, and dances upon my nocturnal way. Yes, nocturnal, nocturnal! Farewell, Anna, I leave you my cur—. I pity you!

ANNA TO AXEL.

Axel, Axel, stay! Ah, forgive! I could not write earlier. The brightest light suddenly in the deepest darkness—that would be too much—I could not bear it. Emil is a noble man—I have embraced him—but for your sake. I can now no more. I am thine, Axel, thine!

ANNA TO AXEL.

I am very ill. Oh, I never thought that happiness could be so oppressive—I am not able to bear it. Axel, we are rich! Lieutenant Papperto will unite us, will move our relations. L—, whom you wounded, will not die. Your debts will be paid,—all will be good. Poor Axel, how I have pined you! Forgive me all

your disquiet, your despair. I was not in a state to give you an explanation, such as you ought to have had, and as you desired.

ANNA TO AXEL.

[A day later.

My illness increases, but I am perfectly conscious. I draw together my bed-curtains, say that I will sleep, but write to you. I fear, however, that it will be illegible. If I die, then I can and will leave my property to you. With one part of it, pay your debts; with the rest, seek to make yourself, and others, happy; but never play, Axel, never more!

ANNA TO AXEL.

[A day later.

Prepare yourself for all, my friend; I have, perhaps, only one day longer to live. Axel, do not give yourself up to despair. I will never leave you. You will not wander lonesome through the world, whether you meet with joy or sorrow; your Anna will invisibly attend you, true as when she yet wore your ring, as a child of heaven, still the bride of her Axel. Ought, indeed, two souls, which have once found each other, ever to become separated by anything! Should two flames, which have united, part and burn each for itself? O no! my spirit will float around you—be near to you—attend you ever. You will feel it near to you, delicious as a breath of spring, or as the fragrance of flowers—or as a caress, a kiss, pure and gentle as a moonbeam. When you feel yourself good, strong; or when you feel yourself happy, consoled, or full of hope, or only calm,—then think that your Anna is near you.

ANNA TO AXEL.

Now, for the first time, now I understand that glorious apparition which so affected me. The angels of faith, of love, and of hope, beside a grave, illumined by the glorious sun of God. It has reference to you, my Axel. From the quiet grave, where Anna will soon repose, will these three shew you the way home, where she awaits you.

ANNA TO AXEL.

My consciousness begins to be confused. Yet a few words to you, my Axel, although I do not know whether I have not already written them. My property I have left to you. I could do so according to law and right. With one part thereof, you must pay your debts —

My Axel, do not gamble again. With the remainder, you must make yourself and others happy. If you marry, be a good husband.

Not violent —

Not jealous —

Not a gambler —

A wife suffers much from these failings. It is wrong and cruel to distress her who looks for her entire happiness from you.

Be good to the poor.

Be unjust to no one. Fight no duel.

Blood demands blood. Fear God.

Think on Anna!

AXEL TO ANNA.

That which I shall now do I tell you beforehand, that you may be prepared for it, and not be shocked. I shall come down to you—knock down the drawing-room door—knock down all the doors, if they are locked—knock everybody down, or dead, who will keep me back—go in,

and seat myself near you, that I may, with the strength of a despair which will compel fate to my side and conquer death itself, retain your angel soul in your angel body. I follow these lines.

AXEL TO ANNA.

[Three days later.

I came to you, Anna, wild, in nameless despair—saw you—was calm, and learned to pray. I saw you almost about to leave me, and to depart to a better home, which is so well known to you, but from which I was excluded,—and was able again to pray. You are again given to me—to earth and to me. And now, angel of heaven, teach me to pray—and to give thanks.

AXEL TO ANNA.

[A day later.

They will not allow me to be with you; you require rest, they say. Yes, my Anna, I confess that my nature has no resemblance to the west wind; but it shall ever more and more acquire it. Your last letter, my Anna, shall always rest on my heart; like a talisman, it shall there operate against all that is evil, and for all that is good. I have embraced Emil as my benefactor and friend. We have been together to-day, to L—, my opponent, and the sacrifice of my fury. He is out of all danger. I turned myself to his mother with the difficult word *pardon* (which, alas, is now become customary to me), and, with a shake of the hand, L— and I have promised never to play again.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Through the care of the noble-minded Emil are my debts already paid. Oh, I am not worthy of my happiness! It weighs upon me,—it almost weighs me down. If I for one year were a Trappist, were to wear a hair shirt, were to scourge myself a little every day, to lie upon nails, to go about silently and with eyes cast down, not to see the sun, and to dig my own grave,—then I fancy I should gain a little more courage to become happy.

I said this also in the fulness of my heart to Emil. He laughed, and asked whether, as the beginning of my designed penance, I would not impose upon myself the not seeing Anna again for a month's time. It would be just as good to bury me at once! Anna, you are my life, my all. The austerity of the Trappist life is nothing, all physical martyrdom is mere child's play; but not to see you—see, that is martyrdom, that is death!

AXEL TO ANNA.

I would that I could with my breath suck up the time, and thereby bring on the quicker the moment when I may again see you; and yet I enjoy drop by drop this time, of which every minute conveys to you more power of life, more strength. Fear not my presence, my dear Anna; I will be quiet, calm, immovable as your clock, if I might only reckon the hours by it near to you. I want to see what they give you, and how they nurse you. Do not take any more medicine; it does no good when people are getting better, excepting that it spoils one's teeth, and teaches one to make faces. Do not take anything but what is agreeable to you, let people say what they may!

AXEL TO ANNA.

Wait, and wait, and wait, for ever! You.

good people, who so calmly and so immoveably admonish to patience, and waiting, and quietness, Heaven must have made you, in its anger, out of so much earth, that you cannot conceive to yourselves an idea of fire and air. Your barometer, which perpetually stands at the monotonous height of steady and fine weather, has not the least thing in common with that which for ever falls and rises in sensitive hearts—from repose to storm—from sunshine to rain. God bless you, ye good folks! I am sorry for you with my whole heart.

AXEL TO ANNA.

It is you, Anna, whom I have to thank, that I no longer feel those oppressive pangs, those gnawings of conscience. Fear not, my Anna, that although the consequences of my transgressions—crimes they were—through the mercy of God, were so soon abrogated,—fear not that the remembrance will ever be extinguished in my soul. I shall never forget them!—I will remind myself every moment how fervently I must strive after making you forget what I once was. My gentle Anna, thou only shalt forget it.

ANNA TO AXEL.

can hold the pen once more!—can again write to Axel—my Axel! Yet you must not come down to me; I am still too weak. To see you again, with the full consciousness—with the full feeling of our happiness—for that I am still too weak.

ANNA TO AXEL.

My thanks, Axel, for the flowers, fruit, and all which you have sent to me. My chamber now resembles a beautiful garden. My aunt, to be sure, is not satisfied with this change; but she does not trust herself to say one word against it. Ever since the moment when you from the sill of my chamber-door set her up aloft on the bookcase, and besought her to be quiet, she has had such a panic fear of you that she never ventures to touch anything which comes from you. She seems to dread that an electrical spark may start forth from the thing which you have handled. As far as concerns myself, I find the flowers so beautiful, the fruit so good, that I see myself surrounded by them with the most heartfelt satisfaction, although they come from the wild, violent Axel.

Axel, we have been, however, unjust towards our relations. We wished to plunge into misery,—they wished to hinder our doing so. Were they wrong in doing so? They were perhaps too stern, but their intention was good.

AXEL TO ANNA.

You find yourself worse to-day, Rosina tells me—the too strong smell of the flowers. Oh! I, bird of ill luck! Pull them out, and fling all the pots out of the window, this very moment, otherwise I shall come and do it myself. Anna, may I! Anna, let me come!

ANNA TO AXEL.

Out of compassion for the heads of the poor passers by, and out of justice to the innocent flower-pots themselves, they are not thrown out of the window, but only carried out into another room; where I, for the first time, will again see my Axel, when I have strength enough for it. You may not come to me. In the mean time, be quite easy about me—I am now well again.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Now God be praised!—that is all I can say. Should not you, however, perhaps, take a strengthening medicine? Ask the doctor, dearest Anna. Or it is the best that I should speak with him when he comes from you—the happy fellow!

ANNA TO AXEL.

We shall see whether you recognise me, Axel, when you see me again. I am very much changed by my illness; thin, pale, with sunken eyes and cheeks; not any longer pretty, no longer like the Crown Princess in the least.

AXEL TO ANNA.

Look, Anna, I imagine to myself that you are become lame—that your eyes are little and squinting like your aunt's—that your nose is flat, your teeth black, your hand's green, your feet big. I imagine to myself that my Anna is become thus through my fault; my Anna, with her angel-heart, her heavenly goodness. And at the feet of this Anna, I long, I burn with impatience, to throw myself, and to say to her—“Anna, I am unworthy of you, but I love you indescribably. Deepise me not—thrust me not away—love me for my love's sake. Be again poor—but be mine; and as a begging-gipsy, I will nevertheless every day of my life thank heaven and you for a happiness whose excess I am unable to bear.

ANNA TO AXEL.

O fanatic! I fear your wings will not carry you far. Be calm in the mean time—you will not be so severely tried. Anna is no longer lovely—but *thus* she does not look. But Axel, when will you be less violent, less eccentric, when more reasonable!

AXEL TO ANNA.

When you are my wife; when I see you, hear you, am with you every day, every hour. Yet that which I lately wrote was no exaggeration, no fanaticism; it was my heart's most inward, truest feeling.

ANNA TO AXEL.

O the indescribably charming air of spring! I enjoy it through the open window, sitting among your flowers. The sun penetrates me with new life and new warmth. The birds twitter upon the budding trees of the terrace; all is beautiful, mild, and glorious! If there be a feeling on earth that is delicious and blessed, that calls forth sweet tears of joy and of peace, it is after a bed of sickness and pain, when one awakens again to life—to a life, where only spring airs, and only flowers, beckon to us. How quiet, how pure, is all within us! How accessible are we to joy, how inclined to all that is good! I have to-day, in beautiful, inestimable moments, saluted life, and have inwardly thanked the All-good Giver of it. To-morrow, Axel, I expect you; to-morrow, about noon.

AXEL TO ANNA.

To-morrow! I cannot say more; nay, all lies in the word—to-morrow!

ANNA TO AXEL.

We will be quiet and calm, Axel. We were children before,—now we are become old. We have suffered—do not let us forget that. Like tempests, which purify the air, are the passions to the soul. When they have ceased to rage,

may they also have been so to us. Axel, we will be quiet, clear, pure, and full of peace, like this beautiful spring day.

To-day, about noon, Axel. I have selected the most beautiful oranges, that I may eat them with you. You must also see how well your flowers have been cared for. To water them, and attend to them, has been the first and dearest exercise of my returning strength.

AXEL TO ANNA.

I have seen you! For several hours I have not been able to write. Now it is evening—dark, silent, calm,—now I am stiller. But I know one thing only; I feel one thing; I have seen you!

AXEL TO ANNA.

Anna, you are divinely good—angelically beautiful! O you have nothing earthly about you! Your love, Anna! O that is every thing for me!

AXEL TO ANNA.

How charming were you in the white simple dress! Dress always thus, Anna! White does not become every one, but this colour seems made for you—you snow-white innocence. How you sat there in the bright flower world, so simple, so white, so inexpressibly lovely! you seemed to me a pure angel, whose lofty humility ought to receive the homage of all the greatness of the earth. For one moment it fell like a veil before my eyes; I took this for a cloud which floated around you, and I fancied for one inconsiderate minute, that you were being floated away to the land which is high above the clouds. At your knees, your hands in mine, my lips upon yours, I awoke—saw you—saw myself—saw the earth—No, heaven!

AXEL TO ANNA.

I can scarcely accustom myself to my happiness, so sudden, so great, so undeserved, as it is. Every morning it surprises me almost like an earthquake. And I must, indeed, speak Anna's sweet name fifty times before the stormy beating of my heart becomes calmer.

Now I must see Emil, and tell him that he is an angel. I will go to him. Ah, there he comes even to me.

AXEL TO ANNA.

A house bought—furniture; the domestic management brought into order—my business arranged; the banns published to-day—in eight days the marriage! "Emil, who art thou? Art thou an angel—a God?" "I am—Anna's lover!" "O the thou—you should leave that!" "I will be your common friend." "You may never come into my house!" "Thither shall I—not now—I will take a journey." "But you come again, however!" "As a married man. Farewell, Axel! be worthy of Anna, be happy!"

This Emil—and—and I! Anna, how does this Emil please you?

ANNA TO AXEL.

He is better, nobler than Axel; but I only love Axel; so unreasonable, so inexplicable is the human heart, so weak is mine. Do you reproach me, Axel?

AXEL TO ANNA.

Anna, reconcile me with myself. I am not worthy of you, I never can be!

ANNA TO AXEL.

I love you—and in a few days will be your wife—who from you expects her whole well-being—her whole happiness.

Your little sister shall come to us. I will be her mother.

AXEL TO ANNA.

If the angels of heaven would take in hand to make people wise and good by benefits, I would bet ten to one that they would succeed.

I write no more to you, Anna—I remain with you.

Notes remind me only of bolted doors, of jealousy, mistrusts and despair; and away with bolted doors, with black despair, black jealousy, and all black things,—yes, even with ink—away with it! May these between my wife and me never become necessary!

ANNA TO AXEL.

Amen!

JANNE TO HER SISTER ULLA.

Do you know, dear Ulla, the correspondence, as it was called, is now at an end. The whole spring-time have I been running up stairs and down stairs with little written bits of paper, called notes, between a young lady and a young gentleman. And I had always the while a pair of boots or shoes, which I was always cleaning in my hand, and I looked as innocent as a blacking-bottle. And do you know that for every note which I delivered in the stated place, I got one, or indeed two, three shillings, and several times a whole dollar in my pocket. Several times I received a few good sound boxes on my ear from the young gentleman, who was passionate beyond measure; and indeed for this reason, because I had not a note, whilst he declared that I must have one, namely, from the young lady. For which, however, I afterwards received as a plaster, a twelve-shilling note, so that I would willingly have had more of them.

How many notes there were altogether is more than my poor head can count. The sum and substance is, that I have scraped together thirty rix-dollars; that I shall leave the dear city of Stockholm, where a bit of bread and butter costs more than the whole stomach is worth; that I hasten home towards Smaland, buy our mother a little house, and after all my drudgery settle down with her in quiet. Here I am no longer of any use. The correspondence is at an end. The gentlefolks are married. God give them. His peace!

# H O P E S.

I HAD a peculiar method of wandering without very much pain along the stormy path of life, although, in a physical as well as in a moral sense, I wandered almost barefoot,—I *hoped*, hoped from day to day; in the morning my hopes rested on evening, in the evening on the morning; in the autumn upon the spring, in spring upon the autumn; from this year to the next, and thus, amid mere hopes, I had passed through nearly thirty years of my life, without, of all my privations, painfully perceiving the want of anything but whole boots. Nevertheless, I consoled myself easily for this out of doors in the open air, but in a drawing-room it always gave me an uneasy manner to have to turn the heels, as being the part least torn, to the front. Much more oppressive was it to me, truly, that I could in the abodes of misery only console with kind words.

I comforted myself, like a thousand others, by a hopeful glance upon the rolling wheel of fortune, and with the philosophical remark, "when the time comes, comes the counsel."

As a poor assistant to a country clergyman with a narrow income and meagre table, morally becoming mouldy in the company of the scolding housekeeper, of the willingly fuddled clergyman, of a foolish young gentleman, and the daughters of the house, who, with high shoulders and turned-in-toes, went from morning to night paying visits, I felt a peculiarly strange emotion of tenderness and joy as one of my acquaintance informed me by writing, that my uncle, the Merchant P——, in Stockholm, to me personally unknown, now lay dying, and in a paroxysm of kindred affection had inquired after his good-for-nothing nephew.

With a flat, meagre little bundle and a million of rich hopes, the grateful nephew now allows himself to be shook up hill and down hill, upon an uncommonly uncomfortable and stiff-necked peasant-cart, and arrived head-over-heels in the capital.

In the inn where I alighted I ordered for myself a little—only a very little breakfast,—a trifle—a bit of bread and butter—a few eggs.

The landlord and a fat gentleman walked up and down the saloon and chatted. "Nay, that I must say," said the fat gentleman, "this Merchant P——, who died the day before yesterday, he was a fine fellow."

"Yes, yes," thought I; "aha, aha, a fine fellow, who had heaps of money! Hear you, my friend," (to the waiter), "could not you get me a bit of venison, or some other solid dish? Hear you, a cup of bouillon would not be amiss. Look after it, but quick!"

"Yes," said mine host now, "it is strong! Thirty thousand dollars, and they banko! Nobody in the whole world could have dreamed of it—thirty thousand!"

"Thirty thousand!" repeated I, in my exultant soul, "thirty thousand! Hear, youth, waiter! Make haste, give me here thirty thou—; no, give me here banko, no, give me here a glass of wine, I mean;" and from head to heart

there sang in me, amid the trumpet-beat of every pulse in alternating echoes, "Thirty thousand! Thirty thousand!"

"Yes," continued the fat gentleman, "and would you believe that in the mass of debts there are nine hundred dollars for cutlets, and five thousand dollars for champagne. And now all his creditors stand there prettily, and open their mouths; all the things in the house are hardly worth two farthings; and out of the house they find as the only indemnification—a calaschi!"

"Aha, that is something quite different! Hear you, youth, waiter! Eh, come you here! take that meat, and the bouillon, and the wine away again; and hear you, observe well, that I have not eat a morsel of all this. How could I, indeed; I that ever since I opened my eyes this morning have done nothing else but eat (a horrible untruth!) and it just now occurs to me that it would therefore be unnecessary to pay money for such a superfluous feast."

"But you have actually ordered it," replied the waiter in a state of excitement.

"My friend," I replied, and seized myself behind the ear, a place whence people, who are in embarrassment, are accustomed in some sort of way to obtain the necessary help; "my friend, it was a mistake for which I must not be punished; for it was not my fault that a rich heir, for whom I ordered the breakfast, is all at once become poor,—yes, poorer than many a poor devil, because he has lost more than the half of his present means upon the future. If he, under these circumstances, as you may well imagine, cannot pay for a dear breakfast, yet it does not prevent my paying for the eggs which I have devoured, and giving you over and above something handsome for your trouble, as business compels me to move off from here immediately!"

By my excellent logic, and the "something handsome," I removed from my throat, with a bleeding heart and watering mouth, that dear breakfast, and wandered forth into the city, with my little bundle under my arm, to seek for a cheap room, whilst I considered where I was to get the money for it.

In consequence of the violent coming in contact of hope and reality I had a little headache. But when I saw upon my ramble a gentleman, ornamented with ribbons and stars, alight from a magnificent carriage, who had a pale yellow complexion, a deeply wrinkled brow, and above his eyebrows an intelligible trace of ill-humour; when I saw a young count, with whom I had become acquainted in the University of Upsala, walking along as if he were about to fall on his nose from age and weariness of life, I held up my head, inhaled the air, which accidentally (unfortunately) at this place was filled with the smell of smoked sausage, and extolled poverty and a pure heart.

I found at length, in a remote street, a little room, which was more suited to my gloomy prospects than to the bright hopes which I cherished two hours before.

I had obtained permission to spend the winter

in Stockholm, and had thought of spending it in quite a different way to what now was to be expected. But what was to be done? To let the courage sink was the worst of all; to lay the hands in the lap and look up to heaven, not much better. "The sun breaks forth when one least expects it," thought I, as heavy autumn clouds descended upon the city. I determined to use all the means I could to obtain for myself a decent subsistence, with a somewhat pleasanter prospect for the future, than was opened to me under the miserable protection of Pastor G., and, in the mean time, to earn a daily bread by copying,—a sorrowful expedient in a sorrowful condition.

Thus I passed my days amid fruitless endeavors to find ears which might not be deaf, amid the heartwearing occupation of writing out fairly the empty productions of empty heads, with my dinners becoming more and more scanty, and with ascending hopes, until that evening against whose date I afterwards made a cross in my calendar.

My host had just left me with the friendly admonition to pay the first quarter's rent on the following day, if I did not prefer (the politeness is French) to march forth again with bag and baggage on a voyage of discovery through the streets of the city.

It was just eight o'clock, on an indescribably cold November evening, when I was revived with this affectionate salutation on my return from a visit to a sick person, for whom I, perhaps—really somewhat inconsiderately, had emptied my purse.

I snuffed my sleepy thin candle with my fingers, and glanced around the little dark chamber, for the further use of which I must soon see myself compelled to gold-making.

"Diogenes dwelt worse," sighed I, with a submissive mind, as I drew a lame table from the window where the wind and rain were not contented to stop outside. At that moment my eye fell upon a brilliantly blazing fire in a kitchen, which lay Tantalus-like directly opposite to my modest room, where the fire-place was as dark as possible. "Cooks, men and women, have the happiest lot of all serving mortals!" thought I, as with a secret desire to play that fire-tending game, I contemplated the well-fed dame, amid iron-pots and stewpans, standing there like an empress in the glory of the fire light, and with the firelongs-acceptre rummaging about majestically in the glowing realm.

A story higher, I had, through a window, which was concealed by no envious curtain, the view into a brightly lighted room, where a numerous family were assembled round a tea-table covered with cups and bread-baskets.

I was stiff in my whole body, from cold and damp. How empty it was in that part which may be called the magazine, I do not say; but, Ah, Lord God! thought I, if, however, that pretty girl, who over there takes a cup of tea-nectar and rich splendid rusk to that fat gentleman who, from satiety, can hardly raise himself from the sofa, would but reach out her lovely hand a little further, and could—she would with a thousand kisses—in vain!—ah, the satiated gentleman takes his cup; he sleeps and sleeps his rusk with such eternal slowness—it might be wine. Now the charming girl caresses him. I am curious whether it is the dear papa himself, or the uncle, or, perhaps— Ah, the enviable mortal! But no, it is quite impossible; he is at least for-

ty years older than she. See, that indeed must be his wife—an elderly lady, who sits near him on the sofa, and who offers rusks to the young lady. The old lady seems very dignified; but to whom does she go now? I cannot see the person. An ear and a piece of a shoulder are all that peeps forth near the window. I cannot exactly take it amiss, that the respectable person turns his back to me; but that he keeps the young lady a quarter of an hour standing before him, lets her cursey and offer her good things, does thoroughly provoke me. It must be a lady—a man could not be so unpolite towards this angelic being. But—or—now she takes the cup; and now, O woe! a great man's hand grasps into the rusk-basket—the savage! and now he helps himself—the churl! I should like to know whether it is her brother,—he was perhaps hungry, poor fellow! Now come in one after the other, two lovely children, who are like the sister. I wonder now, whether the good man with one ear has left anything remaining. That most charming of girls, how she caresses the little ones, and kisses them, and gives to them all the rusks and the cakes that have escaped the fingers of Monsieur Gobble. Now she has had herself, the sweet child! of the whole entertainment, no more than me—the smell.

What a movement suddenly takes place in the room! The old gentleman heaves himself up from the sofa—the person with one ear starts forward, and in so doing, gives the young lady a blow (the dromedary!) which makes her knock against the tea-table, whereby the poor lady, who was just about springing up from the sofa, is pushed down again—the children hop about and clap their hands—the door flies open—a young officer enters—the young girl throws herself into his arms. So, indeed! Ah, now we have it! I put to my shutters so violently that they cracked, and seated myself on a chair, quite wet through with rain, and with my knees trembling.

What had I to do at the window? That is what one gets when one is inquisitive.

Eight days ago, this family had removed from the country into the handsome house opposite to me; and it had never yet occurred to me to ask who they were, or whence they came. What need was there for me to-night to make myself acquainted with their domestic concerns in an illicit manner? How could it interest me? I was in an ill-humour; perhaps, too, I felt some little headache. But for all that, true to my resolution, not to give myself up to anxious thoughts when they could do no good, I seized the pen with stiff fingers, and, in order to dissipate my vexation, wished to attempt a description of domestic happiness, of a happiness which I had never enjoyed. For the rest, I philosophised whilst I blew upon my stiffened hands. "Am I the first who, in the hot hour of fancy, has sought for a warmth which the stern world of reality has denied him? Six dollars for a measure of fir-wood. Yes, prosit, thou art not likely to get it before December! I write!"

Happy, threefold happy, the family, in whose narrow contracted circle no heart bleeds solitarily, or solitarily rejoices! No look, no smile, remains unanswered; and where the friends say daily, not with words but with deeds, to each other, 'Thy cares, thy joys, thy happiness, are mine also!'

"Lovely is the peaceful, the quiet home, which closes itself protectingly around the weary pil-

grim through life—which, around its friendly blazing hearth, assembles for repose the old man leaning on his staff, the strong man, the affectionate wife, and happy children, who, shouting and exulting, hop about in their earthly heaven, and closing a day spent in the pastimes of innocence, repeat a thanksgiving prayer with smiling lips, and drop asleep on the bosom of their parents, whilst the gentle voice of the mother tells them, in whispered cradle-tones, how around their couch—

"The little angels in a ring,  
Stand round about to keep  
A watchful guard upon the bed  
Where little children sleep."

Here I was obliged to leave off, because I felt something resembling a drop of rain come forth from my eye, and therefore could not any longer see clearly.

"How many," thought I, as my reflections, against my will, took a melancholy turn: "how many are there who must, to their sorrow, do without this highest happiness of earthly life—domestic happiness!"

For one moment I contemplated myself in the only whole glass which I had in my room—that of truth,—and then wrote again with gloomy feeling:—"Unhappy, indeed, may the forlorn one be called, who, in the anxious and cool moments of life (which, indeed, come so often), is pressed to no faithful heart, whose sigh nobody returns, whose quiet grief nobody alleviates with a 'I understand thee, I suffer with thee!'"

"He is cast down, nobody raises him up; he weeps, nobody sees it, nobody will see it; he goes, nobody follows him; he comes, nobody goes to meet him; he rests, nobody watches over him. He is lonely. O how unfortunate he is! Why dies he not? Ah, who would weep for him? How cold is a grave which no warm tears of love moisten!"

"He is lonesome in the winter night; for him the earth has no flowers, and dark burn the lights of heaven. Why wanders he, the lonesome one; why waits he; why flies he not, the shadow, to the land of shades? Ah, he still hopes, he is a mendicant who begs for joy, who yet waits in the eleventh hour, that a merciful hand may give him an alms."

"One only little blossom of earth will he gather, bear it upon his heart, in order henceforth not so lonesomely, not so entirely lonesome, to wander down the rest."

It was my own condition which I described. I deplored myself.

Early deprived of my parents, without brothers and sisters, friends and relations, I stood in the world yet so solitary and forlorn, that but for an inward confidence in heaven, and a naturally happy temper, I should often enough have wished to leave this contemptuous world; till now, however, I had almost constantly hoped from the future, and this more from an instinctive feeling that this might be the best, than to subdue by philosophy every too vivid wish for an agreeable present time, because it was altogether so opposed to possibility. For some time, however, alas! it had been otherwise with me; I felt, and especially this evening, more than ever an inexpressible desire to have somebody to love,—to have some one about me who would cleave to me—who would be a friend to me;—in short, to have (for me the highest felicity on earth) a wife—a beloved, devoted wife! O she would comfort me, she would cheer me! her affection, even in

the poorest hut, would make of me a king. That the love-fire of my heart would not insure the faithful being at my side from being frozen was soon made clearly sensible to me by an involuntary shudder. More dejected than ever, I rose up and walked a few times about my room (that is to say, two steps right forward, and then turned back again). The sense of my condition followed me like the shadow on the wall, and for the first time in my life I felt myself cast down, and threw a gloomy look on my dark future. I had no patron, therefore could not reckon upon promotion for a long time, consequently also not upon my own bread—on a friend—a wife, I mean.

"But what in all the world," said I yet once more seriously to myself, "what helps bearing one's brains?" Yet once more I tried to get rid of all anxious thoughts. "If, however, a Christian soul could only come to me this evening! Let it be whoever it would—friend or foe—it would be better than this solitude. Yes, even if an inhabitant of the world of spirits opened the door, he would be welcome to me! What was that? Three blows on the door! I will not, however, believe it—again three!" I went and opened; there was nobody there; only the wind went howling up and down the stairs. I hastily shut the door again, thrust my hands into my pockets, and went up and down for a while humming aloud. Some moments afterwards, I fancied I heard a sigh!—I was silent, and listened,—again there was very evidently a sigh—and yet once again, so deep and so mournful that I exclaimed with secret terror, "Who is there?" No answer.

For a moment I stood still, and considered what this really could mean, when a horrible noise, as if cats were sent with yells lumbering down the whole flight of stairs, and ended with a mighty blow against my door, put an end to my indecision. I took up the candle, and a stick, and went out. At the moment when I opened the door my light was blown out. A gigantic white figure glimmered opposite to me, and I felt myself suddenly embraced by two strong arms. I cried for help, and struggled so actively to get loose, that both myself and my adversary fell to the ground, but so that I lay uppermost. Like an arrow I sprang again upright, and was about to fetch a light, when I stumbled over something—God knows what it was (I firmly believe that somebody held me fast by the feet), by which I fell a second time, struck my head on the corner of the table, and lost my consciousness, whilst a suspicious poise, which had great resemblance to laughter, rung in my ears.

When I again opened my eyes, they met a dazzling blaze of light. I closed them again, and listened to a confused noise around me—opened them again a very little, and endeavoured to distinguish the objects which surrounded me, which appeared to me so enigmatical and strange that I almost feared my mind had wandered. I lay upon a sofa, and—No, I really did not deceive myself,—that charming girl, who on this evening had so incessantly floated before my thoughts, stood actually beside me, and with a heavenly expression of sympathy bathed my head with vinegar. A young man whose countenance seemed known to me, held my hand between his. I perceived also the fat gentleman, another thin one, the lady, the children, and in distant twilight I saw the shimmer of the paradise of the tea-table; in short, I found myself by an incomprehensible

whim of fate amidst the family which an hour before I had contemplated with such lively sympathy.

When I again had returned to full consciousness, the young man embraced me several times with military vehemence.

"Do you then no longer know me?" cried he indignantly as he saw me petrified body and soul. "Have you then forgotten August D——, whose life a short time since you saved at the peril of your own? whom you so handsomely fished up with danger to yourself, from having for ever to remain in the uninteresting company of fishes? See here, my father, my mother, my sister Wilhelmina!"

I pressed his hand; and now the parents embraced me. With a stout blow of the fist upon the table, August's father exclaimed, "And because you have saved my son's life, and because you are such a downright honest and good fellow, and have suffered hunger yourself—that you might give others to eat—you shall really have the parsonage at H——. Yes, you shall become clergyman! I say—I have *jus patronatus*, you understand?"

For a good while I was not at all in a condition to comprehend, to think, or to speak; and before all had been cleared up by a thousand explanations, I could understand nothing clearly excepting that Wilhelmina was not—that Wilhelmina was August's sister.

He had returned this evening from a journey of service, during which, in the preceding summer, chance had given to me the good fortune to rescue him from a danger, into which youthful heat and excess of spirit had thrown him. I had not seen him again since this occurrence; earlier, I had made a passing acquaintance with him, had drunk brotherhood with him at the university, and after that had forgotten my dear brother.

He had now related this occurrence to his family, with the easily kindled-up enthusiasm of youth, together with what he knew of me beside, and what he did not know. The father, who had a living in his gift, and who (as I afterwards found) had made from his window some compassionate remarks upon my meagre dinner-table, determined, assailed by the prayers of his son, to raise me from the lap of poverty to the summit of fortune. August would in his rapture announce to me my good luck instantly, and in order, at the same time, to gratify his passion for merry jokes, made himself known upon my stairs in a way which occasioned me a severe, although not dangerous, contusion on the temples, and the unexpected removal across the street, out of the deepest darkness into the brightest light. The good youth besought a thousand times forgiveness for his thoughtlessness; a thousand times I assured him that it was not worth the trouble to speak of such a trifling blow. And in fact, the living was a balsam, which would have made a greater wound than this imperceptible also.

Astonished, and somewhat embarrassed, I now perceived that the ear and the shoulder, whose possessor had seized so horribly upon the contents of the rusk-basket, and over whom I had poured out my gall, belonged to nobody else than to August's father and my patron. The fat gentleman who sat upon the sofa, was Wilhelmina's uncle.

The kindness and gaiety of my new friends made me soon feel at home and happy. The old people treated me like a child of the house, the young ones as a brother, and the two little ones seemed to anticipate a gingerbread-friend in me.

After I had received two cups of tea from Wilhelmina's pretty hand, to which I almost feared taking, in my abstraction of mind, more rusks than my excellent patron, I rose up to take my leave. They insisted absolutely upon my passing the night there; but I abode by my determination of spending the first happy night in my old habitation, amid thanksgiving to the lofty Ruler of my fate.

They all embraced me afresh; and I now also embraced all rightly, from the bottom of my heart, Wilhelmina also, although not without having gracious permission first. "I might as well have left that alone," thought I afterwards, "if it is to be the first and the last time!" August accompanied me back.

My host stood in my room amid the overturned chairs and tables, with a countenance which alternated between rain and sunshine; on one side his mouth drew itself with a reluctant smile up to his ear, on the other it crept for vexation down to his double chin; the eyes followed the same direction, and the whole had the look of a combat, till the tone in which August indicated to him that he should leave us alone, changed all into the most friendly, grinning mien, and the proprietor of the same vanished from the door with the most submissive bows.

August was in despair about my table, my chair, my bed, and so on. It was with difficulty that I withheld him from cudgeling the host who would take money for such a hole. I was obliged to satisfy him with the most holy assurances, that on the following day I would remove without delay. "But tell him," prayed August, "before you pay him, that he is a villain, a usurer, a cheat, a — or if you like, I will —."

"No, no, heaven defend us!" interrupted I, "be quiet, and let me only manage."

After my young friend had left me, I passed several happy hours in thinking on the change in my fate, and inwardly thanking God for it.

My thoughts then rambled to the parsonage; and heaven knows what fat oxen and cows, what pleasure-grounds, with flowers, fruits, and vegetables, I saw in spirit surrounding my new paradise, where my Eve walked by my side, and supported on my arm; and especially what an innumerable crowd of happy and edified people I saw streaming from the church when I had preached. I baptized, I confirmed, I comforted my beloved community in the zeal and warmth of my heart—and forgot only the funerals.

Every poor clergyman who has received a living, every mortal, especially to whom unexpectedly a long cherished wish has been accomplished, will easily picture to himself my state.

Later in the night it sunk at last like a veil before my eyes, and my thoughts fell by degrees into a bewilderment which exhibited on every hand strange images. I preached with a loud voice in my church, and the congregation slept. After the service the people came out of the church like oxen and cows, and bellowed against me when I would have admonished them. I wished to embrace my wife, but could not separate her from a great turnip, which increased every moment, and at last grew over both our heads. I endeavoured to climb up a ladder to heaven, whose stars beckoned kindly and brightly to me; but potatoes, grass, vetches, and peas, entangled my feet unmercifully, and hindered every step. At last I saw myself in the midst of my possessions walking upon my head, and whilst in my sleepy soul I greatly wondered how

this was possible, I slept soundly in the remembrance of my dream. Yet then, however, I must unconsciously have continued the chain of my pastoral thoughts, for I woke in the morning with the sound of my own voice loudly exclaiming, "Amen!"

That the occurrences of the former evening were actual truth, and no dream, I could only convince myself with difficulty, till August paid me a visit, and invited me to dine with his parents.

The living, *Wilhelmina*, the dinner, the new chain of hopes for the future which beamed from the bright sun of the present, all surprised me anew with a joy which one can feel very well, but never can describe.

Out of the depths of a thankful heart, I saluted the new life which opened to me, with the firm determination, that let happen what might, yet always to *do the right, and to hope for the best.*

Two years after this, I sat on an autumn evening in my beloved parsonage by the fire. Near to me sat my dear little wife, my sweet *Wilhelmina*, and spun. I was just about to read to her a sermon which I intended to preach on the next Sunday, and from which I promised myself much edification, as well for her as for the assembled congregation. Whilst I was turning over the leaves, a loose paper fell out. It was the paper upon which, on that evening two years before, in a very different situation, I had written down my cheerful and my sad thoughts. I shewed it to my wife. She read, smiled with a tear in her eye, and with a roguish countenance which, as I fancy, is peculiar to her, took the pen and wrote on the other side of the paper:—

"The author can now, thank God, strike out a description which would stand in perfect contrast to that which he once, in a dark hour, sketched of an unfortunate person, as he himself was then.

"Now he is no more lonesome, no more deserted. His still sighs are answered, his secret griefs shared, by a wife tenderly devoted to him. He goes, her heart follows him; he comes back,

she meets him with smiles; his tears flow not unobserved, they are dried by her hand, and his smiles beam again in hers; for him she gathers flowers, to wreath around his brow, to strew in his path. He has his own fireside, friends devoted to him, and counts as his relations all those who have none of their own. He loves, he is beloved; he can make people happy, he is himself happy."

Truly had my *Wilhelmina* described the present; and, animated by feelings which are gay and delicious as the beams of the spring sun, I will now, as hitherto, let my little troop of high hopes bound out into the future.

I hope too, that my sermon for the next Sunday may not be without benefit to my hearers; and even if the obdurate should sleep, I hope that neither this nor any other of the greater or the less unpleasantnesses which can happen to me, may go to my heart and disturb my rest. I know my *Wilhelmina*, and believe also that I know myself sufficiently, to hope with certainty that I may always make her happy. The sweet angel has given me hope that we may soon be able to add a little creature to our little happy family, I hope, in the future, to be yet multiplied. For my children I have all kinds of hopes *in petto*. If I have a son, I hope that he will be my successor; if I have a daughter, then—if August would wait—but I fancy that he is just about to be married.

I hope in time to find a publisher for my sermons. I hope to live yet a hundred years with my wife.

We—that is to say, my *Wilhelmina* and I—hope, during this time, to be able to dry a great many tears, and to shed as few ourselves as our lot, as children of the earth, may permit.

We hope not to survive each other.

Lastly, we hope always to be able to hope; and when the hour comes that the hopes of the green earth vanish before the clear light of eternal certainty, then we hope that the All-good Father may pass a mild sentence upon his grateful and in humility hoping children.

# THE TWINS.

Two charming rosebuds (the last in my garden) are frozen in this October night. I had so heartily pleased myself with the thought of delighting my old mother, who is a great friend of flowers, and, especially at this season, calls them her jewels, with two beautiful roses. Now my two hopeful buds hang without life and colour on the stem; they are gone—and with them my little birthday pleasure.

I contemplated them long, and felt the while tears come to my eyes. They were consecrated to the memory of two rosebuds of a nobler kind, which, hopeful as these lovely flowers, like these also withered away early before the night-frost of life.

Edward and Ellna, my young friends, how often in lonely hours does your friendly image visit me! Like mild breezes of spring are the remembrances of you wafted to me from the time when I was so often with you,—heard you, saw you, and in you the loveliest things which God had created on earth.

When I now see splendid fruit which has fallen before its maturity, a blossom with a worm in the bud, any thing beautiful and good which soon vanishes, then I think on—Edward and Ellna!

Behold there, the beautiful country-seat surrounded by a magnificent park, where they dwelt with their happy mother! They were the youngest of many children which she had borne, the only ones for which she had not yet wept.

They were her darlings, her all.

They were so lovely that one could not contemplate them without emotion. The eye, wearied with the many unpleasantnesses and adversities which everywhere meet it, would repose with delight upon these charming beings, who in the pure glory of child-like innocence stood there, like promises of a fairer and better creation.

Their smile was particularly charming—oh, it was mirrored in their souls, that depth of innocence and joy! Two dew-drops, sent down from heaven in order to refresh the earth, reflect their image in their breast.

"Happy childhood!" have I heard thousands exclaim, who had already drank deeper from the cup of life, to whose edge children have only set their lips, and kissed away the fiery foam. "Happy childhood!" to thee is vouchsafed to drink amid pastimes the pure nectar of joy—whilst we, amid weariness and labour, seek in vain for a refreshing drop in the mournful draught which is extended to us.

And yet for all that, it appears to me that it is not with justice that childhood is called so happy. How many tears are shed by children! Tears of impatience, of desire, of anger; tears which shame and reproaches wring out; tears of envy, of indignation, and of despair,—in one word, all the passions which poison the draught of life to maturer hearts.

It is true that they need not shed these tears, if a wise commiserating hand always removed the thorns from the path which the little pilgrims

of life tread. But often, quite too often, they are not removed—they are strown upon it. Constraint, unjust reproaches, grow up like poisonous nettles around the poor little ones. How often have I seen it; how often have I exclaimed, "You poor children, you poor little children! why did they give a life to you, whose few spring-flowers they do not permit you to pluck?"

Freedom—freedom, this west-wind of joy, whose pure spirit alone is able to bring forth to perfection every flower of creation—if they gave but freedom to you innocent little ones, to you born for immortality—who must wander through a stormy land! The breezes of freedom, not the simoom-wind of constraint, should attend your first steps, and the world then would not see so many feeble wanderers sink down powerless, and crawl wearily along their way.

The first years of Edward and Ellna's life passed on in innocent freedom. Beautiful, friendly nature was their cradle. In the fields, in the woods and groves, now they played, and now they rested. Often, as with their arms clasped round each other they lay upon the soft carpet of grass, had they been heard to talk of the angels, whose wings they saw in the clouds, which, parted by light gales, floated away in the blue heaven, high above the dark green summit of the wood. They have been seen to smile,—yes, sometimes to talk confidentially and child-like with them, praise their beauty, which (as they said) was far greater than their own. Often did they raise their small child voices to accompany the tones of heavenly harps, which they heard mingled with the voices of the wood. Their mother, who was always near them, believed in the reality of these appearances. And what, indeed, can one say against them?—that one has not oneself experienced anything of the kind. But how rarely was any one so angel-like and happy as Edward and Ellna!

Every one who knew them was obliged to acknowledge that they had never seen their like; and many a one questioned in pious rapture, whether these children were really like other mortals.

Around their white foreheads fell light-brown curls; like stars beamed forth their eyes below, in soft magical brightness. The charming smiles of childhood parted constantly their lovely lips, and formed in the rose-tinted cheeks little dimples, which people, I know not rightly why, so gladly kissed.

Their whole bodies were so beautifully formed, their hands in particular were so perfect, that I once saw how a sculptor fell into rapture over their contemplation; and how an old gardener, not otherwise distinguished for his politeness and fine breeding, borrowed a pair of gloves that he might be able to conduct the little Ellna about his garden, the most beautiful flowers of which soon lay in her muslin apron.

Accustomed therefore to be admired without knowing why, Edward and Ellna shewed themselves gladly to every one who wished to see

them, and quietly smiling, allowed themselves to be praised and caressed.

"We are so beautiful," said they in their innocence, without knowing what beauty was, and that the world considered the possession of this a piece of good fortune. The agreeable impression which, as they knew, they made, seemed, however, to give them pleasure, but only because it was so agreeable to others.

"Look at us!" said they to an old man, who wept the loss of his only son, "look at us, and weep no more!"

Accustomed to call forth a smile upon all countenances, they betrayed astonishment that any one could see them and yet weep, and in their grief, not to be able to give satisfaction, they began also to weep with him. That which their smiles could not do, they now effected by their tears. The old man took them in his arms, and felt himself refreshed, as by the sympathy of angels. They were then heard to say to the mourner, "Look at us, we weep with you!"

Thus did these little Christians already in childhood follow the example of their Master.

People call children good. I declare that I have seen few which were not severe and cruel. Unthinking (therefore innocent) savages, they often torment in the most horrible manner creatures which are small and defenceless enough to become their victims. They curiously contemplate their convulsive movements amid torture, and rarely avoid causing them pain. O that so many people, who already know, who have already experienced themselves what pain is, should resemble these cruel little ones! They are not like them—innocent!

Often have I exclaimed with murmuring pain on the observation of their cruel pleasures, and the torments which their so-called necessary wants, their desire of knowledge, their inhumanity causes to millions of innocent creatures—"Man, this being that more than all suffers on the earth, and causes most suffering—O why was he created?"

Yet I know that all will be good one day,—no more tears will be shed—there will be no more pain. Humbling my head, I will quietly hope and wait for that higher light which is here denied to us. There is a God; therefore let the murmurs of man be silent!

Edward and Ellna were not cruel, as the children of earth are commonly. They knew not however what suffering, what pain were; but it was as if they had a presentiment of it, and their most earnest endeavours were used, when they saw its horrible expression, to render help, and to alleviate it. If a poor worm crawled in the dust, hunted forth by ants, it was immediately released by their hands, placed upon the soft grass in safety where there were no ants. Whenever they saw a little bird which, accustomed to the freedom of the woods, with ineffectual flutterings struck its little head against the iron wire of its cage, the tears came to their eyes, they besought for its release; and if their prayers were indeed in vain, they put together their hoarded pence and purchased it. Then it went out in the field with the happy little ones. The door of its cage was opened; and when the little released one, amid exultant twitterings described circle within circle above their heads, then did the children clap their hands, and their hearts beat loudly with delight.

Not a day passed, on which they did not operate against something which was bad, or for that

which was good. To be sure the sphere of the children's activity was but small, and that which they could do but unimportant. They were young artists, who early accustomed themselves to the beautiful and noble parts which they were later to play upon the great theatre of the world.

As for the nests, in the robbing and plundering of which boys often find pleasure in the bold and cruel exercise of their strength, Edward and Ellna supplied provision. They laid this at the foot of the trees or hedges, where the little airy families had built their summer-dwellings. "The mother need not fly so far," said they, "and her little ones need not wait and be famished!" They approached the places carefully, where the mother had bedded her eggs in the grass, silently scattered corn, and were very careful not to terrify the timid bird, which often by degrees, accustomed to the visits of the little angels, only flew off twittering, set itself upon a bush near, and waited quietly the going-away of the children, who joyfully, and not a little thankful for this proof of confidence, stole away so softly and lightly that the grass rose again under their footsteps as if it had only been bowed by soft breezes.

In order that they might not tread upon ants, which always streamed across the path on journeys of business, or upon frogs which hopped before their feet, the children remained standing, or made a little circuit. They never intentionally killed an animal, nor a fly, nor even a gnat, those Paras of the air, which had no mercy from the educated part of the human race. "It is really so delightful to live!" said the amiable little ones. "I once even saw the little Ellna give up her white arms and hands as prey to these rapacious bloodsuckers. 'I give them their suppers,' said she smiling; 'and—it does not hurt me much,' added she for the sake of her brother, who now, for the first time, shewed the somewhat imperious temper of the man, and forbade his sister to do this again, if she did not wish that he should extirpate the whole race of gnats, which probably did not seem more difficult to him than the conquest of the world to Alexander."

Ellna was obliged to submit. The gnats were chased away, and then Edward endeavoured by kisses to prevent the bitten places from swelling. The fresh smiles of childhood beamed from their countenances as they thus sportively contended, Edward to give kisses, and Ellna to avoid them.

I said that they never intentionally killed an animal,—I was wrong. If they saw a little creature tortured by the pangs of death, a fly or a moth, which had burned themselves in the candle, a trodden, but yet living worm, then Edward, as the least tender-hearted, hastened with averted eyes and compassionate foot, the moment when pangs and pains would vanish.

"It is better to die than to suffer," said they, and turned away with pale faces.

"These children are too good for this earth," said those who knew them; "they certainly will not live long."

And yet, my God, it would be well amid so many pains, amid so much evil, if thou wouldst let these phenomena tarry longer here, which as it were reveal again to us the stars of which we have lost sight, which gently and refreshingly remind us of whence we are come, and whither we go.

You good and amiable mortals—when I wish that you should tarry here, I do so for our sakes.

and not yours! If the All-merciful call back again to his bosom these sparks of his spirit, which have illumined and warmed the unworthy earth for a moment—how well done is it of him, how good for you!

The May-day of childhood was passed for Edward and Ellna,—their youth dawned. They counted fifteen years.

Their child-like mind, however, was not much changed. The first violet which looked forth from under the snow, the first strawberry which was reddened by the beams of the sun, still called forth the purple of joy upon their cheeks; and the joy or the pain of their fellow-creatures drew from them now, as before, a smile or a tear. Only now they regarded more than formerly their fellow-beings as the worthiest objects of their care.

There was not within the compass of some miles a single cottage which they had not visited. The goodness of their mother gave them unceasing opportunities of enjoying the blessed pleasure of benefiting their fellows. "Tell us what you need," said they to the poor and sick, "if we can, we will help you." Now there was a softer bed; now more healthy food; now a little support in money; now a petition on behalf of the indigent, which, always accompanied by gentle, kind words, spoken by two of the sweetest voices, made as deep as beneficial an impression. When help was not necessary, they sought at least to prepare a little pleasure; little presents were given to the parents, confections to the children, who of all the benefits most highly prize those which are conferred upon their sugar-loving gums; all these young lovers of noise and sweetmeats always attended on and saluted Edward and Ellna with loud cries of joy.

People warned their mother of the manner in which so much goodness might be abused. She replied, "Do not let us be too anxious. One single opportunity to do good which is lost, as is often the case from mistrust, is an irreparable loss. I acknowledge that we are often deceived by others from want of prudence; but with too much prudence we deceive ourselves. And then—if you only knew that which I feel when I hear every mouth blessing my children!"

If people would rightly thank Edward and Ellna according to their wishes, it were thus that they must speak to them: "I am now better, my pains are alleviated;" or, "I am now more joyful, and happier;" or, "God is good, he will not allow us to despair;" then were their hearts filled with the purest joy, and they thanked God.

In the mean time their happy endeavours, their charitable cares, were not extended alone to the poor and the less educated classes of the people; they sought to assuage not merely the care which weeps, the suffering which expresses itself aloud, the silent sorrow, the consuming unrest, those small but insupportable afflictions which people do not willingly confess, but which are so painful,—all those adverse circumstances which hang like chains about the slaves of the polite and educated world, they imagined, and endeavoured with compassionate hands to lighten. One look, which in an unwatchful moment betokened a depressed heart,—one gesture, one movement, which betrayed embarrassment—a consequence mostly of uneasiness of mind,—seldom escaped their eyes; and they always discovered some means to make at least a few moments agreeable to those who seemed to be deprived of peace and satisfaction of heart.

When Ellna saw in society a sister-being to whom nature had dealt hardly, and who, in one way or another, seemed to betray the painful consciousness that she was displeasing, she sought immediately to become acquainted with her; she went towards her, caressed her, and endeavoured in all ways to convince her that she found her loveable, and that she was gladly in company with her. Edward also came immediately to her assistance; and the attentiveness with which he offered a thousand of those little favours which one can never demand, but which are received with so much pleasure,—his unconstrained lively politeness,—made, in connexion with the charming friendliness of the sister, an irresistible impression. If, on the other hand, Edward saw a youth who was neglected, or overlooked, or dejected, he always tried to get into conversation with him immediately. If they danced, he introduced his sister Ellna, who in the goodness of her heart preferred him to all the rich, handsome, and elegant young gentlemen who sought for one of her beaming glances.

How often have I seen countenances which betrayed minds depressed, displeased, or embittered, clear themselves up under the influence of the twins, and by degrees reflect back their gentle and beaming smiles. Plain features became thereby beautified, and one read long afterwards, in their more agreeable expression, "We can nevertheless be found to be amiable!"

One evening, at a dance in the open air, I perceived that Ellna had no longer a little bouquet, which her brother had made for her out of the loveliest flowers of the garden. I asked her whether she had lost it. "I have given it away," replied she, reddening, and left me to dance at the same moment. I looked curiously around me among the young and loveable persons of the ball; no one had Ellna's little bouquet. Afterwards I perceived, upon a bench which stood at some distance, a deformed, feeble being, whose limbs were all twisted; he held Ellna's flowers in his emaciated hand, and repeated softly, with an expression of devotion, "The angel!—the angel! she thought, she said, that flowers would do me good; yes, they do me good,—O what an angel!"

How happy they were, these young, so lovely and so good, brother and sister; how worthy of love they were, and how much beloved! People prided themselves on them in the whole country, just as they pride themselves on the gifts which nature has bestowed on the country or neighbourhood which we call our own, and of which we are so proud. People called them the angels; and, in fact, when one saw them, when one heard their melodious voices united in a simple song of praise in honour of the Creator, one could forget everything else, and for some moments fancy oneself in heaven.

The tenderness which twin-children commonly cherish for each other, was so deep, so inward, between Edward and Ellna, that I fancy they had scarcely a notion of an existence apart from each other. They thought, they acted together; they always said *we*; they felt only their *I* in each other; this *I*, which, when it is felt quite alone in oneself, is so heavy, so painful a burden.

The beautiful life of the twins had hitherto flowed on without a cloud. No sickness, no care, no disaster, had cast one shadow on their pure brows. Life which otherwise is so severe

a teacher, seemed to hold her children in honour, and, for the first time, as if she could not be stern. Each new day brought with it something to beautify them. Their countenances became more oval, and took ever more and more the lovely Grecian form. Their figures increased in more beautiful pliability, like two young trees which have entwined their crowns together. Their smiles were fuller of expression, and the goodness of their hearts beamed ever clearer forth from their large blue eyes.

People approached these favourites of God and men almost with adoration; people could have offered sacrifices to them; and yet, if one would contribute anything to their happiness, one must receive something from them. It was to me as if I saw in them young priests at the altar of Mercy, who imparted with humility the gifts of the divinity.

Their mother,—so much has been said, perhaps all that can be said in words, of maternal love and maternal felicity, but the love and felicity of this mother cannot be described by words, can, perhaps, only be compared to the felicity of the mother who saw the most holy glory of God around the head of her son.

At the age of sixteen, they stood in the full bloom of earthly, and at the same time, of celestial beauty. The world opened itself to them full of joy, love, and happiness. Before them lay a light, flower-strewn, peaceful way, upon which they could wander together, beloved and loving in return, happy and making happy. They could be the benefactors and examples to their fellow-creatures; they could be so, and yet they could not,—at the age of sixteen they must die!

At the beginning of winter, Edward's Apollonian countenance began to burn with a hectic crimson, which kindled up and dyed his youthful cheeks with brighter red; but which, in the course of a few hours, faded like a feeble flame, and left behind the paleness of death. His strength began to fail, his beautiful slender figure bent forward like a tender young tree which has been bowed by the storm; his breath became short; his hitherto so ardent movements slow and languid, and his eyes had a clearness which promised the speedy lighting up of the whole being. The opinion of the physician was this—Consumption, and only yet a few months to live.

O now, how was every thing changed! As he approached the grave, Edward looked around him upon life, that seemed passed away from his eyes like his native shore from the sight of the seaman.

"I am so young," said he, amid deep sighs; "and must die already! I shall leave thee, Ellna—must part from thee and our mother! And this beautiful life, this charming earth, good people, all, all must I leave, and die! O the dark grave, wherein I shall be laid alone—how horrible!"

Every thing that Ellna said and did had alone for its object consolation and alleviation for her brother. And nevertheless she was so wholly unhappy; but she never thought of herself.

She said to Edward, "The sun has a wonderful power, my brother; come to the window, and let it shine on thee; see, here is a soft chair; here are lilies of the valley, which I have fetched for thee; enjoy their delightful odour; they send, especially in winter, presentiments of spring over all our feelings." Or she said, "Rest on me, my brother; thus thou wilt sit comfortably, and I will not stir." And with her brother's

head on her breast she sat whole hours immovable there, taking pains to keep time with his breathing, and to repress the uneasy beating of her heart. Another time she said, "Dost thou see how the clouds divide, how the heavens clear themselves up? It opens, as it were, and beams so mildly and blue above us. It is the answer of the All-good to my prayer, which I just now fervently put up to Him. The heaven of our happiness has dimmed itself—it will clear up again—thou wilt not die!"

Sometimes she sought also to awaken hope in his and her own breast, by jest and sport. She danced before him, threw playfully around him the light scarf which her hands wreathed in a thousand graceful forms around her own ethereal figure. She sang to him those little ballads and songs which life so easily takes hold of, and makes it also easy to those who listen to their attractive tones. But when only a feeble smile, a melancholy reflection of the former blissful one, appeared on Edward's pale lips, then suddenly were extinguished all beams of hope in Ellna's eyes, and the twins wept together.

Often did she encourage him to make use of those means for the renewal of life's strength which, particularly in consumption, are resorted to, in order that the weak thread of life may not too suddenly be torn asunder. All these she prepared with her own hand. Who can number all that her inventive love discovered, to procure for him alleviation and amusement? Without the knowledge of her brother, she held her hands in ice-cold water, that she might afterwards cool his burning forehead as she laid them upon it. When she watched by his bed through sleepless nights, she read aloud to him, and told him such things as she thought would best please his then state of mind; for his state of mind was, as is the case with consumptive patients, unsteady and changeable. And in those gloomy moments in which Edward shuddered at the prospect of dying so young, and being alone; for he could not conceive to himself that he should not miss his sister in the grave. Then Ellna would promise to follow him. "How could I do otherwise," added she, "I really feel my life in thine!"

Yes, she could console;—and what woman, what true woman cannot? I ought, perhaps, seeing that I myself am a woman, to be more modest,—but if I believe it, if I express it, it is because I love,—and because, although I cannot turn aside the stroke of fate from the beings who are dear to me, I have set the hope of my whole life on alleviating it. Yes, I believe it is ~~we~~ alone who can solve the enigma of pain in its least parts; and that it is given alone to us in the inspiration of feeling and of love, to have a presentiment of the evil which pain occasions, of that which is concealed in the gnawing disease of the sick. I hope and believe, and let nobody gainsay me, that as in the beginning of time, the genius of evil sowed poisonous seed in the flower-garden of creation, still that a mitigating balsam was placed by the All-good in the hands of woman, which could make the power of these less operative.

Ellna had said to Edward, "I will follow thee!"—and she soon followed him. The same symptoms of disease showed themselves at the beginning of the spring in her, and the mischief made rapid progress in her tender frame, weakened by disquiet and night-watching.

To her the sentence of death was also announced by an honest and candid physician, who

feared, above all things, to add new troubles to what was already incurable by fruitless attempts at recovery.

"We are so young, and yet we must, indeed, die!" said now Edward and Ellna, painfully. But this was that united them, was already a drop of comfort in the bitter cup.

They took leave together of the flowers of spring, took leave of every day which unmercifully dragged away with it a drop of their life's strength. People saw them often, as, supported on each other, they wandered about with feeble steps and sorrowful looks in the wood, in the fields, in the groves, where they had once played so happily; they took leave of every thing; of the earth, even of heaven, which seemed, however, only so glorious to them, because it arched itself above an earth which was a paradise to them.

"Farewell, every thing which we have loved!" said they, "we must leave all, we must soon die!"

When people spoke in their presence of future enjoyments, or of future good deeds, with intention to amuse them, or, as it were, to enlarge the view, which an approaching night shut in ever more narrowly—they said with tearful eyes, "We shall not be there; we must die!"

"Come to me in the autumn," said one of their neighbours, "when my grapes and peaches are ripe, and there shall be served-up to you an actual angel's entertainment."

"In autumn we cannot come," returned they,—"In autumn we shall be no more."

"Next month," said a lively old gentleman, who was their friend, "my grandchildren, Alfred and Signild, come to me. They are good and beautiful; not, indeed, like the angels, but, believe my spectacles and my heart, not far, not very far from it. Alfred shall be Ellna's husband; and the little Signild, who is the apple of my eye, Edward shall have for his wife. Quick and merry, like the chain in the quadrille, shall all go on in a twinkling,—falling in love, betrothal and marriage. And a little kingdom of heaven one shall then find here."

"Ah!" replied the angels, sorrowfully smiling, "we cannot be married, we must really die!"

And in all ways, and from all sides, came this death towards them sternly and severely, forbidding and disturbing all joy, and changing every thing into twilight and night.

And yet they must learn to love this death, which appeared to them so fearful.

Pain—the condition of life, and the terrible side of life—which hitherto had not ventured to approach these angelic beings, struck now its hymna-claws into their breast.

I had heard them say "we must die!" with an expression that bewailed "we must leave the festival!" Soon afterwards I heard them speak the same words, but in a tone which expressed, "we shall soon repose!"

Thank God, this time of suffering was of short duration; repose came before the grave, and only a slow, almost painless wasting away, led them unobservedly down to the shore of life, where they might still gather a few flowers.

In the mean time they had suffered, gained experience, and from before their eyes vanished the fading prism which had clothed the whole world with purple.

They looked around them, and the paradise had vanished,—they saw tears, crimes, sufferings, circumstances of terror, for the alleviation of which they stretched out their feeble hands in

vain. Human misery, with whose significance they were now first acquainted, raised itself like a dark image of horror, and spread a veil of mourning over the whole beautiful earth.

"People suffer," said they, "animals suffer; all that breathe suffer, or must suffer—it is not good to be here—this is the home of suffering!" and they no longer wished to live—except, thought they, to be able to console a little and to help. "But that which we can do is really so very little!" and a melancholy glance of thought embraced the globe.

About this time a good, enlightened clergyman began to give them instructions in the religion to which they were baptized. In their angelically pure souls sprang up the heavenly seed, and bore a hundred fold, as if in the good earth of which the gospel speaks.

Their looks brightened by degrees with the increase of the light within them; they were often, it is true, cast down upon the earth, and they sighed, "this world is not good!" but they soon raised them beaming to heaven in the joyful feeling, "there is a better world!"

The night which had encompassed them for a time, became ever brighter and brighter, and glorious was the path which opened itself to them in the splendour of a celestial light. Thither they directed their looks, thither all their hopes all their desires. Presentiments of eternity penetrated them, and as they looked upon each other with a blessed smile, they whispered, "we are immortal."

When they, for the first time, had enjoyed the holy communion, peace alone was in their hearts, and the beam of their eyes was only a faint reflection of their inward brightness.

One anxiety, one only one, remained to them still, and this often expressed itself softly amid sweet tears, when they knelt adoringly before the eternal Fountain of Life; "O, our God," said they, "if thy love, thy power should sometime penetrate and surround us with brightness, like this glorious image of thee, how—how shall we be able to thank thee?"

So passed the summer, whilst the angels cheerfully and submissively, resigned day by day, flower by flower, the crown of life.

Autumn approached—with it, at the same time, the earthly transfiguration of the twins. The nights passed for them sleeplessly. When it was possible they passed them in the open air, where their oppressed lungs breathed more freely, and the moist coolness mitigated the fever that burned in their blood.

Whilst the August nights mildly and peacefully wrapped slumbering nature in mournful twilight, there burned in the souls of the dying brother and sister the clear torches of hope and of joy.

I have heard them, those words; I have seen them, those looks, full of immortality—for which there already existed no longer any night. And afterwards, for a long time, every thing in life seemed to me pale and colourless.

Autumn was come, feebly sank the lovely heads of the twins upon the cushions which were placed around them on the sofa, from which they were never more able to rise. Those who loved them, now counted the seconds.

Suffering themselves, Ellna and Edward sought, nevertheless, to comfort and to enliven the mourners whom they must leave. "We will watch over you," said they, "when we are angels,—we will entreat God for you."

They looked farewell upon all when they were no more able to speak; and when their weary eyelids closed, they blissfully smiled.

Towards the last, however, a troubling disquiet crept into their hearts. They feared that they might not die at the same time—might not pass away together to that home of light, of peace, and of joy, for which they alone longed.

Sitting near to each other, they watched with secret anguish in each other's countenance, the progress of the disease. "How brightly beam thy eyes," said Edward to Ellna. "Thy countenance has no longer anything earthly in it. It seems to me as if thou couldst spread forth glittering wings every morning, and float forth into the clear heaven, far, far from me!" And catching her round the waist, he pressed her to his heart with all the power of his feeble strength. Another time it was Ellna who said with a trembling voice, "Edward, how sunken are thy cheeks, how dim thy eyes! Oh, look at me! look at me! Thy breath becomes weaker—it ceases! Let me give to thee of mine—I have yet enough for us both." And seizing the head of her brother with her weak hand, she endeavoured, amid kisses, to communicate some of the feeble breath of life which she felt in her own breast.

Thus did the dying brother and sister endeavour to hold back, as it were, each other, whilst they felt how they were rapidly led forward by a mighty, invisible hand.

Friends, acquaintance, all who had known and loved the angels, assembled around them. As if to an altar, every thing which people thought pleasant and gladdening, was brought into their sick room. They did not give them, no, they offered to them, as it were, flowers, fruits, together with heartfelt wishes—honest tears—which were received by the twins with grateful smiles, and this promise—"we will soon pray for you!"

They placed harps in the room adjoining the sick chamber, and often played and sung them into quiet slumber. When people contemplated them in those moments when the soul had taken a freer flight into the spiritual land of dreams, wanting no longer time and space, but floating forth over wondrous lands, having a presentiment of their future free and beautiful existence—then they saw, in the indescribable expression of their calm features, that they were removed far, far from the earth, and that for them the eternity of bliss had already arrived.

In the evening, they sometimes said to each other, with gentle smiles, "Shall we wake to-morrow in heaven?"

During a tempestuous October night, sleep descended unusually quietly and mildly upon the loving angels. Counting every stroke of the clock, the mother and her friends watched in the quiet room.

"How well they sleep!" whispered they who ventured to speak. "It strikes twelve. See how they smile in delightful dreams! The morning dawns,—they yet sleep. The storm has ceased—heaven brightens—the day breaks beautifully,—yet they sleep. Hark! they sigh. Or was it the wind which passes the window?"

The sun ascended, carelessly shone the gold-

en beams on the angel-faces of the twins. They sleep no longer. They were awake—but in heaven! Pure flames, kindled from the same spark, which had burned together; now also are they extinguished here upon earth at the same time!

They had been earthly angels, they are now heavenly; and when an unexpected consolation, an unexpected joy refreshes one who is troubled and cast down, he says, "They have prayed for me."

And their mother, their poor mother?

Do you see, by the wall of the churchyard, that female figure, which sits there upon a stone, as immovable as it? Negligently fall down upon her shoulders locks of grey hair—the wind plays with her tattered garments. She is old and stiff, but not merely through the influence of years. Do not pass coldly by—give her your sympathy—she will not much longer trouble you. Look at her crutches, at her dimmed eyes, at the pain of her silent mouth. Why does she sit here? Because she cannot be anywhere else. She is where her heart also tarries, by the grave of her children. Grief for them has troubled the light of her eyes and of her reason. She does not observe how the leaves of autumn fall around her—she feels not when the winds of spring melt the snow upon the grave,—but every day she goes there, and the summer's heat and the winter's cold find her alike unconscious. No one whom she knows speaks to her, and she speaks to no one. She has, nevertheless, an object; she waits—for what?—for death! Through the course of many years has she seen the graves around her open and receive weary wanderers to their quiet peaceful bosom—but she still sits a dead one among the dead, and waits.

[April 1st.

Be ye saluted by me, mild breezes, which melt away the winter-snow; be thou saluted, bright spring-sun, which penetrates with warmth and life the dust of the grave! From the home of the dead, from the still churchyard, have I to-day saluted life. I love this peaceful place, where the unquiet, throbbing heart, where every thing, comes to repose. I also feel in a breast, which has not been able to wait the time, the unquiet captive, which now in pain, now in joy, throbs so restlessly and violently, and it does me good when I can think that a time will come, when mine also will be among the reposing hearts.

The larks sang in the clear air above the trees, on the grave of the twins. There sat, as before, the mother still and immovable upon a stone. A whistling wind passed over the churchyard, I saw a shudder thrill through her frame. I approached her, she bowed her head against one of the lime-trees on the grave, and still smiled. I saw with joy, that also her time of trial was at an end—that she waited no longer!

You beautiful flowers of the spring, now where the May sun calls you forth out of the renovated earth, cover and brilliantly adorn the grave which will no longer be moistened with bitter maternal tears!

Lovely lilies of the valley, soft periwinkle, grow upon the hillock—

"Even as the scar grows over the closed wound!"

Tegnér

# THE SOLITARY.

We have many a time seen in a sterile wild spot, a lovely flower standing alone, surrounded and secluded there by unfriendly circumstances, ardently, but vainly seeking for the sun, in whose light thousands of her happier sisters rejoice themselves, but which the barren overhanging rocks will not allow to force its way to her. Becoming pale and powerless, the flower, by degrees, bows to the earth the head, which was created to be raised upwards, and at last conceals her evanescent being amid the gloomy circumstances which are guilty of her fate.

One eye, which has accidentally discovered the Solitary, rests upon her with a sort of pity, whilst thought inquires to what purpose, and why she stands there so without joy to herself, and joy to any one? These involuntary hermits of the world of flowers have their prototypes in a higher sphere, and something of these I expect to recognise in the one whose hand has penned down the following thoughts and features of a life not enlivened by many sunbeams.

It is no direct diary, no witty and interesting journal, that she has written,—ah, such are never written, except in the quiet hope, that a confidential friend will some time look through the lines which preserve the remembrance of our fate and our feelings, will sigh over our cares, rejoice over our joys, smile over our witty sallies, love and hate with us, in one word—feel with us, and thereby become more intimately united with us;—no, her unarranged thoughts were like withered leaves, which the autumn wind shakes from the trees and strews over the earth,—even as they are the offspring of feelings, which in no beloved breast on earth may hope to find echo more.

May 17th.

It is spring! From my window I see the clouds, chased by fresh gales, like glittering swans sailing away in the clear blue; yet above them I see the eagle soaring higher and higher forth into the path of light. Ah! that I could do as she!—would that I could feel warm life-dispensing spring air! How narrow and cold is it within here, how fresh and glorious there in the distance, where the crimson of morning stands! I would—ah, know I indeed rightly what I would?

"Secret and mysterious yearning,  
From the soul's unfathomed depths,  
Like a misty form ascending,  
That is chased by quiet winds,  
Floating in the farthest distance,  
Thou dost draw me far off, far off,  
Towards the undiscovered shores!

"Over life's rose-flowering gardens,  
And her verdant groves of hope,  
Thou dost lead me, and enfoldest  
In dark grave-clothes, all the earth;  
As the soul which, from home-sickness,  
Wasteth in a foreign land,  
Where it sees no single flower.

"On my mind with might thou seimest,  
And dost call forth pensive tears  
From a sweet and unknown sorrow;

And my heart, ah, how it beateth!  
Will break forth from out its prison,  
Will come forth to light and warmth,  
Longing for another home!

"There, where from the flaming orient,  
Gloriously ascends the morn;  
There, where in the western cloud-land,  
Sinks the golden torch of day,  
Yearns my ardent soul to flee;  
There, my urging spirit drives me,  
Over land and over sea.

"Eagle, which so proudly soareth  
To the golden sphere of light;  
Fleecy cloud, which gentle breezes  
Bear into the boundless space;  
Tell me, in the far-off distance  
Is it all so bright and glorious—  
Reigneth freedom there and peace!

"Would I might, O bird, speed with thee,  
On the fire-path of the sun!  
Cloud, with thee that I might float forth  
To the evening's purple shore,  
And on gentle islands pillow'd,  
Full of joy no tongue can speak,  
Sing there my own cradle song!

"Thus I cried. Down to his cry,  
From his sight the eagle flew:  
In free space the cloud had vanished.  
Lonesome stood I. And the wind played  
With my wallings, as if sweeping  
Over a sad Eolian-harp;  
And in empty air they sounded,  
Without echo, without answer!"

I have heard speak of ice-palaces, and I myself live in a moral ice-palace. The Count and the Countess, my gracious patrons, are statues of ice; and I, I am a poor flickering little flame lighted in one of the lamps of the saloon of the castle, which, by degrees, is going out, from frost and icy-breath.

O it must still be indescribably delightful to feel, to love, to live; in one word—to love.

I have, however, never loved anything else but my own fleeting ideal. Never shall I be able to see it realized upon earth!

I am to-day twenty years old. Who troubles themselves about it? Who offers to me a flower in my flowering-time! Ah, if nobody rejoices because one has been born, one might very well wish that it had never been so.

I would willingly purchase the caresses of a father and mother with my life. He who has never experienced their innocent delight, has been shut out from the Eden of childhood.

When I read in novels and plays, of children who, when arrived at mature years, have found again their parents whom they have long considered as lost, I sympathize with heartfelt emotion which carries me out of myself. I exclaim, "Father, mother!" open my arms and weep—and yet I know that mine sleep for ever.

All the people whom I know have something in the world about which they interest themselves, to which they attach themselves. They

have parents, they have children, brothers and sisters, relatives, friends, or, in necessity, a dog, a cat, a bird; in short, some sort of creature for which they live, to which they are useful, and which requites, with devotion, the care and tenderness that is shown to them. Or they have an occupation, an object; in one word, a something which enlivens the present, and opens the future.

I wonder very much sometimes, for what purpose and wherefore I was born. If I were to question the Baroness about this, she would reply: "To sew for me, to be at hand when I ring my silver bell, to assist me at my toilet, to make of an evening the fourth at my card-table,—and besides this, to exercise my patience." Good heaven! am I too proud, if I think such an object mean and miserable?

Some people have an interest in life, which I do not envy them—namely, to quarrel with one another. That is the pleasure of the Count and the Countess, as soon as they meet for the day; or I fancy that they seek one another only to give each other this refreshment. In one thing only do they agree, and that is, to reprove me severely for the least error.

If I were placed by fate in a condition to rule over others—for example, in the place of the Countess—how would I carefully avoid severity and sternness in the reproofs and corrections which I found it necessary to give to my servants and dependents, especially to those who lived in my family! Their negligences would in the whole be so trifling to me, in comparison so wholly insignificant; because, even if they did occasion me a little inconvenience,—yet they could neither disturb the peace of my heart, nor cost me painful tears,—nor depress and molest my temper; whilst, on the contrary, my severity all too easily could make the faulty person feel all these evils. It is one of the great problems of life, not to occasion suffering to others, and even the most subtle syllogisms cannot find an excuse for those who have wounded the heart of a fellow-creature. For their own sakes also, those who have power should be kind and considerate towards their dependents. People may be often better served in trifles when they are more feared than loved; but how small is this gain in comparison with the loss, as is shown in all accidental important occasions. Then the devoted servant soon shows himself as a friend, and he who is obedient out of fear as an enemy.

To play at cards every evening from seven o'clock till ten with three persons, who like the Count, the Countess, and the old President M—, incessantly quarrel over their game and their counters (for we do not play for money), is a mortal pastime. The kings and the honours are to me actual murderers of pleasure. This evening occupation makes me feel still more intolerably how the whole day is for me like the—

Poor little bird with fettered wings! In vain thou attemptest to soar away—thou escapest not—thou feelest for what thou wast created—thou wouldst, like thy fellows, bathe thyself in the pure, sunny atmosphere; like them sing thy airy freedom—and thou art fettered to the dust. Painful, painful is thy condition. So also is the condition of him who, with the ideal of perfection

and felicity in his breast, bound by the fetters of mediocrity, yearningly goes about, yearningly strives, combats, wearies himself, hopes and despairs, and at last sinks down beneath the immovably burdening hand of fate. With a thousand noble powers of activity within his soul, he sees every way to self-formation and usefulness closed against him—

Impatience is a painful feeling. In order to suffer less, let us be patient.

If I could only do good in some way I would not complain. But I can—do nothing, nothing. In order to be completely captive, in addition to the walls of a prison, one must be a woman, must, like me, be poor and dependent. I know that in this respect I have many sisters of destiny in the world. O my poor friends! how gladly would I be able to console you! But, ah, I also am a fainting pilgrim in the wilderness,—I would extend to you a refreshing draught—and have not one drop of fresh water for myself.

When a person has deeply felt one single affliction, he understands all other sufferings.

I see two pictures, two sides of life—as unlike to each other as day and night are. On the first, what life, what pomp of colouring! The altars of love and of domestic happiness stand there garlanded with eternally fresh flowers. Beneath the shadow of laurels and palms, the fine arts exercise their delightful play, and drink freely, from the glorious, richly changing world which surrounds them, the nectar of inspiration. The sciences take their pleasurable, peaceful way to sunny heights. Every thing lives, moves, mounts upwards, goes forwards, becomes clearer, purer, more significant. From order, beauty, and the dominion of the great whole, every lesser part unfolds itself in the fullness of life, of grace and freedom. Nothing is mean, powerless, and heavy. On the contrary, all is great, rich, and points to immortality. Even misfortune has glory; it has its honour, its song of victory. The lightnings of the tempest, and the quiet magnificence of a bright sun, light up alternately the scene, and lend to it constant majesty. The second picture—behold a gloomy, misty autumn day,—behold weary wanderers, who, upon a wild, stony heath, seek for a resting-place. They would make a fire to warm themselves by, but a still, icy penetrating drizzling rain extinguishes the flame, and at last, even every glimmering spark in the ashes. Behold wretchedness become so wretched that it loses compassion for itself; behold how misfortune hardens the unfortunate against others, who are as unfortunate as themselves. Behold disgust, life-weariness,—behold—ah no, rather behold it not! close, if it be possible to thee, thy eyes, thou whose life resembles this picture. Mist and clouds that whirl above us,—ah! sink deeper down, and conceal from us the horrors which surround us, and our desolate, awful path.

Year after year goes on slowly. To me they are all like gloomy autumn-days.

Reproofs? for what reason? I do not deserve them. I complain indeed not. No expression of discontent, no murmur escapes my lips. I am thankful for the maintenance which is given to me (out of charity they say). I am obedient,

submissive, I endeavour to fulfil all which is required from me. But I am not cheerful, they say, not merry; I always let my head hang down. Ah, if I must look cheerful, let them give some joy to my heart! I have, however, in order to please those to whom I owe obedience, studied before the glass, that I might find out the look which would give to my countenance the most cheerful and contented expression. At last, I am obliged, in contemplating these mournful, compulsory smiles, to weep right bitterly.

I read lately in a book, a sort of treatise on moral health, full of good advice against the sickness of the soul: "if thy condition be too oppressive, and thou feelest thyself unhappy in it,—then change thy condition." Would he indeed be unfortunate if he could do this?

Ah, I am of genteel birth, and the proud, distant relatives who, after the death of my parents, took the orphan in the cradle, have the right of parents over me, although they have never shown to me their tenderness. Still, however, they have placed themselves as such. I must either submit to them, or be ungrateful,—I have no other choice. Besides this, where could I go?

Marry—and marry M——? Never! I am not romantic; but esteem and friendship I must be able to cherish towards my husband, if I would find a shadow of happiness in marriage. M—— is avaricious, has a hard heart, and is always in ill-humour,—qualities which are intolerable to a wife who has a heart. Besides this, he seeks not a friend in me, not a true companion in joy and suffering, not an affectionate wife—but only a housekeeper—and some one who will bear his ill-humours and his oddities without murmuring. And I should take such a husband, only to get married—never, never at all! I am too good for that,—I feel my womanly worth too well, and never can nor will (let others do what they may) regard myself as a piece of merchandise. Most cordially do I compassionate those who, in a condition like mine, only to change this, accept of offers which are good in the opinion of the world, but which in reality are wanting of what is most necessary to a happy marriage—namely, all that can ennoble the heart and make it happy. Sooner or later the blinded ones discover that they have only exchanged a less suffering for a greater one.

Ardent, warm souls must find in marriage the supremest happiness or misery.

I must hate all that is mean and contemptible. I feel that I should hate M., and know not how miserable and contemptible I myself might not in the end become as his wife. I recollect having read some verses of Haug, which, with a little alteration, may be turned to my thoughts.

HE.

Oh women, ye were angels to the lover,  
And now are devils when the wedding's over!

SHE.

Why then it is, is not so hard to tell,  
That which appeared a heaven we find a hell.

In the original, she is the complainant, and he gives the reply. But that which one sees every day is, that a bad, immoral man, ruins the character and the temper of his wife. People accuse many women of falsehood and craft, people deplore the same faults in certain oppressed nations. The answer to the one and to the other

contain, at the same time, the explanation and the excuse:

"We have had tyrants for our masters."

Before I would be obliged to excuse myself in such a manner, I would rather preserve unchanged my joyless uniform life to the end of my days. Life is really not so long.

A year is passed since I wrote these words, "Life is really not so long." Ah, life, nevertheless, is long; its minutes seem eternities when one suffers, when one is pressed down with life-weariness. And must we not become so, when everything resembles an eternal *no* to all our wishes and our wants?

I feel it deeply. In order to endure life, an affectionate heart requires the love and tenderness of his fellow-creatures—even as necessarily as meat and drink for the sustaining of the body.

O the heart that is condemned to throb forever unresponded to! Hidden existence, which gave motion to it—in mercy let it cease to beat!

People should never contend about the misfortune, about the pain which others feel. We suffer in such different ways, and from so many different kinds of causes; we are so dissimilarly organized, and the relations of outward circumstances to our inward, our feelings, our capacities, are manifold and so various, that it is almost impossible for one person to judge of the condition of another. Where, also, we see suffering, we should reverence it, if we are not so happy as to be able to alleviate it.

Not long since, I heard one knowing female friend admonish another, less knowing, and yet less fortunate friend: "Thou hast, indeed, committed no crime; thou canst not feel remorse; thou hast, indeed, no cares; thou hast clothes and maintenance provided for thee. About what, in all the world, needest thou disquiet thyself? Thou fanciest thyself only to be unhappy; chase away thy diseased thoughts, and thou wilt become as cheerful as me. Everybody has their cares. Perfection is really not promised to us on earth. One must use one's reason, and drive fancies out of one's head, as other people do."

The friend who was comforted in this way was silent; but looked, spite of it, more dejected than before. In her place, I should have answered, "It is true, of all the evils which thou hast named, I know none; but my unhappiness, therefore, is not the less real—it lies here in this weak, diseased heart, which I did not give to myself, and which painful gift heaven has spared thee. But precisely for that reason thou canst not judge me; and it would be just as consequent to deny the possibility of my headache because thou dost not feel it, as the pang of my heart because thou dost not understand it. Thou—but to what purpose can a longer answer tend, where my knowing friend would only shrug her shoulders? I will rather undertake in thought the part of comforter, but perform it in a different way. I would go to the sufferer and say, 'Rest upon me, we will weep together.'"

M. has been married for some time. His wife is very unhappy. I hope, however, that her rapidly-increasing illness will soon release her from the horrible life which awaits her in an unhappy marriage.

I cannot devote one moment of the day to reading. The Countess cannot bear that I should

read in her presence. For that reason I spend one or more hours of the night in so doing, and these are the only ones which afford me any enjoyment of soul.

Many a gentle word, rich in consolation, has in these hours been spoken to the solitary forlorn—one by pure spirits, who have understood in their sensitive hearts all the suffering of weak humanity. Especially rich in consolation are these words, because they say to the unfortunate, "I understand thee!" It is to one, as if bewildered in a horrible desert, one heard all at once the beloved tones of a friend's voice. Then I often stretch forth my hands to the home of the noble departed, and exclaim, "O friend, thou who hast felt with me—hast suffered with me—send down for my refreshment a breath of the eternal rest which is now become a part of thee." But, ah! no tranquillizing breath comes to us from the land of spirits—and perhaps also no eye sees from thence. I believe, too, that it is well it should be so. In order to be perfectly happy in another world, the glorified must be withdrawn from the view of misery.

"But, ah, if the same voices, which are silenced in death, yet so piercingly exclaimed, 'We suffer!' could once whisper to us from the opened clouds, 'We are comforted!'—how much fewer bitter tears of despair would flow.

Ye dead! it may be your business to console mortals.

Why are there in our country no religious communities like those, which in other countries offer to the unhappy, who need them so much, respectable, sacred places of refuge? They might, indeed, be so well instituted that they would in no way oppose the laws of our religion and of sound reason. They might be what they should be,—sacred asylums for the unhappy, the forlorn,—for the erring who, repentant, wished to turn back to goodness,—for all those who from one cause or another are isolated in the world, who live without a determined object, without activity and without joy, and who theretofore become every day more unhappy and less innocent.

All these should come together and form a great family, which, guided by wise laws, devoted itself exclusively to the purpose of honouring the Highest in the most agreeable manner—namely, by affectionate, active assistance to all necessitous persons, all such as are unjustly dealt by, all who are forlorn and unprotected;—which object of this great family, that for the most part would probably consist of indigent persons, would only be obtained by united and prudently directed powers.

Here, those without relatives and friends would knit among themselves the holy and affectionate bond of the heart, and would find, mother, sister, and friend,—would by their side, and in noble emulation with them, clothe and instruct the neglected child, tend the sick, comfort the mourners,—in one word, might so live each day, that in the evening they would be able to say, "It was not lost." Here might she who had gone astray turn back to virtue and to God, begin a new life and a new happiness, might feel the peace of innocence and the encouraging joy of virtue. Here might the unhappy one who is embittered by the world and man, find a home full of love and gentleness and good spirits, whose harmonious voices would soon pour peace and rest into the wounded heart. Here might the noble one, who

in a brilliant sphere had felt her heart contracted by the nullity and the misery of the great world, descend, and, in the peaceful shades of a quiet, but useful life, become really great. The ardent, the passionate, to whom nature gave the soul of Alexander, and fate gave only fetters, whose eccentric power consumed themselves and others, would here let their flames burn upon the altars of devotion and benevolence, and feel in the joy of voluntary renunciation that the thorny garland of a saint is a lofter, a more beautiful object of endeavour, than worldly greatness, than the world's song of praise, and that renown which yet reaches not to the stars. Here might all those who by nature, by fortune, or by the world, have been treated with severity, be embraced as by a heavenly mother, who, full of mild seriousness and pure love, would lead her children by a quiet, happy, and virtuous life to the eternal home, where love, truth, and felicity first meet with their prototype. O beautiful and blessed life—noble institution—innocent charming dream—would that it could some time be realized!

I have sometimes a feeling of bitterness, which I seek to overcome—of envy, which I seek to destroy in its first shoots. But ah, how much does it not cost to preserve oneself good and gentle, when daily and hourly a thousand trifles, like pricking needle-points, irritate to displeasure and indignation. Neither should I have strength to be so, if many a time a single prayer for strength and patience did not lend it to my breast,—if many a time the reading of a good book did not call forth observations in my soul which elevate it above the nothingness of this world. But ah! it sinks again.

If I might, however, only breathe a little fresh air. The sun shines so magnificently—the air is so clear—the snow so white! O if I could for a few minutes be in the country—see the dark green woods, and hear their sighing—could speed across snow-covered plains—breathe of the clear light air;—in one word, could see free nature and feel myself free—how happy I should be!

Had not illusions, the enchanting, deceitful sirens, filled the ardent fancy of my ardent childhood—had I not desired so much from fate—then I could better have endured that cold life which is become my lot. That early novel-reading, how much poison it lays in young minds! What young girl of seven or ten, that is only gifted by nature with ordinary attractions—that has a warm heart—and what heart is indeed cold at seventeen!—and has read novels, plays, and romantic poems—does not see, with entire certainty in herself, the some-time heroine in a novel, a poem, nay, even in a tragedy? The death of a tragedy-heroine is so fearfully beautiful, so sublime, so admired, so wept over, that it appears quite enviable; and sometimes the young reader weeps with indescribably painful joy over herself and her sublimely moving future fate, in the girl murdered by the hand of her lover.

Now steps the young girl out into life, and expects, with strained impatience, to see it move around her full of love, full of great and beautiful actions, and rich in sentiments and events; and finds, often only what I have found, poverty in every thing; and could almost fancy that a

hostile fairy had suddenly changed the enchanting magic palace into a horrible, fearful prison. Her brilliant, varnished morning dream, has embittered to her the whole day.

If I were an instructress, I would, above all things, endeavour to defend my young pupils from that which, in the beginning, could excite and heat the imagination. I would endeavour to prevent, in every way, their adorning life with flowers which it did not possess, that they might be able some time to gather the few which it actually has. Therefore, my little friends, you must labour early to exercise your young powers upon that which lies near to you, and is useful and good within your sphere. When you are become older, you must labour still more and truly with attention and zeal—must never dream over life, but must use it, and at the same time enjoy it. Many grown-up people resemble the child who wept because it could not have the moon,—these are they who have early begun to seek for their happiness in the clouds.

Often, when I hear tell how one or another has met with a joyful change or an unexpected piece of good fortune—when I see how spring follows winter, and makes it forgotten; how sunshine succeeds to rain, calm to tempest,—there awakes in me too a joyous feeling, and I think, "All things change; all things upon earth change, like the earth itself; also for me will there probably some time be a change too." Hope is a fountain, whose secret and hidden veins well forth eternally in the human breast.

But when I hear of disappointed hopes, of wishes never fulfilled, of prisoners for a lifetime, then my courage sinks, and I ask myself why should it go better with me than with others?

Sleep, ye feelings, wishes, hopes—sleep, and leave me at rest!

To lose interest in oneself, and in all that surrounds one, is to be sure sad, but yet at last it is always a kind of rest.

You say that the country is beautiful, that life there is pleasant, that you are happy, that you are beloved. I believe it—I believe it; so much the better for you, but what good is it to me?

No! and should I also feel my privations a thousand times more deeply, still I will not, I could not become cold or indifferent to the happiness of my neighbour. O love, enjoy, and rejoice yourselves! Let every thing, to the very smallest worm, pant with joy, and only I, I alone, possess nothing, I will praise thee, God of goodness!

He too, who seems to me so great and good; he, that worthy image of God upon earth—may he be happy! would that I could purchase for him, by my life full of renunciation, a life for him full of affluence and heavenly joy!

And how? should I then indeed be unhappy!

Since I see him, hear him, some changes have taken place in me. The air is clearer—lighter.

Why does my heart beat when I hear his step,

his voice even at a distance? Why do I become so painfully embarrassed when he approaches me? Why do I feel my cheeks burn?

His countenance is proud but gentle; his whole being full of a noble consciousness; it shews itself in his bearing, in his gait, in his unconstrained and graceful movements; one sees, one feels, that he has the consciousness of making by his exterior an agreeable and respect-inspiring impression, and precisely on that account he never thinks about it—and on that account it operates so certainly. The forehead is lofty and free, the eyes flash with fire and brightness, the nose is easily and lightly arched,—in all his features, in his whole deportment, is revealed the development of a free, powerfully, beautiful nature, which has only sought through the outward a significant expression of the inward. Freshness and life pervade his conversation as well as his countenance, and when he speaks, one feels that the fires of truth and goodness which sparkle in his eyes, dwell also in his soul. His voice is sometimes, perhaps, too strong and loud for the tone of conversation, but it raises itself upon the fire-pinnions of thought and of feeling. It proceeds from a breast in which no single feeling is stifled or fettered. It is the voice of freedom, and seems made to speak for her. Thus nobly, thus beautifully gifted by nature and fortune, ought he not also to be good? Yes! he is good—good as I image to myself the angels. This eye which can so coldly and calmly see danger and death approach, that glances with such defiance and scorn on tyrants and voluntary slaves—this eye has also tears of sympathy for the sufferings of a child, for the quiet pain of a woman. And should he not be good when he is so superior, so admired, so beloved! Elected to be king, he might perhaps forget his crown!

By the side of this glorious image I have, for the sake of the remarkable contrast, placed another, and contemplated now the one, now the other. This image, which is related to the first, like the shadow to the light, is my own. My deportment is dejected, it betrays the condition of my soul. My movements are, especially in his presence, often constrained and childish; this proceeds in part from the consciousness of my few charms,—in part from silly shame, which infuses into me a stupid vanity on account of my dress, which is almost mean, in comparison with that of others in my condition of life. I venture to speak but little, and when I speak my voice is low, and my words are often certainly inarticulate, because they have been accustomed to be silenced so severely; perhaps also, because his eagle-glance rests so attentively upon me, and he bends himself forward to listen to me. My eyes—earlier they had fire, expression, and animation, were clear and blue as the heaven—now they are feeble, without colour and expression—they resemble extinguished flames. Earlier my countenance had life and freshness,—now that gray-yellow colour, which indicates my past life, has spread itself by degrees all over it, and has chased away every grace. I could formerly laugh—I have forgotten how. My smile is melancholy. It is a pale, autumn-like sunshine, which speedily hides itself in dark clouds. Worn by perpetual labour, and combating against the ever growing desires after a brighter and more friendly life, a certain indifference and coldness has by degrees overcome my

soul—I have lost interest in myself and my own fate. I have by degrees carried my hopes to the grave, and every one has taken with it something of my life into the grave.

He is good—too good! Like the sun which rejoices with its light even the smallest flower, he wishes by his fire, his fresh spirit, his cheerfulness, to enliven even me. But ah! the most beautiful sun cannot bring again life to the flower which, already withered, has sunk its head to the earth.

He is very well read, has travelled much, has seen much, heard, perceived, and thought; it is, therefore, not to be wondered at that his words are rich in meaning. When I have quietly listened to him with rapture for whole hours, it is to me as if I heard beautiful music, whose pure changeful melodies open to me an inner world full of rich infinite feelings.

Besides this, every thing, as well what concerns things as ideas, becomes to me clearer and more distinct, as if in a dark gloomy picture gallery all at once the day burst in and lighted up the pictures, the subjects of which I before had only darkly imagined. And if he turn himself to me whilst he unfolds his rich noble ideas, and full of goodness inquires, "Is it not so? do not you think so too?"—then he reads, probably in my eyes, my quiet admiring answer.

He spoke yesterday of his childhood. He has been caressed by father and mother; he was carried about in their arms, upon their hearts; and I!—when I was a child, when I became older, now even, always—always was my caressing hand, my loving heart repelled. Well then, rejected and yet proud heart, cease to proffer thyself yet farther; and if thou must love nevertheless, break amid thy own throbblings rather than betray thyself, rather than place thyself in danger of being anew rejected, despised.

Quiet nights, why do ye no longer vouchsafe to me peaceful beneficial sleep? And thou, my heart, why dost thou throb so?

A certain agreeable consciousness awakens sometimes in me. I am then not so mean—not so altogether insignificant in the eyes of another! He shews me esteem, nay attention; he places value on my judgment; he encourages me to cultivate my talents: but that is done only out of goodness, out of heavenly compassionate goodness. God bless him!

It is too late, too late, merciful passer-by. Dost thou not see that the frost of many nights has lain upon the plant? Never again will it raise its head.

My daily prayer,—that which gives to me the greatest pleasure, is: "O God, give to him every thing, which thou hast found it good to withdraw from me!"

What joy, to pray for those whom one loves! What joy it is for me, to think, that my feeling for him should assume the form of a guardian angel, to turn from him a danger, to lead to him a blessing!

But never, never shall he suspect how much I have loved him! Never shall he direct to me

a contemptuous, pitying glance! It would be to me a dagger-blow!

I will burn these papers, my only confidants; and my heart shall be the quiet grave of my feelings.

O death! merciful death, why comest thou not? How delightful to me would be the waiting of thy refreshment-bringing pinions!

I have had to-night a strange, but beautiful dream. It seemed to me that I walked in a garden full of flowers. It was spring; the birds sang, the heaven was clear, the air mild and pure, all was beautiful around me—but I did not feel myself happy. I wandered softly along and looked towards Alfred, who walked in the same direction with myself, but upon another path, separated from me by a little stream, whose silver waves sprang forward one over another, and whispered, "How charming, how charming, it is to rock upon cool waves!"

And I was obliged to repeat for myself, "How charming, how charming!" Alfred also looked incessantly towards me, and it seemed to me that our looks by degrees began to beam.

All at once he went down to the shore, and stepped into a little boat which floated across the stream, and suddenly paused at my feet. Alfred reached forth his hand to me to enter. I would not, and wept, I knew not rightly why. Then he took my hand, and drew me with gentle force near him in the boat. I wept still, but felt myself not unhappy.

Then began the boat, as if guided by invisible hands, to move itself, and rocked lightly and pleasantly down the stream, whilst the silver-waves splashing leapt around it and sang melodiously, "How charming it is, to rock together upon cool waves!" I wept no longer.

Alfred and I talked with each other, and that which we said enchanted us. We floated softly away under balsamic-breathing flower-arches of lilacs and roses. The flowers loosened themselves from their stems and fell down upon us, whilst voices from them whispered, "How blessed it is to love one another, and to be united!" and we repeated amid joyful feelings, "How blessed!" Then came the night, but a night without darkness, for all the flowers began to shine in their bright colours, and every wave looked upward with a little bright shining diamond in its point. Above our heads floated a light cloud, from which beamed millions of stars. All at once Alfred said, "See there the grave!" And before us I saw something dark, formless, horrible, into which we were hastily driven. I felt, however, no fear. Then something like the wafting of a wing touched our eyelids, and we slept. But our sleep had lovely dreams, and we ceased not to see one another. Then it was to me, as if a gentle kiss was pressed upon our lips, a kiss like that with which a mother awakens her sleeping child, and we awoke. A beaming morning-red surrounded us. We held one another by the hand, and ascended ever higher and higher into an atmosphere of rose-odour. I felt my being light and ethereal. Every particle of heaviness, of depression, of discomfort, was vanished; I felt it was for ever. In a sea of crystal clearness, which lay below us, our figures were reflected, and I saw myself so beautiful that it enchanted me; "Now, for the first time," thought I, "I am worthy of him!"

In the midst of the transporting feeling of a pure and increasing joy, stole suddenly the thought through my soul, "If all this should be only a dream, and I should wake no more in dream, but in reality!" Ah, truly, all was only a dream. I perceived all at once the cry of the night-watch. "The clock has struck one!" and the bell of the Countess which called me to her. The Countess fancied she heard a mouse in her sleeping room, and would allot to me the part of a cat, which I perform extremely unskillfully.

Great misfortune enhances the powers of the soul; she mounts up to heaven from the flames of combat. It is an apotheosis, although upon the wings of the tempest. But those hourly depressing, consuming cares and disagreeables, those vexations, the cancers of life and joy, O how do they not oppress the children of the dust—yet deeper into the dust!

I had just now a moment of quiet satisfaction. What was the cause of it I do not rightly know. I was alone; the sun shone into my little chamber; I felt its warmth with pleasure; the shadow of a budding lilac played in the sunshine upon the green wall. I thought upon him—on his goodness. I observed a little cloud, which at some distance from the sun floated lightly by, and said to myself, "Thus will my life creep on! Yes, ephemeral being, soon wilt thou be no more, and thy pain, thy love, will leave behind them upon earth just as little trace as this little cloud in the blue field of heaven. I shall be no more,—suffer no more. Peaceful thought!"

I am in the country! For the first time in many years, and that truly through his kind mediation, I find myself in a good, cheerful, and in every respect amiable family. Here constantly assemble themselves the people of the neighbouring residences. They play, sing, dance, talk, and laugh, the whole day long. I am dazzled, like one who comes out of the darkness and suddenly is met by a strong sun-light. Even as the eye then experiences pain, so does my heart now. I am not ungrateful,—but I feel myself solitary; I am not happy—and never shall be so!

I am a dissonant tone in the joyous harmony which rules here; that I feel in myself most of all.

Seldom have I seen so amiable, interesting a person as the twenty-years-old Camilla. She and her good sisters endeavour to cheer and enliven me in every possible way; but they are—ah, they are too joyous, too happy! they are innocent children of the light; they have not had a presentiment of the mystery of pain. I have endeavoured to fall in with their amiable labours; but my smile has perhaps not been right joyous, and one of the tears which I often feel to fill my eyes has perhaps, against my will, rolled down my cheek, and been seen; or my deportment, reserved, through habit, repels them; in short, I see that they are not at home near me, and feel themselves restrained in their innocent animation; and they would certainly leave me to my own mournful self, if they were not prevented doing so by their goodness and politeness.

'Ah, what has the owl to do among the larks? Terrify and silence their innocent songs? No; it is better that it return to its own dark nest.

My name's day. I had forgotten it. Camilla and her sisters surprised me with flowers and songs; they crowned me with flowers, embraced me, besought me to be gay,—said that they loved me. Amiable, merciful Samaritans, if indeed your anxious labours cannot heal the wounds of the sufferer, yet she will never forget to bless you for your goodness.

He reproached me with gentleness for my reserve. He wished I would seem joyful. I will attempt it.

Last evening Camilla sung. He stood behind her chair. When she had finished, she turned herself half round, looked up at him modestly blushing, and asked—"Was not this the piece which you wished for?" I did not hear his half-aloud spoken reply, but I saw his beaming eye meet hers which she cast down. Why did she cast it down? Beautiful, graceful Camilla! Look up gratefully to heaven, if thou perceive that feeling in his eyes which I read in thine.

His looks follow her. That is not to be wondered at. She is a rose in her full bloom, lovely, good, and joyous. He gave her a nosegay lately of heliotrope, and a bee crept out of the flowers and flew to me, who sat at a distance, and stung me in the hand. I repressed with difficulty an exclamation of pain, but yet I did it. I would not have disturbed the two at any price, they looked so amiable and happy. I can give no joy, but neither will I disturb any.

And for that reason I must very soon return to my gloomy home. That is now more suitable for me.

I have endeavoured to give him a pleasure. I have arranged and adorned Camilla's brown hair, which of all the attractions that she possesses, is the one upon which she bestows least pains. I have succeeded.

He is ill! and I cannot approach him—not watch over him!

He is better. Tears of anxious pain, tears of joy, which I was unable to keep back—ye have betrayed me! But thou, Camilla, dost thou think that thy paleness, thy red eyes, have remained unobserved?

He entered, we suspected it not; he seized our hands—thanked us for our anxiety, our sympathy. What I did I know not; but Camilla saw that I trembled.

Yes, I will hence—to hide myself from him, from the whole world, from myself!


I am again in my former home. It is better for me here,—I fancy that here I am stronger.

He must know it—he has seen that which he is to me. And then? Should he know it always. He would not boast of it in vanity—for that he is too great, too noble! He would mourn over me; his pity would not be heavy to me to bear, like the pity of the world. I should regard it like the compassion of a higher spirit, which looked down upon a weaker being.

Wherefore comes he to visit our joyless house, to enliven it with his presence? It is done from

compassion for me;—does he think that I could not live without his glance? Oh, he deceives himself! Life can as it were nourish itself with renunciations.

Or perhaps he foresees that when he is separated from me, I shall find myself doubly solitary, and seeks now to strengthen my soul, that I may bear it? Therefore he comes again—therefore he speaks—in order to raise me to the strength of mind, to the repose which he himself possesses.

Therefore he exercises my voice, encourages me to cultivate my understanding, to seek for knowledge. But in my condition that is impossible; and besides this, how could it benefit me—will it make me happier? 

Yes; I understand him and his angelic goodness. He has seen that he also was appointed by heaven to strike a wound into my heart; he knows it, and sought to prepare me for it; he would, if possible, alleviate it, make it imperceptible; he will divert my thoughts, will prepare pleasure for me—ah! he knows me not!

He is too good! It seems to me as if he pressed the dagger only deeper into my heart; but he knows what is best for me—and I kiss the hand which gives me death!

Ah, why so much kindness to-day, if he will set off to-morrow?

He has asked my hand—heavenly powers! He and—I!

I have refused his hand, with thankful words; but decidedly have I refused his hand! My heart beats with pain and proud delight! I have refused it, because I love him better than I love myself; his happiness I prefer to mine a thousand times, and could give him no greater proof of this, than that I would preserve him from a wife who is not in a condition to make him happy. Ah, I must weep!

Would not death by the side of life throw over this its dark shadow? I will be just towards myself. I am not in every thing unworthy of his choice. My life, my heart, are pure—and this heart loves him;—my soul glows for truth and virtue,—I am not conscious of one mean feeling—but ah, for the rest how little am I formed to beautify his noble life! My outward youth is vanished, still more so my inward. This spring of the soul, which sometimes however can recall the early withered flowers of the other. All my eager lively talents are chilled and dead. It is always to me as if there rested a heavy, stiff, iron hand upon my breast. I have felt too deeply the desolate emptiness, the gloomy melancholy of life. The bitterness of certain moments will never leave my memory. Never shall I regain that mood of mind, that freedom from care, which causes one to laugh so heartily—to be joyful,—in one word, to forget the future in the present hour. How bitterly should I have felt by his side—adoring him as I now do—my inability to give and to receive pleasure. I should, like Abbadona, feel my inward darkness, and thereby become still darker.

My health is weakened and I greatly err if my chest is not affected.

Besides, what should I be in those circles where rank, mind, and talents, as well as his own inclination, call him, with my small education, my wholly inward poverty, my want of agreeable properties;—a despised nullity, and a being whose audacious pretensions would there, where she is not in her place, make her appear with justice an object of ridicule. A wife without charms, sickly, melancholy, and who, because she felt all this, became thereby yet more dejected; that would be the sweet reward which fortune would have given for his magnanimity; that would be the only comfort for his pains, for the enlivening and joy of his life! Ah, he would hundreds of times have repented his choice in his own heart! And the kinder, the more considerate he might have been towards me, for that reason should I have been all the more unhappy. Yes; I feel that, pressed to his heart, out of the very despair of not being able to make him happy, I might have murdered myself. O that thou whom I so inwardly, so infinitely love, couldst but read my heart! Would that my constant, my warm prayer might call down upon thee that happiness which I cannot give thee!

He has never loved me; no spark of love conducted him to me; only for a moment could I deceive myself about it—the dream vanished—all became clear,—I saw what I had to do—and God and my love lent me strength to act properly.

It was only noble, heavenly compassion which led him to me—only goodness,—it deserved to be rewarded! A sweet, proud feeling overpowers my heart, when I think, “the noblest man would have raised me up to himself,” and I have treated him worthily! Yes; he has raised me!

I cherished in me the belief, that the charming Camilla will, at one time, vouchsafe to him all that which it was not in my power to give. Pale, trembling Camilla! perhaps very soon will the flowers of joy and love glow upon thy gentle cheeks. Thou never shalt learn for what thou hast to thank me. And thou, Alfred, when the joy of heaven swells in thy noble breast, thou wilt no longer think of me; but I—I will think on thee.

And when I have finished my laborious course through life, may I then be able to say, “I have made two human beings happy!”

I see him no longer. How dark is every thing around me here! but I have willed it,—and I am contented.

My thoughts accompany him with benedictory wishes,—day and night, in the morning as in the evening, accompany him.

My presentiment is about being fulfilled. Camilla is Alfred's happy bride. How will her lovely intellectual eyes beam! O may they be happy! Hear me, Giver of all felicity—no supplication for myself shall longer weary thy goodness,—but make them happy—take every thing which I might yet have—ah, take my soul—and give, give to them all!

Let Camilla love him, even as I love him.

The bells ring! the bells ring! the great day is arrived—Alfred leads Camilla to the altar. How noble, how handsome he is! How lovely, how charming she,—how happy they both appear to be! “A noble pair,” whispered the people,—did

I hear it—or have I read it somewhere? I do not know. The day is beautiful—the spring-sun warm and bright. All is bright and peaceful, my mind also,—I am happy and cheerful! No, it is not fever which colours my cheeks so crimson—it is joy—it excites my pulse—it makes my heart beat a hundred in a minute—hark! the bells ring. It is done; the clergyman has blessed them—and I too.

Now I am tranquil and alone, and quiet as the night, which reposes on all things; I pray in my heart for the happiness of those whom I so infinitely love. All that Providence does is good, is well—even pain has its repose, its end—my pain also will find this in his happiness; for which I in a courageous moment laid the foundation. O beloved of my heart, I believe, I know, that through thy happiness, I also shall be happy. When the sun of thy joy beams in its full splendid midsummer glory, its warmth will also reach to me, the one hidden in shade. I will be the distant echo of thy song of joy! Feel and call thyself happy—and I also will be happy—be joyful! and I also am—joyful; smile! and also I smile; thank God! and also I thank God; thank him inwardly.

(Poor fanatic! thy wings seem not long to have sustained thee. Under a later date, I find in the same hand which wrote this in joy and felicity, the following words, all the expressions of a quiet but broken spirit!)

*January 2nd. My life is a feverish dream!*

A better world—my most beautiful, my only hope!

(Years seem now to have passed on in which nothing is indicated; but from that which next follows, and with which a new epoch seems to have begun in the life of the Solitary, one may conclude that the angel of peace—whose palms, sooner or later, wave around the good, innocent sufferer—came nearer to her heart).

An infinitely sweet something has sunk into my heart. I know not what sentiment of peace, nay, of cheerfulness, attends me in my quiet wandering through the vale of life. And yet every thing around me here is unchanged, is cold; without joy, without love, as before. The change has taken place in myself. I expected my happiness from the world—and man; I was deceived, wounded and repelled; now I have alone turned myself to God, and begin to feel—that His peace is higher, greater than all the joy of the world.

A beautiful hyacinth, which blooms in my window, awoke in me cheerful feelings and thoughts. I see how it, unconsciously paying homage to the light and warmth, by degrees turns to the sun. The sun in return beams brightly upon it; opens, still operating, flower upon flower; lends to it colour, beauty, and fragrant odour. This to me is a clear image of the human and the divine. Eternal sun of love! I will, like the flower, humbly turn to thy light, in order to receive life and joy from thee, which thou alone canst give.

I come from church. I have wept much, and am yet become happier. The feeling of devo-

tion is one of the most beautiful, most charming, which we can experience upon earth. It is not joy, not sorrow; but something that elevates us above both,—it is a momentary return of the soul to its true native home—a feeling which, more than every deep-thinking demonstration, convinces us that we are children of immortality.

The text was taken from the *Woman of Canaan*. The preacher took occasion therefore to represent how bread is often withheld from us that we may learn to satisfy ourselves with the crumbs,—and how a submissive and flexible spirit is productive of happiness to its possessor, and well-pleasing to God. It seemed to me, as if all this was emphatically spoken alone to me, and I acknowledged it as truth in my heart. Ah, this restless heart, that has desired with impatience so much from the world and from man, that wished so ardently to possess all the good things of life, how it has been obliged to give up its wishes! It has, by degrees, learned to please itself with the crumbs; but it is also humble, patient—and as I hope has become better,—and now first it enjoys the peace, the joy, after which it has striven so long, but in the wrong way. A flower, a bright day, an unexpected kind word—a lovely dream, a feeling of satisfaction, yes! a thousand little enjoyments, formerly not regarded by me, of which even the life most wanting in joy is not wholly deprived,—are now infinitely dear to me. I have by little and little learned to see how the true wisdom of human life consists in this, that it, like the bee, knows how to suck a drop of honey out of the smallest flower.

And if thou, lofty Director of my destiny, hast left me thus solitary upon earth for this purpose, that I may turn myself wholly to thee, and in thee find my all,—have I then, indeed, ground for complaint? If thou, All-merciful, wilt be to me father and mother, brother and sister, must not I then consider myself as blessed?

Why, ah why, have I not earlier sought my peace where I could alone find it? How many years of pain and depression might have been spared me, if I had earlier known how foolish it is to turn oneself for comfort and joy to the world and man.

Give, thou solitary forsaken one, thy heart to God; but with that deep serious will, which allows of no wavering, no return, no weakness. Learn to say, "Thy will be done, O Father!"—not merely with submission, but with love, with joy; and all despair, all depressing, hopeless pain, will for ever have vanished from thee!

When I in the evening lay myself down to rest, and the fatigues of the day and the unkind treatment of those for whom I have borne them have depressed my mind, I begin to pray "My Father!"—but scarcely have I said these words, scarcely has the feeling of their meaning penetrated my soul, than I weep the sweetest tears, and an infinite blessedness overcomes my whole being. My whole prayer then often consists of "My Father!" which I repeat many times; for they contain, as I feel them, every thing which I can express of childlike love, of inward confidence, of submissive hope, of devotional joy. Amid such feelings I fall calmly asleep,—and is it then indeed to be wondered at, if I believe myself cradled by the songs of angels?

Yes, I believe it—I must believe it—there is a

comfort for every thing. There are beings more unfortunate than I have been, although the sensibility of my heart has increased suffering a thousand-fold for me. There is, for example, the neglected invalid, consumed by pain; the captive, without hope of deliverance, of whose only joy—a spider—an inhuman hand has deprived him. But could not they also look up to God, and say "Our Father!" And the criminal, who has deserved his sufferings—who is more unfortunate than he? But if he feel repentance he may be forgiven,—the prodigal son can arise and go to his Father. Can the child of an eternally good Father ever, indeed, feel despair? Ah! He who taught us to call God our Father, He alone knew the human heart, and knew how to give to it a never-failing consolation!

The dead have comforted the mortal; and the voices which have exclaimed, "We suffer!" have also exclaimed "We are comforted!" The Gospel is spread out to the human race, and has opened heaven to it; but a murmuring, dissatisfied heart knows it not.

But the vicious—the debased into animal rudeness—the millions who live in darkness, in the night of misery and of ignorance? Friendly stars! ye who shine so brightly—mystic lights of heaven, full of hope I glance up to you. Ye are worlds for hope—I regard ye as higher schools of education for the unhappy children of earth! Yes, confidently may one hope, God is indeed so all-good!

If our faith is firm, and our hope secured with a sure anchor, then is much won for our peace, and, in particular, heaven stands clear in our future; but, nevertheless, our hearts may still suffer much, and the burden of the day still appear intolerable, let human wisdom help it as it may. Defend us from discouragement—from the phantasmagoria of the imagination; and let us seek, every one for himself, the diversion of mind, the available little joys and springs of comfort, which lie so near to us, if we only look out for them. The great object is to preserve oneself good and pure, and then to suffer as little as possible. The means for that purpose are for all equally alike as different; but no one will miss them who has only his eyes open to see them.

Mercifully to direct the blind to them, ought to be the business of those whose lot it is on earth, so to say, to be eyes to the human race, to see for them and to teach them to see. O ye wise, ye noble and enlightened of the earth, be less of our schoolmasters, be more our comforters! Shew us the mysteries of consolation—give light to pain—teach every one how in his outward condition, and according to the nature of his inward, he may find alleviation for his sufferings! Noble physician of the soul, grow not weary in seeking out remedies for all her maladies! How many blessings then will follow your footsteps, your divine labours!

The years which I formerly found so long, now pass on rapidly as swallows, because the days no longer appear burdensome to me,—because no hour of the day passes over without affording to me a cheering, enlivening feeling. This hourly, this to me principal comfort, I have

found in prayer, in a constant remembrance of the presence of the Highest of Beings. I live and act always under the eyes of a father; and as I feel that I live, I feel and know also that his eye follows me, that his spirit is near to me, surrounds me with his peace, and infuses a joy into me which I may indeed feel but cannot describe.

I regarded myself formerly, by virtue of my position, as wholly useless in the world. Experience, to me dear experience, has taught me—that if we work, in the small sphere which has been confided to us, only with truth and care, that we shall operate and labour according to the regulation which is the foundation of all good; and that pleasant consequences will sooner or later arise to us therefrom.

My health fails. The fulfilment of my duties in the family which has adopted me, becomes to me more difficult every day; but I endeavour to fulfil them according to the best of my powers. My heart has peace, is cheerful and quiet.

"Do not sit idly there, and do not look so happy, whilst I go about to seek for my snuff-box!" said just now the angry Countess to me. I recollect a time when I received reproaches on account of my downward devotional looks. Now my heart is so joyous that my countenance often receives the impression of it. Neither was the displeasure of the Countess at this time wholly without foundation; because, whilst one must take heed not to disturb the peace of others by an evidence of our own disquiet, one must not the less avoid shewing a satisfaction which may make a painful impression upon those to whom this feeling is a stranger.

I have again seen—him—her, have pressed their children to my heart! This family is an image of felicity. The happy husband and wife scarcely recognised me. That was not singular—I am so changed. I cherish in myself a wish—a fanciful hope—which I will not chase away—the hope of being able soon to float invisibly around them, and watch over their happiness.

How beautiful is the look of a man who labours with his full powers and in a sphere where his abilities freely exercise themselves, and still rise higher by the labour,—and where he is conscious that he lives for the benefit of his country, that he is esteemed by his fellow-citizens, loved by wife and friends, worshipped by his children,—that is the look of Alfred! How charming and touching is the expression in the countenance of a woman where all the requirements of her loving heart have been fulfilled, who lives in and for her beloved,—that is the expression of Camilla's face. And you happy little ones—you children, you darlings, one sees in your eyes full of innocence and joy of life, who brightly—the heaven of your childhood shines!

"In the autumn—when the leaves fall!" said a physician to-day, half aloud to the Countess, after he had observed me with thoughtful mien, and had inquired after my health. This termination of life sounds quite romantic,—but yet my life has had very little resemblance to a romance. Well then,—in autumn—in autumn. An aspen-leaf, which has trembled in the waving of so many winds—will tremble no longer!

I make use of a remedy for my chest,—may it or may it not be beneficial—I am calm; formerly I wished to die—now I wish it less, since I have learned better to support and employ life. I have learned to worship God in all his works. There is nothing, be it small as it may, to which a great thought does not in some way unite itself—and which thereby does not become important and interesting.

The leaves fall—and I still live—and still lift joyfully my eyes to the gloomy heavens.

I have great bodily pain and yet suffer so little—my soul is so happy!

“In spring—when the leaves shoot!”—says the physician now. And I should almost believe it, if I ventured to listen to the quiet presentiment which abides in me, and which whispers to me; in spring, when every thing awakens to life and to joy, when the flowers send forth from opened cups their fragrant odour to heaven,—then will my emancipated spirit float forth and feel the air of the eternal spring; then will my yearning have reached its dimly divined of goal.

He is come to me with his wife, yet once more to see me—that was noble and kind of him. I found him changed. A dark fire was in his eye, and wrinkles which resembled those of discontent shewed themselves sometimes on his brow, that formerly was so clear and smooth. Ah, ambition has crept into his heart!—this, together with his talents, has lifted him upon eagle-pin-

ions to the height of worldly greatness. He is become a great man, but has ceased to be happy. His amiable wife looked dejected, and the most careful toilet could not conceal the change in her melancholy countenance. It grieved me to see her; ah, that they were but as happy and tranquil as I!

I am almost forty years of age. As solitary as I lay in my cradle, thus solitary stand I yet on the edge of the grave. I have gone through life like a shadow, and my life has been like a shade. More and more it vanishes from my eyes; but the Eternal Father, whose will I have obeyed, opened to me a new, a glorious life, to which I advance with indescribable joy! The beneficial prayers which I send forth, and which I feel will be heard,—the feeling of a presentiment of heaven, that feeling of angelic peace which has accompanied me,—the tranquillity which no pain is able to disturb,—the delicious emotions of joy, the pleasurable tears which I often shed,—oh, those dear holy messengers!—what do they announce to me other than that I soon shall behold the image of all love, of all perfection,—that the yearning spark will soon unite itself with the sacred fire from which it is sprung!

Here the feeble hand ceased to guide the pen,—the heart which had beaten so long with love and pain now reposes.

The Solitary is gone home to her Father—she is now happy!

# THE COMFORTER.

Who that has suffered—that has, in moments of deep and dark pain, found in his heart a world of misery, and then felt the necessity, cherished the heartfelt wish, to be comforted by a being from a higher world—has not, at times, hoped in enthusiastic melancholy to see an angel come down, who with merciful healing hand would touch the wounded heart, and solve the dark riddle of life and suffering?

Oh, when nature smiles around us in her glorious garment of summer,—when she, like an enchanting beloved one—affectionate, beaming, warm, embraces with pure joy man, her bridegroom,—then, if the human heart remain cold and reserved, and solemn as the grave;—if it alone cannot mingle its voice in the jubilant chorus of the earth,—if man fancy himself to be the only repulsed one,—how good were it then if a voice from heaven whispered the assertion to the unhappy one, “Thou also art beloved! Son of suffering, endure with patience; thou also shalt one time drink from the cup of happiness!”

Ye bitter sufferings, inconsolable sorrow, despair—I have known ye! Heavenly voice, full of mercy and comfort, I have heard thee, and shall never forget thee. Yet to-day callest thou to me from the world of spirits. My soul hears thee, my heart understands thee! At this moment, in which memory has opened the leaves of my book of life, and my pen will recal the remembrance of long down times, the still night has laid all around me to rest. I am alone, awake, and with me it is suffering which dissipate repose. The pale light of my lamp makes me aware of the shadow of a fearful form upon the wall near me, which reminds me of that which legends ascribe to the gnomes, those children of dust and of darkness. This horrible shape is my own—is my body. And this, so deformed, so heavily afflicted body is united to a soul which adores the beautiful in the inward being, as well as in the outward form.

Alone with myself and my shadow, surrounded by night and silence, I yet feel the smile float upon my lips,—I listen with quiet joy to the harmonious voices which rise up from the depths of my soul in humble offerings of praise to heaven; and I can only compare the delightful, clear peace which encompasses my soul, with the gentle moonlight that at this moment spreads itself over the moss-roses in my window.

There was a time when every thing in me was quite otherwise, in which I hated the world and myself; in which I wished that I had never been born.

In the May of life, during those days of spring in which the whole of organized nature, every created existence, becomes partaker of some drops of joy; in which gentle pinions rock mankind, and heaven vaults itself so loftily and brightly above us,—at that time I became acquainted with misfortune, and bitter were then my complaints.

It was in my drooping soul, as in the outward world, when, in our northern climate, the days towards winter rapidly decrease, the nights become longer, and the sun, like a dying one, seems only to rise, to say farewell, and then to sink again. I cherished not the hope that a new year would alter for me the course of things; on the contrary, I saw behind the decreasing light a night becoming ever more and more dark, spreading itself over all.

Happy are the dead; they suffer no longer! Happier still are the unborn, who have never suffered! Happy also are you, ye pitied fools; ye who laugh at your misery; ye who plait for yourselves crowns from your straw couches; ye who dream that ye are great and happy. Ye are pitied unjustly! Ah, ye feel, indeed, nothing, and your misfortune is concealed by the flowers of your madness. Happy are ye!

Thus thought I, thus complained I, as one evening I dragged myself along with slow steps, in one of the darkest alleys of the park on the estate of my parents.

I was young and unhappy, and never—no, never—can one feel misfortune so bitterly as in youth. In maturer years the feelings become blunted—the blood flows more tranquilly; one is already accustomed to suffering—the way is not then so long to the terminating goal of all suffering. But when pain surprises us in youth, then that which is terrific in its novelty is increased by the yet uncurbed strength of the feelings by which that wild, fruitless struggle against fate is excited, whose consequences are hopelessness and despair.

Sickly and infirm at nineteen. I went through life timid and gloomy as an unblessed shade. I had been happy; therefore, I now suffered so much the more. I was full of life and health till my seventeenth year,—and so beloved—and so happy! Then I felt myself good, found the world so beautiful, regarded mankind as angels, and God as the Father of all. A tedious illness threw me about this time upon the couch of suffering, from which I arose again disfigured in the most fearful manner. People pitied me at first; but soon they turned away from me—my mother also, my brothers and sisters, did so. My heart became bitter; I felt the deterioration of my mind, and began to think myself abandoned by God and man. The careful education, the fine accomplishments, which, in my younger years, had been my share, served now only to sharpen the sense of my misfortune. Never beat a heart in a human breast with more glowing love for freedom, activity, and the heroic virtues, which history displays in splendid prototypes. Never flamed more enthusiastically the spirit of emulation in the soul of a youth. Cato, Brutus, Scipio, Regulus, they were my prototypes—I wished to resemble them, if not to excel them all,—and my name, like theirs, should be honoured by a noble posterity. Renown and joy, with a rich, virtuous, and useful

—that was the quickly vanished dream of his first youth.

Miserable compassion, contempt, forgetfulness—with a useless, sickly, joyless life—were the horrible realities which locked me in their iron arms on my awaking, which drew me down from my heaven, and darkened to me the whole world,—and God, and his beautiful sun, and his mercy towards his creatures.

Doubt, with its murmuring never-answered questions, arose in my soul, and midnight darkness inclosed my uneasily throbbing heart. An unending pain agitated my breast, whilst the panting breath moved it up and down.

"And how have I sinned that I should be so severely, so fearfully punished—for what have I become so unhappy?" asked I, loudly murmuring, as with tearful eyes I looked around me on the blooming scenes which richly and beautifully surrounded me.

It was a gloriously fine evening. The sun was descending, all was tranquil—only a low murmur stole now and then, like a whispered declaration of love, between foliage and flowers through the wood. Every thing seemed to rejoice—I alone suffered! I wished to be the bird which thoughtfully twittered, swinging upon the green branches,—or the flower which beamed so splendidly, which gave forth such sweet odour,—or the butterfly which rested in its bosom,—nay, even the moss overgrown, happy, senseless rock against which I leaned;—only not man—only not the suffering, pitiable human being which I was!

I rested myself beside a lake which bounded the park, and which was encompassed by the most beautiful shores.

O how often had I formerly, with youthful pleasure and joy, guided my little boat over its dancing waves! How often had I, with my powerful arms, divided its gentle waters—kissed them with warm lips—and seen in the clear depths which mirrored back a cloudless heaven, the image of my pure heart, my fresh life! As formerly, still green, riant shores garlanded the quiet lake,—as formerly, the dark blue of the heavens reflected itself in its depths—my boat lay on the shore,—every thing had remained so unchanged, so kindly unchanged! I only was no longer like myself, was no longer the same. I found every thing here, excepting only myself.

I bowed myself down to touch the cool water with my glowing lips, but suddenly drew back at the sight of my own detestable image, which, like my demon of misfortune, raised itself towards me more terrific than ever from the dark depths. It was to me as if I had been stung by a snake.

With disordered and painful feelings, I fixed my stony gaze upon the opposite shore. Joyful human voices sounded thence; and I soon perceived how gay couples swung around in a merry midsummer dance. Songs and laughter echoed back from the rocks around. I arose, turned myself away, and went deeper into the wood.

Through the opening of an avenue shone opposite to me the brilliantly-illuminated windows of the castle of my parents. They held there that night a festival to celebrate the return of my eldest sister to the paternal house. She had left it in her childhood, in order to be brought up "near relations in the capital; and now re-

turned back an amiable bride, and was received by festivities which I now escaped as earnestly as I formerly had sought them.

"Nobody will miss me, nobody will think about me," thought I, with bitter feelings, as I went away to seek for darkness and quiet. "Parents, brothers and sisters, make for yourselves pleasure—dance—sing! I shall never more sing, never more dance, never more laugh!"

Music now resounded from the castle, and brought to me the bewitching tones of my favourite waltz,—the joyous voices from the shore became louder and louder,—I went, and went, and went,—they pursued me. O all ye unfortunate friends, ye who like me have felt yourselves without joy, without hope in the world—was it not then, during the innocent joy of others, that envy and bitter chagrin crept into your hearts? If it be painful to suffer undeservedly, then it is doubly painful to be obliged to say that one has deserved it, when one, for the first time, detects in oneself an envious and disdainful state of mind. I cannot describe what a feeling of infinite pain overpowered for some moments my whole being. My whole power was concentrated upon one point—upon the consciousness of my suffering. It was intolerable to me. "O my God! comfort me, comfort me!" exclaimed I many times with a hollow voice, before which I myself shuddered. "If thou be the God of mercy, then pity thou thy suffering child! Give me again that which thou hast taken from me; or open thy heaven—send an angel to me, an angel which shall tell me why I suffer,—or annihilate me! I am a grain of dust before thee—mingle me with the dust—only cause that I cease to feel, to suffer!" This wild, incoherent prayer—ah, I felt it—was only an audacious, bitter murmur. I should have thrown from me at this moment every earthly consolation, I should not have received them. An angel's voice alone, an immediate revelation, would only, so I imagined, give me tranquillity,—could only give me back my extinguished hope, my faith on that which once had been so sacred, so certain, and so clear, and which now to my feeling, unstable, and wrapped in darkness, left me without any support.

Every one who, like me, has been suddenly and unexpectedly plunged into the depths of misfortune, will feel with me. People could not be so unhappy if, with the loss of all earthly hopes, they did not also often lose faith in a wise and merciful God. That gracious voice which exclaimed to us that not a sparrow, much less one of us, falls unobserved to the earth—that the hairs of our head are all numbered—this voice is not perceived in the tempest of passions—and if even it do find a way to our breast, it is not always able to silence the excited waves—for that wild, impatient heart desires then an instantaneous effect to prove its truth,—and if in our murmuring no consolatory feeling descends into our tumultuous heart—if our fate do not change, our sufferings remain the same,—then we despair—then—ah, how unhappy are we then!

With eyes fixed on the night I went onward, and seemed to myself like a child of the night.

All at once as it were a hundred weight fell upon my heart, that what I suffered, what I felt,

might be only a repetition of that which others had felt and suffered before me. The bloody sweat of millions of human beings, the tears of millions, had moistened before me the path of pain upon which I wandered, and would moisten it after me; and shuddering, I saw in thought, like ugly ghosts, darker than the night which encompassed me, all the sufferings and afflictions of the human race pass before me—the sufferings of the body, of the heart, of feeling, those never wearied harpies, which leave not the unfortunate, until he has, brother-like, extended his hand as a skeleton to death,—and in my own name, and that of all sufferers, I lifted up a piercing, painful, murmuring cry, and directed my eyes lamentingly to the stars. In tranquil, undisturbed majesty, they stood clearly sparkling above my head, and this immovable order, this eternally unshaken repose of heaven, awoke in my breast, ice-cold despair. “Let us die!” exclaimed I in thought to my brethren in misfortune, “Let us die—then all is at an end,—we have no compassionate Father in heaven!”

I had seated myself, and felt with gloomy satisfaction how the dampness of the night penetrated my dress;—I hoped that it would undermine my enfeebled health,—and my only wish now was for death. Whether it would conduct me now to a more friendly fate, or only annihilate my afflicted being, it was welcome to me, dear to me, and inwardly longed for by me. Nobody would weep for me,—all my family would, like myself, regard my death as a gain. I knew it, knew it only too well!

Towards midnight the music was silent, and I heard how the dancers on the shore departed by degrees, amid cheerful sounds. All at length was still. It had become dark, and the stars, whose glittering pomp had seemed to mock my pain, were wrapped in clouds. The whole country lay hidden in deep night, and at a distance the thunder was heard to roll. All this accorded more with my inward feeling, and did me infinite good. I threw myself down upon the ground and wept bitterly. I wept long, and felt thereby a beneficial alleviation. Gentler feelings pressed into my heart, and combatted against the bitter ones. The thoughts so precious to me of a reward on the other side of life, for sufferings patiently endured, of a wise, all-compassionate Father came again and again. I was now able to pray to him with a submissive heart. I prayed,—prayed for consolation—for light and strength, with that fervent, nameless prayer, whose strength opens heavens, and seems able to press with the sighs of the heart, to the throne of the Eternal. I had, whilst I prayed, raised myself up, but soon sank down again to the earth, enfeebled by my feelings and by pain, deprived even as much of thought as of power, and dull tones of lamentation laboured forth from my panting breast.

The night was warm, and so tranquil that no breath of air was sent forth; yet it seemed to me at times as if a trembling passed through the leaves of the poplar, under which I lay with my face to the earth, and each time an involuntary shudder passed through me. Three times, it seemed to me as if a hand passed over my head lightly and caressingly, and with the pleasant sensation which I perceived therefrom, a delightful remembrance of my childhood livingly

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awoke within me. So had Maria, the little beloved one of my childish years, caressed me, when we, fatigued by sport and exercise, rested upon the soft grass together. I had perceived this sensation, when the little one raised her feeble hand from her death-bed and laid it, for then she could no longer speak, as it were in blessing on my head.

Was she near to me at this moment? Was she, the glorified angel of earth, sent by the All-merciful to comfort me? O how my heart beat as these thoughts arose in my soul!

I believed with certainty that something supernatural was near me, but, although the hair of my head rose upright, yet my heart felt no fear. What, indeed, does one fear when one is deeply wretched? Nay, even the most gloomy revelations of the spiritual world terrify no longer. The feelings of horror which they infuse are welcome; they refresh—they raise us above earthly pain; and seem less horrible than this. It is, however, a consolation which, as we believe, approaches us in a beloved shape from that unknown land at whose portals all lights of the human spirit are extinguished—therefore all becomes tranquil in the tumultuous breast, and all the pulses beat in adoring expectation. Thus operated in my soul the thought of Maria's presence. I called her softly by name—besought her to lay her hand upon my heart,—and amid feelings of peace and sweet repose, such as I had never felt before, I fell into a kind of dreaming stupefaction. During this, it appeared to me that I saw Maria clothed in white, and in describably beautiful, sit near me, in her hand a palm-branch with which she fanned me—whilst I, in no condition to speak or clearly to think, pleased myself for some moments only by the feeling, how well it was with me. All at once I perceived Maria seize me by the hand, and amid feelings of indescribable satisfaction I fancied myself floating away at her side over the earth towards heaven.

“I am dead!” thought I, and an unspeakable sensation of joy passed with the thought through my soul.

I wished to turn myself round, that I might yet once more behold this earth upon which I had suffered so much—but mists dimmed my view.

The clouds environed me ever more densely; I felt how the frosty damps chilled my breast, and dulled the glow which the restless beating of my heart had occasioned. “It is good!” thought I; “that is the enfolding of the grave, the embrace of death—how beautifully they cool! soon—soon shall I be transformed.” Again it became dark to me, as if I were not yet dead, only dying. My mind became every moment more benumbed; it became ever darker and darker before my eyes—a dull sighing, as of distant woods, was in my ears. Yet clearly and calmly remained to me the consciousness of a guiding hand, even in the moments in which I entirely seemed to lose the consciousness of my own existence.

A sudden feeling of pain, which thrilled through my heart like a dagger-stroke, recalled me to thought and consciousness. I found myself lying upon the earth as shortly before, and should have regarded all as merely a dream had I not still felt the soft, warm hand which inco-

sed mine. I was feeble and powerless. Without raising my head, I exclaimed, "O Maria, why didst thou not take me up into thy bright home! Why am I yet upon earth, where people suffer so much and so hopelessly—why, ah, why must I still suffer!"

"God wills it," replied a voice, as charming and melodious as we represent to ourselves that of angels. Impatiently murmuring, I asked, "And to what purpose should I live and suffer!"

"In order to be better thyself—to be useful to others."

"How can I, miserable worm, be useful to others!"

"Through thy patience—through the example of thy submission."

"Ah, I have strength to feel my suffering, but not to bear it!"

"Pray!"

"God's image is darkened in my heart—I cannot pray! I have seen the abyss of pain—have understood the sufferings of men,—and I too—I understand God no more! O be not angry, pure, holy angel! Thou who livest in light—look mercifully upon the son of darkness—enlighten me—comfort me!"

"Yes, I will comfort thee!"

"Tell me, compassionate angel, has the Eternal sent thee to me?"

"He has sent me to thee."

"His eye then, then, sees the tormented worm creeping in the dust! The suffering creature of the earth are not unobserved by him!"

"He sees, he numbers them all."

"O Maria! say, if God be all-good and merciful, wherefore all the wretchedness, all the sufferings of men!"

"It is sufficient for thee to know that he will afford comfort to all, and will some time cause all suffering to cease."

"I cannot take hold on this comfort—I do not understand how happiness can ever outweigh pain. Happy angel—thou who wast already in childhood snatched away from the earth—thou hast never known its afflictions—thou understandest them not! Hear now one of its victims speak! Hear, and if thy incorporeal being can yet cherish human feelings—if this heart, familiar with the felicity of heaven, be not cold for foreign suffering—then shudder!" And from the depths of my agitated heart I exclaimed—"We suffer, we suffer! We call for help, and the earth opens her abysses, and heaven looks coldly down and despises us. The night of despair covers us—the vulture sits on our heart, and rends from it piece after piece—and gnaws and gnaws. We call on death, but death comes not. We curse our life—we blaspheme—" I paused, thrilled through with horror!

Every thing was still for a moment, and I endeavoured, with a convulsive effort, to stupify my mind; for I dreaded to hear that scornful laughter, to see those dark abysses, to feel those pangs of agony.

"Listen!" said the angel-voice, suddenly, strong and delicious as a harp-tone. "Listen to the song of victory from my lips, which the suffering children of earth will some time sing altogether in the bright heavens!" And I heard the angelic song, which sounded like a voice out of the clouds, and yet quite near to me.

O thou human anguish,  
Thy abode was brief!  
Heart, enfranchised captive,  
What a blessed relief,  
By suffering purified,  
Now to God allied!

To the bright blue heaven,  
From the vale of care,  
Let thine eye be given,  
Think not on despair!  
See above, in brightness,  
The dwelling of uprightness!

Though our life's track leads  
us  
Through a foreign land,  
Tis but the course that  
speeds us  
To the bright world's strand,  
And afar off, we  
The Father's house can see.

There our hopes were tend-  
ing,  
Amid storm and fear;  
Blissedness unending  
Now surrounds us here.  
The appointed goal is gain-  
ed.

The victory is obtained!  
Never more in sadness  
Shall we look to heaven,  
Spring's eternal gladness  
To our hearts is given;  
And like the saints above,  
Henceforth our life is love!

The song ceased, but I fancied I still heard it. The pain also in my soul ceased. I felt how every bitter feeling within me dissolved itself by degrees, and gave place to gentle, consolatory ones. Sweet tears ran down my cheeks, and a feeling like that of the peace just now sung, overcame for a moment my being. Soon, however, the torment woke again, and doubt raised itself again from the depths of my soul. I folded my hands and prayed, "O pitying, gentle angel, forgive my weakness—leave me not—continue to give my soul light! Tell me, what indeed is that for which we here struggle and suffer!"

"The right, the true life, of which this earthly life is only the shadow. An eternal mounting upwards, an eternal approach to God, the fountain of truth and bliss. That light, that peace, that sanctification and pure joy, which we here seek for in vain, we shall there find."

"Ah," I replied gloomily, "night encompasses me—I cannot take hold on the light."

"Behold, the red of the morning breaks," cried the voice; "behold, how it diffuses light around us; how every object, which just now were yet veiled in nocturnal shadow, appears in brightness, beauty, and truth. Thus also on the morning of eternity will its sun diffuse light over all the perplexities of life,—then wilt thou understand wherefore thou hast suffered; only continue good, only continue submissive—and all will be right. Son of suffering! thou also wilt one day drink from the cup of felicity!"

"And the poor tempted ones, they whom misfortune leads to crime, whom misfortune degrades—what fate may they expect?"

"God is merciful and just—adore him!"

"And the wicked,—they whom a horrible destiny seems even from their cradle to have destined to be the scourge of their fellow-beings?"

The angel was silent a while, but at length said with a gentle, solemn seriousness, "Wherefore these questions, this disquiet, child of dust? There is a God—worship God!"

It became brighter in my soul. "O," said I softly, "I understand thee. God is God, and that says every thing,—my God also," added I, with deep and joyous feelings.

"And thy Father!" said the angelic voice.

"Yes—my Father,—and a Father who pardons! O Maria, tell me—if I, too weak to bear my burden, voluntarily laid down a life which I felt to be intolerable, would not this Father receive his unhappy child into his paternal bosom?"

"Do not mislead thyself," replied the voice;

"he who gives way before the trial, can never deserve the reward. O suffer with patience—hope with confidence! Deprive not thyself of the reward which awaits thee—of the well-pleasing of God, of the good pure witness of thine own conscience, of the blessings of those to whom thou canst be upon earth a support and a comfort."

"But if I see that I am a burden to others as to myself, if——"

"Do right and worship God," replied the voice, in a severe tone. I felt pain. At length I said, dejectedly, "Life is long, infinitely long, for the unhappy, who have on earth no other, better lot to expect; and the terminating goal of suffering appears to him too distant for it to operate as a constant alleviation of ever-returning pain. Thou, thou, in the enjoyment of ever-ascending happiness, measurest not, remarkest not, the course of the years; thou canst not think what an infinitude of duration the days, the hours, nay, even the minutes, have for the unfortunate, who counts his pangs by the beating of his pulse! If thou, heavenly comforter, wert ever near me, I would not complain; but when thou returnest to the bright home from which thou out of mercy hast descended, what will become of me! How shall I be able to bear those long, long hours, which the united pains of the soul and the body make so insufferable!"

"I will not leave thee," replied the angel, whose voice was again infinitely soft and gentle; "I will assist thee to endure those hours, and to feel those pains less. God has strewn everywhere the seeds of consolation and joy; we will seek for them together. We will be submissive,—and all will become good; we will be submissive—and peace will descend into our hearts. We will worship God together,—together seek for the mitigation of thy pain; and if thou must weep, thou shalt no longer weep alone." At these words the voice of the angel became as it were stifled by emotion.

"Do the immortals also shed tears?" thought I; and, amazed beyond all description, as well by the words as by the emotion that followed them, I raised myself up, and ventured for the first time to contemplate the white figure which sat at my side. Trembling I sought for the dear, well-known features of Maria; I found them not. A lovely, to me, strange countenance, veiled with compassionate tears, and brightened by the dawning crimson of the morning, bent over me, and a warm, soft, rosy mouth impressed upon my brow an affectionate kiss.

"O my brother, my beloved brother!" whispered the same angelic voice which went so to my heart, "recognize thy sister, whom God has sent to thee to comfort and to love thee,—who will never more leave thee!" and she threw her arms around me.

My bewilderment was so great, for a moment, that I fancied I had lost the use of my mind.

My sister endeavoured, in the most heartfelt affectionate manner, to overcome the excitement of my mind. She locked me in her arms, let my head rest upon her breast, and with sweet loving words she busied to rest as it were my agitated feelings. I became by degrees calmer, but for a long time could not persuade myself

that it was only my imagination, excited in the highest degree, which had made me fancy that an angel—yet what do I say—was it not an angel, although in a human form?—had been sent by God for my consolation! Yes, it was she, in the most beautiful signification of the word, and I felt it every moment deeper. In order to give my mind the most perfect clearness, she told me in a few words the accident which had conducted her to me. Informed of my illness, of its consequences, and the unhappy state of my mind, which my gay and fortunate brothers had described as bordering upon insanity, she had, immediately on her arrival at the paternal house, inquired after me, and learnt that I, more gloomy than common, had betaken myself into the park. As she, tolerably late at night, again inquired after me, and heard that I had not yet returned, this amiable sister, under the pretence of going to rest, stole away from the hall, and into the park, to seek out her afflicted brother. She was about to call my name, when my lamenting voice reached her ear, and guided her to the spot where I had sunk down overpowered by suffering, and almost insensible. She softly approached me, lingered quietly beside me, and heard how I called on the name of Maria, and besought her to comfort me; and her prudence and goodness suggested to her the thought of availing herself of this mistake, which my violently excited state of mind and my heated fancy had made, in order to afford me consolation in a manner which would make the greatest impression on my overstrained mind. Towards the conclusion of our conversation she thought that the human loving sister, deeply affected by my sufferings, would be more able to contribute to my comfort than one belonging to the world of spirits, and she let her feelings speak for me. "My brother"—thus she ended her explanation,—"be not displeased because I was thy angel! Maria would, however, have left thee; and I will never, never more leave thee!"

I could not overcome my amazement. "And those oracular answers which thou gavest to me!"

"Thou wilt find their foundation in the Gospel—there is the fountain of comfort and of wisdom; we will together learn to gain them therefrom."

"And that charming consolatory hymn," I said, with tearful eye, "was it, then, only thy composition!"

"It was truth, which, although feebly composed, by me was put into the form in which thou now hast heard it. When we shall some time hear, in a better world, the victorious songs of the suffering children of the earth, and shall even mingle our own voices in them,—how different, my brother!—how altogether another thing will these harmonies of eternity appear in comparison with feeble earthly tones! Ye heavenly felicities, which no human eye has seen, no ear has perceived, which no human understanding can comprehend,—how, indeed, could a mortal voice be worthy to sing ye! Ye patient sufferers, it will some time be your lot to do so!"

"Yes," replied I, with emotion, "I may perhaps some time unite my voice with these; but thou, sister, will sing yet more beautiful among the happy ones arisen from the grave,—happy

on this and on the other side,—thou angel of God!" My sister made no reply, but looked up to heaven with a glance, in which patient submission was so expressively depicted, as if she saw beforehand that severe fate would also strike her, and she offered up her own will as a sacrifice.

She took my arm within hers, and conducted me slowly back to the house. The ever-increasing daylight drove away the shadows from around; morning breezes played in the foliage, and the most delicious twittering of birds raised itself in the fresh odoriferous air. All this appeared to me an image of that which occurred in my own soul. In my night-enwrapped mind light had also arisen; I felt the gentle zephyrs of consolation, I heard the song of hope. Silently went on my sister and myself beside each other; but her beaming glance, which now was riveted upon me, now passed over the enchanting objects which surrounded us, and then raised itself to heaven, seemed to invite my feelings to follow in its holy flight.

The first beams of the sun gilded the windows of the Castle as we approached it—the same windows whose glittering illumination some hours before had made so painful an impression upon me. Now I contemplated them with quite different feelings; and as I turned to the beaming torch of day, I repeated softly, with deep and delightful emotion, Thomson's glorious prayer:

"Father of light and life! thou Good Supreme!  
O teach me what is good! teach me thyself!  
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,  
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul  
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;  
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!"

I perceived the change within myself with rapture. The nocturnal scene had made a deep impression upon me; and however natural every thing which had occurred might be, I still could not help ascribing it to a supernatural guidance. In the moment of pain and of despair I had called upon an angel, and an angel had descended to me with kind, long-wished-for words of consolation and hope. The voice of my glorified Maria could scarcely have produced a greater change in me than the voice of my gentle sister did.

She was one of those beings who only seem to linger upon the earth to alleviate its misery, and in whose pure soul heaven has stamped, as it were, its image. Gentle, lovely, wise, serious—she went through the world like a loftier spirit, who only takes part in life that it may sweeten the lives of others. She found her happiness only in the happiness of others; and if she now felt the sufferings of others bitterly, it was because she kept her gaze too firmly fixed upon the terminal goal of the journey through life for her to permit the brightness of her mind to be gloomed by the difficulties of the way. And precisely this repose in her own soul enabled her, wisely and considerately, to select and apply the right method for the alleviation of every sorrow.

I soon perceived the beneficial influence of her gentle and prudent guidance. She did not permit the temporary flight which had elevated my soul to sink back into cowardice, but maintained it upright, and sought to bring it round to tranquil, deliberate, and independent strength.

She soon discovered that ambition was my

chief passion, and that the loss of all that could promise success to this passion was the principal cause of my deep melancholy. She judged wisely, that this passion, like all strong passions of the soul, could scarcely be speedily brought into subjection; and endeavoured only to give it another direction, to set to it a better, nobler, less selfish, and to me a yet attainable object.

"Thou canst not," said she once, in our confidential conversations, "become a Scipio, a Camillus, a Leonidas; but thou mayest be a Socrates, a Plato, or, which is still better, one of those Apostles of Christianity, whose sacred and heroic virtues have deserved immortality on earth. Believe me, my brother, the world needs for its happiness more wise men than heroes; and the happy, noble man, who has given to humanity one comfort, one refreshment, may die with a more beautiful consciousness than that which sweetened the last hours of an Epaminondas. Thou hast received from nature remarkable gifts of mind, memory, acuteness; exercise and cultivate these. Thou hast knowledge—strive to acquire more and better-grounded knowledge. The field of mental cultivation is immeasurable, and the flowers which it bears are noble everlastings. The richer thy harvest becomes, the more (to continue the simile) thou garnereest of that which is mature and solid, all the more wilt thou be able to extend of the fruit of thy labour to the greatly-needing hungry many, and wilt deserve the blessings of the present and future generations. Let us never forget, that what we undertake and accomplish, if it be actually good and beneficial, must be for the use of the kingdom of God."

Thus spoke my good sister, less, as I believe, in the conviction of my ability to reach the prototypes which she presented to me, than to animate and inspire my sunken spirit.

In proportion as my earthly fortune opened itself again to me, my courage and my powers reawoke. The horizon extended itself, as it were, before my gaze. Full of hope, I extended my arms towards the ascending sun, in which I now saw, as formerly, the image of light which would beam upon my earthly life.

I began to labour for my new object with all the zeal which my weak health allowed, and might perhaps have exerted myself beyond my powers, if my gentle and prudent sister had not here also stood by my side, watchfully and warningly.

She induced me to seek for diversion of mind, and by agreeable light occupations or pastimes to cheer my spirits and to strengthen my powers. I had talent for drawing. She encouraged me to practise this beautiful, serious art, which enables us to perpetuate beloved memories, and at the same time to forget the oppressive hours of the present. How often, when I endeavoured to preserve her gentle features on paper, have I forgotten myself; the whole world, time, and every thing which could be important and fatiguing, whilst my whole soul lived with delight in my beloved work. How often, whilst I have been representing the attractive and fresh objects of the country, the leafy trees, the calm lake, the bold heights, the shady valleys, the grazing herds, the clean turf-covered cottages, and the heavens veiled with transparent clouds, how often has the feeling of peace and quiet satisfaction penetrated my soul!

The great condition for that pure enjoyment is this, that the heart is free from every root of bitterness, every sentiment of ill-temper and envy; and in a short time these disturbers of peace were entirely driven out of mine.

I had formerly read history with the same mind with which children see a magnificent spectacle, with admiration for the splendid and the great, without in any way as a whole connecting and embracing it. I read it again, after years, and still more, misfortune, had matured and formed my understanding, and found a totally different impression from this reading.

In contemplating the fate of the world, my own vanished from before my eyes. When my thoughts roamed through centuries, my lifetime seemed to lose itself in these, like a drop in the ocean,—and when the misfortunes of millions lay open before my sight, I was ashamed of thinking on my own. I learned, in one word, to forget myself. And when my weak vision could perceive in these pictures of history only a confused swarming mass, when I lost there the traces of a wise and good Providence, when I saw upon earth only a disorderly succession of errors, confusion and misery, then my sister turned my glance to heaven.

I looked up to heaven, listened to the voices of the good and holy upon earth, who—in combat, in pain, in death—have been raised with confidence, joy, and celestial power, to announce to us a higher aim than earthly happiness, another home, a higher light;—listened to the promises of immortality, and to the presentiments of it in my own breast, and learned to embrace in my heart the consolatory belief which already here in life diffused brightness over the darkest night.

I looked up to heaven. Light came from above. It beamed down into my soul. I comprehended that here below all things are only in the beginning, and full of hope; I cheerfully seized again my pilgrim-staff, composed as regarded my fate, and certain of my object. From this time my heart had continually peace; and it was not difficult for me to seek out many materials for happiness and joy, wherewith I was enabled to build upon earth the cottage of my content. Among these, I have mentioned pleasant and diverting occupations, and I must yet add—society,—not that on a great scale, to which I was still always opposed, and which, on account of my exterior, could only awaken unpleasant feelings, but that composed of my own family and my own friends, who did not alone endure me, but who endeavoured with kindness that I should, by degrees, find pleasure in their joy, and even learn to contribute to it,—truly often enough, like a blind musician contributing to the pleasures of the dance.

My sister and myself took all possible pains to make my temper, violent by nature, mild and cheerful. She, by warnings, friendly counsels, but principally by her tenderness, her care to surround me with little pleasures, which nobody knew better how to arrange and to make piquant than she did; I, by watchfulness over myself, by repressing all irritability and sensitiveness, and for the rest, by perfect submission to her guidance.

"Whoever," said she, "is deprived of outward charms, and perpetually requires the atten-

tion and cherishing care of others, must labour still more than others to acquire that mild, kind, amiable temper and behaviour, which is alone sufficient to win the devotion of others,—and which make all little attentions which are shewn to them become so agreeable, all greater ones so light."

I followed her counsel. I endeavoured to be amiable,—I became beloved, and I deeply felt the happiness of being so.

The first great pain which befel me after my return to life and joy, was occasioned to me by her, who had formerly so affectionately consoled me. Ah! my angelically good sister was doomed, as she herself had divined, to experience herself on earth the bitterness of grief. He—who was worthy of her in every respect, and with whom she led an angel's life—died suddenly, and her tender, only child followed him soon afterwards. As tranquilly and mildly as she had, formerly said to me—"Let us be submissive," she now repeated to herself these words,—and was perfectly resigned. Kind and considerate for others as formerly, her bright peaceful eye was ever attentive to the wishes and necessities of others; but they remarked that something in her was changed—her joy was gone—she was in heaven. Her life on earth was now only a slow descent; not that of an extinguished flame, but of a descending sun, which, whilst with bright, although dying beams, he lets his farewell illumine this world, stands about to be re-illuminated with new-born strength and purity in another.

She was no more!—and alone—and deserted by her—I feared for a long time to lose myself,—but I soon felt that she and her consolations continued still in my heart my guardian angels. I collected my powers, and remained resigned to the will of heaven.

From the Eternal home, where she lives blessed and again united to her own, she casts sometimes, perhaps, a glance upon the grateful brother whose good angel she was on earth. O that this glance might never find me unworthy!—that this glance might not look down without pleasure into a purified and sanctified heart. My life has not come up to the splendid image which we beforehand conceived: I have become no Socrates nor Plato, but still am wise enough not to weep over it. We had—I in particular—had had quite too much confidence in the powers of my mind and my understanding. I soon observed that my ability to comprehend on a great scale, and to think, was very much confined. Something—I know not what it was—it seemed to me as if it were my own skill—presented to my thoughts, when they had arrived at a certain point, a wall which was to them as insurmountable as the walls of my room were to my feet; and my spirit was, alas! so constituted, that its flight rather led me into than out of the clouds. Thus I was also here obliged to give up my ambitious hopes, and found myself, when I, at length, had accustomed myself to fruitless combats and endeavours, only the better for it.

My sister had, above all things, turned my mind to religion; and this, which overcomes all human passions, poured her tranquillizing balsam also over the waves of my ambition and worldly vanity. And, in truth, if we acknowl-

edge ourselves as work-tools in the hand of Providence, who has created us, how foolish it is, then, to wish to be anything different to that for which He has destined us!

When, therefore, I saw my inability to raise myself above mediocrity in the path of knowledge and of science, I ceased to strive after it, and calmly renounced a renown which was not destined for me. I employed, therefore, all the greater pains to enable that portion of myself, the perfection of which is impeded by no wall, by no "so far and no farther," but to which, on the contrary, infinitude stands open. Every one who has earnestly begun this work will find that he creates his own happiness.

In the sphere which my inward eye can command, I endeavour so perfectly to comprehend all, so to profit by it and to employ it, that it actually may be advantageous to others and to myself. I am, according to my ability, active in outward life; and never do I alleviate a torment of the body or of the soul of a fellow-being without experiencing an increase in my happiness. When the infirmity of my body compels me to inactivity, I am quiet, and occupy my thoughts more exclusively with the beautiful future which religion has opened to us on the other side of the land of care. By my patience under suffering, and my, if not always merry, yet always friendly state of mind, I endeavour not to make unpleasant the attentions and care which people shew to me, and, in particular, make my brothers and sisters aware how easily a temper, cheerful and resigned through God, can bear outward adversity. They are kind and

amiable, and—I know it, and say it with tears of joy—there is no one amongst them who would not willingly give up some of the days of his life to beautify mine. And yet I can give nothing more to them, than—my sincere friendship.—do little more for them, than many a time to think for them,—and always to feel with them. My sick-room is now their confessional, now their council-room, and often also their temple of joy; and when they are happy, they will just as willingly gladden me with the view of their happiness, as I will gladly see it, and take part in it.

The love of my parents is again given to me since I no longer embitter their days by impatient murmuring over my fate. Ah, have I now, indeed, reason to complain of my fate. The heaven of my future stands brightly open there, and my present life is agreeable. I love still more virtuous and amiable people, sympathise in their fate, and am loved by them in return. I can do some good—my heart has peace,—but all that I now am, all that I now say, that have I from thee, my good sister. Thou awokest me from the depths of despair, didst press me to thy loving breast—gave my soul comfort, my life courage—my powers a new object—my temper gentleness! When I cried to heaven to send to me an angel, how mercifully was I heard! Thou didst come, my sister! O delightful comforter, gentle instructor!—although vanished from my sight, thou livest eternally in my heart; and every blessing which I have from thee, I bring again to thee in humble gratitude!

## A LETTER ABOUT SUPPERS.

*Stockholm, November 20th, 1828.*

BEST AMALIA!

Thou inquierest what I do in the great city of Stockholm, whilst the Parliament waves its strife-proclaiming banners, and whilst the wise and the unwise heads of the capital knock one against the other, and all the uninitiated expect to see the public good start forth from the mighty blow in a new-created Minerva-shape. Thou askest what I do during all this?—Ah, my love—I eat suppers, and yawn! The day before yesterday I was at a supper; yesterday, I was at a supper; to-night also shall be at a supper, and if I am still alive to-morrow, I shall, alas, also to-morrow eat a supper. "A supper!" I hear thee ask—"is there then anything so horrible in it?"

My Amalia, thou happy daughter of the country, remain with thy sewing and thy flowers,—let the pure air kiss thy cheeks, sing thy simple songs, close thy day in peace and joy, eat thy frugal evening meal, go to bed at nine o'clock, thank God, and pray to Him that He may preserve thee from city life and suppers!

But if thou wilt become acquainted at a distance with these pleasures of the great and elegant world, then accompany me in spirit for a few minutes, and thou shalt be initiated into the mysteries of suppers.

We must adorn ourselves with flowers! Having been invited eight days ago to take part at the festival of pleasure, we must, in order to salute it, call up our freshest smiles!

The clock strikes eight. We leave the glass with a parting glance to ascend into the carriage which is standing ready, which rattling will convey us through the streets of the city to where the beaming blaze of light beckons to us from a long row of windows.

Not a word about disarranged curls, rumpled dresses, and the thousand other little travelling discomforts. One must forget something. One gets all one's array again into the speediest order, and reassumes that becoming smile which one had left upon the steps.

The doors of the saloon are opened, and we float in. Is it the simoom or the sirocco which is wafted towards us from the throng of people and lights? One of the two it certainly is, and thou feelest already a universal drowsiness and disabling diffuse themselves over thy intellectual powers.

The greetings are over, we seat ourselves. God be thanked for good rest! If no earthquake happen, we shall not soon rise again. Closely seated together, the ladies mutually review each other,—pay compliments, and say polite things to each other—drawing up their mouths as while as if they were sucking in Sugarland. The eyes twinkle, the heads are in motion, the feathers sway here and there, the silken dresses rustle; there is a greeting, a questioning and an answering; there is a murmuring and a bustling, becoming by degrees ever fainter and fainter, like a dying-away storm. The murmur ceases

—it begins again—it dies out—and all becomes still.

They get the card-tables ready, carry tea about, exhibit engravings. People play and are silent—people blow and drink—people examine and yawn.

It is hot and sultry. Slowly creeps on the time. The heat of the rooms increases, curls become straight, certain noses become red, the ears burn, the eyes fill with tears;—one gets uneasy, one turns oneself hither and thither, one puffs and plagues oneself.

People try to begin a conversation. Bubbling ideas might enliven one's languishing feelings like fresh springs of water; but ah! ideas have gone out of our heads like the pomatum out of the hair, and we find ourselves badly witty and clever enough to talk rationally about the weather. And if thou dost exert thyself sufficiently to say something particular, thou wilt receive for thy answer a polite "Yes," or "No," or "Hum" or "Indeed!" which will as much as say, "My good one, do not give yourself any trouble!"

See, there now approaches thee a gentleman with his hat in his hand, in order to make some diversion in the entertainment. What does he say to thee? Thou smilest really so gently. Was it something civil? "No." Something witty? "No." Something stupid? "No." Well, was it something, then? "Yes, but something which was absolutely nothing. The poor fellow, he was rather sleepy, had lost at the card-table; and was, moreover, under the influence of the supper-sirocco. What then, indeed, could he say other than—it is terribly warm here!"

In order to awaken thy own sense, which is slumberous against thy will, thou lookest about in the numerous company to find some amusement in the remarks which thou canst make. In vain! every thing is so uniform. Good ton and refined education have so polished and trimmed, have so far removed all marked form, all originality, that one is aware of no other difference in these individuals than the trifles which shew themselves in dress, and those which mereiful nature, that enemy of melancholy uniformity, always knows how to preserve between nose, mouth, eyes, etc.,—but this is all.

They carry about ices and confectionary. Some refreshment is perceptible in the room and the senses. People stick their teaspoons into their mouths, and enjoy, and are silent.

In the side-rooms one perceives the noise of the trumps which are struck by the players on the table. The company in the saloon sets itself now in motion—people turn themselves round—people rise up—they set down the little plates—they draw breath.

The piano is opened. Good. The magic tones of music will probably put to flight the demons of ennui. They thrust in a half-timid, half-bold lover of music, that he may play. He asserts that he cannot, but still seats himself at the instrument. He reddens, he turns pale, he trembles, but strikes forcibly upon the patient keys, and accords them to a song. Now, thank God that it is ended, and has not gone off worse.

Real talent after this makes itself heard, unpretending but calm in the consciousness of its power. They are songs from Friihof which are sung. Music, poetry, both are beautiful. The voice of the singer is certain and agreeable, although the heat and the crowd of people in the little room take away from its tone. The last accord has sounded,—why this silence in the

company, this immovableness,—is it delight, rapture, inspiration? Repressed yawns and sleepy eyes make answer. The singer has sung to the walls. The supper-sirocco had disabled all feeling.

Dimmer and dimmer burn the lights, the heat becomes more oppressive, the air more sultry. People feel that they are just about to sink into dull unconsciousness; people compel themselves to be merry; they talk about fashions, dinners, members of parliament, and so on; one tries to squeeze it out of oneself; one overdoes it; one tells lies; one speaks slander, compelled by necessity, and in anxiety to say something however—and wishes oneself afar off.

But slowly wear away the hours, the minutes stretch and expand themselves in the same way. One feels the need of doing so oneself.

Yet once more one contemplates the engravings, but takes them in one's hand upside down. One still talks, but says yes instead of no, and no instead of yes; one suppresses yawns at the risk of being choked; one feels oneself weariful, other people intolerable; but one still keeps on simpering and smiling kindly.

From eight to nine—from nine to ten—from ten to eleven—from eleven to twelve, have we sat quietly and patiently in this little hell of heat and courtesy.

Our strength is at an end, midnight has struck, and now certainly people would either fall into a fainting fit or die; but the doors of the eating-room are opened, odours of eatables operate like eau de Cologne upon our nerves,—a voice proclaims, "it is served!"—and people are saved!

The company rise hastily, and in a mass. They go out in couples, or one after the other, into the eating-hall, where an immeasurable table, a new land of Canaan, offers all dainty gifts of plenty and of luxury to the fainting wanderers coming out of the wilderness.

People troop about the table; people throng together; each chooses a place for himself; this one will not sit by that; that one will not sit by this. At last they are seated.

Now goes on the eating with the greatest and most earnest zeal. People eat and eat and eat. People feel a desperate desire by anything of activity to indemnify themselves for the long inactivity and tedium to which they have been subjected, and they seize upon the only one which offers itself. One eats till one is satisfied; but one still eats on with unalterable zeal. At length the dessert is brought in. The mammas, satisfied themselves, cleverly empty the plates into their reticules and pocket-handkerchiefs—probably for the children who are left at home,—whilst the daughters read with great interest the devices upon the sugar work, which upon its summit contains unexampled stupidity, and exercise their wit in guessing charades.

The meal time, thank God, has an end like every thing else. The money of the host changed into veal-cutlets, tarts, and wine, rests in our stomachs. With this burden we withdraw again into the saloon, stand there yet a while *pour l'honneur*, and talk of nothing; take leave at length, and wearied body and soul drive home, that we may lie down in bed at one or half-past, with overlaid stomachs, with empty heads and hearts, which have preserved from the lately passed hours no other remembrances than such as have for their consequences on the following day, weariness and indisposition.

In the mean time the host and hostess of the

supper go about amid extinguished lights, and congratulate one another that the history is come to an end, and comfort themselves for the expense of the supper by its having been splendid, and that people have had a deal of pleasure with them. Deceived, short-sighted mortals!—wait soon will your grateful guests thank you with new suppers, and the bill for ennui, which you now owe them, will be perfectly balanced.

There hast thou, my Amalia, a sketch of a great city supper, and, with few exceptions, the suppers of the capital. They are a mass of sleepy sisters, whose mother, called Laziness, and whose foster-mother, Custom, continue to conduct them about with low curtsies from house to house. People have called them a thousand unbearable names, but people still delay to prescribe them, because Laziness and Custom are stiff ladies who have known how to gain respect, and against whom people cannot offend unpunished.

If people ridicule their hoop petticoats, they run the risk of being called foolish and self-willed.

If thou fancy that a touch of November spleen have thrown a dark shadow over this supper-description, I will not exactly say no to it; but in the principal features it is true, and not caricatured.

It is incomprehensible to me how so many clever people can come together in order to fatigue themselves so.

If the genius of Pleasure were to publish a proclamation to its worshippers, with the invitation to enjoy themselves, I fancy to myself that its contents would probably be as follow:—

"Friends of pleasure, of cheerfulness and joy, old and young,—ye who would enjoy life, its short hours of rest, its fleeting minutes,—fly, fly suppers!

"If ye would, during the long winter evenings, drive away the spirits of ennui, then listen to my recipe:

"Assemble connexions, acquaintance, and friends, but not too many. The supper-sirocco arises from the crush and heat.

"Be ye only a few; be however cheerful! Kindle the lights in your rooms, but still more the lights of understanding and of refined jest in your heads. Let the easy fire of joy be lighted for each other. Yet, once more, be cheerful, be

kind, and if you can, be witty! Dance, play, sing,—but do it all so that it may give you pleasure! Let nothing begin heavily, nothing end heavily! Entwine with light hands the garland of innocent joy; and for that purpose extend to every one, unpretendingly, his little flower!

"Is the pleasure of conversation dear to you, let the fire of ideas circulate among you; throw one to another the sparks of jest, which shine, but do not burn. Let thought reply to thought, feeling to feeling, smile to smile, like melodious echoes, or rather like those gentle and charming tones which the lightest touch calls forth from the attuned harp.

"The well-cared-for mind must not, however, forget the physical—the soul must not forget the body. Give to this a refreshment; but let this also be light, be given without formality, be as it were a pleasure. If people sit down to table with serious, important faces, with knife and fork and napkin, to eat—then it is a labour.

"People eat to live; people do not live to eat," says a wise man. Would you give yourselves pleasure, then eat and drink only to be able afterwards to laugh the more cordially."

When the all-wise Creator commanded that day and night should for twelve hours govern alternately our little globe, it certainly was by this his intention that man, his noble but weak child, should repose in the lap of the night, that he might be able to work and to enjoy himself amid the light of day. Therefore, let the end of the evening be the end of your day, and your pleasures. Let midnight find you quiet, and taking your rest; and closing the day in peace at the right time, sing with the noble and amiable poet Franzén—

After an evening  
By calm joy attended,  
And cordially ended,

Sleep we so calmly, and waken well pleased.

O heaven! the clock strikes eight—the horrible supper-hour! The carriage is already drawn up, my husband stands ready, and I have not one single flower in my hair. Good-night, happy Amalia, thou wilt soon go to bed, and I must yet arm myself for a campaign. To-morrow, if I am in a condition, I will sing—

After an evening  
In eating expended,  
Yawningly ended,

Sleep we so badly, and wake out of sorts.

**Life in Dalecarlia:**

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**THE**

**PARSONAGE OF MORA.**

**BY**

**FREDRIKA BREMER.**

**TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM HOWITT.**

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**NEW-YORK:**

**PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS,  
No. 82 CLIFF-STREET.**



## TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

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A FEW words may be requisite to explain why the name of Mary Howitt does not stand on the title-page of this, as of all the preceding volumes of this series of translations from Miss Bremer. It is simply the effect of unavoidable circumstances. The new volume arrived by post from the authoress at a time when Mrs. Howitt's engagements made it impossible for her to execute the translation within the necessary period, that of simultaneous appearance with the original in Sweden. Under these circumstances, I have thrown aside my own engagements for the time to effect this object. It would have given me pleasure to have still placed the name of Mrs. Howitt on the title-page if it could have been fairly done. As it was her own original and zealous wish to introduce these charming works to the British public, it has given me the greatest pleasure to promote this object by every means in my power, not merely by risking the first publication of them when declined by the most eminent publishers, but by

carefully collating the translations with the originals, putting them through the press, and, when circumstances made it necessary, even translating too. With the exception, however, of "The Neighbours," the second volume of which I was under the necessity of translating while the first was going through the press, no whole volume has been translated by me till this. The bulk of this rapid and excellent execution, of what the Quarterly Review calls "an infusion of a new and better life into our literature," is the meritorious work of Mary Howitt; and I can only express my regret, that present circumstances have made this temporary exception and explanation necessary. As the works of a lady, the translation seems to belong more properly to a lady, and the names of Fredrika Bremer and Mary Howitt harmonize morally and intellectually in a beautiful and affectionate unity, which I trust may not soon again be broken.

W. H.

*Lower Clapton, April 16th, 1845.*

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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In the following story, the Authoress has committed several minor offences against time and space. The only apology that she has to offer is, that she perpetrated them knowingly and purposely.

THE AUTHORESS.



# LIFE IN DALECARLIA.

## MAY-DAY EVE.

"God and the people! how long you are, my girls!" exclaimed Mrs. Ingeborg Nordevall, as, dressed to go out, she appeared at the door of a room where two young ladies seemed to be in haste preparing themselves for an excursion. She held a branch of newly budded birch in her hand; and, as she made a menacing gesture with it, she added jocularly, "I will teach you, you butter-imps, to lag behind in the Valborgsmass\* pilgrimage! Don't you see how it flames already on the hill-tops? Siri is already in the court, with Olof and Lasse, and Godelius is fallen asleep in waiting of you. If you don't make haste I'll—"

"We are ready—we come!" answered two young, glad voices; and Valborg and Brigitta hastened to accompany the caller, a handsome and stately lady, of some thirty years of age, with a very melodious voice. She resembled one of Ruben's handsome women, if you imagine these dressed in northern furs.

On the stairs was heard, from the garden, a childish, tittering laughter, and something which was between a grumbling and a grunting.

"Now, there is some mischief on foot," said Brigitta. "Heaven help my poor curate! I hear his sweet voice, and I hear Siri's laughter. She has certainly played him some prank: I must really think how I am to protect his back from her."

And it was actually the back of the curate Godelius that now seemed to be in danger, for it twisted itself into the most extraordinary curves, while he growled all the time in wonder at what was amiss with him. The fifteen-year old Siri shook with laughter, and two young gentlemen seemed to have great difficulty to prevent themselves bearing her company.

"What in all the world is the matter with thee, dear Godelius?" inquired Brigitta, in agitation; while she seized her lover by the arm, and shook it.

"That I do not rightly know," said he, with a troubled air; "but, as I sat there on the spring-board and ruminated, I felt all at once a sensation as if a snake were running along my backbone. I dread a paralytic stroke—some injury in the spinal marrow—uh-u-u! I feel it yet. It was too abominable!"

One of the young gentlemen, whom Mrs. Ingeborg called by the name of Olof, gave her, smiling, an explanation of the affair; which was, that Siri, as the curate sat on the spring-board, with his head stretched stiffly forward,

and that on a tolerably long neck, stole softly behind him, and let a little smooth stone drop between his back and his clothes, at which the curate sprung up in terror.

"Such childishness!" said Mrs. Ingeborg, shaking her head at Siri. "But let us now go to Ostnorsberg, I see that the neighbours have already assembled there."

"Yes, let us go," said Brigitta; "and if thou only keep thyself warm, Godelius, thou wilt find that there is not the least danger to thy spinal marrow, and that thou merely dreamed."

"Dreamed! Nonsense, people don't dream like that—I felt it distinctly."

"To Ostnorsberg!" interrupted Brigitta, "and we will dispute about Latin on the way."

"Hast thou made such rapid progress in the ancient languages since we last met, my cousin?" demanded Olof, smiling.

"Ah," replied Brigitta, modestly, "it is only in the Latin that my knowledge is a little uncommon."

"To Ostnorsberg! we must not linger!" again exclaimed Mrs. Ingeborg; and towards Ostnorsberg now directed itself the little troop which issued from Mora Parsonage, followed by a Dalkarl and a Kulla,\* who carried baskets of wine and provisions.

"But you must promise me," said Mrs. Ingeborg to her young companions, "not to look round before we have arrived on the height. I wish you at once to see the eye of Dalarna† in all its glory. He that looks round before I give permission, I doom—not to become a pillar of salt—but to—"

"No penal dooms, my sweet mother!" interrupted the young Mr. Olof, taking his mother's hand and kissing it; "we obey you so gladly, and threats may provoke opposition or the like evil spirits. Are not all goblins, and ghosts, and witches abroad this evening? Is it not against them that people, ever since the day of paganism, have kindled fires this evening? Or how? I have been so long away hence, that I have almost forgotten our old sagas."

"Let us attack the curate," said Mrs. Ingeborg, "for he knows every thing from the time of the pagans; and will tell us the origin of this custom, one of the few which still universally prevail in our dales, and, as I believe, in most of the provinces of Sweden."

Modestly lecturing, in a deep bass voice, thus pronounced the curate:—

"This custom is so old that we have neither a perfect account of its origin nor of its significance. But it is supposed that it originated

\* A peasant and peasantess of Dalarna, literally the Dales, but well known to us as Dalecarlia.

† The name given to the Lake Silja.

in a sacrificial pagan festival, and that has given occasion to the belief that at this feast even living children were sacrificed; and that, in order to exorcise or propitiate the evil natures, who, the people believed, at the opening of spring, commenced their rambles over wood and field—partly flying, partly riding; and whom we now call by the names of goblins, witches, fairies, etc. It was believed, also, that at this season giants issued from the earth and the mountains, to seek intercourse with the children of men. Fires were frequently kindled upon the sepulchral mounds, and before them offerings made even to the good powers, especially to those who dispense fruitful seasons. Probably, scarcely any one now believes seriously in such superstition, yet still, as formerly, they kindle fires on the hills on this evening; and it is still regarded as a bad omen if any extraordinary or foul shape of man or beast shows itself at the fire."

"And now, as formerly, resound the shepherd's horns and pipes\* from the mountains," exclaimed Mrs. Ingeborg. "God and the people! how charmingly they sound! Now they blow from the hill of Elfsdal—but no one must look round him yet, recollect that."

"Does the curate, then, not believe at all in goblins and demony?" asked the mischievous Siri, with assumed gravity.

"No, not at all; but on Frej and Freya, who, above all other divinities, are worshipped in Dalarna, I believe, because the god of the year's growth and the goddess of love remain always powerful here. On them I believe, but not on goblins, for—ey! ey! ey!"

"What now, Godelius?" demanded Brigitta; "art thou bewitched? Why, wilt thou thus go and pay homage to the heathen deities?"

"Yes, they are much better than Christian imps!" exclaimed the irritated curate; who when he would have taken his handkerchief out of his coat-pocket, found a rose-bush (N. B. without roses) planted there, and pricked himself sharply on the thorns. Brigitta was obliged to release him from the hush, and then pursued with it the "Christian imp," which, by its half-smothered laugh, was discovered to be Siri; but, light as a hind, she sprang out of the reach of the avenger's rose-bush.

In the meantime Olof walked by his step-mother's side. It was a chill evening, this last of April, and snow-flakes flew at intervals down out of the thin clouds; which nevertheless, did not prevent the stars from glancing forth all the more clearly. The loud, but mellowed tones of the shepherd's horn, that resounded through the country both far and near, the uncertain, strange, red-flaming fire, which began to light up heaven and earth, the marvellous sagas of the olden time which arose in the memory, all contributed to awake a certain romantic sensation, as well in the young man as in the older woman, and both seemed to find a pleasure in enjoying this moment in silence together.

On Ostnor's hill a multitude of people was collected; mostly peasantry belonging to the parish of Mora, in their sober but picturesque

costume. A group of several persons, whose dress distinguished them as belonging to the gentry, stood also on the hill, not far from a great, but yet unkindled pile of sagots. This group turned their eyes towards the road which leads to the Mora parsonage, and the little joyous Prostinna\* of Sollerön exclaimed:—

"See! there have we at length the Great Mother in Dalon,† with her suite! She gives her arm to a young man—no doubt, her stepson, young Mr. Olof, who is since returned from his foreign tour with the young Count U—. He is said to be an excellent young man. I am quite delighted that I shall see him. And what a happiness it must be to him to see father and mother again, after an absence of four or five years! What a pity that the father is not at home!"

"But he is expected home from the Diet every day," said the captain from Noreberg, "and so we shall probably hear him preach soon, and that is something to hear."

"If we only do not hear also that he will soon leave us," said the great prost from Sollerön. I have heard that he is to be made bishop of the diocese; and then——"

"I can well believe that they want to have him," said an old Dalman, who overheard the conversation; "but I cannot believe that Gustaff Nordevall will leave us here in Mora, where we love him, ay, as if he were our own father. No, that I cannot believe."

"And if I know our Great Mother in Dalon, truly," said the prostinna from Sollerön, "she will rather be prostinna in Mora, than arch-bishopess in Upsala itself, grand as she then would be."

"Yes, she is a rare lady," said the Dalman; "she farms the glebe like a first-rate man, and, towards the sick and unhappy, she is a real mother. When the disturber took my cow in autumn, she gave me another in its place, out of her own farm-yard, that my children might not be without milk, as she said. God bless her!"

"And not enough that she manages the husbandry of the pastoral lands, that the professor may wholly devote himself to the duties of his congregation, and to his learned labours," continued the prostinna; "she plants trees, she cultivates flowers, she superintends the spinning and weaving; she has time for everything; and everything goes on with her like play. This comes from her knowing how to estimate able people, and to make them so devoted to her that they would go through fire for her."

\* Prost and Prostinna will be retained in this translation. The Prost is a sort of rural dean, but as we have no such title as rural deaness, the frequent use of it would be doubly awkward from its strangeness and its length. The words have been translated by Mrs. Howitt *provost* and *provostess*, but that is not strictly correct, as the provost is a civil officer.

† So was called in former times a stately prostinna, in Leksand, called also Zebrozyntia, married to the rector Uno Trollus, and the mother of the line of the Trollus. She died, says the Biography of the Clergy of Westera, in the year 1657, lamented by the whole Dal country, which honoured her, for her noble person and good heart, with the title of "Stormoder i Dalon," the great mother in Dalon. The officiating minister commenced her funeral sermon with a lament which he heard on the way from a countryman in Gagnef: "Shall I not weep for the great mother in Dalon is dead?" Her memory still lives in honour in the district, and the title of respect is usually inherited by the most stately and genteel prostinna there.

‡ The Bear, which the Dal people do not like of name.

\* Lurar, a peculiar kind of very long, straight, wooden pipes.

"It is now said," added the captain, "that she will also have a wedding in the house."

"Wedding!" exclaimed the prostinna. "For the curate Godelius and his Brigitta perhaps, who have been betrothed these seven years?"

"Oh, no! they may possibly be betrothed for seven years more, before he gets anything; and she has nothing. No, a wedding between the young Mr. Olof, and the professor's niece, the lovely Valborg, who has been for sometime in the house, and who is said to possess a neat little fortune."

"Olof is yet so very young," said diffidently the prostinna Martina; "he cannot be more than three-and-twenty, and I fancy Valborg is about as old. No, it were better that he wait for the prostinna's niece, little Siri, who is not either without property——"

"Siri!" exclaimed the prostinna from Solle-ron; "that wood-sprite! Wait for her! Yes, wait may one. She is now rather a wild cat than a human creature; and if she ever turn out a good housewife, then . . . . She has now been near upon a year with the Nordevalls, and they have not yet been able to bring her into any order. No; give me Valborg. That is the crown of young ladies: handsome as a princess, and domestic, and still as . . . . all young maidens should be."

"Yes; you think a great deal of Valborg," said the prostinna Martina, half displeased; "and handsome she certainly is, and excellent, too—that I believe. I have only this against her, that she is so perfect and so unapproachable. I have thrown away at least half a score of courtesies upon her. She never says any thing to me. Little Siri is . . . an imp, if you will; but she has something extraordinary—something captivating about her. She can be sweet as one of God's angels sometimes, that I have seen. And you should hear her play on the flute, when she believes herself alone. And a brave spirit is she too, not afraid of any thing. You should have seen her last winter, when she was sledging down a hill, with half-a-dozen little peasant children upon it; and a great girl who stood behind sprang off, and thereby gave the sledge a push which sent it in an oblique direction, and in full speed exactly towards a pond. You should have seen with what presence of mind the courageous girl rolled off the children to the right and left, into the snow, only to speed on towards the pond herself, where she indeed plunged headlong in, but quickly helped herself again upon the ice, and then shouted to the alarmed children, 'Here I am, hurrah!' Another time she was not the less brave and adroit, when a furious bull had tossed on his horns a little seven-year-old girl, and stooped his horns to toss her again. Siri, who saw it, sprang forward, though she was alone, and with a stout stake struck the bull, between the horns, at the same time crying to the child, 'Run, girl, run!' The little girl did not require that said twice. She sprang away, while the bull, stupefied by the blow, stood motionless. When Siri saw that the child was rescued, she cast away the stake, and ran too, and came safe off. You must admit that these things testify to no ordinary degree of magnanimity and courage. But you always talk of Valborg and Valborg. Well, well! They say young Mr. Olof is a right

handsome young man; I may, perhaps, come to talk as much of young Olof, too."

At this threat, to which the husband listened smiling, there arose a movement amongst the people. The prostinna of Mora appeared on the hill, amid greetings from right and left.

"Up on the height!" shouted she to her companions. "Now, children, look around you;" and a universal "oh!" of admiration followed her words; for there lay now before them Silja—the Eye of Dalarna—with Sollerön for its pupil, clear as a mirror between the dark heights, lit up by a hundred fires from the hills in Leksand to the hills in Elfdal. It was a glorious scene. Mora church, with its copper roof, and its lofty spire, shone in the fire-light on its green point of land between the river and the lake; and the pyramids of the north, the ever-verdant pines, which clothe the hills of Dalarna and now stood in full bloom, reared their red-gleaming tops amid the deep blue heaven. But blacker than ever fell the night into the clefts and abysses beneath them.

Young Olof's eyes also sparkled as he contemplated the spectacle, and listened to his step-mother, who named to him the most remarkable hills, while she pointed them out with her staff. "There," said she, "hast thou Wäsa-hill, Hyckje-fell, and Gopshus mountain, where a great giant is said to dwell—all in Elfdal. There thou seest the fires in Orsa. Here, over against us, have we Lekberg, where music is heard, and where peal mysterious bells; and here, here obliquely across the lake . . . ."

"Middagsberg! is that not?" interposed Olof; "I know it again by its pyramidal form and its height. I have heard one of my friends talk of it who once strove for many hours to reach its summit, The mountain in shape is not unlike Vesuvius."

"But instead of a burning crater it has on its top a silver-clear spring," continued Mrs. Ingeborg. "There hast thou Sollerön, with its white church, and there beyond hast thou Björk-hill and the other mountains in Leksand. See, now, they kindle more fires in Rättvik, and the lurar resound thence. Is it not glorious here in Dalarna, Olof! and hast thou ever in other lands seen its equal?"

"Nowhere in the whole world," answered Olof; "especially when we call to mind the great reminiscences which here have their home! Glorious must it have been here in former days when the bells of Mora pealed defiance to the foe, and the people streamed from the surrounding parishes over the hills, over the lake, in their long wooden skates, with bows and spears, and gathered here, and drove back or took captive their enemies."

"Yes, that was indeed glorious, but better is it now," said Mrs. Ingeborg, "for now dwell Peace and Freedom together in our dales. But see! there thou hast a memorial from those times of contest!—yon little white building on the other side of the lake. It is the cellar of Utmedland, where the great Gustavus was concealed. To-morrow we will visit it."

"Oh, that will be charming!" said Olof. "But what fire is that which burns down below there by the river's bank? It has chosen a most modest position amongst its comrades, the other Valborgsmass fires."

"That is a wretched jest," said Mrs. Ingeborg. "That fire is kindled upon the headland, where, formerly, witches were burnt, and where three piles stood over against the church, so that all the people from Mora and the surrounding parishes could see the 'hideous spectacle,' as the Rev. J. Moreus calls it, in his account of them."

"Oh, it is there or thereabouts where the species of willow, *salix daphnoides*, grows. How I long to see it! To-morrow I must seek for it."

"Yes, I have heard that it grows there on the shore and the island," said Mrs. Ingeborg; "but we must now go to our neighbours." And with hearty apologies for the delay, Mrs. Ingeborg now betook herself to her friends from Sollerön and Noreberg, and introduced to them her newly-arrived stepson, whose handsome person, and easy, somewhat proud bearing, but most polite manners, made an agreeable and lively impression, especially on the prostinna Martina, who declared to her prost that her heart stood in great jeopardy.

Lieutenant Lasse, Brigitta's brother, who had come with his sister a fortnight before to Mora, was also introduced. The young people collected around Mrs. Ingeborg, for she loved the young, and it was her delight to endeavour to entertain them.

They now brought to her a torch of pine-wood, with the request that she would kindle the fire upon Ostnorsberg, and the "Great Mother in Dalom" complied with the desire; and there quickly arose a lofty and roaring flame from a pile of fagots and pitch-casks, and shouts and cries in manifold tones rose with it high into the welkin. The men, and especially the young ones, dragged great boughs and limbs of trees out of the wood, and flung them upon the fire; the snow-flakes accompanied them, and hissed in the flame, which seemed rather enlivened than damped by them.

Scarcely had the fire on the Ostnorsberg blazed up, when, on the top of Middagsberg a flame was seen, which at first seemed to dance to and fro fantastically, but at length grew into a great fire, and mounted higher and shone more brilliantly than all the fires in the neighbourhood.

"God and the people!" exclaimed Mrs. Ingeborg, "who kindles such a fire on Middagsberg! Such a thing I never recollect to have seen. It must be the king of the mountain himself."

"Yes, it is he—it is he!" exclaimed Siri, clapping her hands, and looking quite wildly in the light of the flaming fire.

"Siri—Siri!" said Mrs. Ingeborg softly, and in an admonitory tone. Brigitta and Valborg gave each other a glance. Siri withdrew, mixed among the peasantry, offered snuff to old men and old women, took snuff with them out of a little box of birch bark, and danced about with the little children.

Mrs. Ingeborg also now turned to the peasantry, greeted them, and shook hands with them.

"Now comes the Dalkari travelling," said she, with a glance at the river, and using the customary expression of the country for the arrival of the spring flood.

Much was said of the excavations made by

the river in the sand, of danger to the Mora church, which the channel of the flood continually encroached upon. They talked, too, of the prospects of the year's crops, and old husbandmen shook their heads doubtfully, and pointed to the fires on the mountains, which directed themselves towards the north, an omen of a cold spring.

But Mrs. Ingeborg never credited unfavourable forebodings, and consoled them even now with her favourite quotation in suchlike troubles,—

"Yet lives the ancient Froy!"

And Dal people, who knew that the "Great Mother in Dalom" intimated something good, felt themselves consoled, for her word was a king's word with the people of Mora.

When she returned to her company, the people continued to converse amongst themselves in that singular dialect peculiar to the Dal people, which is not understood by other Swedes, but which is asserted by late philologists to be Icelandic, the language in which the most primitive northern tongue yet lives.

People now began to dive into the provision baskets, and to think of refreshments. The prostinnas from Mora and Sollerön treated the people liberally with a splendid ale brewed from the corn of Rättvik, for the corn of Rättvik is the best in Dalarna. When the routine of entertainment came to the young people, several voices called for Siri, but Siri was not there. "She had gone into the wood," said some of the people, and Olof and Brigitta instantly set off to seek her. They had called several times, but without receiving any answer, when they suddenly perceived a strong rustling amongst the boughs of the trees, and saw hastening away a tall man, who plunged into the concealment of the wood. A moment afterwards, Siri, laughing, came springing out of a close thicket, where she seemed to have been hiding herself from them.

"Don't leap and laugh so, Siri," said Brigitta, half angry; "it makes you look so like a magpie; and witches, it is said, can change themselves into magpies. And you ought not to go so alone into the wood. We have just now seen a great fellow, who slunk away, and who came from the very direction where you were, you little leapfrog."

"That was most likely one of the giants that the curate talked of—perhaps the king of the mountain, himself," said Siri, lightly, and hastened on before them to the fire, which burnt between the ruddy-gleaming birches.

Brigitta shook her head and said, "There is something wrong about her. Ever since the time that I was a fish, and she was mountain-kidnapped,\* she is strangely—"

"Thou a fish, and she mountain-kidnapped!" exclaimed Olof, smiling; "that sounds right merry and odd."

"Yes; but it is far less merry and more strange than it sounds," replied Brigitta. "But I shall tell thee of that another time, for now they call us to come yonder."

Refreshments and gaiety were now in full

\* From the old notion of people being carried off by spirits into the mountains.

play around the Valborgsmass fire. With great stakes and poles the Mora peasants roused up the fire, while, all the time more fuel was thrown on, songs were sung and fiddles screamed; and, at Mrs. Ingeborg's motion, all formed themselves into a great circle, and slowly moved round the fire, singing,—

"Heigh, to dance it merrily!  
As our neighbours so do we;  
All we take into the ring,  
All around shall gaily spring;  
The barrel it is tilted."

That was the crowning scene of the evening. Mrs. Ingeborg with her own and the family from Sollerön, left the fire immediately after, and set out on the way towards Mora. The peasants grew fewer and fewer, and trooped off in different flocks, each home to his family. But scarcely had their fires grown dim, when another light illuminated the tops of the mountains, and chased away the night. All now became silent in the Dales; sleep spread his wings over weary men; and the frost-frog flung his cold mantle over the earth, and quenched the glowing coals in the ashes of the Valborgsmass fires.

#### THE FIRST OF MAY.

It was morning, and the sun, warm and bright, kissed away night and frost from the forehead of the earth; and the earth, the ancient, holy earth, as the Edda-song calls her, lay there in glory, with her silent strength rising out of the deep: her ruddy, verdurous woods, her plains of deepening green, her resounding waters, her swelling spring-full life. A pair of beautiful, thoughtful human eyes, contemplated the spectacle of the morning. Mrs. Ingeborg stood at the window of her chamber, in the parsonage of Mora, and inhaled the fresh morning air, and let her glance now rest upon the young rye, which stood trembling in the morning wind; now upon the clear waters of the Dalelf\* and the Silja, which embraced the peninsula where the church and the parsonage lay; now upon the dark pine-woods, with their delicate, red, fresh bursting flowers; now on the far blue hills,—a constant line of beauty in the landscape of Dalarna. There lay much in this glance. Enjoyment of the beauty of earth, thankful joy in it; and yet a pensive yearning after something still more distant, something "beyond the mountains," some fullness and glory, which is never found but in the visions of the future, or in the lost. She was lovely, was Mrs. Ingeborg, as she stood with her dark-brown hair braided over her lightly-arched brow, and simply fastened up behind, in her fresh, light dress, which in wide folds surrounded her somewhat full but noble form. She was beautiful, especially from the expression of soulful goodness, which was the grand feature of her ace.

"To-night he will be here!" said she, half aloud to herself, and pressed a letter to her lips. She looked again through the window. Her looks grew suddenly radiant, as at some delightful object, then followed a short but passionate

sigh, a movement of the hand to the heart, as if a pang were felt there; a rapid paleness chased the colour from her cheek; Mrs. Ingeborg closed the window, and went into another room. A moment afterwards her musical voice was heard giving orders in the house; servant men and maids were put in motion, and all was life and fresh activity in consequence.

Turn we to the object which called up these varying emotions of pleasure and disquiet, and behold a young girl with a white kroka on her head (that is, a sort of head-dress between a bonnet and a cap, which resembles the "Flax" of the Dal women, and which is universally worn by the young girls in Dalarna. She has a quantity of plants in her apron, and comes with a light step along the road from the river past the church, and up towards the parsonage. It is Siri. Just now she rowed alone in a little boat over the river, and seems to be returning home from an early morning ramble.

In a room of the Mora parsonage we find Brigitta, and with her the young Mr. Olof, who is in great activity unpacking a couple of boxes of books, but all the while evidently absorbed by the conversation that was going on between him and his friend and relative Brigitta, who was at the same time arranging a large coffee-tray, and talking with Olof about all the world, and now lastly of his home and family.

"Is not aunt quite divine?" asked she.

"My mother! Yes, she is as charming now as she was ten years ago, when she became my mother; and I made a resolve not to endure her. Oh, how well do I recollect that! I was then a stubborn boy of thirteen, and had made a compact with myself never to obey any woman, and above all, she who was to become my stepmother; and whom I had yet not seen. I determined to be most thoroughly refractory and haughty towards her. And so I actually was when she came into the house; but, behold, she had not been a week there before, to be short, I adored her, obeyed her slightest beck, sought to guess her wishes, and was half distracted when I imagined that I saw in her eye a severe glance. Yes, she acquired the most absolute power over me,—I cannot tell rightly how. But so did she over my father, and over the whole house. My father had been a widower many years; and his temper at that time was not good. I had always been rather afraid of him; for our dispositions did not seem to accord. Home was gloomy and heavy; but with my stepmother came the sun and gladness into it. My father became happy, all became joyous; and my happiest time began. My parents then lived at Westeras. When they, five years ago, removed to Mora, I was obliged to part from them, and proceed to Upsala to study, and then followed my foreign travel, which was very interesting. But oh, it is most beautiful to be at home again!"

"Yes, and to find in the storehouse at home both old and new," said Brigitta. "What do you think of Walborg?"

"What can I yet think of her! She is a very handsome statue."

"And of Siri?"

"Oh, why, she is really very wild,—a regular madcap. And it becomes her a great deal worse now than it did five years ago when I

\*The river.

saw her last with the generalska, her mother, at Silfverdal. She was then a spoiled, wild young creature, but had a peculiarly captivating manner. I shall never forget how, one evening late, after her mother was gone to bed, she stole out into the court, and played and danced there with a kitten quite alone. I see still how the small white feet flew, like beams of light on the dark, damp ground, while she threw up small stones and caught them again, or let the kitten make evolutions over her head. She made me think of the elfin queen, who, the sagas say, dances on summer nights, small, delicate, white, with golden locks. I played, nevertheless, the part of a stern Mentor, for I went out into the court, and compelled the little dancer to betake herself to the house, and to her bed again. She was then very angry with me; but we afterwards became very good friends, and called each other brother and sister. She was then ten years old, and was brought up in the most extraordinary manner. The general had allowed her to grow up like a boy, and amused himself with teaching her to ride on horseback, swim, etc., as becomes boys; and her own inclination favoured this. After his death, the generalska sought at once to change the maiden's habits; but she was obliged to desist from the vain endeavour, which exasperated her temper. I have heard that she was locked in, and kept without food for whole days, to bring her to submission and quietness; but as this did not succeed, she was let out, and became more free and wild than ever. This sort of life ought not, however, now to continue any longer. She will soon be sixteen years of age, and has been already nearly a year here in the house. How can my father bear with this her wild disposition?"

"He shakes his head at it," said Brigitta; "but at the bottom, I believe, that he likes the girl, and is amused by her. When she came into the house, he remained at home but for a few months, and was then obliged to proceed to the Diet."

"And my mother, what does she think—what does she say?"

"Ah, that is the worst of it. That is something that I cannot understand. My aunt has power over all people; but over Siri she has it not. What do you think of this, that she has never yet been able to persuade her to accompany her to church! That is something very strange between them, but good it is not. She does not obey my aunt; and indeed she obeys nobody. She follows her own will, and that is not exactly bad neither, when she does not take it into her head to play Godelius tricks; for, next to roaming about in wood and field, her dearest joy is to play with little children, dress them, to relate legends to them; and to tame and tend animals. All the servants love her as the very apple of their eye; and she is much more with them than with any of us. Valborg cannot endure her at all; my curate regards her as little short of a witch, who would almost deserve to be just a trifle burnt, but I —"

"Well, and you, Brigitta?"

"I like her; and if I were a man, why, I should most likely be in love with her."

"With her! Are you mad! She is not, per-

haps, without a certain wild grace; but then she is not the least handsome; rather plain; no striking feature; a potato nose; no colour; a pale weather-beaten complexion."

"Ah! the men with their beauty first and last! I tell thee, Olof, that Siri, without a feature, and without colour or complexion, has a beauty, which is more beautiful than the Grecian loveliness. She has expression, and mien, which are not simply enchanting, but something more. And then there is over the maiden, over both her body and her soul, a freshness, a fragrance, a dew, if I may say so, that is more delicious than all the most beautiful of forms and colours. Yes, yes, thou mark me! if some fine day thou dost not become smitten with the madcap with the potato nose."

Olof laughed aloud; the door flew open in the same moment, and Siri walked in with torn clothes, her light hair in great disorder, but fresh and smiling as the morning, as with beaming eyes she extended to Olof a shrubby plant with misty-blue stems, and fine golden catkins on the naked twigs.

No sooner did the young botanist cast his eyes on it, than he started up, seized it hastily, and kissed it, exclaiming, "*Salix Daphnoides*!"

Siri flung herself on a trunk, and laughed heartily.

"Now, I think you are all mad together!" exclaimed Brigitta; "and it is not very pleasant for a reasonable mortal to live with mad folks; for, although I was a fish once, I have always behaved myself like a human creature, and never given myself up to eat or to kiss weeds."

"Weeds! is this a weed?" exclaimed the enraptured botanist. "It is the rarest plant in the whole world; for in the whole world it is found nowhere but here at Mora; and with its beautiful dewy-blue stem, and its flowers on the bare twigs, grows only in the sand here by Mora! I should have already sought after it this morning, if I had not first overslept, and then over-gossiped myself. Where have you found this lovely branch, Siri! But you have hurt yourself! You have struck yourself in the eye!"

"Ah! that is nothing. The twig struck me when I was trying to break it off. Perhaps, it was to revenge itself; or, perhaps, it is the doing of one of the witches; for it is from the headland by the river, where they were burnt."

And as Olof went into another and lighter apartment, in order to contemplate and examine his willow branch and its blossoms, Siri continued half lying upon the trunk, and with her cheek resting on her crossed arms, to talk to Brigitta. "Only think! as I broke off the branch I saw one of the black-burnt stakes of the pile protrude out of the sand! Only think, if the witches had crept out of the earth with it! Hu!" and Siri laughed. "It was indeed horrible," continued she, more seriously, "that there, by the lovely river, stood formerly three piles, and on them, once on a St. Bartholomew's Day, they burnt seventeen human beings. But nearly the whole witch troop went bravely to their death, only two lamented and bewailed themselves."

"Thou great God! Why were they burnt?" exclaimed Brigitta, with horror, but little acquainted with the history of the place.

"Because they rode to Blakulla," answered Siri, again, with her ringing laugh; "and," continued she, in a half whisper, "because they had been with Satan! When the witches entered into his service, they each received a horn, a rake, and a needle. When they stuck the needle into a wall, it opened, so that they could drive through with horse and carriage, and, though it cracked loudly, no one in the house could hear it; and when the witch was gone away the wall closed again so closely that no one could discern that it had ever been open. But when the witches came into a room, they said to the children in it, 'Come now, ye devil's brats, and follow me to the banquet.' And the children could not withstand, for out of the horn came a splendour that nearly blinded them. Then the witch took the children and proceeded to other dwellings, where she collected more, for, if she had not a sufficient number with her when she came to Satan, she was received with curses, and often with blows too, and was commanded to take herself off quickly, and bring more children. When now the witch had collected a multitude of children, she set herself upon the bag-steed, which was usually a cow, and so rode backwards through the air with them, and turned herself the back foremost. And as they went, she cried, 'So we ride up, and so we ride down, on to the devil.' Is not that funny?" and Siri laughed merrily, especially as Brigitta answered,—

"I cannot exactly say. Well, and how did it go on then?"

"Oh," continued Siri, "then they went farther, and on the journey they entered barns, and the witch held her bag under the sheaves, saying, 'Ear draw ear! and straw draw straw!' and then the ears came flying by heaps into the bag, but the straw was left lying behind. On the way the witch rested on the church roof sometimes, to wait for her companions, and when they came then they bragged one against another of the number of children they brought with them, and they placed the children on the roof, where they looked like little jackdaws. In the meantime the witches went into the steeple, and scraped the metal from the bells. When they again set out, they rode through a blue cloud, and scattered out into it the metal scraped from the bells, saying, 'Let my soul never come nearer to God than these particles of metal to the bell!' When they arrived at Blakulla, the children saw a house that shone like clear gold. And then the witches entered, and each bowed the knee before Satan, and called him, 'Lord and Great Prince!' Then the witch conducted the children before Satan, one at once, and said, 'Behold, Great Father, what handsome devil's children I have with me!' Satan demanded of the children, whether they would serve him, and most of them answered 'Yes.' For though Satan was always bound with a great chain, yet he looked so magnificent, and all around him looked so grand, that it was almost impossible for them to say anything but 'Yes.' Then Satan promised to stand by them, and that they should have joy and pleasure so long as they lived. He then marked them, by biting them on the forehead at the root of the hair, or in the little finger, and a pin was dipped in the blood, with which the

child's name was written in a great book, and the child received from Satan a silver rix-dollar. If, however, the child should talk of it, or should confess where it had been, then the rix-dollar changed itself into a wooden spoon, or a chip, or a splinter of wood. When the child got this fastening-penny, the witch was glad, and said to the child, 'Hereafter thou shalt always be mine, and if thou dost hold thy tongue, thou shalt always accompany me to the feast.' On that the witches began to dress food, to roast, to bake, and to brew, to make sausages, to distil brandy, and to set out a splendid banquet, where all went merrily, and Satan played under the table with his tail, which he struck upon the floor. When the feast and dance were ended the master of the ceremonies announced, at the command of Satan, where they next should assemble, or hold their conventicle—for so the feast was called. And so the witches brought the children home again, each to its own place. The children also got fine horns, in Blakulla, and learned to curse memory and sense, heaven and earth, all crops in the field, and all birds, except the magpie. New names also they received in Blakulla, as, 'Ugly Slut,' 'God's death,' 'Murrain-take-thee!' Is that not beautiful?" And Siri lifted up her head, and laughed again heartily.\*

"Beautiful! no, that can I not find it!" said Brigitta. "A more hideous history I scarcely remember to have heard. Dear Siri! where did you get it?"

"From . . . a magpie!" answered Siri, nodding archly. "And the magpie has promised also, some fine day, to take me to Blakulla. For I would fain fly through the air, amongst the blue clouds, and see how it is up there."

"Heaven preserve thee, girl, how thou talkest! Olof!" continued Brigitta, addressing the

\* What Siri here relates is found, for the most part, in an imperfect manuscript which has been printed by C. G. Kröningsvärd, with "Proceedings in the Matter of Witchcraft in Dalarna, in the years 1668 and 1673." The senator Lorentz Creutz, and other much-respected men, sat in a commission, which held a court of inquiry over this "Disturbance," and a bloody one it was, for not less than forty-seven persons were put to death within the district of Fahlun, between the year 1668 and the 15th of April, 1671. In 1673, this singular disease broke out again in Dalarna, and with it the absurd treatment which seemed to augment its contagion. But the Countess Catharina Charlotta de la Gardie, born Taube, espoused the cause of the unhappy, bewildered people, and succeeded in putting an end to the persecution; and with that the disease itself, by degrees, ceased. Yet in our own day is observed, now and then, a slight return of it; for when the imagination of the Dal people is kindled, it readily becomes gloomy, and teems with monsters. But different means are now resorted to against it than fire and stake. Some time ago there was at Sollerön a young girl, who said that she was every night conveyed to Blakulla. The parents, honest but simple people, were extremely troubled at this. They watched over their daughter; they bound her with cords on her bed, but all in vain. Weeping, she related in the morning that she had been again in Blakulla. The distressed parents finally went with her to the priest on the island, and implored him, with tears in their eyes, to rescue their daughter out of the claws of Satan. After the priest had several times conversed with the girl, he said to her one day, "I know a means, and a certain means, to help thee, but it will cost me much. Yet, as no other means seems availing, we must make use of that." With much solemnity he caused the girl to seat herself on a very comfortable chair in the middle of the room, took Cornelius Nepos from the book-shelf, and began to read a chapter. Before this was finished, the girl slept soundly. When she awoke, the priest announced to her that she was cured, and—she was!

young man who was now re-entering, "what are these histories of witches and rides to Blakulla, here in Dalarna, that Siri talks of? Does she invent them, or have they some foundation?"

"Foundation have they so far, that such histories and a bloody tribunal to annihilate them raged here in Dalarna, especially in the parishes around the Silja," said Olof. "Many people, both old and young, were accused of dealings with the Evil One."

"Yes," interposed Siri, "and amongst them was a young woman who protested that she was innocent, but said she 'did not desire to live.' And she was handed over to the 'Doom of God.' 'Doom of God!' How wild and awful that sounds!" And Siri slightly shuddered, and turned pale, while, as if for herself, she softly ejaculated, "God's doom!"

"Look at her now!" whispered Brigitta; but the admonition was not needed, for Olof never turned his observant glances from the charming self-willed young maiden, who seemed affected by a deep emotion.

"There is much that is mysterious in this world," said Siri, thoughtfully; "and it seems to me that all that is mysterious is entertaining, and I would fain see and make trial of all."

"Even to journey to Blakulla!" said Olof.

"Yes, that above all things!" exclaimed Siri: "I would right gladly see Satan!"

"By no means a recommendable acquaintanceship, my little sister," said Olof, laughing.

"Think, if he should bite thee in the forehead!" said Brigitta.

"Ah," replied Siri, "I should take good care of myself; I should not go so near him. Besides, he is bound with a chain. The witches saw stoutly at it to get it off, but so soon as the link is nearly asunder, and ready to open, there come angels and solder it together again; so that it becomes as thick as before. But I must now feed my animals and then I will ride out. Will you go with me? I will lead you all round the world."

"Only not to Blakulla!" said Brigitta, "for thither I certainly will not accompany thee."

With a hearty laugh, Siri left the room, but dropped, in going, certain moss-branches, which Olof gathered up.

"That is Siri's trash, as Valborg and others in the house call it," said Brigitta. "She goes continually out, collects mosses, and stones, and birds' eggs, and dead butterflies, and flies too, I believe, and other curious things, which she finds out in the woods and fields, and stows them in her room, till it looks like a regular lumber room."

"Hum! that lumber room I shall make free to look into," said Olof.

A minute after he heard a clear and sonorous whistle in the court, and saw Siri standing on the steps of one of the wings of the buildings, surrounded by a crowd of beautiful creatures, which partly fluttered round her head and partly thronged around her feet in order to receive from her corn, bread, and caresses. Amongst the wingless creatures Olof observed a handsome elk-calf, with little bells attached to its growing horns, and he learned that its mother had been shot at a bear-hunt in the winter, and that the young one, instead of attempting to fly, would follow the men, its mother's mur-

derers. The elk-calf was brought to Mora, where Siri became its protectress, and the animal soon followed her with the fidelity and affection of a dog. And Durathor, as the elk-calf was called, after one of the stags that, according to the Edda, pasture on the top of Ydrasil, was secured from annoyance in the court, but followed no one but Siri. Now he licked her hand, and gazed at her with a strange affection in his clear brown eyes.

While Olof helps Siri to feed her animals we will, for a moment, follow Brigitta. We may do this with all confidence. Her forehead is to us a guarantee for her prudence, and in the whole of her little, round, lively figure, there is so thorough an expression of good-humour and cheerfulness, that we do not wonder that her friends consider it to be quite unnatural if they find her *enraged* for ten minutes together. Her small, arch eyes, her good-natured, gladsome countenance, promise, moreover, to put us into good humour. And that which still more captivates us with Brigitta, and what we have ascertained from good authority, is that, with the most joyous disposition, she has yet an actual enthusiasm for the tragic sublime, and a great susceptibility to every thing poetical, but *never* writes verses.

We stop with her now before a tall, thin gentleman, who, with a very abstracted air, sits sunk in a Greek text. Up to him marches Brigitta with a stage step, and says, solemnly,

"*Salutem doctoribus venerabilibus! Comment vous portez vous diesen morgen?*"

At which the abstracted figure awakens up, looks at her, smiles, and says,—

"What language, pray, may that be?"

"Does not your high-learnedness understand Babelish—a language as old as the world? How do you do, *mio caro*? Comment! Cross looks! Backibus non comfortable?"

"Speak Swedish, and give me a kiss!" burst out the curate with his deepest bass voice, and the mildest look in his light blue eyes. But Brigitta answered with a flood of Babelish so confounded, that the curate began to protest vehemently against such a hodge-podge, and the mingling of the noble Latin therein. A hearty laugh dispersed the Babylonish jargon, and conciliation was made in Swedish, and in that silent language which is customary amongst the betrothed, and which must be a primal language, for it is understood and spoken throughout all nature. After this Brigitta left her curate, obviously enlivened, in order to request of Valborg, who was conducting the inner daily economy of the house, his favourite dish at dinner, namely, pancakes.

The curate Gudelius was a learned man, especially in the ancient languages and in the life of the olden time, but rather prone to fall, as it were, out of time and place in the present daily life; wherefore, by way of counterpoise, he held fast by a female fellow-traveller, who in this region was quite at home, and who, moreover, was much attached to him. It was impossible to be otherwise when you knew him intimately. Friends and superiors had given him indeed much friendship, but had passed him over in promotions, so that, at nearly forty years of age, he was still a poor assistant schoolmaster. During the summer he lived at Mora. to accus-

to himself to the office of preaching, but had no near prospect of getting into a house of his own. He was too gentle and philanthropic to let bitterness spring up in his heart on this account, but the phantoms of ill health had instead sprung up in his frame, or in his imagination, and these haunted him to a degree that gave way only to Brigitta's Latin, or her sportive schemes and merry grimaces.

Brigitta went in the meantime and sought out Valborg, and found her brother Lasse, who was tacking about and making reconnoitings around the handsome but cold woman, who, still and grave, went to and fro with her bunch of keys followed by the cook, and delivered out articles of house-keeping. When Lieutenant Lasse's offers of little services were declined, and his little endeavours at conversation terminated abortively, he hummed to himself a favourite air out of an old opera,—

"How short and sad is this life's dull day!  
Let us sweeten it, then, with pleasure."

"Good morning, brother Lasse," interposed Brigitta. "Already in full activity, I see. Handsome girl, Valborg. How go matters?"

"Handsome, handsome as Venus, but haughty as Juno! Well, well, there's no harm done in making a trial. But are you quite sure that she is an actual human being, that she has flesh and blood like the rest of us?"

"That I should imagine, but cannot assert it. I am trying to find her just now to beg her to give us pancakes for dinner."

"Pancakes! charming! Valborg and pancakes to dinner! what a prospect! I will go with thee to help thee to soften her hard heart,

"How short and sad were this life's dull day  
Were it not brightened with pleasure!

I then, for my part, will sport it away

In friendship and love, and of folly a measure!"

Mrs. Ingeborg had, for the afternoon of this first of May, invited her neighbours from Sollerön and Noreberg, and proposed to make an excursion with the young people into the neighbourhood, in order to permit Olof to see some of its most remarkable beauties, and then to lead him to Tomtegård by Utmedland, where the well-known cellar should be visited.

There was no little pleasure, and no little chat, in the capacious Mora car,\* as the "Great Mother in Dalom" sat there in the midst of all the young people, heartily rejoicing in their joy. Olof and Siri rode alongside or before, and thus they sallied forth into the neighbourhood.

Hill above hill, and dale within dale, are what have given to the province of Dalarna in its name; and to Dalarna we must go if we would see a nature still in noble innocence, a people still in that patriarchal state which ever more and more disappears from the earth, and which possesses features of so great and touching a beauty.

As the Dalelf runs through Dalarna, a great and bright thought through a solemn and troublous life, so runs the life-pulse of religion through the laborious existence of the Dal people, and centuries have passed over them without leaving any rust. They are still in manners, in appearance, in costume, and constitution of mind, the same as they were in the days of Engelbrecht and Wasa. Labour and prayer have preserved their health and youthful vigor. Low-

\* A char-à-banc.

ly are the dwellings of the people. They stoop their necks at the doors of their huts, but never have they bowed them to the yoke of the oppressor. Great historical transactions have consecrated this ground, the native ground of Swedish liberty, yet you behold no monuments, no memorial inscriptions. Here, also, is simplicity. They show you a cellar, a barn, a verdant and knolly eminence, on the banks of the Dalelf, and tell you, "Here Gustavus Wasa concealed himself from his pursuers, here he thrashed for his day's wages, here he addressed the people of Mora for the deliverance of Sweden." And before your thoughts there stands forth the most magnificent romance that history possesses; and the glorious recollections which no monuments preserve, no boastful officerone proclaims, seem to whisper to you from the woods, from the mountains and dales, from the vigorous forms of the people, from the river, which itself, from its cradle on the rocky ridge of Idre and to the East sea, with the hundred brooks that stream into its bosom, with its splendid cataracts, its deep, beautiful, and placid water, its windings and its branches, its growing strength, its final lordly expanse at Elfkärleby, before it pours its life into the ocean, is a living image of this heroic poem.

Such were the thoughts which arose in Olof's soul during his ride to-day. We describe it no further, but halt at the near village of Utmedland, where the party descended from the vehicle, and betook themselves on foot to the cellar of Tomtegård, which lies in a meadow on the shore of the Silja Lake.

The hut which once arched it over has long ago fallen down; but there is now erected over it a saloon of wood, simple, and totally unadorned. Within this had now some good spirit—the Tomte\* of the place, said Mrs. Ingeborg—decked a table with a diversity of refreshments, which were bailed with a universal acclamation of pleasure. But Olof would descend immediately into the cellar, and Siri, who had expected it, and had brought tinder with her, instantly lit a candle, and, lifting up a trap-door in the floor, went nimbly before down the small, steep, and broken stone steps which led down into the cellar. The walls of the saloon are totally covered over with names, which visitors have written, scratched, yes, even carved out with great care and labour; names highly remarkable to—their owners. In the little room under the earth you can read no names on the black walls, it is empty, silent, and solitary as the grave; but there lives in it a great memory, the memory of a hero, who was concealed in its dark vault, with his misfortunes, his great plans, with Sweden's future welfare in his heart. What feelings, what thoughts had there not lived within these subterranean walls! Not the smallest ray of daylight can penetrate into it; but, each holding a light, stood there now Olof and Siri, and when they had looked round them on the black walls, the roof, the floor, they looked at each other, and their eyes sparkled, and they smiled at each other, inspired by the same thoughts.

When they had returned again up into the

\* The spirit or goblin; hence the name of the place, Tomtegård, might be supposed to be derived as if it were Goblin Court, though really named after its possessor in the time of Gustavus, Tomte-Matte Larsson.

saloon, they heard Mrs. Ingeborg relating how the Danes sought after Gustavus during his abode here, in Tomtegard, and how he was compelled to hide himself in the cellar, and how Tomt-Matts Larsson's wife turned a great brewing tub over the cellar hole, so that it was not discovered by the enemy. It was with a little pride that Mrs. Ingeborg observed, that Gustavus Wasa had three times to thank, for the saving of his life, the address and patriotism of the Dal woman. As they thus conversed and refreshed themselves, the peasant women of Mora came hastening over the meadow, and collected around the cellar with a childish curiosity, which you often see in the Dal people. Amongst these were young girls with their hair bound with red riband, and wreathed round the head according to the custom of the country, so that they seemed to be adorned with garlands of flowers. All these Mrs. Ingeborg invited to a dance at the Mora parsonage; and in boats which she had caused to come from Mora, they now rowed back over the chrystal clear Silja, while the sun in its descent cast golden mantles over the giant shapes of the mountains. Middagsberg, from this circumstance, stood forth in transcendent magnificence, for they saw from the lake one of its sides bright with the full splendour of the sun, while the other stood dark and solemn. Siri had become perfectly solemn also, and turned not her eyes from the majestic mountain.

They rowed up the river, and landed at the so-called Klockgropen, a verdant mound on the banks of the river. The party stood upon it for a brief space, and recalled to their minds what had taken place here in past times. Here it was that "on a holiday during Christmas, just as the men of Mora came out of Church, Lord Gustavus ascended to address the assembled multitude. The low noon sun stood right over the directly south-lying Esanda, or Middagsberg, and spread a dazzling light over the snowy region. A fresh north wind was blowing, which the Mora men regarded as a good omen. They gathered around Gustavus, contemplating attentively the young and manly gentleman of whose unmerited persecutions they had already heard so much. With his strong and sonorous voice he began thus to address them: 'I see with much joy your great assembly, but with equally great sorrow do I contemplate the situation of us all.' Here he continued to describe to the people the unhappy situation of Sweden under the oppression of Denmark, and concluded with these words: 'The Dalmen have in all times been brave and undaunted when the weal of your country was concerned, and therefore are you renowned in our chronicles, and all the inhabitants of Sweden turn now their eyes upon you, for they are accustomed to look on you as the firm defence and protection of our native land. I will willingly accompany you, and will for you spare neither my hand nor my blood, for more the tyrant has not left me. And then shall he understand that Swedish men are faithful and brave, and that they may be governed by law, but not by the yoke.'"

This little patriotically minded party, who

here now, more than three hundred years afterwards, celebrated the memory of the hero, drank a skål to him and to the liberty which his valiant deeds achieved, and then in gladness and lightness of heart they took the way up towards the parsonage.

Already the Nyckell harp\* hummed in the court of Mora when the party arrived there. It was the melancholy but dance-inspiring Oraspolska, which went on "to the unintermitting bass," and soon whirled pair after pair humming round after its certain tact. There was a time, but that is long ago, when Charles XI. danced in the court of Mora, and whirled in the polska with the maids of Mora. That would we gladly have beheld. Now whirled here Lieutenant Lasse, already in full and vehement suit for his cousin, the lovely but insensible Valborg.

Siri danced chiefly with the children, played and romped with them. At once Olof seemed again to see the girl of ten years old, as she delighted him with her dance in the summer night. She was now, indeed, palpably taller, but the fine, elastic form was still childlike, and undeveloped; the hair had its former golden lustre, which, like a sunbeam, was woven into it; her eyes shone with the same lively deep blue, her feet flew as lightly and swiftly from the ground. Olof could not avoid again thinking of the elf-queen whom the sagas describe as "slender and small, graceful as a lily, and with a voice alluring and delicious." He gazed on Siri with sincere pleasure. Yet again he looked on Valborg, and gave her far the preference over Siri in point of beauty and maidenly bearing. This comparison grew stronger later in the evening, and especially to the advantage of Valborg, as he saw her assisting actively with the supper, which was served in the hall with open doors, and observing her caring for all, while, at the same time, he beheld Siri in the balcony of the portico, with the greatest nonchalance smoking a cigar in a flaming style, and drinking punch with the prost of Solleröa and the curate, and all the time talking and laughing loudly with them. Scarcely could he believe that it was the same Siri whose eyes gleamed so brightly towards him in the cellar at Utmedland, who just now in the dance brought to his imagination spirits of light and the elf-queen. She seemed to him now, in the whirling tobacco-smoke, and with the cigar in her mouth, metamorphosed into an imp of darkness, and he felt an irresistible impulse to tell her how ugly he now found her. Nordin resisted it, but stood close behind Siri, and whispered to her his humble opinion. He got for answer a puff of tobacco smoke, and the assurance that she did not trouble herself at all as to what he thought or liked.

"Oh yes, indeed, that is just the right one to fall in love with!" thought Olof; "she is hideous! Ugh! my sensible Brigitta must have been a little crazy." And he turned with an admitting glance towards the white-dressed Valborg, who offered him a plate of Dalarna's most constant and delicious luxury, groats and milk.

\* Fryzell: Narratives from the History of Sweden, in course of translation into English by Rudolph von Schultze. Berlin: Lammert.

\* A peculiar kind of musical instrument, with various keys.

The dance held on till ten o'clock, and immediately after that hour all dispersed. Mrs. Ingeborg seemed to be particularly anxious that all should go early to rest, and assiduously urged them to do so. Olof made some little opposition, for gladly, he assured her, would he sit up and talk with her the whole night. Nevertheless he fell asleep the moment he got into bed, and all the house was speedily at rest, like himself, in the arms of slumber. One alone waked, and that was Mrs. Ingeborg.

In the light May night she stood by the window, and read again the billet which she had read in the morning, and the contents of which were these:—

"Beloved wife,

"To-morrow evening, but probably not before it is quite late, shall I again be with thee! Say nothing of my coming to the young people, let all in the house go early to rest. I have a childish desire, thus coming, to see thee only, to be welcomed alone by thee. I would not have the secret communicated to any one or any thing. If I be late in the night, I would not see light in any window but thine. The little light from thy room, how it will beam upon me! nay, into me, into my soul, into my heart! My wife! Weary, disgusted, embittered by the petty-mindedness and selfishness of man, torn to pieces by fruitless contention and abortive endeavours, where the most honest desires are stranded on coldness and indifference, vexed with the world and vexed with myself, thus, my Ingeborg, do I return to thee, to lay my head on thy bosom, and let thee breathe away the cloud from my soul, to pray thee to lay thy warm hand upon my breast. Oh, I have such a haven, and yet I dare to complain! My little woman must chastise me. But if thou rightly knew in what a state of mind I am at the thought of being soon with thee, and of staying with thee, assuredly thou wouldst not then be displeased with thy

GUSTAF.

"P. S. I think it will never be evening today."

It breathed warm out of these lines on the heart of Mrs. Ingeborg, and it was probably the cause that she breathed warmly upon them again, for she raised them to her lips, while her eyes sparkled with a dewy brilliancy.

She seemed already to have arranged every thing for her husband's reception, and called to her aid all kindly household gods to enable her to embrace him like a heaven full of love. Once more she cast around her an anxious, searching glance in the fresh and pleasant room; she gave a look at the little repast which she had set out in the next room, and which should refresh the tired one. She disposed afresh the new night-gown and slippers which, during his absence, she had prepared for him; and, finally, she gave a glance in the mirror at herself, at the light, fresh muslin gown, at the little lace cap that, like a white cloud, rested on her brown hair. Mrs. Ingeborg was one of those ladies who still, after a ten years' marriage, always seek by a fine and noble manner to charm their husbands, and, therefore, never have broken the spell of their fancy: that flower or that spice of all the unions between human beings. But Gustaf Nordevall was also one of those men

who make this a precious obligation or rather a pleasure. And thus waited and listened Mrs. Ingeborg, with a feeling that made the heart beat, and the blood alternately tinge and forsake the cheek. At every little sound without she sprang up. What is not expressed in the manner, the aspect with which a wife awaits her husband, with which she hears his step on the threshold of the house, his hand on the latch of the door! A whole history may be read in that moment.

We knew a young peasant-wife who had lost her husband, and who spoke of their married life with tears, saying, "Certainly there might be between us, as there will be occasionally between married people, a jarring word; but see! never had I to be afraid when I heard him 'lift the latch of the door!'"

How many wives are there who cannot say that! Ah! in such moments we have seen cheeks grow pale, eyes grow confused, and as it were, yellow! Yet we know wives, who, at this electric shock, tremble—but with joy.

The clock was on the stroke of eleven at night when, unmistakeably, there was heard the approach of a carriage, and it stopped at the gate of the parsonage of Mora. Mrs. Ingeborg sprang forth into the portico, and embraced—her husband.

## THE MARRIED PAIR.

TIME had sped on, and still the married pair sat on the easy sofa. His head was rested against her shoulder, and that lofty but bitter expression which gave to his countenance a peculiar keenness and a singular interest, was now softened and brightened into a still and love-overflowing smile.

A legend in the national poem of Finland, Kalevala, speaks of a mother who had lost her son, and who found him again, but torn into a thousand pieces, at the bottom of the river of death. But she collected the scattered fragments, she gathered the dismembered son into her bosom, and rocked him there, and sang him whole again. Who that has suffered and striven upon earth, and does not recognise the meaning and the truth of this saga! Ah!

"Rock, thou cradle of love, rock on!

Sound, O song! with the words of healing;  
Quiet the hearts that for strife beat alone;  
Sleep, O earth! with thy restless feeling;  
Rock, thou cradle of love, rock on!  
Sleep ye, dark Memory's rancorous train;  
Awake, all ye lovely and glorious dreams,  
Heralds of truth, in the slumberer's brain;  
Float ye his future down love's sweet streams,  
By hope all immortal steer'd on to the main.  
Climb, thou thought! seek the noon-tide sun;  
Battle, O strength! to thy dear north appealing,  
For freedom and light unto every one.  
But, above all, o'er earth's troublous feeling,  
Sound, O song! with thy words of healing:  
Rock, thou cradle of love, rock on!"

And thus had Mrs. Ingeborg rocked care to rest, thus had her sensible, sweet words sung serenity and peace into her husband's soul. He had related to her his endeavours, his exertions, the right he had sought to win, the injustice he had endured; and she had listened with heart and soul, had comprehended, sympathised, grown indignant at his opposers, rejoiced at his

propositions, at his labours—yes, even at the apparently fruitless ones; for who knows not that “what is sown in the snow comes up in the thaw!” and, by degrees, she had turned his mind to the vernal side of life. She had talked of the peaceful, and, to him, beloved labour which he could now calmly prosecute in the spiritual vineyard of his congregation, of the important scientific work to which he could in tranquillity return, and of the conquests which his good intentions must ultimately achieve through this means. She understood how to inspire courage and hope; and thus she had succeeded in laying to rest every bitter sentiment in her husband's soul, and in chasing every cloud from his brow. And he rested, and listened to all that she told him of her regrets, her joys, of the spring, of Mora, of home, and of that life which they should now enjoy together. One only object in this picture stood as a temporary cloud. When the professor inquired of his wife about Siri, and how she went on, Mrs. Ingeborg, deeply sighing, answered,—

“Ah, Gustaf! I fear that we shall never make any thing of the girl. I fear either that she is irremediably made wild by her unfortunate bringing up, or that I do not know how to guide and educate her.”

“Patience, patience only, my little woman!” now, in his turn, said the professor, consolingly. “You calculate too little on the family influence in the long run. If this discipline of love be what it ought to be, it will exert a silent power which no member of it will be able ultimately to resist. Yes, it reduces even hostile powers to its service, and converts the hand, with which hell endeavours to set on fire the house, into a cheering flame upon the hearth of home. I am not at all uneasy about Siri; she will become tamed without knowing it herself, and no very severe bridle will be necessary for this purpose. I am fond of life and fire in the young, and if a girl be good for any thing, she will be able to melt ice six yards around her. And such a girl is, or will be, our little Siri. Valborg's coldness and closeness are really far more dangerous. We must endeavour to melt this ice by a suitable fire. But that is not so easy a matter. Much rather would I have to do with that wild fire. Can we but manage to give that its proper direction and proper fuel, then it will become a blessing. Now is the time that Siri should be prepared for confirmation, and I shall find it a pleasure this summer to instruct her myself!”

“Ah, that would be certainly good, if the girl were not so self-willed, and thou—thou, my own Gustaf—wert not so easily irritated.”

“I know it; but I know also that thy voice—yes, thy very presence—can tranquilize my mind when it is ready to boil up. Be present during my reading hours with Siri, if thou wilt; or give me an amulet, a lock of thy hair; or some word written by thy hand, which I will carry in my bosom, in order to counteract the outbursts of temper. But, now that I am at home again, I believe that I shall be gentle as a lamb. I cannot conceive of anything that can strongly irritate me; and, least of all, a young maiden of a nature as rich as Siri's really is, and whom I am, moreover, fond of. Thou shalt see that we shall some time have joy in the girl. That shall we, too, as I hope, in my

son. I am heartily glad to have him here at home. He has for many years lived more for the head than for the heart, and I fear that the education of the latter has been made but of secondary consideration. But with that thou shalt assist both him and me. I am of that author's opinion who says, ‘There is but one high school, and it is that in which the heart is educated.’”

Nordevall had raised himself up as he spoke, and now it was his wife who leaned her head against him, listening in silence, and then said:

“Ah, how dear it is to me again to hear thy voice, again to feel the wing of thy protecting and strengthening spirit over me! Ah, how full and beautiful life now feels! He who could die now . . . thus here . . . to pass over from earth into heaven! that were too much; that were a life, a death without a night; . . . and the night which comes . . . will come one day.”

She uttered the last words with a dreamy but half-prophetic tone.

“But now it is morning,” exclaimed Nordevall; “see, the sun rises! My little woman, we have gossiped the night away.”

“Yes, now it is morning,” said Mrs. Ingeborg, and raised herself; “and now that my sun is again here I will be hopeful and courageous: I shall be young again, at least in soul, for the body . . . Gustaf, I have become old during thy absence. Longing for thee has laid its additional heavy weight on my five-and-thirty years; I have got a great wrinkle by the eye . . .”

“Is that possible?” said Nordevall: “just let me see it: ay, actually a wrinkle!” and he kissed it: so tenderly had he never kissed, as lover, the polished eye-lids.

“Thanks; thou,” said she, affectionately smiling, thou hast consecrated my old age.”

“To a still lovelier youth! I love the wrinkle!” And he kissed it again.

A golden vernal sun now broke into the room and cast his quivering beams upon the pair, as if to bless them.

Oh, how beautiful to love purely and deeply! how divine is this true love! even the solitary mortal who, turned towards the quiet sun of thought, congratulates himself on being withdrawn from all the tempests of the heart, and on having found in his tranquil world a peace, a sufficiency, from which men can take nothing away, and to which they can add little—even he, at the sight of beings who live, enjoy, and suffer in each other, involuntarily feels his heart grow warm, and, perhaps, with a tear in his eye, exclaims, “Oh, how beautiful to love! how divine is true love!” Consorts, brothers and sisters, friends, loving as God loves, beautiful and blessed is your lot! the only one which enjoys on earth the promise of “everlasting dwellings” in the land, where love itself is the sun—the sun that never goes down.

## HOME AT MORA.

THE members of a family ought occasionally to be separated for a time. It produces in many cases a salutary renovation, and the meetings again are, when affection lies at the bottom, so

• V. Unga: “Walks in the Fetherland.”

rich, so joyous, a new spring. We do not go so far as the song, when it says—

\* With the same and the same we grow crabbed and dull,  
"Tis change that our nature makes beautiful;  
With the fairest of maid I should wrangle and fly,  
And should weary of living, forgot she to die."

But to the half-way, that is, as far as the two first lines, there we go entirely.

Under the May-life which arose in the home of Mora, in the first days after the return of the house-father, every sense bloomed; even the shut-up Valborg seemed to awaken to life and sympathy. Olof was happy in the feeling of now being nearer to his father than ever; and Brigitta was quite confused in the head with joy, and danced about with her uncle, her aunt, her curate, and with any one she could lay hands on. Siri alone partook not in the general joy. She seemed to become more shy than ever, fled the happy family, lived out in wood and field—they seldom knew where; and a species of wild melancholy frequently threw its shade over her young countenance, and gave a dark expression to her glance. She was rarely seen at home, except at meal-times, and this distressed Mrs. Ingeborg, for she saw how often the professor's eyes sought for the young girl, although he said nothing; and the exhortations of others to be more at home produced no effect. Two evenings in the week, however, usually brought the whole family together into a familiar circle, and these were they which Mrs. Ingeborg had called the spinning-room evenings. Here collected all the female members of the family, each with her wheel, in the great hall, where the fire was kindled on the hearth; and around this fire placed themselves the women, and span and span. And soon did they spin unto them the gentlemen, for it went merrily with the spinning-wheels; songs were sung, stories were told, riddles were propounded and guessed. Mrs. Ingeborg had an inexhaustible treasury of such things, and amused herself as she sat in the midst of the spinners, or walked to and fro in the hall, with puzzling their brains with all the wonders and things that she "saw at the king's court," a form of riddle that she often employed. Mrs. Ingeborg was herself commonly very joyous on these evenings, and enlivened every body, and would not willingly allow any one to keep back their contribution to the general good, whether of story, song, or enigma. Siri generally sung some little sprightly air, and distinguished herself besides by her zeal in the solving of riddles, which much amused her. This also amused Olof, and reminded him of the olden times in the north, when riddles and the most subtle questions were the dearest pleasure of the wise; when even the gods descended from their luminous abodes, in order to contend in such trials with the giants of earth; and Odin gave himself no rest till he had in such content measured himself against, and triumphed over, the cunning giant Vafthrudner. Olof had now, in his recollections of travel, invaluable contributions of pleasure to confer on the spinning-room. He and Lieutenant Lasse were always present; they attempted also to spin in company, but the threads were so often broken, or they made the wheels spin round so unmercifully, that the ladies begged to be permitted to dispense with this species of contribution from the gentlemen.

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Later in the evening came commonly also the professor. His arrival amongst them at all times inspired a higher vivacity, a more living interest; and even in the spinning-room it was the same; whether he was there merely in the capacity of spectator and listener, or, as was often the case, he himself paid his tribute to the general good in the shape of a story.

A few days after Olof's return, it was the spinning-meeting at home, and all were assembled in the great hall of the house. Mrs. Ingeborg had propounded some difficult enigmas, which Olof and Siri had vied in guessing; Valborg had sung a song; the curate had mimicked hautboys and speaking-trumpets; Lieutenant Lasse had represented a steam-vessel getting into motion, by which sundry spinning-wheels were thrown into great jeopardy; and Brigitta had related various anecdotes about the Old Woman, a personage who does and says a multitude of things in Sweden; as for example:—

"I will see that," said the old woman, and bought a raven to see whether it would live two hundred years.

"Thanks to our Lord, now I help myself," said the old woman, when she alighted on her feet again.

"Yes," said the old woman, "it was something with a 'ral,' and if it were not an admiral, why then it must have been a corporal."

"If no if had come between, then had the old woman bitten the bear," &c.

All had given their mite towards the evening's entertainment, and the professor had laughed, and to the bottom of his heart enjoyed his home-life. Warmed and exhilarated, he responded to the importunities of the young, that he should tell something, with the following characteristic incidents from the life of the Dalepeasantry.

"A father went one winter's evening with his two daughters, over the ice on Lake Silja. In the twilight they lost their way and came upon a weak ice, which broke under their feet. It continued to break with their endeavours to hold themselves fast, and to get upon it again. One only of the daughters was fortunate enough to support herself by a somewhat firmer piece of ice; and on her shoulder the other sister seized, in the agonies of death, and drew herself up by her.

"'Leave go, Margaret,' said the first, 'or I must sink; it is with the greatest difficulty that I can maintain my own hold.'

"But the young girl, in her death agony, did not leave go, but held fast as before.

"Then heard the sinking one the sinking father's solemn voice—

"'Hear'st thou not, Margaret, what Anna says?'

"And on the instant as the girl heard the word she quitted her hold on her sister, and suffered herself to sink into the deep with her father.

"The sister succeeded in rescuing herself; but often did she afterwards come to me, in search of consolation for the pangs of her conscience, for she ascribed to herself the death of Margaret.

"A father rowed with his young son upon the

Silja; there arose a storm; their little boat was upset, and cast far from them; but a board floated near them, and father and son took hold on it, but it was not able to bear up both, and when the son saw that, he said, 'God bless thee, my father, live for my mother and my brothers and sisters;' and so let himself sink to the bottom.

"In the dreadful year of famine here, 1838, there came one day to me a Dalman from another parish, and said to me—

"Sell me a few tons of straw."

"The man was one of those great, stalwart figures, which you seldom see, except here; yet he had evidently suffered from want of food. He had drawn his hat with its broad brim deep over his face.

"I cannot sell thee straw," said I, at his entreaty; 'I have not more than I shall need for myself, and the poor of my own parish.

"Sell but *one* ton," implored he.

"Not even that can I," I replied; 'that which I have left I must carefully preserve for myself and my people.'

"Half a ton, then," persisted the Dalman, pressingly.

"It grieves me," I said, 'but not even a single half ton can I spare thee.'

"The huge fellow took a step nearer to me, said not a word, but lifted his hat above his brow, and gazed fixedly upon me; he let me see that he wept.

"The sight of this anguish I could not sustain. 'Come with me,' said I, 'thou shalt have what thou wilt.'

"He followed me, and got the straw that he wanted.

"If this were for *myself*," said he, 'I should not probably have been here; for, if we men suffer and endure want, it is no more than our sins deserve, and we can and ought to bear; but the poor animals—what can they have done amiss!'

"And now for a little love-story!

"A young farmer loved, at the same time, two young women, and, though strange enough, loved both with as nearly as possible the same affection, and they both of them warmly returned his passion. But one of them showed for him an almost boundless devotion: and, perhaps, this might be the cause, that at once, with a more determined sentiment, he turned towards the other; but she answered him, 'I will not be married amid the sighs of any unhappy one, and it is now thy duty to wed Kerstin. To me thou wilt ever remain dear, but now must we part.'

"What a field would there have been here for the French romantic! What agony, ravings, explosions, and explications without end! Here had been sacrifices and poisonings, and, at last, three corpses. But how simply did the genius of the Dal people resolve this knotty point!

"The young man obeyed the exhortations of the serious damsel—obeyed that of duty—he married Kerstin; and, as they were both truly good and excellent people, they were happy together. They had lived happily together for four years, and had three children, when the wife died. But as she lay on her death-bed

she said to her husband, 'I would ask one thing of thee, and that is, that thou, after my death, wilt marry Anna, who was once, and is still, dear to thee, and who, I know, still loves thee, and that thou makest no other the mother of my children.'

"The husband mourned sincerely for his wife; but, when the customary period of mourning had expired, it was not difficult for him to endeavour to fulfil her last prayer. He went to the still unmarried, the still-beloved Anna, and told her the wish of his late wife, and his own. And she answered, 'Thou art still as dear to me as formerly, and willingly would I be thy wife, but I fear for thy children. I fear that I could not be to them such a mother that I could answer it to my conscience and to the dead, and that would make thee dissatisfied with me.'

"And by that reply Anna stood fast, spite of all the arguments of love and reason that were employed to move her.

"Quite distracted came the young man one day to me, and implored my counsel, and begged me to talk with the girl, and to endeavour to persuade her to become his wife.

"To seek to persuade her I cannot promise thee," I said, 'for in so solemn an affair a woman should make her resolve in freedom; but speak with her I will, and tell her what I think and advise in the matter.' I went to the young woman, talked with her of her future duties, and succeeded in pacifying her all too sensitive conscience. Soon afterwards I had the pleasure of uniting the two lovers.

"A few years afterwards I came on an official journey into the district where they resided. It was a dark autumn evening, and cold and dull without. But when I entered their room, the fire blazed cheerily, and in its light on the floor played four children, full of pleasure. Husband and wife arose to meet the enterer, but, when they recognised me again, they became deeply moved, and began to weep. 'Ask her, ask her,' said the husband, and pointed to the wife, 'whether she be not satisfied with me!' But I did not ask her; I saw warm and happy tears already speaking."

"That was a charming story, that last," exclaimed Brigitta, when the professor had finished.

"And thou, Siri," asked he, "which dost thou like the best?"

Blushing and shy answered Siri, "That about the Dalma and his cattle."

"That was right, my own girl," exclaimed the professor, and kissed her forehead.

"I wonder how you like groats and milk?" said Mrs. Ingeborg, as she entered, followed by her maid, who brought in dishes and bowls.

"Best of every thing in the world, next to thee," said her husband joyfully, and Olof was ready to chime in, for the spinning-room suppers were also groat suppers in the hotse, and concluded by all assembling round a large, steaming groat-dish, which, in Olof's opinion, put the crown on the charms of the evening. To Olof it seemed that his home was the best home in the world.

For the rest, there was much in his home which called into thoughtful exercise his penetrating and observant spirit; and enigmas here met him, more difficult to solve than all those

marvels which Mrs. Ingeborg saw "at the King's Court." She herself was amongst them, for Olof observed often in her, moments of sadness, that came and passed away again without any apparent cause, and expressions fell from her at times which seemed to indicate some hidden cause of disquiet. But the perfect happiness she enjoyed in her domestic life with her husband, her open disposition, her daily fresh spirit and activity, her sincere benevolence towards all who surrounded her, and which made both people and creatures thrive under her care, her enjoyment of life and nature, appeared to make such a secret impossible. Olof hesitated to seek explanations of her gloomy moods of mind, which she, in fact, carefully concealed from her husband, and which never cast a severe shade over her temper, further than that she had an organic affection of the heart, which she had had many years, but which only at times was troublesome, but never, so it was said, dangerous.

The father was a soul open as the day; his merits and his failings were obvious to all. Warm, striving, and sagacious, strong in will and power, it was impossible for him to live without restless exertion and onward aspiration. His impetuosity sometimes led him into error; but his Christian goodness led him always to acknowledge and pray forgiveness of the wrong. He was one of those men with whom life is never perfectly free from clouds, but whose absence leaves an immeasurable void.

Olof's best friend in the house for society and conversation was Brigitta. With her he gladly talked of his stepmother, Brigitta's "charming aunt;" with her he wondered whether Siri would ever become a rational creature; whether Valborg could become a real human being; whether she could fall in love, and so on. With her he spoke of his own future, his approaching sojourn in Fahlun, where, in the school of mining, he should study fundamentally the science of mining, in the hope some day of becoming a great master of mines in the country. Before her he liked also to let the light of his knowledge shine on various subjects, and to relate to her his success in various ways. Olof was one of those young men, who, favoured by fortune and mankind, and who had something of that pleasant confidence in himself which people not seldom have at three-and-twenty, but, with greater wisdom, do not often possess at three-and-forty.

The family at Mora had many friends, but none more intimate, and none dearer than the prost and prostinna of Sollerön and their children. Few weeks seldom went by without the two households passing a day together, either at Mora or at Sollerön. Some few weeks only in autumn and spring was this intercourse interrupted, during the time that the Silja neither bears nor breaks up.

One day the great prost and the little prostinna were at Mora. It was evening, and the young people danced in the saloon, while the older ones conversed in the drawing-room. Two gentlemen, friends of the professor, travelling from Stockholm, increased the party. The conversation fell on marriage, and one of the travellers praised the single state for its tran-

quillity and undisturbed quiet. The professor, again, was zealous for marriage, and rather liberally, since he insisted that only in marriage, he always assumed it to be happy, could human beings attain their full development, their highest ennoblement. He grew quite warm upon it, and concluded with these words: "People suppose commonly that the first period of married life is the happiest, but that is not the case, that I know, and so does my wife too. I am a thousand times happier with her now, and am a thousand times more attached to her now, than I was ten years ago, when we were first married; and I am certain that ten years hence I shall like her still better, for true affection goes on always increasing. It has, like our Lord's grace, no bounds and no grave. Yes, if it were now said to me, 'Thou art free; go freely over the whole world, and choose thee a wife,' I should go instantly to her, and say, 'Wilt thou have me?'"

"Dalarna," said the advocate of celibacy, warmed by the professor's zeal, "Dalarna must be a good soil for marriage. Even amongst the peasantry, even in the low huts, I seem to have observed a more happy relationship between married people than is common in the world. It is animating to think that so great a happiness as that which you describe married life to be can be enjoyed alike by high and low, by the educated, and, in an intellectual point of view, the uneducated."

"Yes,—hum,—" said the professor; "but a perfect equality can I not, however, admit in this respect. Education creates a distinction, and to the advantage of those who possess it. An expanded view of life and its objects, multiplied subjects for thought, for interest, for conversation, make life richer, and give nourishment to attachment. That cannot be helped; as a great burning-glass collects a richer amount of rays into its focus than a lesser one, produces a greater heat, kindles a greater fire. For my own part I should not be half so happy with my wife, if I could not talk with her on all subjects which possess an interest for me, and if she did not as well, through her education as through her natural endowments, help me to thoughts and views which I should not, of myself, arrive at. And often when I have pored and pondered, with a single word she has hit the nail on the head, and made all light before me. Therefore it is that she is also my dearest, my most indispensable society, an actual half of my life. And in that you may see why the education I allude to is of so high a value, especially for persons whose life is not occupied by much material labour, and for married people in good external circumstances. That through this, indeed, they may spiritually live for each other; may become continually more necessary to each other, and the change from the lover into the friend, which all married people must pass through, may be an ascending and not descending metamorphosis. For the love which cannot be converted into friendship is of very little worth."

While the professor was thus speaking, Mrs. Ingeborg had gone out into an adjoining room, and stood by a window, with a view of the adjacent church. The beautiful spire glowed in the evening sun, the melodious bells of Mora

rung out six. Silent tears rolled down Mrs. Ingeborg's cheeks, while her eyes rested on the broad-spreading trees of the churchyard. Two of her children, dead in their early childhood, rested there, and her still tears seemed to call in question the fervent words of her husband on the happiness of their married life. Yet it was not so; but the maternal feeling at this moment asserted its right, and when awhile after the professor stood by her side, and said, in tender uneasiness, "What, now, my Ingeborg?" she merely whispered, with a glance at the churchyard, "The children!"

Nordevall stood silent, respecting her feelings, but said soon after, as he laid his hand upon hers, "But He who gave, and He who took away, can give again."

"Nay, nay," said Mrs. Ingeborg, almost vehemently, "I do not deserve it."

Mrs. Ingeborg let fall occasionally such an expression, and it invariably annoyed her husband, for he seemed to see in it a morbid imagination; and he now answered somewhat impatiently:

"No one deserves God's goodness: but that thou shouldst deserve it less than any one else I will not hear of; that is a spectre of the brain, self-inflicted pain, which ought not——"

"I do not complain!" mildly interrupted Mrs. Ingeborg; "if I have no child, yet I have thee and thy affection, which are more to me than all the world, and make every thing else superfluous."

An expression like this delighted Nordevall, and he said gladly:

"And, if we have no mutual child, yet we have foster children, which shall be to us as our own. Come, and let us see them dance. Siri dances, as I imagined to myself, an elf queen. The girl has altogether a peculiar charm, which——"

"But where is Siri?"

"Siri was nowhere amongst the young people; Siri was nowhere to be found in the bouse; Siri had not, people said, been seen since directly after mid-day. For the first time the professor expressed displeasure with her. "She is, in fact, never at home!" said he.

"I will become a fish again," said Brigitta, "if some fine day Siri be not mountain-smitten, so that we never see her any more. It is a misery with Siri."

### SIRI.

"I wonder where she can be!" said Olof to Brigitta, as their enquiring glances met in the court.

"Yes, that may the wind know!" answered Brigitta; "that she is never where she ought to be, that I know. Now is my uncle angry, and in that humour he is by no means gentle, I can assure you, and my poor aunt is so anxious. . . . I say, my girl, has thou seen Siri?" said Brigitta to a farm-servant maid in the court, who answered:—

"I saw her a few hours ago riding towards Morkarby side."

"Let us go towards the side, perhaps we shall meet her," said Olof to Brigitta. And

they went; and while they contemplated the beautiful waters of the Silja and the Dalelf, and the wood-clothed mountains on the shore, Olof fell again into his thoughts and plans for the future. Foremost amongst these stood his desire to become in time possessor of iron-works in Dalarna. "What a life might we not live there!" exclaimed he, "and what subjects should we not have for activity and fortune! The fabrication of iron—Sweden's greatest wealth; the work of its refinement; the care of the labourers in the works; whose condition it would be a happiness to make happy; intercourse with nature, which alone is a world sufficient to live in; and then family life which in its enchanting dales——"

"Family life!" exclaimed Brigitta waggishly, "nay, only hear the sweet lad; he thinks of his papa and his mamma, and perhaps on his little cousins, too. That is actually quite touching!"

"What's the matter? Ah! yes, yes! But I did not think only on that family life," said Olof laughing and blushing.

"On what family life, then?" asked Brigitta, with an innocent tone, but mischievously twinkling eyes.

"Oh! . . . for example on my own . . . when I . . . shall get married!"

"For example! Well the wife, for example, seems already in view. Is that it?"

"Not at all!" said Olof, laughing, "but I think she may possibly come. Ah! see, there we have Siri!"

And it was Siri who came riding towards them, with the fiery Brunhilda, quite warm, and herself with an expression of wild exultation in her countenance. The lappets of her kroka flapped, like a pair of wings about her shoulders, in the wind. As soon as she saw Olof and Brigitta, she stopped, sprang from the horse, which she allowed to go loose, and bounded towards them, where they sat not far from the road, on a verdant hill.

"That was a glorious ride!" she exclaimed, as she flung herself down on the ground, near them. "Olof, you must ride on Brunhilda; one flies as on the wings of the wind on her."

"Ah!" said Brigitta, "and if thou hadst a little less passion for wind and blowing weather, and a little more for sitting still, it would not be amiss. But don't lie there now upon the cold ground, whilst thou art so heated, Siri!"

"The ground is not cold!" said Siri, "it has a warm heart, warmer than mankind has; I wish that I lay there!" added she, and kissed the earth, and pressed it to her burning cheeks.

"The earth's heart!" said Brigitta; "dear Siri, what nonsense is that!"

"Not such nonsense, either!" said Olof; "the earth may actually be said to have a warm heart, for, according to all probability, its interior is red hot. The deeper we penetrate into the earth, the higher rises the temperature. In Fahlum copper-mines, for instance, at about two hundred fathoms deep, it is so warm that the people work there without upper garments in the coldest weather in winter. But what does my little sister know of the earth's warm heart!"

"Ah, I know a great deal, I!" said Siri nodding archly.

"Yes, since thou wert mountain-kidnapped," said Brigitta, "thou hast been abominably knowing about the earth and the mountains, and their interiors, and hast got such ideas about how glorious it would be there too—it is positively frightful. But now, Siri, don't continue lying there, my little, sweet, naughty, most precious silly girl! Come hither to me, and let me wrap my shawl about thee, or I shall be both angry and—"

But before Brigitta had finished the sentence Siri was already by her, and nestled with the grace of a dove, and a childlike affection at her side, and laid her head against her shoulder.

While Olof went in his botanical researches to some distance from them, Brigitta, began in a sisterly, or rather motherly manner, to impress upon Siri how wrong it was of her to be so much away, now that she was so much wanted at home, and her uncle would so gladly see them all assembled there around him.

"Ah," replied Siri, "just because you are assembled and happy together, just for that reason must I be away! It stifles me there at home, amongst all the others....and where yet I am so lonesome; have no one who is fond of me. Nor can I either like them; I feel myself among them so ill at ease, so unhappy. People have always told me that I am odd, that I shall never become rational, and that, perhaps, I am a changeling, which they called me, as a child. But what wouldst thou? I cannot be different." And hot tears started from Siri's eyes.

"Perhaps, my sweet girl," said Brigitta, mildly, "perhaps mightest thou yet be a little different, if thou wouldst; and perhaps thou wouldst indeed become so, if thou wast—"

"Where, where!" demanded Siri, excited, and looking up.

"More with us, with my aunt!"

"Oh! no, Brigitta!" said Siri, shaking thoughtfully her head, "with her and me it does not go on well; that I know in myself, though I cannot tell why. No, no, it will never go on well."

"Oh, yes, but it certainly will go on well!" asserted Brigitta; "it cannot be otherwise; don't be irrational, Siri! Who must not be proud of my aunt, if they come rightly to know her, and live more with her? She is an angel of goodness. And that thou wilt come also one day to understand, and that thou wouldst have done already, if thou wert but as thou ought to be, at home, and not like a wild bird, always flying about in the woods. And my uncle if thou knew what a man that is, how wouldst thou like him, too! And that thou wilt soon come to do, for thou wilt soon begin to read with him for confirmation."

"Ah," exclaimed Siri, with terror, "that is the worst of all, that is terrible!"

"What sayest thou, Siri? To read before uncle Nordevall, to hear him explain the word of God, would be, indeed, both the greatest honour and joy that I could imagine for myself."

"Yes, thou!" said Siri, and hid her face in the folds of Brigitta's shawl, "but I....I am afraid of him. His glance, his voice, all confound me. And, then, how will it be when I am alone with him; when he shall stand before me as a teacher and high-priest, and perhaps, de-

mand of me that I shall believe things which I cannot at all understand....as I know many of them would be....and that appear so dark and strange. But, mind that I cannot do, and I will not allow it to happen, nor will bind myself to any thing. Free, free will I be, as a bird in the wood, and if they capture me, then—! Dost thou remember the little ox-eye,\* which thou spoke of, which was so tame and glad when he could hop and fly about in the room; but which when they shut him up in the cage, struggled and dashed himself against the wires, till he fell dead!....so would it be with me; for I would rather die than....ah! it is a sad time that is coming!"

"Mercy on us! Don't do so, dear Siri. Thou art no little ox-eye, that I know, but a human creature. And be thou a human creature, and no irrational bird of the woods; and what thou now sayest has neither rhyme nor reason in it. Thou wilt see that it is a good, a most excellent time that is coming!"

Yet Brigitta could not help feeling a secret anxiety, when she called to mind her uncle's impetuous disposition, and the strange, irrational mood of the young maiden, who now, almost trembling, clung to her.

"I seem," said Siri, "as if I should become mad, with all that. Only think, if I should run away altogether; think if I should ride off to Blakulla!" And Siri looked at Brigitta and laughed heartily.

"That wilt thou not do!" said Brigitta, seriously. "Thou wouldst not wish to give us such a sorrow."

"Sorrow!" cried Siri, "could any one lament for me! Nay, that I cannot believe! And if you should be for a little while uneasy, you would, at the same time, be glad to be rid of me. No one cares for me. None but *one*," she added softly, and turned her eyes full of tears, with a dark fire in her glance, towards Middagsberg, whose summit was now diademed with a golden garland of clouds.

Brunhilda now neighed, and Siri sprang up. "Shall we go on, my fleet Bruna?" said she, caressing the horse, and before Olof, who now sprang forward, could come to her assistance, she had swung herself up into the saddle, waved her hand gracefully to them, and galloped off towards the Mora parsonage.

"That is a strange girl!" said Olof, following her with his eyes: "riding becomes her right bravely; but tell me now at once, Brigitta, what is the meaning of all the singular and mysterious expressions which I hear thrown out respecting Middagsberg, and the King of the Mountain, and Siri's mountain adventure, and your sea adventure, or your fish-state, as you call it. May I at once be permitted to know what all this is for an affair?"

"Yes, it is a marvellous affair, thou may'st believe me," said Brigitta; "an affair which I myself have not yet rightly got to the bottom of, and which, I still fear, is not yet played out. Hu! I really feel a shudder upon me when I think of it. It is not so agreeable, you may believe, to have become a fish, when one had been born a human creature, and to have lain and struggled in a net! And what Siri became

at the same time, that our Lord alone knows ; but——” And Brigitta compressed her lips, and shook her head.

“But tell it, tell it, then !” exclaimed Olof.

“Thou knowest,” Brigitta proceeded, speaking, however, in a softer voice, and looking a little paler than usual : “thou knowest, that last year, in September, I came here for the first time on a visit, for a few weeks. Siri had then been at Mora about a month, where she came on the death of her mother, the generalska. During these weeks, we paid a visit at the parsonage of Sollerön. Middagsberg lay right opposite to it, perhaps a quarter of a mile off,\* on the other side of the lake, and sundry small islands lay between. The mountain we had much to do with, and much to talk about, for it was a weather-signal for us, and looked very different in different kinds of weather, and at different periods of the day, but always magnificent. We called it the Giant, and Siri, especially, had her fancies about it, and her amusement in it. On evenings, Siri and I were accustomed to row out when the weather was calm ; and when we got out upon the lake Siri played on her flute, and her playing is the most delicious that I ever heard. She has tones that go right through the heart. One evening we rowed to the Mora side with our little boat. I pulled the oars, and Siri played on her flute, till I downright wept. Air, and lake, and shore—all was so calm ; so still, as if nature herself listened to her. It became, in the meantime, late in the evening ; and as the lake mist began to arise, we put round to row homewards. At once we heard a rushing noise in the lake, and perceived distinctly the sound of something which breathed loudly, swimming after our boat ! What it was, it was impossible to discern through the twilight and the fog ; but something dark and uncouth there was, which I saw emerge from the water, and draw ever nearer to us. Siri dropped the flute, took an oar, and we began to row with all our power. But nearer and nearer we seemed to hear the rush of the swimming lake-monster which pursued us : We were now not far from one of the islands, and hoped to make our escape, when, all at once, the boat refused to move on. We rowed, and rowed, but it would not stir from the spot. I will not positively attempt to determine whether it was the water-grass, or one of the lake-goblins, which wound itself around our oars, and drew them fast down to our boat, and held us fast ;—it is possible that it was the water-grass, but at the moment I believed fully and firmly that it was a spirit, and that it was Neck himself who, in the shape of a black horse, pursued us to carry us away.†

“In my agony I cried for help, and I heard instantly a voice, or a tone answer me from the Middagsberg side. But now was the black fiend quite upon us, and the boat fixed as aground. Siri stood courageously with an oar in her hand, ready for combat. Then saw I a horse’s foot, or a devil’s claw, raise itself from

the water, and lay itself upon the edge of our boat. At the same instant, it upset, and I saw nothing more, but heard Siri’s voice shouting ‘Brigitta !’ in a tone that went through my soul, at the moment that I sunk down into the water.”

Brigitta was silent for awhile, like one paralysed by the recollection.

“And thou lost consciousness ?” asked Olof.

“It was as if I slept,” continued Brigitta, “I cannot remember the least pain that I had ; but when I came to myself again I felt quite ill, and found myself lying in a little fisherman’s hut, on one of the islands near Solerön ; whence the fisherman, who heard my cry, had rowed out to our assistance. The moment that I recovered the least portion of my consciousness, I called out for Siri, and asked after her. But Siri was away, and no one knew any thing of her.”

“But the people who had rescued thee !”

“They had seen not the slightest glimpse of her. When they reached our boat, there it lay overturned ; and when they righted it they found just under it a wicker fish trap, and in it they saw lying a huge, huge fish, and that fish—was I, who, God knows how, had got my head into it ; and was now drawn up in it, and then upon the land, and then into the fisherman’s hut, altogether exactly like a poor wretch of a fish.”

“And Siri !”

“Yes, Siri was away, and could not be found that evening, nor in the night, nor on the following day either, although every possible exertion was made to discover her. My uncle himself was out the whole night with people and torches, seeking and calling to her ; for Siri can swim bravely, and is thus apparently more of a fish than I ; and it was, therefore, probable that she would swim to land somewhere. But nowhere could she be found. It was a dreadful night. My aunt was beside herself. Never have I seen her so pale ! I can still see her the whole night ; she ran and hurried along the strand, with a torch in her hand, and regardless of the storm which blew, and crying only, ‘Siri ! Siri !’ so heartrendingly, and seeming as if she could rush into the very lake, and seek her in the depth of the waves.

“Thus the night went over. By day they dragged the lake, but in vain, as thou mayest now well believe. She was, as it were, vanished out of the world. But in the afternoon they found in the region of Middagsberg one of her small shoes. Ah ! the beautiful object ! How my aunt did kiss it ! For it was, indeed, a token that Siri lived. But I could not help thinking of a story that I had lately read in the newspapers, of a young girl, in Smoland, I think, who one day was absent from her home ; and when they had long sought for her they found in the mountains, first one of her shoes, and then the other, and then her handkerchief, and, finally, herself, in a mountain cave, lying quite still, with her head upon a stone, and seeming to sleep softly. But when they drew near her they saw that she slept the sleep of death. Yes, she was dead ! but never could they discover by what means this had come to pass. And now I thought incessantly how they would find Siri in a mountain cave, with

\* Swedish ; nearly seven English miles make one Swedish.

† According to the popular belief in Sweden, Neck changes himself sometimes into a black horse, and in this shape he has carried off, it is said, brides as they have returned from the church, over some lake or stream.

her sweet flaxen locks, resting her head on a stone, and sleeping the sleep of death; and it seemed to me so sad—so sad! Yes, ever since that time, my eyes have been a third less than they were before, so much were they swollen up with downright weeping.

"Well, amid this hunting and anxiety, it had struck ten o'clock at night. We were now altogether in the hall, and my uncle talked to my aunt, and sought to calm her, for she was as if she had not the right use of her reason, but exclaimed continually, 'Siri! Siri! my child!' when behold, at once Siri stood at the door, quite pale, in the moonlight, with her light locks, and said, 'Here am I!' We believed at first that we saw a spirit, but it was actually the living Siri, and no apparition. And what a joy it was! See then, now the tale is ended."

"How! ended! Just now should the most important part appear. How had Siri been rescued? Where had she—"

"If thou shouldst ask the whole night, thou wouldst still get no other answer than, I don't know. Siri never could or would give any satisfactory explanation of this extraordinary disappearance. All that she said was that, as the boat capsized, she struck her temple against the edge of the boat, and lost all consciousness, and that when she regained her senses she found herself lying at the foot of Middagsberg; and as soon as she felt herself strong enough she had betaken herself to some huts on the shore, and thence, by the assistance of the people, had come home to us. By this unsatisfactory relation she stood, and no other could be got from her, although my uncle interrogated her most closely. On the temple she had, indeed, a large contusion, so that her fall against the edge of the boat was sufficiently probable; but, for the rest, it was clearly enough seen that the whole of the account did not hang well together. But never has she given any other, and when the rest of us have asked her about the affair, she has only talked nonsense about it, or has told us legends of the giant in the Middagsberg, and of his palace, and all its splendour there which she saw, and more of the like sort, which sound like tales of enchantment."

"Hum! that is very strange!"

"Yes, is it not? Can one not seriously begin to have faith in the old sagas of mountain spells and sorcery?"

"Hum! I am rather disposed to believe that my little sister is somewhat artful, and I have a good mind to examine her in the matter a trifle. And that supposed monster which followed you on the lake, have you got no clue to it? that was, probably, a horse; I can imagine that."

"Yes, so people said; a horse which grazed on some one of the islands, and had got a passion for leaping into boats—a very odd taste for a horse, I take it. And, besides, the whole of this transaction is so extraordinary, that I really know not what to believe about it; and the worst of it all is, that Siri, spite of her jests about the matter, is yet seriously changed since that time. She is often restless, sad, as she never was before, and speaks sometimes seriously in a very extraordinary way. It is,

moreover, as if she had taken a kind of longing after death, a love for the dwellers of the interior of the earth and the mountains, which is to me incomprehensible; for although I was a fish, I never fell in love with the bottom of the lake, God be praised! and long not at all after it. Siri has always had a little of the night-moth about her, and is fond of getting into reveries with the moon and the stars, and, I fancy, with bats; but since this occurrence she has been more addicted to it than ever. God knows how it will ultimately terminate with her. In the meantime I am most anxious, and feel sad forebodings; and I cannot help liking the wild young thing."

"Yes," said Olof, after a silence, "I know not whether they be good or evil spirits that exercise their spell upon her, but I confess that she interests even me, and I would gladly become of some service to her—become to her—"

"Only not a lover," said Brigitta, with her arch look; "for a union between you, I believe, is not written in heaven."

"Ah! what!" said Olof, somewhat vexed; "why should we always be thinking of love and weddings? It would be just as likely that I should fall in love with a cloudshape, or with some fantastic legendary heroine, as with Siri. I would merely be to her a brotherly friend, and if she were to take a little liking to me, I do not believe that it would do her any harm."

Olof looked a little proud and a little wounded, and Brigitta coughed a little. And now they were before the parsonage, in the court of which they observed the game of the widower to be in full action, but the curate sitting solitary upon a spring-board, and looking melancholy as he felt his own pulse.

"I must go and grimace a little to him," said Brigitta, "and wake him up with a little Latin." And she gazed tenderly on her curate, and addressed him with much pathos,—

"O amicus meus carissimus! Tornera dinum nasus versus dinum serva humilissima, och såg om dinum tankibus cara colera kringum hennibus!"

"What gibberish! that is horrible to hear!" exclaimed the curate, and shuddered.

"Prosit!" said Brigitta; "can I not speak Latin then?"

"The whole difference which any clever man can perceive between thy Latin and mine is, that few people understand mine and every body understands mine. It is clear, then, that mine is the most intelligible, and that I speak plainer and better than thou. Is not that a logical sentence? or what!—thou art silent. Thou acknowledgedst thyself, then, excelled in Latin and in logic.—Good. Expect me next in mathematics, thou."

The curate laughed shortly and hoarsely, but looked like the mildest sunshine, and became thereafter quite blithe—yes, so much so that he even participated in the play of the widower, where his long legs gave him a great advantage, so that he never failed to catch his bride, which much amused him. Siri was in her element, and wanted always to run as widow, taking good care not to catch any one, in order that she might be able to run all the more. Even Valborg ran: and, excited and

warmed by it, looked extremely handsome. Lieutenant Lasse took up, and had hid, with sighs, in his bosom a little silk handkerchief, which she lost in the play.

Mrs. Ingeborg sat by her husband's side in the portico, and watched the sport of the young people. She saw a happy smile on his countenance, and it reflected itself in hers.

The scene was a glad one, but a few days afterwards there was seen another, which we might term

### DIVISIONS.

ARE they, indeed, uncommon in the homes of earth, these divisions which separate heart and mind, and allow a species of spiritual draught to spring up in home, a winterwind which penetrates through every loosened joining, drives comfort out of every corner of the house, and makes the Penates tremble! Ah! few are the homes which they do not visit for a longer or shorter time; and the feelings which most embitter the mind, the impressions which most take from life all colour, are found nowhere so much as there. But frequently these disensions are not so perilous as they seem. There passes through the world an invisible cement, which is constantly effectual in healing injuries and fractures. It works in us, it works in others—it works in circumstances great and small; and when we most certainly expect that all will go to pieces, behold! it is healed, and often better and sounder than before. Therefore, *to love and to wait* are an excellent philosophy of life in house and home. The good, but silent example belongs also to the same.

In the house at Mora a fresh and serious attempt had been made to mould Siri to more quietness, as well as to industry and womanly occupations, and this had put her into a wretched temper, and called forth a spirit of opposition, which showed itself particularly towards Mrs. Ingeborg.

One day Siri met her motherly counsel in such a manner as made her turn pale, and lay her hand on her heart, as Siri left the room in ill humour. A moment afterwards Olof opened the door of Siri's room, and went in. He found her busied with her mosses and stones, which she arranged into grottoes and groves, and filled them with figures of men and animals, which here lived in golden peace in a paradise, where Siri, in her imagination, loved to place herself. When Olof entered, she went towards him, extended to him a little box of birch-bark, saying,—

"Wilt thou have a pinch of snuff? Life is sometimes so wearisome that one must endeavour to cheer oneself as well as one can."

"No, I thank you, no snuff for me," said Olof, smiling; "I am come here not to receive, but to bestow a pinch myself."

Siri, laughing, asked, "of what kind?" and Olof answered, "Spanish." But when he now abandoned the tone of raillery, and began with all seriousness to represent to Siri the impropriety of her conduct, she was about hastily to quit the room, but Olof was at the door before

her, locked it, and put the key in his pocket. Siri was now compelled to remain and listen to him, whether she would or not. And long she listened in gloomy silence, and with drawn-together eyebrows. But under Olof's brotherly admonition, at once severe and tender, by degrees her knotted-up temper gave way, and she began passionately to weep. Olof did not allow himself to be softened by this, but proceeded all the more seriously—the more earnestly—to talk to her of her duties, the object of her life as human being and as woman, and of her relationship as a child in this house where she was received with affection. Olof was himself quite moved by his own eloquence; and at once Siri arose, and extended towards him her clasped hands, exclaiming, "Oh, say no more! I see it all—I have been wrong. Oh, if some one had but talked with me thus! But I have been a neglected child, often treated more like a wild creature than a human being, and I have become so. But do not abandon—do not cast me off! have patience with me, and I will endeavour to improve. Be my friend, and do not let them demand too much of me. I am—I am—not happy!"

And with these words, Siri's head rested on Olof's bosom. He pressed her with brotherly affection to his heart, wiped away her tears, and spoke to her gentle and encouraging words. He felt himself so delightfully elevated, felt such a fraternal warmth towards the young maiden, who now, as it were, surrendered herself to his guidance, his protection, and firmly in his heart he resolved to be a friend and protector to her. Glad enough, however, was he in his soul that Brigitta was not the witness in this scene, and made her commentaries upon it.

For some days after this, was Siri most amiable in her appearance. Friendly and gentle, she did whatever she was requested; she sewed with Brigitta; attended Valborg in household affairs; she was at home during the time that the family were together, but at the same time glad, she was not. She was paler than usual; and her eyes stood often full of tears. One evening—but to this we will appropriate a separate chapter.

### TONES.—FOREBODINGS

WHITSUNTIDE approached, which this year fell in the beginning of June. Now was the time when the peasantry say, that God's angels fly up and down between heaven and earth; now approached the morning,—the morning of Whitsuntide, when they believe, as on Easter morning, that the sun dances in the heaven, and the children watch it through smoked glass, and cry to one another, "See! now it begins to dance!" The time when countless flowers glance, like beaming eyes towards the clouds; when

"Each thing living  
Seems to see God,  
And in His light rejoices."

Olof wandered in the beautiful May evening, along the river strand towards Orasäide; and enjoyed in full draught, not less spiritually than physically, the glorious life of nature. Small

\* This alludes to a common term in Sweden, "to give one snuff," which means to take the person to task a little.—*Trans.*

pasture-lands gleamed emerald-green between the dark pinewoods lengthwise up the mountain sides; for the mountains, which in this district consist mostly of a soft sand-stone, are frequently cultivated by spots up to the very tops, and the Dal harvest's destroying angel, frost, commits less ravage on the heights than in the bosom of the valleys. The river ran so clearly blue between the green fields, and the pride of the Dal meadows, the campanula patula, began already on its long stalks to open its beautifully tinted flowers. Olof gazed on the river's playful windings, on the distant mountain veiled in an azure mystic shadow, and he thought on Siri; for that landscape, with its changing physiognomy, was to him as an image of the charming, enigmatical maiden, who continued more and more to occupy his mind. His heart was now softened towards her, for he called to mind her late acquiescence and her tears. As he thus went on and thought, he began to hear delicious notes of a flute. They played one of those northern melodies, in which a sad seriousness is pervaded by, I know not what, touching, innocent joy, and every close has a moriendo, in which the tone does not seem to terminate, but to disappear like a spirit in space, which goes to continue its song upon another shore. Deeply was Olof's soul now smitten by these notes, and by this holy still life—the life of Dalarna—which he seemed to drink in from them. The young man became warmed and elevated in spirit; and it seemed to him as if some deep and beautiful secret of existence was about in this moment to be revealed to him.

He knew well that the siren who called forth these tones was no other than Siri; and he followed them in order to discover her. He soon descried her, where she lay in the soft grass, by a verdant sepulchral mount near the river bank. Wild rosebushes, which in certain districts so richly adorn the margin of the Dalelf, budded around her, and the elk Durathor shook, as he lay at her feet, his little bells, as he already at a distance heard some one approaching. Siri, too, looked up; she blushed a little at Olof's presence, and greeted him in a friendly manner. She looked gentle, but not joyous.

"That was beautiful which you just now played!" said Olof.

"Did you think so?" said she; "then I will play more for you." She played again some melodious measures, and then said, "Do you know what these are?"

"No."

"That is the song that the river-sprite by Husby sings at night, as he sits on the rock in the water-fall, above the mill. The words are:

"And I hope, and I hope, that my Redeemer liveth!"

"Ah! how gladly would I hear him when he sings this!"

"And he actually sits there at night and sings?" said Olof, smiling, while he seated himself on a little hillock opposite to Siri.

"Yes, so they say," answered Siri, hesitatingly. "I know well that others say that it is all superstition; but then, much must be superstition which is right beautiful, and which sounds like truth."

"For example! Tell me something more about these things," said Olof, familiarly.

D

"For example; about the cairn-people," continued Siri. "Do you know what dwells in the cairn here? They are the cairn-people, for the sepulchral mount is a spirit-house. And when we, on a summer evening, lay ourselves down beside such a mount, we hear the music within. They are the cairn-people who play on their harps, and sing laments over their captivity; and call on men for salvation. If you promise it them, then they play blithely the whole night through. But if you answer them, 'You have no Redeemer!' then do they dash their harps to pieces, amid lamentations, and remain silent in the cairn. And, do you know, that in the springs live maidens, who are very beautiful, but who are captives; and beneath their silver roof long for the day of judgment, for then shall they be free. They are dumb, and look very sorrowful, and roll slowly their eyes, and shed large tears. Yes, in all streams and lakes, in mountain and wood, are these beings found, who are captive, and who seek after release. Ah, Olof! how do I pity all these; and gladly would I liberate them. I have often felt, and feel it again at the present time, how hard it is to be in thralldom; and only think, to be so all life long!" And Siri stooped her face into her hands and wept.

"But, my sweet child," represented Olof, "all these beings over whom you grieve are the offspring of phantasy. They do not exist!"

"Yes, so many people say," answered Siri; "but I know, nevertheless, that in some way or other, they do exist, although I cannot explain how. Often when I am out alone, by day or by night, I think that I will talk to all around me, and that all shall talk to me, and that I will get to understand about it. . . . Yes, I cannot tell what hinders, but it seems to me often as if I am bound, and need a deliverance; then should I understand every thing, and be good and happy. Ah, Olof! my mind is often very strangely affected; and when I see, then, anything in nature which suffers, or which is ruined, which dies, then do I long to be able to help it; and it distresses me that I cannot."

"God knows, my little sister, whence you have got all these melancholy phantasies of nature. I think that all in nature is glorious and perfect."

"Yes, sometimes it does seem so! But I have seen deeper into it, and there is much that is evil and repulsive. I have seen how all is devoured,—all destroys itself in rotation; how the beasts persecute each other; and what barbarities men hourly and daily practise upon them. Ah, Olof! all is not good in nature! But, can you tell me, Olof whether the beast has a soul,—I mean a soul that outlives the body?"

"How! No! that I cannot; but I wish you would talk with my father about it, for he is a learned man, and has thought deeply on many subjects. And, now that I think of it, to-morrow is Sunday, and my father preaches; shall we go to church and hear him?"

"To church!" said Siri, her countenance clouding. "Into that old, gloomy house, and amongst so many people! Why not rather be under God's free heaven, now that it is so beautiful! The church fills me with awe."

"But go there, however, to-morrow,—do it for my sake!" implored Olof, warmly.

"For thy sake! Well, then—yes! But, Olof, promise to speak with them at home, that they do not imprison me at the embroidery-frame and with books. I am so young yet. Let me have my freedom yet a little while."

Both look and tone with which Siri spoke were so sincere.

But Olof made answer:—"Promise me, that you will as much as possible endeavour to oblige them at home, and I will manage so that you shall get as much freedom as possible. We will in the summer roam the country together, and you shall be my guide, Siri; and we will make longer excursions by land and water, and be very happy together."

"Ah! that would be charming!" exclaimed Siri, beaming with delight. "Ah! how happy that would be! And thou, Durathor!" continued she playfully to the elk which laid its head upon her knee. "thou shalt accompany us, thou little fool. Won't that be delightful, then! Hast thou a soul, Durathor! Canst thou tell me whether thou hast a soul that does not die! Yes, thou hast; I see it in thy beautiful eyes. Thou shalt one day enter paradise, and feed on the tree of life by the living water. And thou shalt have little gold bells on thy horns."\*

"Promise no more that you can make good, sister mine!" said Olof, smiling.

Siri was now glad as a child, and playful again; and as she went homeward with Olof, she showed him flowers and grasses that he had wished for, and he told her their botanical names. Once she held him back, saying, "Take care, tread not on that grass; there the elves have danced!" And she showed him a ring of azure-green grass, which was strongly distinguished from the rest of the grassy sward. Olof showed her that this grass was called *Secleria cœrulea*; and had also in Sweden the botanical name of elf-dance-grass.

"In paradise," said Siri, "I always fancy that the elves who dance on summer nights in the grass, and all animals, and all men are happy, and live in peace together. Does it not stand so in the Bible, Olof! that it was thus in the world before the serpent beguiled Eve to taste the apple! Ah! that she should have suffered herself to be so beguiled, and that it should have done so much mischief!"

"Yes," said Olof, "it was a most unfortunate transaction!" and both the young people laughed, in innocent levity, as people indeed do, when they at the very moment have no actual experience at all of the "unfortunate transaction."

In the best understanding with each other, came Olof and Siri home with Durathor.

Olof thought much of Siri this evening; and his thoughts were after this fashion.

"What an extraordinary blending is there in this maiden of childlike simplicity and deep thought; what singular presentiments and questions in the heart of this childlike being, of this half-wild life! Will Siri ever become like other ladies, sedate, domestic! And if not—what will she be! But Siri is yet so young. Young

girls have often romantic sentiments and cogitations, which vanish as they grow older, and are married. Yes, love will, perhaps, be the agent which shall develop the woman in her; which shall collect the flickering, scattered sparks, into a beautiful flame, for—for him who shall win her heart; for him who can lead her by tenderness and prudence. This wild Undine may one day be changed into the truest and most lovable woman, and—when the right husband comes!" Olof smiled in self-complacent thoughts. Siri's recent compliance and cordiality towards him had given him occasion to trust much in his influence upon her. She had not even smoked a single cigar since the evening that he had told her that it made her ugly. She desired to be handsome in his eyes,—that was clear as the sun!

"But our good Olof is, indeed, a somewhat self-complacent and conceited gentleman," may some reader or readeress here think; and may, therefore, feel disposed to withdraw from him the whole of her or his favour.

But this they could not do if they knew as we do, how many both great and little follies men grow out of while they go on deeper into life, or up into its better individuality; yes, how even one and another folly may be found in a person without injury to his worth—at least in a more liberal survey. But if they know that, or will believe us, and have not all too superficially fixed their attention on certain indications of the young man's disposition, they will, notwithstanding these, yet follow with pleasure its further development. But we return to our story, and betake ourselves to church.

## THE CHURCH.

THE bells of Mora rung. Its bells are widely celebrated, for they are all three tuned in harmony, and their sound has a singular beauty and fullness. They chimed now for divine service.

It is a noble spectacle which the Silja presents on its shores on Sundays. Leksand, Rättvik, and Mora are three parishes, which, in a circle of forest-clad mountains, enclose the "Eye of Dalarna," and which, with the parish of Orsa, with a population of between 30,000 and 40,000 souls, constitute the quintessence of Dalarna. But Mora is itself the mother parish. Churches, large white towers and spires, rise from the shores of the lake, and gleam in the far distance amid the blue waves and green meadows.

On Sundays, you see fleets of long and narrow boats, with from nine to ten pairs of oars each, and filled with from forty to fifty persons, glide rapidly over the lake, from the populous villages to the churches. Frequently you may see some twenty boats at once approach the shore. The costumes of the people are ornamental and fine, and evidence an almost pedantic care in make and arrangement. In Leksand, yellow colours predominate, in Rättvik red, in Mora black and white. But the head-dresses of the women, and the linen on their arms and around their necks, are universally of the most dazzling whiteness. Their round faces please pre-eminently by their freshness, fair complexion.

\* Siri's sportive talk reminds us of Luther's saying to his dog, as it once was growling, "Knurre nicht Häschen; auch da wirst in der Auferstehung ein goldenes Schwänzlein bekommen!"—Don't grumble, little Hans, for in the resurrection thou, too, shalt get a little golden tail!"

son, blue, glad eyes, white teeth, and an expression of unruffled good humour. Amongst the men, you behold muscular forms, and not unfrequently noble heads adorned with a rich growth of hair, which, parted on the forehead and crown of the head, falls down over the neck in those rich, natural locks, with which romance so proudly embellishes its heroes, but which we can recollect to have really seen nowhere but amongst the peasants of Dalarna. For the rest, the people of different parishes in Dalarna are not merely distinguished from each other by their costume, but also by their physiognomies, dispositions, and occupations, which, in each parish, have their characterising peculiarities.

They assemble themselves publicly for the celebration of Sunday; and the poorest receive loans of clothes in which to go decently to the house of God. Thither you see whole households betaking themselves, from the old man on his crutches to the very infant at the breast, whom the mother or the father carries on the arm, in the softest, whitest little cloak of lamb-skin.

Wife and child, great and small, you frequently behold with large bouquets of a species of garlic, called butter garlic, in their hands, which is greatly liked in these districts, and with which the children in particular are entertained during divine service.

It is fine to see the throng of these thousands of people on the shore, in whose gay and diversified costumes yet prevails a keeping agreeable to the eye, in whose forms you behold health and vigour; and it is delightful to observe how, in this crowd, amongst such swarms of people stepping in and out of boats, you hear no oath, not a cross word, do not see a single unfriendly glance. Imagine not, however, that you have here a people cut out for idyls, a troop of shepherds and shepherdesses. You see at once that you have before you a strong and brave people, worthy to be the descendants of the ancient Scythians. The plough and the battle-axe, which, according to the saga "of burning gold," fell from heaven into the land of their ancestors, are still at the present day the symbols of their life and character. More gifted with understanding than phantasy, and fanatic only for freedom, the Dal people are, above all, ever ready to exchange the plough for the sword, and distinguish themselves by a strength and hardihood which, in combat, easily advance into severity and even into fury.

But their life is hard. For them ripen no melting fruits; none of the comforts of improvement sweeten and ameliorate their lives. In contest with a severe climate, with a thankless soil, they secure with difficulty their crops, and mix not seldom their bread with the bark of the pine-tree. Cut off from the rest of the world, except by travels abroad, during which, however, they congregate together, and on which they incessantly long after their homes. Closely shut up in their valleys, they would stiffen in soul and sense if they had not families and religion. With sincere affection they bend themselves down to their children, and with deep faith they look up to heaven. Even into the dogmatism of religion they love to penetrate; and many a subtle dogma, which to the educated,

but so multifariously dissipated men of the world, appears incomprehensible, is grasped by their simple and profoundly penetrating minds with equal ease and clearness. To their pastors they are devoted with child-like affection, when these do not show themselves unworthy of such attachment; and they are proud of their churches, and contribute freely to their support and embellishment. "You expend a great deal on your churches; I wonder that you find the means for it," said a traveller to a Dalman, as he contemplated the church of Mora, and its new and glittering copper roof. "We expend all the less on our own houses," replied the Dalman, gravely. And so it is. The huts which shelter this vigorous and large-limbed people are, perhaps, smaller and more insignificant than any others in Sweden.

The people of Mora are distinguished in appearance from the peasantry of the other parishes by a grave bearing, a darker, more determined physiognomy, and keener eyes. You hesitate, perhaps, at times, to address a solemn-looking Mora-man; but, when he answers, you are enraptured by the pensive, musical melody of his speech. A certain child-like innocence makes itself felt in his tones, and the familiar *thou*, with which he commonly addresses you, does the heart good, and transports it into more pious and simple times. Every parish in Dalarna prosecutes its own distinct branch of industry, independent of its agriculture. In Mora, the people are well known for their mathematic and arithmetical capacity, and they manufacture clocks which are dispersed over the whole kingdom. On the eastern shore of the parish, lying along the Silja, there is a little watchmaker's shop in every second peasant's hut; on the western, joiner's work is made. The women, as indeed throughout all Dalarna, have distinguished themselves even by their skill in handicraft arts. The most ingenious fabrics of horsehair, the finest and most beautiful watchchains and necklaces of hair, come out of their large and coarse hands. But I fear we shall never get to church!

The family of the parsonage of Mora had watched from the strand the approaching boats loaded with church-going people, which were a great multitude; for not less than ten bridal couples are to be united this Sunday in the church of Mora. Amongst the people who were assembled on the strand, Mrs. Ingeborg observed a young peasant woman, who wept bitterly, and she hastened to her, and inquired what was the occasion of her sorrow. The young woman related, with silent grief, that she had been a widow some months, and had now, as the rowers at Bytesholmarna exchanged oars, let fall into the lake her wedding-ring, the sole memorial that she possessed of her husband, and of their short but happy marriage, and that she had no hope whatever of ever getting it again, for the part of the lake into which it had fallen was "a bottomless deep."

Mrs. Ingeborg consoled the young widow by her cordial sympathy, and by inviting her to din-

\* Regarding the excessive depth of the Silja, there are many traditions amongst the peasantry of Dalarna. One of these relates, that the spirit of the lake was once heard crying, "If you will know my depth, you must measure my length!"

ner at the parsonage, where every Sunday some farmers and their wives were invited to the professor's hospitable board.

But now the harmonious bells of Mora pealed out in full concert, and the great bridal-procession, which had already arranged itself before the parsonage, now began its march towards the church, headed by our long curate. Immediately after him walked the married men, two and two, all in blue dresses. Then came the bridegrooms, one after the other, in blue coats, yellow buckskin lower garments, and white stockings, with a fine white handkerchief hanging down, with tassels at the corners, fastened on the sleeve of the right arm. After the bridegrooms came the bridesmaids, great and small, all in green dresses, and their heads encircled with beads and ribands. After them, the assistants of the brides, that is, married women who were nearly related to them, and who were to attend on the brides. Then came the brides walking one after the other. Of these, there were two crown-brides, or "grannbrudar," and the other eight were green-brides, "gronbrojdi," in the language of Dalarna. The two first-named were two dowried daughters of farmers; had black bombasin gowns, with short sleeves and white cuffs. Their dresses were, as usual, adorned with a variety of finery; coloured scarfs and fine depending ribands. The neck and bosom were covered with a necklace of many-coloured glass-beads, silver chains, with attached silver rix-dollars or medals. On their heads, they bore each her gilt silver tiara, with a garland, and a perpendicular wand of half-a-yard high, covered with patches of bright-coloured and variegated cloth, so disposed as to represent flowers. Farther, they wore fine, yellow, embroidered gloves, and a muff, whence hung down a number of neckerchiefs of different colours. Red stockings and ordinary shoes, with high heels, completed the costume.

The costume of the "green-brides,"—equally honourable but less showy than that of the "crown-brides"—consisted of a light-green jacket of the ordinary cut, a petticoat of brilliant chalon, and a coloured apron. On the neck they wore, like the crown-brides, many silver chains, and on the head, the usual cap for the married woman, of fine Dutch linen, and upon that the unmarried woman's triangular head-dress. According to a primitive custom, which is yet retained, although without a tinge of superstition, every bride and bridegroom carried a silver penny in the left stocking. Some soldiers in full uniform closed the procession.

At the church-gate they were met by the beadle of the church, who cleared the way into it for the entering procession, and gave the sign for the commencement of the singing. All the people standing sung the psalm 339 of the Swedish psalm-book:

"Blest is the man who feareth God," &c.

The congregation on this day consisted of several thousand persons. The seats and aisles of the church were all full, and a great multitude of great and little children were tripping along the aisles, or were fed by their mothers to keep them quiet, or slept soundly on their knees. And ever as the service proceeded, went the old verger with slow steps and a fierce

look through the aisles, sending long peering glances on all sides, and poking his wand under the nose of first one and then another sleeping old woman; whereupon it—that is the nose—started in terror aloft into the air, giving to one or another suspiciously drooping heads a little knock. But the young and stout men who slept, he permitted to—sleep in peace.

Olof, who sat so that he could see Siri, looked at her from time to time, and observed with pleasure that she appeared cheerful and attentive.

The powerful and beautiful singing for which these congregations are so well known, and which resounds with a force that renders the organ superfluous, and perfectly drowns it where it is to be found, made an obvious impression upon her. And when she heard these words read from the altar:—

"For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.

"For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God.

"For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him who hath subjected the same in hope,

"Because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

"For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now."

Then glanced Siri, involuntarily, at Olof, with flashing, inquiring eyes, full of anticipation.

But when the professor's expressive and energetic discourse, issuing from the very depths of his soul, sounded from the pulpit, when he thanked God, who had sent His sun and His gospel equally to light up and warm the most secluded valleys, as well as the most cultivated heights, then it grew warm in the youth's as well as in the maiden's heart, and their beaming, tearful glances sought not each other but the Invisible One.

The bridal couples, who sat in the choir, near the altar, had each a psalm-book in rich bindings, from which the bride and bridegroom read in common. During prayers they advanced and knelt by the altar. The blessing was pronounced over them all at once, as they knelt each under their bridal canopy. It was a beautiful and solemn sight. After divine service the bridal pairs returned in the same order to the parsonage, and there rested awhile, and were hospitably entertained by Mrs. Ingeborg.

The rest of the people dispersed themselves along the shore, and refreshed themselves from the provisions they had brought with them. Little boys went round, carrying baskets of little brown cakes, which they offered with the concise exclamation, "Buy!" The sun shone; the scene was lively and glad, though of a quiet fashion.

Siri went to Olof, and asked him the meaning of the epistle read before the altar; and Olof referred her to his father. It had, indeed, been the intention of Olof, through to-day's service, and through the impression which his father's talent for preaching seldom failed to create, to turn the heart of Siri towards him, and warm it towards the relation of teacher and pupil which was now soon to take place between them, and which she so much dreaded. Now, however,

when Olof bade her speak with his father, she shook her head, and withdrew.

In the afternoon Siri accompanied the young farmer's widow, who had lost her wedding-ring, across the lake, and made her show her the place where it fell in. In the meantime, Olof had a long conversation with his mother and Brigitta, concerning Siri, in which they discussed the plan which it was necessary to pursue, in order effectually to promote her development. They concluded on adopting mild and prudent measures, and Olof calculated more and more certainly on his influence over her, than he would venture to avow.

Some time after this the professor began with Siri their reading and conversation hours, which she anticipated with so much terror; and it was with a mixture of trembling and defiance that she now submitted herself to a course of teaching which she regarded as a compulsion and a fetter to her free spirit. But this feeling speedily vanished and gave place to one of a totally different kind. Nordevall was not one of those Watchers of Zion, whom you could call a "Watcher of the Tomb," who forbade questions and inquiries; he was a man of the resurrection, who kept pace with the development of his time, and when he found men possessed of wrong opinions, he was only concerned to bring them to better and juster ones. But while he set no bounds to the freedom of the understanding, he demanded rigorously the purity of mind, the seriousness of purpose, which alone open the innermost realms of life to their glance. He knew that human reason—this inquirer of divine origin—can trace out, if it cannot invent eternal ideas, immortal conceptions, and he was disposed to consider, with a celebrated father of the church, that the words, "Seek and ye shall find," were pre-eminently addressed to those who in the paths of thought seek eternal truth.

"Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free;" were the gospel, the words of the Master, which he often pronounced to young inquirers, inspiringly; "if," added he, "you continue his genuine disciples."

And now he permitted without fear the inquiring and thirsty spirit of his young disciple, freely to sweep soaringly round through all the regions of life, and there stir up a whole ocean of questions and doubts. Certain of his power to administer to her that light which for her should restore to harmony this yet chaotic world; he himself experienced, through the life-overflowing maiden, a salutary, quickening, and invigorating impulse.

Siri again, who felt her mind rather enfranchised than bound by her instruction and instructor, who discovered new traits and objects of interest open before her, penetrated with avidity into this new life, and, as it were, plunged herself into this world.

But true is the proverb that "a fool can ask more questions than ten wise men can answer;" and that "the castle of truth is not taken by storm;" and Siri's self-willed and impatient disposition became often as trying to herself as to her teacher. The mode in which truth grows clear in the human mind; the graduation which belongs to all development; the unequal progress which is inseparable therefrom; these

became all too consuming for the young maiden's slight stock of patience. That which she did not get immediately, she believed that she should never get; and when a beam of light which she once saw was again hidden by a cloud, then she despaired, and became rebellious against her instructor and against the whole world.

It was under an attack of this state of mind that Valborg one day found her weeping on the turf under a lime-tree in the garden. Valborg inquired why she wept, and Siri answered, "Because it seems to me that it is wearisome to live. Much better were it to die, then should one be away from all vexation. It is not pleasant to live, and I do not see the use of it."

"But we must still live though," said Valborg, with the somewhat bitter resignation that certain poor mortals betray whose life, by long stagnation, has grown, as it were, ossified.

"Oh! that is intolerable!" said Siri, beside herself; wrung her hands, and bit into them. Valborg cast upon her a proud and contemptuous glance, and went away.

But Siri's instructor was calm under all the changes of mood in her soul, and this calm combined with his tenderness and continuous guidance, operated by degrees beneficially upon her. She acquired a sort of silent enthusiastic desire for the holy sacrament, which should complete her initiation into a profounder life. She imagined that clearness and peace must then enter her soul, and she prayed secretly in childish ignorance to receive it, and then die.

Olof's society, and the long excursions they made together, were to her a salutary dissipation, and the instructions in natural history that he gave her interested her greatly; but then she questioned and questioned, always driving to the origin of things; and when her young teacher gave her the uttermost reply which science is yet able to give, she was astonished that here in the most familiar forms of nature she was met, or stopped by—a mystery. Hence arose fresh queries, new forebodings and disquiet, which Siri could not then anticipate, only carried within them the seeds of a higher, deeper repose.

In the meantime her life was rich, and beneath the alternations of storm and sunshine through which she continually passed, her heart was drawn by degrees nearer to her paternal teacher, the professor, and that was a great delight to him, for the young maiden became continually more dear and precious to him, and her gloom and coldness had been an actual affliction to him.

Singular, however, was it that the young damsel never seemed to find herself quite at ease in that home where so much esteem and tenderness were shown her; and notwithstanding her recent greater approximation towards the professor, there appeared to be an invisible, inscrutable obstacle, which stood separately between her and the parental hearts which desired nothing better than to clasp her to themselves as a beloved child.

Olof in vain pondered upon this, upon what it could be: and the same did he also regarding the gloomy moods of mind which often fell upon Siri in the midst of her most joyous moments,

and the enigmatical words which fell from her. She continued to him, as to all others, close shut up, in this respect, and Olof began with and ended in riddles.

### FOLLIES AND ENIGMAS.

BRIGITTA had remarked, that ever since a certain time, Siri was in the habit of rowing out every morning early upon the Silja, accompanied by a peasant girl of the village, of twelve years old; and when she one morning asked Siri "Whither she rowed out so early!" she answered, "To Bytesholmarnæ, to fish."

"And what fish dost thou catch there?" demanded Brigitta; "I never remember to have eaten any fish that thou hast caught."

"I angle for gold fish!" said Siri, smiling; "and they are difficult to catch."

"Gold fish! Those I must see!" exclaimed Brigitta. "I will accompany thee out."

"Oh, no!" said Siri, blushing; "that is not worth the while; it is not amusing to witness, and besides thou art frightened on the lake."

"Yes, but now I will, at all events, see what gold fish is found in the Silja, and how thou pullest them up; and I shall go with thee."

It was of little use opposing what Brigitta set herself determinedly about. She went.

But the voyage was not particularly attractive to Brigitta, for it blew a little on the lake, and the mischievous Siri could not omit secretly helping the waves to rock the boat, to Brigitta's great terror, who on this held herself fast by the edge of the boat, and exclaimed,

"See there, in Heaven's name, shall we now become fishes again! Sit thee still, then, Siri! Wilt thou make the boat inevitably upset! Little, naughty, sweet, good-for-nothing Siri, sit still, I tell thee, or—I say nothing, but this will I say, that when I am silent and turn pale, then I am *very* angry."

But when Siri now saw Brigitta get very angry, she flung herself down upon her knees, kissed, and embraced her; but then the little boat only rocked the more, and Brigitta shrieked and scolded Siri, till Siri cried from excessive laughter. It became still worse when they reached the nearest Bytesholm, and then, instead of lying to at the little fishing-village there, the young peasant-girl stopped at a distance from the shore at a deep place, and Siri began quite calmly and seriously to undress in the boat. Brigitta at this stared in wild astonishment. At length she said,

"It is certain that thou hast a most extraordinary way of fishing. What wilt thou do now? what is to come of this! Dost thou really think that I shall sit here and see thee drown thyself! Don't move from the spot where thou now art, if thou dost not mean me to shriek so that all the parish of Mora shall be in uproar."

Siri during this monologue had nearly died with laughter, but at once she grew serious, and said, "Silence now!" with so determined a tone, and stood at the same time so still, that Brigitta was quite astonished; but, in the next instant, Siri plunged head-foremost into the depth of the billows. Brigitta did not shriek,

but made a movement as if she would follow her, but the young peasant-girl said quite calmly, "Ah! then, she will come up again immediately. She has done this now three weeks; it is after the wedding-ring of Martin's Stina that she goes down."

"How, my heavenly God! that, then, is the gold-fishing! Ah, the girl!" burst forth from Brigitta, at once joyful and terrified. And now a white arm emerged from the waves, and, immediately afterwards, Siri's flaxen head. She smiled at Brigitta, drew a deep breath, and laid in the boat her gathering from the bottom of the lake, a handful of mud with some shining stones amongst them, but—no ring. Spite of Brigitta's prayers, Siri plunged down twice more, and when she came up the third time, behold! there gleamed clear gold out of the black mud, and Brigitta and Siri exclaimed at once,

"The gold-fish! the gold-fish!"

The wedding-ring which Siri had, with indefatigable perseverance, dived after now for the space of three weeks, was at length found.

"God be praised!" exclaimed Brigitta—"now one can breathe again. Get thee dressed now, Siri! Thou art quite blue with cold and with holding thy breath. Thou goest on the most hideous undertakings, and ought never to be left to thyself. Thou wilt never rest till, by one means or another, thou hast made an end of thyself."

But Brigitta was so kind to Siri all the time that she was scolding her, and Siri was so glad at the recovery of the ring, and at the delight which it would give poor Martin's Stina, that the voyage back was as calm and happy as the row out had been uneasy. And Siri now betook herself onward to the young widow.

In the meantime Brigitta went to her brother to relate to him the morning's occurrence, and when she saw his eyes flash at the intelligence, she exclaimed,

"Lasse, thou art my own brother—thou hast thy heart in the right place, although it hangs a little loosely sometimes. Now only don't go and fall in love with Siri, that I enjoin thee, for then would really too many follies be the result of it; that may fairly be dispensed with. See! thy waistcoat is torn; I will take and mend it. But what is this! Whence hast thou got this little silk handkerchief! I believe—yes, really, is it not Valborg's!"

"She dropped it in the widow-play the other evening," said Lasse, somewhat blushing and apologising.

"Lasse! Lasse!" said Brigitta, shaking her head, "thou wilt never be wise. Three months ago it was Josephine Silversko's scarf, which you carried like a blue riband under your waistcoat, and now it is—"

"Ah!" said Lieutenant Lasse, "this is something so very different."

"So very different! yes, for this is a handkerchief and not a scarf—that I see well enough; and such a nice little handkerchief into the bargain—such good chequered lustring! Valborg certainly would not lose it for a good deal, and I shall, therefore, honestly restore it to her. She is an orderly person, is Valborg."

"Person! Brigitta, thou talkest very little—"

"Why, yes, is she not a person! what is she, then! You think, most likely, that I ought to call her a goddess; but as I know that she is a poor sinful mortal like us all, but a very orderly girl, she shall, the very first opportunity, get her handkerchief again."

"Brigitta, thou art quite savage! Hast thou then actually no feeling for me, thy own brother!"

"No, not the least, when it comes to the restoration of goods that my dear brother has stolen, but a great deal for thy having whole waistcoats. Now I take it with me to repair it, and Valborg's handkerchief to give it to her again."

"Well, she will get to know, however, that I wore it upon my heart."

"Under thy waistcoat, thou shouldst say; yes, but she shall likewise know, that just before there rested there a certain scarf."

"No, Brigitta, no!"

"Yes, Lasse, yes! Don't imagine that thou shalt make young girls believe that it is more an affair of the heart with thee than it is. I am much too fond of thee to allow thee to have sundry heavy sins concerning scarfs and shawls which rest, and yet shall come to rest there. Thank thy good fortune, my dear brother, that thou hast a sister who manages better for thee than thou dost for thyself. The waistcoat thou shalt have back in a quarter of an hour. Now I will go and cast an eye on my curate, and see whether he is to be found within time and space. It is horrible what a deal I have to see after. I wonder that I don't become confused;" and Brigitta laughed and nodded at her brother as she left the room, and the lieutenant sighed, and consoled himself, and hummed—

"How sad and short were this life of ours,  
Were it not brightened with pleasure."

Lieutenant Lasse was one of those people of whom a joyous levity makes agreeable men of society, later, alas! often converts into rakes, and sometimes into betrayers. Pity, eternal pity, that any thing so agreeable and gay should often terminate so wearisomely! And Lieutenant Lasse had so good a heart, that it would have been greatly to be regretted if it had gone so with him; and, therefore, Heaven had given him a wise sister, to whom he was sincerely attached, and whom he would not willingly do any thing to offend. For the rest, he resembled her in appearance, but was plainer, was pitted with small-pox, had light hair, the whitest teeth, and a good-tempered, jovial expression, which made an agreeable impression.

Not without a little confusion did he see Valborg later in the day; but as Valborg was just as coldly polite and just as tranquil as before, Lieutenant Lasse soon recovered from his embarrassment, and, uncertain whether Brigitta had betrayed his little secret or not, he quickly joked, sighed, and laughed as lightly as before.

The professor, perfectly enchanted with Siri's fishing up of the widow's ring, said warmly to his wife, "The girl is nothing common! A glorious nature! Thou wilt see that one day we shall have joy in her. My little woman, she must have her freedom. All people should not be cast in one mould. It is a good spirit which directs the maiden."

"Mayest thou be right," said Mrs. Ingeborg, with glistening, tearful eyes.

"If we could but," continued Nordevall, "make her a little less shy, a little more sociable with us. She has something for me infinitely refreshing, and it grieves me deeply that I cannot win her confidence, as I could wish. But with time and patience that may yet succeed."

In the evening of this day raged a fierce north wind, and masses of grey, rugged clouds swept over the heavens, and concealed the mountain-tops. To counteract the unfriendliness of the weather, Mrs. Ingeborg called the young people together to tea, patchwork, and games, and as the young people of Sollerön were just now at Mora, the invitation was responded to with much delight.

While the patchwork went on, riddles were told and guessed. Mrs. Ingeborg asked, "Who is the great one who careers over the earth, who swallows up mountain and wood, and makes the sun dim, who is afraid of the blast, but not of man?"

And it was quickly answered that the "great one" was the mist.

Again Mrs. Ingeborg asked,

"What is that which is better than God and worse than Satan, and which the dead eat, and which if the living were to eat, they would die?"

This riddle demanded long consideration, but was ultimately answered triumphantly,\* and there was a general cry for "more riddles."

"You are quite too acute this evening," said Mrs. Ingeborg; "I must hit upon some more difficult ones for you. Listen to this: what wonderful thing was that which I saw at the king's court, which turned its feet up towards the sun, and its head . . . ." But here Mrs. Ingeborg stopped short, while she seemed struck with astonishment at something that passed outside of the house, and which she saw from the window by which she stood. She gasped for breath, put her hand to her heart, and hastily left the room. Siri gazed also eagerly out of the window. Olof followed with his eyes her looks, but saw nothing distinctly except a tall stranger who passed slowly along the highway in front of the parsonage, and disappeared behind the adjoining buildings. But scarcely had Olof caught sight of the darkly clad stranger, when, with a cry of surprise, he sprung rapidly out of the room, so that the silken shreds flew in confusion around.

"Heaven bless us! heaven bless us!" exclaimed the workers, and, "What marvellous thing was that which Olof caught sight of?" and they also gazed curiously out of the window, and saw—nothing.

"It might have been Neck himself," exclaimed Olof, as, ten minutes later, he entered quite out of breath. "I fancied that I recognised most perfectly an acquaintance passing by, and I sprung out in order to detain him; but he had vanished, and I cannot conceive where he is gone so speedily."

"What he? what acquaintance?" was demanded on all sides.

"Oh!" said Olof, "merely a wonder that I saw at the king's court, or, more properly, by

\* The answer, of course, is "Nothing."—Ta.

Stygg Force.\* But I ought already to have related that adventure to you, for it is nearly the only one of interest that I met with on my three years' tour."

"An adventure! an adventure! Oh relate! relate!" exclaimed the young people.

"Let me look at thee, Olof," said Brigitta, "thou must be an actual lion, ay, a tiger, or something more extraordinary, since thou hast had interesting adventures on thy travels. King Solomon was certainly wrong when he said that there is nothing new under the sun. And thy adventure! take care now that it shall be perfectly memorable. We listen with all our ears."

And Olof commenced:

"About six weeks ago, on my journey hither, I was at Osmundsberg, near Boda Chapel, in Rättvik, and stopped there awhile to botanise, and seek petrifications, which I knew to be found there. I was desirous also to see the so-called 'Flog,' or 'dragon-fire,' which shews itself there on certain nights. I made also an excursion to the Stygg Force: I hope you all know what the Stygg Force is!"

"Why yes, pretty well."

"Well, that is good, for it is not easy to describe. First and foremost, it is no force at all, for the water is in quantity inconsiderable; but it is still a thoroughly dreadful place, in a wild wood, whither you arrive only by most dangerous paths and ways; and a more desolate savage scenery, more perpendicular precipices and cliffs, you rarely meet with. In the centre of the widest chasm there projects a small and steep rock, like a crooked back, and terminates abruptly in the midst of the abyss; and it is related that a steward of the country there, who was tired of his life, rode one evening full speed out upon this rock, with the intention of going headlong over it; but just as the horse came upon the extreme verge of the gulf, thirty fathom deep, it wheeled suddenly round and galloped back, bearing with it its astonished rider."

"To the left of the fall is a kind of grotto, as if it were burnt into or hewn out of the mountain, which is called the Witch Cave; and it is said that formerly it was the resort of witches or robbers."

"Bravo! bravo!" cried Brigitta; "it begins to sound famously. I am all anticipation of splendid and horrible things: I get quite warm."

"There is also," continued Olof, smiling at Brigitta's enthusiasm, "a lofty sharp sand-ridge, called the Goat's Back."

"Goat's Back! that does not sound so well," interposed Brigitta; "don't go and tumble from the Goat's Back. That sounds unromantic."

"And on the sides of the Goat's Back there grows a plant of the class Gynandria, of which I was determined to have a specimen."

"O sad! there we have it: our hero tumbles from the Goat's Back."

"No, he did not tumble; he went carefully, or, more properly, crept carefully down, and then crept carefully up again with an *Epipactis atrorubens*, as the banner of victory in his hand."

"Well, God be praised!"

"I then wandered towards the side where the witch-cavern was."

"That sounds nobly!"

"There aloft shoots forth a small crag, which is called Red-tail."

"Red-tail! admirable! If thou hangeest thyself on Red-tail, well, I will never again—"

"And when I had gained the summit, I descried a little uncommon species of fern, which grew a few fathoms below me, on the end—"

"Of the Red-tail, perhaps."

"Precisely: of the Red-tail. This I could not let alone, and so began clambering down the steep on hands and knees."

"Eh! Eh! Eh! that will never do."

"No, it did not do remarkably well: stones gave way under my feet, and small bushes that I laid hold on tore up by the roots. Thus I steered my way some yards downwards, and began to see the moment when I should hang myself aloft on the Red-tail, and for ever forfeit Brigitta's favour, or at full speed plunge headlong into the abyss. But just as I felt myself on the way thither, an arm was extended from the mountain, a hand grasped my neck, or rather my coat-collar; and almost in the same instant I found myself transported into a kind of grotto in the mountain, and standing full opposite to a figure, which might well have been the genius of Stygg Force, so strange and fantastic did he look."

"Ah, charming! quite charming! That could not be better."

"When the astonishment of the first moment was over, I could not refrain from contemplating my deliverer, thinking of Walter Scott's Balfour of Burley, and other gloomy figures in his romances. He was tall and slender, thin, and wore a black, coarse, but tasteful dress; his hair, dark and sprinkled with grey, lay in disorder on his brow; his countenance was of a sallow brown, and plain, if you will, yet interesting, through a trace of suffering which seemed there to have committed its ravages, and to have made it old before its time, for he could not be much above forty years of age. There was something dejected, a desolation in that countenance, and you seemed to see in him the ruin of some great creation. The eyes were strange, and I hardly knew whether handsome or ugly, but their glance was wild; and above all there was something about this man which did not inspire you with confidence. I should not exactly have chosen him for a travelling companion, although the meeting with him in the mountain was to me thoroughly welcome. He addressed me, not in Swedish, but in German, and with a voice which was at once melodious and gloomy. He was a traveller, by birth a Tyrolean, was familiar with mineralogy, and was here, like myself, from curiosity. When he had conducted me out of the Witch Cavern by a more convenient path than that by which I had descended, we botanised awhile together, while he asked me sundry questions regarding my home and my circumstances in life. In the meantime I obtained no knowledge of him, except

\* *Catanotus*, as still used in Cumberland, &c.

\* But we strongly suspect that Olof, for Brigitta's sake, has improvised a Red-tail. We have indeed seen the Goat's Back, but no Red-tail, by Stygg Force.

that his name was Angermann, and that he was now on a journey to Norway. I invited him to Mora, and he promised to call upon me if his time would permit. He was a singularly interesting man, also, to talk with, and I regretted very much to be obliged to part from him; but our paths lay in diverse directions, he said, and did not seem to be solicitous for my company.

"See then, dear Brigitta, just so much and so little was there of this adventure; and a moment ago I fancied that I saw this very man, the Tyrolese, my rescuer at Stygg Force, go past here; and I cannot at this instant believe that it was not he, nor conceive how he vanished. Fancy if he were really the spirit of the Stygg Force, and no Tyrolese, after all! What do you think?"

"He may be just what he pleases," said Brigitta, "so that he only comes here, and that I may get to see him; for curious he must be, and I am very fond of the curious."

"Could my mother be ill?" asked Olof of Brigitta; "she left us so hastily."

"I fancy she is not very well," answered Brigitta, "and that occurs sometimes: it is her spasm of the heart that seizes her, and then she requires to be awhile quite alone. When the attack is over, she comes back, and is best pleased that no one should notice it or inquire about it."

They talked yet awhile longer of Olof's adventure, and of the mysterious wanderer, and then Lasse and Brigitta set the games a-going. Later in the evening came also Mrs. Ingeborg, and enlivened them by her participation; and the spirit of the Stygg Force was forgotten altogether in "weaving homespun" and "boring fire."

In the night raged a furious storm: the casements in the parsonage rattled unceasingly; the Silja roared wildly; but in the midst of the night and the tempest were heard the delicious tones of a flute, as if they floated on the wings of the wind. Siri, the singular maiden, was out in the stormy night; but that was not unusual with her, and they now suffered it to pass.

## EXCURSIONS.

We begin these excursions ourselves, by flying over several weeks, during which the family life at the parsonage of Mora flowed on calm and fresh, as the river along its shore. Midsummer was past—July was come. This is the time of relaxation for the clergy of this district, for at this season the peasant with his household proceeds to the cattle or Säter booths, frequently six or seven Swedish miles from their villages, in the deep forests, where they find fresh pastures for their beasts, where they churn their butter, make their cheese, and commonly remain till the termination of the month of August. From the commencement of the month of July, you meet on the roads the fitting families, with cattle and house utensils. The father of the family drives the wagon, upon which blooming children peep forth from amid pails and work-tools. The wife generally goes alongside, keeping an eye on the cow or

cows. Occasionally you meet a solitary, but ly knitting old woman, wandering along lig. and briskly, as if age were to her no burden, surrounded by sundry goats, which follow her like faithful dogs: she, too, is nomadic—she, too, wanders forth to the cattle-booths. If she stop and talk friendly with you for awhile, the goats gather caressingly around her. And soon do you observe, out of the dark and vast pine-woods which clothe the heights, light azure columns of smoke here and there ascending: there is the fitting family, there is the solitary old woman with her goats; they have arrived at the Säter hut, and have kindled fire on its hearth; and the travellers from the great world, who from a distance behold these peaceful indications of those, often to them, inaccessible dwellings, heave perhaps a sigh of longing for such secluded home, for this nomadic life, where the pure air which the body continually breathes streams also into the soul—where the daily, simple, and fresh cares shut out the sorrow "which devours the heart."

But, while the peasantry ride and roam abroad, the gentry do not sit still. The clergy, and the few gentlemen who besides them have small crown locations,<sup>†</sup> here and there in Dalarna, generally visit each other during this season, or travel to make themselves acquainted with districts still new to them in their beautiful province. And now it is in its full beauty, with its waters, its mountains, its valleys, at once consonant and varying, like Rousseau's tricordium. The sward is interwoven with Linnéa, and winter-green, the star-wort, and the pine-flower, all white flowers, which love the shade of the pine-woods, fill them with fragrance, and bloom in modest beauty at the feet of the ancient giants of the forest. Nowhere are found more flowery meadows, nowhere are gathered finer strawberries; and along the warmest valleys winds the Dalelf, cool and clear, in countless meanderings, now with stooping pines on lofty Mjellgar,<sup>‡</sup> now with wild roses and Spirea Ulmaria in the low grassy lands on its banks.

The family at Mora had long projected a pleasure excursion to Elfdal, which none of its members had yet seen, but of whose wild beauty they had often heard. And as in the middle of July the weather began to be very steady and beautiful, they now resolved to devote a few days to the little expedition. The young people felicitated themselves indescribably on the prospect of seeing this beautiful wild region, its porphyry quarry, its porphyry works; and on coming to the spot "where the highway terminates," and the wild, pathless woods commence, which stretch away to the very frontiers of Norway. Siri was enchanted at the idea of making the journey with Olof on horseback, and therefore the more freely to be able to traverse the country. The professor rejoiced in the gladness of the young people, and

\* Expression in Odin's great hymn.

† Estates belonging to the crown, and in possession of the functionaries for the time being.

‡ Mjellgar are sand-banks which are produced by falls of earth, which annually occur on the banks of the river, and which carry with them great pieces of land and trees into its depths. On these there arise sometimes, as at Lek-sand, the most picturesque shapes of ruins, broken arches, columns, walls, pyramids, caves, &c.

Mrs. Ingeborg, besides this, to have the pleasure of greeting Miss Lotta, one of the acquaintances of her youth, who had a little estate in Elfsdal, where she dwelt, and whither she had invited the whole Mora family, because in all this district there was not a single inn. But Miss Lotta was hospitality itself, and rivalled in this respect another house in Elfsdal, which we do not here name, but most gratefully remember. Brigitta also congratulated herself that she should see Miss Lotta.

"But who is this Miss Lotta!" demanded Olof, somewhat impatiently, who seemed for several days to hear nothing talked of but Miss Lotta, "and what is there so extraordinary about her; and why do people rejoice so much in the prospect of seeing her!"

It was the evening preceding their setting out, that Olof thus inquired, as the family was assembled in the porch, to enjoy the cool and delicious evening air. Mrs. Ingeborg, who, after having well packed the provision basket, was pleasantly reposing in the midst of her domestic group, answered gladly:

"Who is Miss Lotta? a perfectly simple human being, who had the courage to go her own way through life, and by her own vigour has shaped her own destiny. I will relate to you shortly

#### MISS LOTTA'S HISTORY.

"Miss Lotta was of an old noble line. She had lost her father; but she had a mother, a sister, seven uncles, and seven aunts. The whole of the family lived in the town of W—.

"She had also had a brother, who, according to the law of inheritance still in force in Sweden, had, after the father's death, taken twice as much out of the estate as his sisters, which he afterward squandered away, and more too, for having made away with all his own, he began to live on the little property of his mother and sisters—he was guardian to the latter—and would have concluded by ruining them entirely, if death had not prevented him. Out of the fragments of the former property the mother built a fresh little abode for herself and her two daughters.

"Miss Lotta's sister was handsome, and possessed talents which she continually used. She played on the guitar, cultivated her talent of singing, and painted flowers; was called amongst the relations 'the talented,' and was looked upon as one that must make a great fortune in the world. Miss Lotta, again, had received from nature a strong body, a tolerably ugly countenance, a warm heart, and mustaches, whence amongst the relations she was jestingly called the major, but still more frequently in earnest, 'poor Lotta;' Lotta had neither talents nor attraction, and it was thought there was no sort of fortune that she could make in the world. But Lotta herself did not view the matter in so melancholy a light. Already in her very early years she said to herself, 'I can never become a fine or agreeable lady, but I will be an able manager of the house.' But this was not so easy, for Lotta's mother lived on a small income, which just, and no more, enabled her to make a shift to exist with her two daughters, and Lotta found at home no scope for her spirit of activity. Besides, as the mother was much thought

of in society, and her sister was a handsome and accomplished girl, they were much invited to the coffee and tea parties amongst the relations, and our poor Major must then accompany them, and have to sit overlooked in the dance, and silently swallow her cups of coffee and tea, and her sighs with them. Our poor Major was ready to fall into a fixed idea about herself, and sat perfectly melancholy and dejected, while sister Emily sung and painted flowers, and exerted her talents the day through.

"One fine morning, Miss Lotta went to her mother and said:

"Mother, I will no longer sit and consume thy already too scanty bread. I can no longer remain unoccupied without danger of falling into stupidity or follies. I am great and strong; I am above twenty years of age. I will now out and work, I will serve others till I have earned enough thereby to rent or purchase a little farm, which I will cultivate myself, and on which I will support myself."

"Her mother thought at first that her daughter was gone mad; but she thought upon the matter, talked further with her daughter, and then found that she was in her senses, and she said—soft she was a good and sensible lady: 'I have always wished that my children should decide their own course in life when they had arrived at sufficient discretion. Do as thou wilt, Lotta; poverty, not of your own occasioning, is no disgrace; but if one can work oneself out of it, that is an honour. I am only afraid of our connexions; what will they say!'

"And amongst the connexions there arose an uproar. The seven aunts rapped on their snuff-boxes and said, 'What scheme is this! can she not sit still and live humbly, as so many others, and spin or embroider, and manage her mother's little housekeeping, and occasionally amuse herself at our coffee-parties! People ought not to go out of their family connexions and their allotted position in life; people ought to abide with their own kindred. When a person can live so comfortably and so tranquilly as she does, why should they go and cast themselves upon the world! Others sit in their stillness and live humbly; why cannot she do as others do!'

"And the seven uncles shook their heads and said, 'She would rent a farm and herself manage it and its concerns! There will come nothing but folly, and embarrassment, and ruin out of it, we must by all the means in our power dissuade her from it.'

"But Miss Lotta became every day only the more determined in her mind. She made inquiries for a situation as housekeeper in some great household in the country.

"And amongst the relations was a poor invalid youth, whom no one of the family would willingly receive into their houses, because he was afflicted with a severe, incurable, and yet at the same time not fatal complaint; and one day as Miss Lotta found the boy bitterly weeping over his fate, that he should be such a burden to people, and suffer so much, and yet could not die, she said to him:

"Don't weep, Theodore! I am now going out into the world into service, that I may earn me money; but in some few years I shall pur

chase me with it a cottage and a garden on the banks of the Dalelf, and then thou shalt come and live with me, and thou shalt bathe in the clear, fresh river water, and be strengthened by it. And thou shalt help me to cultivate my garden, and we will live happily together. Be of good courage, Theodore, and wait only; I shall not disappoint thee.'

"And our young lady went out into the world, and served as housekeeper in a great house where there was much to do, but where the salary was large. At the same time she purchased flax, and had it spun and woven, and then sold the webs, and by this means, in a few years accumulated a handsome little capital. Our young lady had, what is called the 'getting-on genius'; and of the various geniuses in the world, that is not the worst, especially when it is directed by a good and honest heart.

"Eight years had gone over, when Miss Lotta saw again her native town; yet everything there continued exactly the same. The mother went about as before to coffee and tea parties. 'The talented' exerted her talents constantly—practised music, painted flowers, and waited for the great good fortune that was to come. The seven aunts took snuff, and the seven uncles all shook their wise heads, and took on strangely about Lotta's 'absurd undertaking.' And still lived the invalid Theodore, and thought on the clear waters of the Dalelf, and upon Aunt Lotta's promise. And Lotta was now in the town, and greeted her mother and the relatives, and announced to them that she had purchased a farm in Elfdal, where she meant to carry on a little business, and that she would take the invalid Theodore to her.

"There was some amazement amongst the relatives, but yet they went magnanimously to work in the matter, and subscribed amongst them a sum of money for a sort of provision for the boy, whom they would now have no further trouble with.

"The next year Miss Lotta sent to her mother an extraordinarily fine cheese and a gigantic salmon, from the Domnare Force on the Dalelf, and wrote that all went well with her, that she found a deal of work to do, but for that she thanked God. Theodore bathed in the river, and was thereby signally strengthened in his bodily power, and felt himself so happy in his mind that he no longer complained of his ailment, which no longer hindered him from being a useful and a happy man. While Miss Lotta looked after the farm and the housekeeping, he carried on almost entirely the little business, which greatly interested him, and which was very successful. Miss Lotta concluded her letter with imploring her mother, sister, and the whole of the family to come and see their happy 'major.'

"The mother let a tear of joy fall over the good fortune of her daughter and her disposition, and congratulated herself on her wisdom in never having set herself against her daughter's reasonable wishes, and invited the whole of the relations to a participation of the cheese, the salmon, and the letter.

"The aunts took snuff, and said, 'Only to think that it should have succeeded so bravely with Lotta! our warnings were not, then, without effect. Delicious cheese!'

"And the seven uncles nodded altogether, and said, 'See! that is the way that all ladies should do. They ought to be such, and it then would be much better here in the world. A matchless salmon!'

"It is now five or six years since Miss Lotta located herself on her farm in Elfdal, and—but we shall see her to-morrow evening, and we can then judge better how she flourishes in her undertaking."

"Ah! I am enchanted with Miss Lotta!" exclaimed Olof; "I long to see her, and to express to her my respect and admiration."

"God grant that I remain faithful to my curate!" said Brigitta; "for I find myself on the highway to fall in love with the major. I like vigorous people, and always assert that it is only the want of real strength that occasions the greatest part of the misery in the world."

"Ah, gracious heaven!" said Lieutenant Lasse, "if she only had not moustaches, I would immediately pay my addresses to her—but I must confess that I am a little afraid of them."

"I tell you what; you only see in them a reflection of your own—you see your double!" said Brigitta, laughing. "I should have no objection to Miss Lotta as a sister-in-law."

"God and the people!" said Mrs. Ingeborg, "think, if we should make up a wedding on our little journey! But as in the morning we must rise before the cock puts his shoes on, had we not better now betake ourselves to the feather islands?"

The motion was adopted without putting it to the vote.

But it did not stand written in the stars that Lieutenant Lasse should see Miss Lotta. By a slip on the steps this same evening he sprained his foot extremely, and was obliged to bathe and nurse it, and give up the journey, and bear the curate company, who stayed at home at Mora—not because he took no interest in the excursion, but, on the contrary, the greatest in fishing, and thought that now, during the absence of his betrothed, most thoroughly to satisfy this passion both night and day; and he promised to take Lieutenant Lasse in his boat, but Lieutenant Lasse looked on this to be a very meagre satisfaction, and sang, with deep sighs—

"How short and sad is this life of ours!"

Siri, on the morning of the journey, was much occupied with Durathor, who would insist on accompanying her; and being restrained from it, struggled with a maiden of the farm till they both rolled over in the grass, at which the spectators were obliged to laugh outright. Lieutenant Lasse promised to write an elegy on this event, which he would have set to music, and published under the title of "*Les adieux de Siri et de Durathor, Élégie harmonique par Lasse Doloroso.*"

The way from Mora to Elfdal was first by a ferry over the river to the point of land where formerly the witch-fires stood, and where now the "*Salix Daphnoides*" had shed its golden yellow catkins, but had clothed itself with tender, green, and beautifully polished leaves; then beyond it a few miles through deep sand and an ugly forest tract. But they soon entered the picturesquely-beautiful Elfdal, and pur-

sued almost unvaryingly the banks of the Dalfelf—now ascending, now descending between lofty, wood-crowned hills, which, like shaggy giants, approached the travellers with threatening looks and gestures, but stood or passed by in the proud tranquillity of superior power. Thus was it with Suttur-skär, with Gopshus, Hyckje, and Wäsa-berg, &c. The thunder-charged clouds which rolled themselves up over the heights, the rapidly closing, rapidly opening views into the infinite distance, the play of brilliant lights and shades in the great but closely congregated scenery, the alternately idyllican amenity, and the wildness, even to savageness, of these regions, all combined to make a great—a vivid impression upon the travellers. On this road you see forests which appear to have stood from the foundation of the world. Trees fall in them, lie, and rot, because no hand troubles itself to make use of them; nay, the Dalmen often fell the most magnificent ones merely to procure a little fresh bark to mix with the fodder of their cattle, and then leave them recklessly to decay. So vast is here the wealth of, so great the indifference to, that which other provinces purchase with solid gold. But this gold does not penetrate into the primeval parts of Dalarna.

The cataracts of Dalarna, which may be said to ensure the innocence of the country, prevent, also, its connexion with the world of commerce, and seem to say, "Retain thy poverty and thy wealth, and with both thy peace." Fires often ravage vast tracts of these forests, even to the mountain-tops, and they let them burn till they go out of themselves—they can do nothing to quench them; and thus you see whole tracts converted to ashes, or, rather, to *dead woods*. The trees remain standing with bole and branches, but not a single green leaf is left upon them, not the slightest tint of grass protrudes from the ash-strewn earth, no bird, no insect, moves its wing amongst the burnt trees; all ground, wood, mountain, is blank and ash-grey as far as the eye can reach—all is dead: it is as if a curse had passed over it. Sometimes you have on the right of the road one of these dead forests, while on the left all flourishes in verdant beauty: and between the pines of giant altitude, standing on fresh green slopes, you look down on the river in its deep channel, which becomes in this valley a sportive stream, alternately foaming over the stony bottom, where the water sprite is said to sit and watch for mischief, alternately embracing in its bosom small light green umbrageous islands, while forest brooks, white with spray, descend roaring from the rocks, like gamesome boys, and fling themselves into its arms.

Olof rode by the side of Siri, and much occupied with her, and Siri sometimes turned towards Olof with an expression like this: "The most glorious morning! how freshly it sighs in the forest!" and the dark eyelashes, the fresh lips, glittered as with dew. Sometimes she sung a little snatch of a song. It seemed to Olof as if the morning, in its living freshness, sat on the horse with her. He could not but think of Brigitta's words, "There is over the girl a freshness and a dew."

Upon the whole, the charm which Siri possessed and imparted resulted much from the

fact, that every utterance of her emotions was destitute of art and study: she had much of that direct impulse which, in the objects of nature, breathes so freshly on our senses. Her early education, free from all restraint, or rather her want of education, had, with its disadvantages, also had the great benefit of exempting her from the mental stays which press together the rest of us poor children of chamber-discipline and coercion, and render our breathing short and our motions constrained. Yet, probably, this education of nature could not have led to any thing very attractive, had not Siri been a character endowed with a native grace. We have seen other young girls brought up in golden freedom, and they have horrified us by the swing of their arms and their long strides. It is a difficult affair, this education! we thank God that we have no daughters, but do not love the young girls the less, as the noblest soil that the earth possesses. Ah! if the best of seed were only scattered into it!

Upon a verdant declivity, by a silver clear, murmuring brook of delicious water, the mid-day meal was spread from the provision baskets brought with them. No one who has not tried it can conceive how delightful it is to eat in the free air, and on the earth's green mat. But for this you must have glad hearts and good appetites; and these the Mora family had, and therefore they had a joyous and excellent noon-day meal; and this was not at all disturbed by a little unbidden sprinkling of thunder-rain. For, first and foremost, this caused a lively springing up and flying to the shade of some great pines; and then it presented a splendid spectacle of clouds, which displayed itself in the heavens, and gave Olof opportunity to deliver a little lecture, which interested every one, on the classification of clouds, which, first observed and named by the learned Quaker, Howard, was then universally adopted in science. This could not be effected without a little Latin; and Brigitta, who, as we already knew, was a genius in languages, talked soon quite fluently of "stratus, cumulus, and cirrus," and the rest were delighted to learn, to know, and to name in Swedish, the bank-cloud, also the night-cloud, because this form of cloud is common at night; the "high-cloud" and the "feather-cloud." They began, too, during the rain, and the succeeding clearing up, to notice how these cloud-shapes merged one into the other; and Olof must explain to them the laws which regulated these phenomena, and the names which the cloud-shapes acquired during their transfiguration. Mrs. Ingeborg was extremely interested by this, for the clouds and their phantasmagoria, their richly pictorial and changing life had always had a great attraction for her, often of a prophetic nature. She was fond of reading them, as people formerly read the stars, and was not free from a degree of superstition regarding them: she had now got names for their forms, and with well-sounding, that is, expressive names for things, much is achieved.

The whole day, during the journey, they gazed up at the clouds, and made observations on "stratus, cumulus, and cirrus." Brigitta complained that she got by this an altogether wrong bearing of the head and neck, the con-

sequences of which no one could tell; and in order to counteract this, Olof directed her attention to the species of lichen which with its crimson covering make the stones by the high-ways of Dalarna so splendid, and the powder of which is so sweet, and like violet-root, when it is rubbed with the hand. And Brigitta admitted, that the head and the eye of man seemed to be purposely constructed to discover all the wonders in heaven and in the earth.

Towards evening, yet at an early hour, the travellers arrived at Miss Lotta's little farm. She stood in the porch to receive her guests; and on her countenance was such a beaming of intellectual peace and good-will, that no one saw or thought of her moustaches. N.B. Lieutenant Lasse was not there. Olof almost thought that Miss Lotta was handsome.

Miss Lotta received and entertained her guests in the Dalman and Dalwoman fashion; that is to say, heartily and richly. Siri attached herself immediately to the invalid and talked and laughed quickly with him, so that Miss Lotta opened large but joyful eyes, for the boy or youth was usually shy with strangers. He awakened an interest in them all by his soulful eyes, his suffering, patient expression, which now readily lit-up into a cheerful smile.

When they had powerfully refreshed and strengthened themselves with the best that the Dal could produce, they wandered forth to see Miss Lotta's little property, and all her arrangements on it; while she afterwards, sitting in her porch, looking towards the river, talked to the professor and his wife, about her life in this valley; her labours and her enjoyments, her joy in Theodore; told her plans for the future, which were, to receive a number of young people in the condition of Theodore, whom she could care for, employ, and conduct to the enjoyment of life. The younger guests wandered up a lofty, adjacent porphyry hill, from thence to observe the sunset. Here on the summit they found stones, in which Olof's practised eye discovered crystals, agates, red and brown jaspers, which are not unfrequently found in the mountains of Elfdal, which have all of them porphyry in their interior. Here Brigitta called on her friends to sing something, and Olof responded to her wish by the old Dal song so beautiful in tone,

"In the beautiful summer when earth is glad,  
By the two broad rivers of Dala," &c.

Valborg sung then a song about the moon which a Dalwoman had composed; and which young girls sing so willingly and so well. But as Brigitta complained that they sung "such melancholy airs," and asked for "merrier ones," Siri sung out fresh and clear, so that the wood resounded:

"Thorough cave and mine  
I seek the ore's deep fountain;  
Ancient splendours shine  
In the heart o' th' mountain;  
Round my thoughts thy twine,  
Deep my soul compelling.  
There then shall my bed be;  
What there is will I see—  
There shall be my dwelling!"

A slight shudder passed through Olof when Siri sung the last lines with the force of inspiration, and, at the same time, stamped on the

hill with her little foot, and he looked with a feeling of admiration on the young maiden as she stood there on the mountain, so light and yet vigorous, with a glance of fire in the dark blue eyes, and her light locks glistening in the evening sun.

"Siri," said he, "thou art born to be the wife of a miner!"

Siri shook her head, and answered, "Not a miner's, but a mine-king's, who shall lead me into the depths of the mountain, and cause me to reign there with him. Then shall I do nothing for whole days but sing, talk with the dwarfs, guess their riddles, pluck diamonds out of the rocks, and wander through magnificent halls. Ay, that would be glorious!"

"If it were but possible," replied Olof, smiling; "but I prophesy that if thou once go down into the heart of a mountain, that is, into one of our mines, thou wilt quickly long to be out of it, and upon the earth again."

Siri was silent, shook her head, and an expression of sadness rapidly cast a shade over her countenance.

The next day Miss Lotta's little bath-house in the river was enjoyed, and then they strolled about on foot in the valley. Olof and Siri were joyous, and almost as frolicsome as children. It happened that Olof felt at one moment a sudden pain in his hand, and said in jest, that he was bitten by Neck. This is what the peasantry are wont to say of any sudden pain felt in a limb, of the cause of which they are ignorant.

Siri said immediately, "I know a spell against a Neck-bite, so that it shall do no harm."

"Oh, indeed!" said Olof, "I become more and more convinced that at the bottom thou hast something of the witch about thee. It is fortunate that thou didst not live in the sixteenth century. Well, wilt thou try thy art upon me?"

"Yes," said Siri, "but thou must promise not to accuse me to the consistorium, and not to laugh, but to look me steadfastly in the eyes."

"These are difficult conditions to fulfil, but I promise to try."

Siri then took Olof's hand between hers, looked him awhile fixedly and seriously in the eyes, stooped then over his hand, and said:

"Neck and Tofve, how long wilt thou fly!  
I bind thee under land, under strand!  
Thou shalt stand in God's hand!"

With this the conjuration was at an end, but Olof stood a good while after in deep thought, and as it were bewitched.

In the meantime, unobserved of him and Siri, a pair of eyes, with night-black, threatening glance, watched them secretly from the wood. These eyes were those of Valborg.

In the evening Olof said to Brigitta—

"It is certain that Siri has a strange power in her eyes. There is something in them which reminds one of what the people in the country here call 'hugas' or 'häxa.'"

"And what is that?" asked Brigitta.

"Why, they assert that there are persons who, through the power of the eyes, can so enchant a thing or person, that it goes beside itself, becomes rigid, or falls into a swoon.

\* The Miner, by E. G. Geirer.

Thus they can enchant, or 'hugsa' people, beasts, or lifeless things; for instance, a clock or a mill, so that they shall stand; a brook, that it shall cease to run. Pliny relates, that such female enchanters existed amongst the tribes from whom we are descended, the Scythians, and were called 'Bithyæ.' I could not help thinking of this to-day as Siri pronounced over me her charm against the Neck-bite, not that the repetition of the words did so very much good, but it is extraordinary, almost awful, to see how beautiful her eyes are sometimes."

"My dear friend," said Brigitta, "take care that those eyes do not cast a spell upon thee in earnest; Siri is a dangerous girl, ay, more dangerous than—"

"Ah! be quite easy on my account, my best Brigitta," interposed Olof, somewhat offended; "she may be as dangerous as she will, yet she is not dangerous to me, that I assure you. I merely study Siri—I study her as I examine a curiosity, a natural phenomenon."

"Yes, for example, a new species of granite, or some stratus or cumulus?" said Brigitta, by way of joke.

"Yes, just so," replied Olof, smiling, but yet a little offended that Brigitta could suppose Siri dangerous to him, the most widely-travelled and world-experienced young man, and who, moreover, was her chosen Mentor, who ought to be supposed rather dangerous to her, and to whom she ought to look up with both love and respect. Olof would not at all listen to a secret voice in his heart, which, like Brigitta, whispered that even for him there might be danger on foot.

And night came and threw her veil over the thoughts and impressions of the day.

The next day the journey was continued leisurely to Osbyn, where the road terminated. They went on foot through long stretches of the wild, picturesque way, and made acquaintance with the inhabitants of the valley. The people of Elfdal are no longer Dal people; they resemble in appearance rather gipsies: their eyes are brown and sparkling, their complexion dark, their features ignoble. Here you see beggars and rags; in their wretched abodes dirt and slovenliness abound. But their speech is, notwithstanding, melodious and sweet; and the character of nature around them is beautiful, although stern. Hills and pine-woods prevail. The deciduous trees are small and scrubby.

• The travellers visited the porphyry works, where patience seems to be polished equally with the brittle, hard stone; and where the workmen grow prematurely old, from the sharp dust of the splendid masterpieces of their art, which they prepare.

In the afternoon they arrived at Osbyn. Here the river sweeps in a wide crescent round the beautifully situated village with its fertile fields, and on the other side rises a noble amphitheatre of pine forests; here and there divided by a foaming mountain cataract which precipitates itself into the river.

Farther than this place the carriage could not advance. Our travellers proceeded on foot through the tolerably large village, and beyond it, to where in a meadow, lies a little chapel of

wood, wild and solitary, where some few times in the year divine service is performed: simple and almost rude is it within: reindeer's horns serve for candlesticks and candelabras.

Mrs. Ingeborg, who was weary, desired to remain at the chapel, while the young people wandered farther onwards to seek the road's "utter termination;" and her husband staid with her. They sat down on the steps of the chapel, and they had speedily a group of people from the village assembled around them, guessing and wondering about the stately priest and his handsome wife, for very rarely do travellers come so far up into Dalarna.

The professor amused himself with talking to the people about past times, when Gustavus Wasa, having failed in his attempt to arouse the parishes round the Silja, with a half-despairing heart, fled up into this district over the mountains, and through the solitary forests which separate East and West Dalarna; by night sleeping in the lonely sheds which the people here and there erect for the shelter of the wayfarer, and so followed the western Dalfeld up to its very course, through the boundless and snow-filled woods. Still more and more desolate became the country; still wilder rushed the river, roaring over its rocky bed; still more thinly scattered, and more wretched, became the dwellings of men on its banks. Already stood Gustavus at the foot of the northern ridge, which should presently separate him from his unhappy native land. Then did he turn himself round, and saw coming through the woods of Lima the swift snow-skaters, who were sent after him from Mora, to persuade him to return, and to put himself at the head of the peasantry, who since they received intelligence of the Blood-bath of Stockholm, breathed only war and revenge. Here the fate of Gustavus also took its turn. The professor talked also with the husbandmen who assembled in crowds around him, of the learned and brave Commister\* and Daniel Buscovius of Elfdal, who, in the year 1644, at the head of the men of Elfdal and Mora, surrounded the enemy at Serna, and conquered in a peaceful manner the whole of this parish for Sweden; and how "Our Daniel," as the people then called him, the day after the victory, celebrated divine service in the chapel at Serna, and christened a great number of children, of whom some of them were so old, that they snatched at the ritual and tore some of its leaves; and the professor found with pleasure, that the memory of the learned and gallant minister still lived amongst the Elfdal people. He then put to them sundry questions regarding their knowledge of religion, and was in return examined also by them, and was asked whether he were not the "president of the clergy," that is, the "grand-papa,† himself in Upsala!"

In the meantime, the young people strolled around the peninsula, and on towards Serna-side, where the river flows still wider, and where the sun descended towards the far blue chain of hills. This July evening was one of peculiar and wonderful beauty. A secret, suffering-fraught life seemed to tremble through nature. It was still, calm, yet huge thunder-

\* A clergyman in ordinary, subordinate of the rector.

† A slang term, meaning the archbishop.

clouds lay gloomily over the country, and between them the sun threw long and burning glances over the earth, and into the river's softly trembling waters; strange lights and shadows arose amongst the hills; beams of light broke gleaming paths through the dark masses of vapour; the veil lifted itself, and abysses opened themselves, beautiful, glittering . . . thus does it move, thus does it live in the mystic regions whither love conducts, the earthly as well as the heavenly, in its fairy hours.

Olof and Siri, who were rapid walkers, had quickly left Brigitta and Valborg far behind. They went on, attracted by the extraordinary beauty of the way and the scenery, without thinking any further of the road's termination. At length, however, they were obliged to think of turning again, but concluded first to wait for Valborg and Brigitta on the banks of the river. Here they stood, gazing on the magnificent spectacle of the sunset, when Siri suddenly exclaimed, "Olof!" and with the speed of lightning, sprang forward and pushed him aside. Olof felt himself at the same moment involved in a cloud of dust, he knew not how; he heard a crashing and a rushing down, and turning, he saw Siri flung prostrate beneath a pine-tree, which had given way and plunged down the steep sand-bank, above the shore, and whose fall she had diverted from Olof to herself by her interposition. A part only of its boughs had now whizzed over Olof's head; but Siri lay beneath the boughs and bled freely from a deep cut in the neck.

But she lay there only for a moment; in the next instant she had liberated herself and stood now before Olof, at once joyous and anxious, exclaiming, "Olof! are you unhurt? yes, you are; God be praised."

"But you, Siri, you bleed! and that for my sake!" exclaimed Olof, and caught her in his arms, terrified and greatly agitated.

"Oh, it is merely a scratch!" said Siri, putting her hand to her neck, "I will bathe it in the river, and it will be quickly well. Don't be anxious—I am so glad."

But this was a dangerous moment for Olof, for as he now held the smiling, bleeding, beaming girl in his arms, there breathed upon him, he knew not what fragrance of young, loving, fascinating life, which penetrated his heart, his mind, and diffused itself through all the blood in his veins.

The hallowing, strange fire which the northern sagas tell us surrounded the lovely daughters of the giants, flamed up within him, and enveloped his soul. Affected, enchanted, agitated, he stood and stooped over his young deliverer, as if to suck up the blood which ran for his sake, and he drew her still closer and closer to his bosom. But like as a serpent, Siri escaped from his embrace, sprang down to the water, dipped therein a handkerchief, and washed and bathed with it her neck.

Olof followed, and contemplated her in silence. He could not speak, scarcely think. An ocean of feelings tempest in his heart. Siri seemed to him enchanting; he would fain be the water which streamed in pearly drops between her fingers; the handkerchief which she wrapped round her neck. He did not know

himself what was passing within him. He stood on the verge of one of these passions which are all the more violent and dangerous, because they are based only on a blind fascination. And as he now thought that the charming girl bled for him, had ventured her life for him, his heart beat more violently; and proud as a god—ah no!—as a weak man—he exclaimed to himself, "She loves me! she loves me!"

"Thou studiest some phenomenon of nature; I suppose some cumulus or stratus? hum?" he now heard Brigitta say, who, softly and unobserved, had approached, while Valborg, still and pale, paused at some paces farther back.

"But heavens!" continued Brigitta, terrified as she observed Siri, "what is this for a spectacle again! what is this! what has happened?" have you fought, or been torn by bears? or—"

Siri at this began to laugh so gaily and heartily, and then related the little transaction so simply and easily, that Olof became both astonished and almost vexed. For him the world had become wholly changed within ten minutes.

"But goodness preserve me!" continued Brigitta, "one cannot lose sight of Siri without her falling into breakneck adventures and deadly dangers: some time ago thou wert drawn down into the depths of the earth, so that we believed thou wert both dead and buried; then thou descended to the bottom of the lake, so that I believed thou wouldst never come up again; and now thou pullest the wood down upon thee: what will be the end of it? If thou art not carried off to Blakulla, it will be more by chance than grace. And if certain people would think less of studying the curious and natural phenomena, and more of taking care of a poor, silly girl, it would certainly be much more to the purpose."

Brigitta's talent for scolding and rallying had always a very refreshing effect on Olof, and at this crisis came over him like a dash of cold water, and brought him again to full consciousness, especially when she proceeded still more gaily, "I wanted just to introduce to you a phenomenon myself, which I discovered, altogether *sui generis*; a phenomenon which boiled chocolate seven years on the Kattrygg, in the southern suburb of Stockholm. Now, where are you stopping, mother?"

A gipsy-like woman, with burning, brown eyes, on this advanced from the bushes, and was presented by Brigitta as this same phenomenon. Her remarkableness, however, on further inquiry, reduced itself to this; that during a longer wandering than ordinary from Dalarna, she had entered the service of a lady in the southern suburb of Stockholm, in the Kattrygg quarter, and there for seven years had helped her to prepare chocolate; and she had now offered herself to the travellers to make inquiries after her former mistress.

Followed by the talkative old woman, the young people now turned back to join the rest of the travelling party. They found the professor somewhat out of patience with their long delay, and urgent for their setting out on their return.

Speedily were they once more on horseback

and in the carriages; and then Brigitta quickly gave her aunt somewhat to guess. "What is that, for a wonder, which she had seen in the king's court, which for seven years boiled chocolate in the Kattryg in Stockholm, and now cooks groats in Elfdal? And, also, what was that for a wonder above all wonders, which goes down into mountain and lake, and pulls the woods down upon it, and after that travels gaily on the highway?" And when it was discovered that the latter enigma's word was Siri, and the professor learned what she had done for Olof, he was so enraptured that he caused the carriage to stop, called Siri thither, lifted her from her horse, and upon his knee, and embraced and blessed her with fatherly affection. Mrs. Ingeborg gazed on the scene with tears of joy in her eyes. Olof felt a strong temptation to embrace his father; but Siri, almost frightened and somewhat annoyed, seemed only anxious to get out of the carriage and upon her horse again.

"That is a glorious girl!" then exclaimed the professor warmly; "she can melt ice, not six, but twelve yards round her. If she were my own child I could hardly be more fond of her."

"It is strange," said the professor, after a while, "how chance plays its vagaries in the world, and connects things and persons together, who yet have no connexion at all with each other. Siri, for instance, reminds me involuntarily sometimes of a person, a man of whom I saw much in my youth, for we studied at the same university, and who interested me much, a certain Julius Wolff, who has now been dead these many years. There is something in her eyes, in her glance, so like his; and, what is extraordinary, the little birthmark by her left eye, which she has, he had too."

"This man," continued the professor, sunk in his recollections, "was a singular character, or rather nature, for character was just what he wanted. He was a richly gifted, interesting, yet fantastic fellow, demoniac, captivating, but dangerous, for he had violent passions, which lacked order and consistency. 'The gods, that is to say the orderers,' says the ancient Herodotus; but this man had made disorder and irregularity his god, and valued life only in its moments of passion and excitement. At bottom he had a warm heart, and exerted a powerful influence over men, and often over animals, which he was much attached to, just as Siri also is, through a sort of magnetic attraction, which is peculiar to certain natures. Pride and ambition brought him to ruin; he allied himself with a miserable, but daring adventurer, committed a heinous crime against society, and evacuated the kingdom, and died a fugitive. It was a thousand pities of the man; and, when I think of him and his many splendid endowments, and of the want of principle which plunged him into destruction, I am ready to say with Brigitta, 'It is want of real strength which causes most of the evils in the world.'"

It was so silent in the carriage, as the professor closed this monologue, that you might have fancied that his hearers slept. If so it was, they were soon awakened most unpleasantly, for, in a smart descent that the carriage

made down a hill, both of the back springs broke, and the body of the carriage sat itself down comfortably on the hinder wheels.

But for the travellers that was by no means comfortable, but now all the more annoying, as they were here far from any place whence they could procure help, and on this hilly road they could not continue the journey in the carriage, though the springs were bound up with ropes. Besides it was past ten at night, and the cloudy sky made it unusually dark. After some consultation, it was determined that the professor's servant should take on the carriage to the porphyry works, about three quarters of a Swedish mile from the spot where they were, and that a peasant lad that was with them, and who was quite at home in the country, should conduct the travellers to a hut in the forest near a porphyry quarry not far off, where they would pass the night. In the morning the carriage, after being repaired at the porphyry works, should come for them.

With this they were all satisfied, and, carrying with them what was necessary for the night, the party began their progress into the forest. They had not proceeded more than half an hour before they came to a sort of barn, which lay solitarily amongst stupendous mountain-precipices and stone-quarries. Here they entered, and, as most of the party were tired, they quickly spread out their cloaks and prepared their couches for the night as comfortably as they could, but not without a deal of lively talk and laughter.

When Siri had laid herself down, the professor went softly up to her and spread his cloak over her, to protect her from the night-chill; Siri perceived it, seized the fatherly hand, and imprinted a warm kiss upon it. This first caress that he had received from the beloved but shy maid, affected him tenderly, and with a warm and happy heart he went to share his son's hard bed. Soon all became silent in the shed, and the pine-trees of the forest seemed to murmur only over sleepers.

But there was one there who did not sleep, and that was Mrs. Ingeborg. Painful feelings, and perhaps some bodily suffering, kept her awake. Silently she sat up and listened to the calm breathing of the sleepers, to the gentle murmur of the forest over and around her. But they did not soothe her to rest; all the more feverishly burnt her blood, all the more violently beat her heart. No longer able to remain within, she softly arose and went out.

Before her lay an open vale, and she went gently forwards, glancing around her on the porphyry quarry, where lay huge blocks scattered about, and which in the obscurity of the night assumed fantastic and threatening shapes of the northern saga's misshapen giants and dragons. It was an electrical summer night, and thunder rolled dully amongst the black clouds. The moon was up, and the almanack may say what it pleases, but it shines quite visibly in the nights of July, especially in the latter half of the month, and did so especially this night, gleaming valiantly from between the dark clouds.

The forest was silent as before the creation of man, and sent forth an aroma such as only the northern pine-forests do. The fragrance

of the south is faint compared to this fresh, delicious, wild breath of the northern forest.

Still night shudders passed over Mrs. Ingeborg; the freshness of the wood breathed strongly on her senses. Life arose before her with its nocturnal shadows, its sorrows, and its dead, in a lofty, melancholy beauty; the care of her own heart, as it were, dissolved into it, and as the moonbeams through the night, passed through her soul faith in the power, the goodness which can see all, hear and reconcile all. Still lighter and freer advanced she onward; but at once she stopped, struck by the ghastly spectacle which met her eye. Before her, at the distance of about thirty paces, lay one of the dead woods of which we have spoken. The moon, which now shone brightly, lit up the dark grey, burnt shapes, and sighs of death seemed to murmur therefrom. It was like a ghost scene from the desert, and Mrs. Ingeborg was strangely impressed by it, but still more strangely and sadly when she saw distinctly a black shadow glide onward amongst the dead trees. She recognised the form of a man, and this form—she seemed also to recognise it; and a thousand memories—terrible memories—arose herewith as arising from their grave. The figure stood, seemed to gaze towards the place where she stood; it went like cold steel through her heart—its pulse ceased. Again the dark form moved; it withdrew, and vanished, like a shadow in the dead forest.

"Was it only a shadow, a creation of my fever-infected fantasy?" demanded of herself Mrs. Ingeborg, as she turned towards the lodging for the night, her brow and bosom bathed with a cold dew, which was neither that of the cloud nor the ground.

Morning came, and with it the carriage, and all became life and activity; but the life was not truly glad. Mrs. Ingeborg was evidently not well, although she sought to conceal it, and her husband was uneasy about her. This depressed the spirits of all, and the return was by far not so pleasant as the journey out. Siri rode constantly near the carriage, and Olof got little opportunity of talking with her. Brigitta's observations and the forms of the clouds above awoke some degree of cheerfulness in the party. All appeared to be very glad to find themselves again at Mora, especially Brigitta, who greeted her curate with a cordiality which excluded all confusion of tongues. But when she expected to hear him complain of her absence, she had only to listen to praises of the fishery; and she lamented her unhappiness—unheard-of fate!—in being compelled to be jealous of pikes and perches.

But a great sorrow awaited Siri; for her clerk, Durathor, was dead at her return to Mora, and, as it seemed, entirely from grief for her. From the moment of her departure he had refused to eat, and to-day at noon they had found him dead; and Siri wept so bitterly over him that Lieutenant Lasse altogether forgot to speak of his "Elegie harmonique."

Towards Olof was Siri now quite changed. He found her, ever since the lonely and strange evening in Elfdal, distant, and, as it were, shy before him; she evidently avoided him, and this mysterious conduct wounded him cruelly,

and fanned the darkly flaming fire in his heart. He lost his sleep and serenity of mind, and burned with desire of an explanation with her. A few evenings after the return to Mora, awhile after the sun had gone down and the shadows of night had already begun to stretch themselves over the earth, the wind carried to the parsonage at Mora well-known and soft tones of the flute.

Impelled by an irresistible feeling, Olof went towards the place whence they seemed to come. It was from the other side of Mora Church, and thither Olof proceeded with hasty steps; but the notes had ceased long before he arrived upon the headland, where the church stands between tall trees. Olof went up towards the churchyard. The iron gate on that side stood ajar, and Olof was just about to enter, when an ice-cold hand was laid on his; and like the angel of death, as pale and as solemn, advanced Valborg from the other side of the wall, and pointed in silence towards the church. In the screen of its shadow sat on a tombstone a man, and on her knees before him, in his arms, and reposing on his bosom, lay in the full devotedness of love a young maiden. Her face was not visible, but the light hair, the whole shape, the dress, all betrayed, what Valborg also whispered—"Siri!"

For a moment Olof started, in the next he would rush forward, but was withheld by Lieutenant Lasse, and was led away by him almost by force, and in a state of mind closely bordering on madness.

### THE TRIBUNAL.

THE light burnt dimly in the professor's room, when the family found itself assembled there late at night. It might be seen in its members that some important consultation had been on foot; but now all were silent. Mrs. Ingeborg sat beside her husband, and her countenance had an almost deathly paleness, while her glance, full of anguish, was fixed on the door. Nordevall seemed to have wrestled with himself for self-possession: his voice was calm, a resolute expression lay in his manner, but the bitter expression of his features had now a trace of deep pain, which a consoling hope strove in vain to chase away.

Poor Brigitta's little eyes were red and swollen, as if with much weeping. Valborg's were dry; she sat pale and apparently indifferent. Olof stood by a window, with his head leaned on, and his face shaded by, his hand; there passed through his soul a deeper bitterness than he was willing to betray to any one. The rest had their eyes directed towards the door.

And now there were heard before it light and quick steps. The door opened, and Siri entered with an aspect which testified a state of mind which, if disquiet, was still defiant.

"My uncle has requested that I should come hither," said she, and gazed round her; and added, with a constrained smile, "but it looks within here so strange and solemn—quite like a tribunal."

"It is even so," said the professor; "but," continued he—and the warm and open heart ascended into his look and tone—"but I would

not have had thee called before it, if I did not hope—yes, if I were not convinced in my soul, that thou, my child, canst not merely explain thyself, but also justify thyself against the charges that are brought against thee.”

“What charges?” asked Siri, with an effort to appear untroubled, which at the same time her seeking for a support contradicted.

“Thou hast,” continued the professor, with the same soft, mild, but deeply penetrating tone, “thou hast this evening, late, been seen in the churchyard with a stranger, a man; thou hast been seen in his arms, and that tells that it is not the first time that thou hast secretly given him meeting. Is it so?”

“Who is it that says this?” demanded Siri, and looking menacingly around.

“It matters not *who*,” answered Nordevall; “I tell thee *what* is said, and I demand of thee at once, is it true?”

After a moment’s reflection, Siri replied with an effort, but resolutely, “Yes!”

A sensation, like a shudder of the soul, went through the company.

“Who is this man?” demanded Nordevall.

“I cannot tell that,” said Siri.

“Why dost thou go clandestinely to meet this man?” demanded the professor; and his voice now grew stern, and his questions became continually more rapid and vehement.

Siri said, “Neither to this question can I give any answer.”

“Why dost thou make a mystery of this matter?”

“Because—I must do it!”

“And why?”

Siri was silent.

“And wherefore *must* thou? Answer, girl!”

“I can, I *will* not!”

“Siri!” (menacingly)—“Siri!” (tenderly) “that I had not expected of my sacrament child!”

Siri was silent, but passed her hand over her brow.

“Siri,” said the professor, “wouldst thou be alone with me?”

“No, no! I could say nothing but what I have now said.”

“Thou confessest thyself, then, guilty!”

“No—I am innocent!”

“Innocent! Tell us something that can attest it.”

“I cannot.”

“Innocent!” continued the professor, with angry voice; “innocence which meets a strange man clandestinely, which hides itself from connexions and friends, and obstinately refuses to explain itself to them, such innocence I make very little account of.”

“And yet, yet I am innocent—God knows that I am!” exclaimed Siri, with an expression of truth, which caused a ray of hope to shine into the hearts of those who loved her.

“Dost thou love this man?” demanded again Nordevall.

With a tone gentle, but springing from the bottom of her heart, Siri answered, “Yes!”

“And he loves thee?”

“Yes, but not—not as . . .”

“Can he then not come honourably to thy connexions, and avow it?” burst forth the professor. “Has he done something disgraceful,

that he thus conceals himself? That insidiously and in darkness he wishes to allure to himself her whom he loves, and does not fear for her reputation, for her good?”

“I cannot and I will not answer!” said Siri, wringing her hands and looking miserable; “but,” added she, “do not believe evil of him, and do not think evil of me! He is unhappy, and—I am so likewise.”

“Girl! girl!” said the professor, “this looks very ill for thee.” He was silent awhile, and all the rest were silent also. At length he resumed:

“Wilt thou promise never again to see this man—at least never to see him in hiding-places and in secret?”

Siri was silent. The professor was obliged to repeat his question. At length Siri answered,

“No, I cannot promise that.”

“Not?”

“No!”

“And if I command thee on this point?”

“No, not if all the kings in the world commanded me! In storm, in rain, in cold, in night, in the depth of the earth, in hell itself, or wherever he calls me, I will meet him, though disgrace and death itself should be my lot!”

“Oh my God!” said Mrs. Ingeborg, and pressed her hands against her heart.

“Unhappy child!” thundered the professor, springing up, “dost thou know what thou sayest! Art thou so fallen, so irrecoverably fallen? Wilt thou defy God, since thou profanest the resting-place of the dead? And knowest thou not, therefore, that thou art unworthy to continue in this house; that thou must be cast out of this home, which received thee; that thou art unworthy to remain one night beneath the same roof with those whom thou so cruelly hast deceived?”

“I will go—away,” said Siri, with a low voice, but with a look, an expression so touching and full of desolation, that it cut her judge to the heart.

“Yes, thou mayest go!” exclaimed vehemently the professor, “if thou wilt persist in thy defiance; thou mayest go out of my house, but in the porch shalt thou trample upon me as thou now tramplest on me at this moment as father and instructor. In the porch of my house I will cast myself at thy feet, and conjure thee to take pity on thy own soul and on mine, which will never find rest, here or hereafter, if thou art lost. Go, yes, go! But thou shalt go no whither where I will not follow thee. If thou art not afraid of night or tempest, in order to reach hell, neither am I either to snatch thee thence. From me shalt thou never have rest till thou givest me back the peace which thou hast ravished from my heart and my house. Ungrateful one, go! and return curses for the blessings thou hast received.”

He pushed her from him, and turned to go out; but Siri sunk hastily at his knees, and embracing them, exclaimed, as she bathed them with tears,

“Oh do not cast me off! I am not going; I will not go. Cast me not off! Think me not ungrateful; think me not criminal: I am neither. Look at me, my foster-father, my teacher! Do I then look like so worthless, so abandoned a creature? Believe me, I am only un-

happy, and one day thou shalt understand it, and if not here upon earth, yet hereafter in God's light! Wilt thou not believe me, and you all who have been so kind to me!" And Siri arose and extended her hands beseechingly towards those in the room.

Again turning to the professor, she continued: "Hast thou not seen, my instructor, during our hours of being together, that I am attached to truth; that thy doctrine was dear to me; and that something dwelt in me which was not reprobate! Canst thou believe that this was false! Thou wert fond of me then, and now—it is impossible that I can all at once have become unworthy to be 'thy little Siri, thy own girl!'"

These names of endearment, which the professor had often in tenderness given Siri, now affected him: he turned himself away. In a while he said more mildly, but with a voice which betrayed the excitement of his feelings, "Siri! I will believe that thou art innocent, at least that thou dost not voluntarily deceive us. But *thou art deceived*; of that I am certain. And that thou obstinately persistest in taking thy own fate into thy hands, in spite of the affliction and prayers of those whom God has given thee for parents, in spite of all that is right and decorous—that is criminal, and deserving of punishment."

Siri bowed her head, and was silent.

"Dost thou persist in what thou hast declared to be thy resolution!" asked once more the professor.

"Yes, I must do it," she replied.

"Then I must tell thee," continued he, "that I cannot permit thee to go to the Lord's table before thou hast cleared thyself from the darkness that rests upon thee, or through confession and repentance hast rendered thyself worthy of forgiveness."

This seemed painful to Siri. Silent, but imploringly, she stretched her clasped-together hands towards her stern teacher, and then hid in them her countenance.

"And if thou forfeitest our confidence," continued the professor, sternly, "and as I am before God and man answerable for thee, so—I tell thee beforehand, that thou shalt hereafter be—watched."

Siri arose hastily: "And who shall watch me? who shall be my gaoler?" demanded she, bitterly, and the spirit of defiance again seemed to swell her bosom.

"I," said Olof, stepping forward, "I, if my father will allow it."

"Be it so," said the professor: "thou shalt be responsible to me for her."

Siri turned slowly her eyes upon Olof, but he met steadily her dark glance.

"Olof is then my keeper," she resumed, "and I am his captive! But my judge is none but God alone! Mark now," added she, with a smile whose wildness approached the bounds of madness—"now is it with me as with the maiden whom they placed under 'God's judgment.' Like her, I am innocent, but I desire to live no longer!"

And with this word she sprang hastily out of the room. Olof followed her.

At about a hundred paces from the parsonage of Mora lies the Silja. A green field, thin-

ly planted with young trees, stretches down to the shore; and over this green field now hastened Siri, with flying locks, on towards the lake; she ran as if she would fling herself into the cool deep, but on its margin she was caught in the arms of some one who held her back: she looked round—it was Olof.

"Is it thou—my keeper?" said she, bitterly; "thou art watchful over thy thrall. Let me go—I hate thee!"

"I know it—I know now that thou dost not love me; but that thou hatest me is hard."

There was something in Olof's tone so noble, and so deep a sorrow, that even at this moment it made an impression on Siri. More mildly, but petulantly, she demanded,

"Why dost thou constitute thyself my gaoler?"

"Because," he answered, "that thou mayest always know that thou hast near thee—a friend; some one who will always love thee, though thou lovest another."

"Thou wilt be my friend and my watcher at the same time," said Siri; "and if I deceive thee?"

"That thou shalt not," said Olof, with firm and open gaze upon her; "I do not know how it is, Siri, but I cannot believe evil of thee. There is an innocence upon thy brow, and in thy look, which cannot deceive. What cause may induce thee to act as thou dost, I cannot understand; but one thing I know, and that is that I will protect thee, and therefore have I desired to keep watch over thee."

"Therefore! Olof, thou art a noble man! I will not deceive thee."

"Yet thou hast already done it," thought Olof, "or, rather, I have deceived myself when I believed—Ah, folly, folly!" And Olof repressed in his eyes a tear. His first love, his glad dream, his youthful imagination, were indeed crushed; but the stars of heaven never beamed above a purer youthful soul than was Olof's at this moment.

"My head burns, beats so!" said Siri, as she knelt down on the shore: "take water in thy hand, Olof, and throw it on my forehead."

He did so.

"Ah, that is beautiful!" said Siri; "it is as if thou threw moonlight, mild, tranquillising moonlight over me. It is thy friendship, Olof, which makes the water so soothing and delicious. Thanks, good Olof!"

"Yes, my friendship is moonshine, but another's love is sunshine," thought Olof, still somewhat bitterly.

"Olof," said Siri, solemnly, when she had recovered herself, and as she arose, "to-morrow night—hearest thou?—to-morrow night I must see him again!"

Olof felt as if stung by a serpent.

"Must!" exclaimed Siri, "mark thou that: the happiness of my life and another's depend upon it. I must see and speak with him, but for the last time for a long while. On Ting-gnäs\* I will meet him: I have promised it. You may prevent it, if you keep me confined, but then—I shall go mad!"

"I will accompany thee," said Olof, stoutly.

"But thou—thou must not—"

\* A headland overgrown with pine-trees, where the Dalelf discharges itself into the Silja.

"I understand," interrupted Olof, "I must not come near, not hear—good! I promise for this time to stand at a distance, so long as I . . . have thee in sight, but if I lose sight of thee, then—"

"Thou shalt see me. I will neither fly nor hide myself from thee. Would to God that I could but tell thee all, shew thee all that is in my heart!"

There was an expression of truth and innocence in these words of Siri, which at this moment took away all doubt and all uncertainty out of Olof's heart. He threw his arm, in brotherly affection, about Siri's waist, she leaned her head on his shoulder. He who had seen them thus wander gently up towards the parsonage, so young, so handsome, so united, could little have augured that they now felt themselves separated for ever.

Olof accompanied Siri up to her room, and was on the point of leaving her, when the door flew hastily open, and Mrs. Ingeborg entered, evidently in a most agitated state of mind. She went to Siri and clasped her almost violently in her arms, saying—

"Girl, girl, for God's sake, for thine and for ~~my~~ sake, reflect, reflect! Thy mother—thy mother once acted as frowardly as this; believed herself innocent and strong as thou dost, and did—what she had cause bitterly to repent of her whole life! Thy mother—God forgive me! I hardly know what I say, but if thou wilt not kill me, then, do not make thyself wretched!"

Siri tore herself out of the arms which convulsively enclosed her, and stood still some paces distant from Mrs. Ingeborg, pale and rigid, fixing upon her a dark, inquiring glance.

"Haast thou not one word—not one kind word—not one single, single word of comfort to give me!" asked Mrs. Ingeborg, with a heart-breaking expression.

Siri was silent; she was as if transformed to marble.

"Oh, my God!" said Mrs. Ingeborg, gazed awhile imploringly in agonised inquiry at the dumb and rigid girl, wrung her hands in silence, and—went.

"Siri! thou art dreadful!" said Olof, as with amazement and almost terror he regarded her. "I stand before the judgment-seat of God," said Siri, slowly, "and no one besides Him has a right to judge me. Leave me now, Olof. To-morrow night, at this hour, I will await thee on the shore."

And with this she turned away. Olof, too, departed with his soul in the wildest uproar, with a secret rage at the power which he felt that the strange girl exerted over him. As he descended the stairs, and passed the door of his step-mother, he felt powerfully drawn to go in; to see her and to speak a few words with her. He opened the door softly. She sat there alone, still with the deepest pain visible on her countenance, and her hands pressed against her bosom.

Olof went forward, fell on his knees before her, and said—

"My mother, speak—speak with me! I cannot see thee thus!"

Mrs. Ingeborg took his head between her hands, looked him long in the full, warm eyes,

and said finally, "O! if Heaven has denied me a daughter, yet it has given me a son!" She kissed the youth's forehead, looked again long into his eyes penetratingly, as if she looked into his very soul. Thereupon she clasped his head silently to her, and said, "We must have patience, my son, we must bear it! It cannot be otherwise. Thou shalt help me."

And by his mother's heart there came a stillness over the youth's soul. He became at once patient and strengthened in his mind. He felt that he was understood by her. They said no more, but beautiful and consoling was the moment for both.

The next night there glid a little boat over the waves of the Silja from Mora, and in the direction of Tinggnäs headland, which, with its dark pine-trees, shot darkly out into the transparent, moonlit lake. Silent were the strokes of the oars which clove its calm mirror; silent and pale were the two young people who sat in the boat, opposite to each other, with down-cast, dark glances.

An hour afterwards glid the same boat over the lake back towards Mora; and the two young people who sat therein, were, as before, silent and pale, like shadows in the ancient Hades, when they were conveyed over the silent surface of the Styx to their judgment.

## SUNDRIES.

THE day after Siri lay in a burning fever. She fell into a short but violent sickness, which made her friends alarmed for her life, but assembled them in affection around her bed. During a few days she was delirious, and frequently during that time exclaimed, "I stand beneath God's judgment!" But there was sometimes a calm and touching joy in her expression which more than any thing called forth a persuasion of her innocence, and flung an auspicious veil over what had recently passed. To this was added, that Siri, during this illness, and when the danger of it was gone by, was altered in mind. She was now mild, affectionate, and grateful for the smallest service, the slightest evidence of tenderness. Never had she been more amiable; and, in consequence, all excitement involuntarily subsided; all gentle sympathies were quickened; but gladness was gone from the house.

"I cannot comprehend how it is with me," said Brigitta, one day. "I feel so odd, so dejected. My soul lies actually topsy-turvy. I must raise my spirits with a little wrangling with my curate. But the mischief of it is, that when he looks at me with his honourable, innocent eyes, I fall out of all my conceits. Whence shall we get a little steel and pepper into one, in this miserable world? And thou too, Lasse, lookest quite tender, like boiled stock-fish,\* or like over-soaked salmon."

But now came the curate, hastening with an unusually excited and lively smile, and approaching Brigitta, she said—

"Well, it is rather *à propos* to look like a fresh winter, when the whole house is in trou-

\* A peculiar dish in Sweden, where the fish is buried some time in ashes before it is boiled.

ble and care! I can no longer endure this world, Godelius! I am thinking of quitting it. I have come to the conclusion to go into a nunnery. I will be Saint Brigitta the second!"

"Then thou must have eight children first, my little Brittgen!" said the curate, smiling humorously.

"No, that is unworthy," burst out Brigitta, "thus to ridicule the feelings of a human being! And who bade thee call me Brittgen! Brittgen is not my name at all; I do not choose to be called Brittgen, and least of all will I be thy Brittgen! Dost thou hear! I break off with thee, Godelius. I will be a nun; I will go into a convent. Yes, positively!"

"Nay, what sort of a humour is my little old woman in to-day!"

"Old woman! Am I an old woman? If thou talkest nonsense to me thus—yes, there will occur something dreadful. But I will not quarrel with thee now. I will go into a nunnery!"

"That shalt thou do, my heart's child," said the curate, with the greatest composure, "if thou wilt only first read me this letter, and tell me what I ought to do."

And he put into Brigitta's hand a letter, the contents of which were, that he was appointed to the situation of lecturer on Greek and Hebrew in the Gymnasium at Westeras,\* and a request was added that he would this autumn enter upon it.

When Brigitta had read the letter, she raised her hands, and cried—

"And thou askest me what thou shalt do? God grant that thou be quite right in thy senses! Is that a thing to question about! Accept it, say I; lay hold of it with hand and foot; lay hold of it with all the might thou hast; I will help thee. Thou, a lector in Westeras! And I, I will be thy assistant, thy deputy teacher; I shall be quite as clever and as versed in Greek and Hebrew as I am in Latin. Ah! we shall be a professorship together!" And Brigitta danced round in rapture with her tall curate, who, struggling to release himself, observed—

"But thou wilt really go into a nunnery!"

"Ah, but I shall consider about it awhile. Just now I have no time to think of it. Now I must think of thy lectureship, thy removal, and settling, and—"

"And of our wedding!" added the curate, smiling very roguishly.

"Yes, and of our wedding—next spring; for before I shall not marry. Now don't look so dissatisfied, my little old man; I will tell thee all my reasons; but now I am so glad, that I'm not very clear either about them or myself. Just now I was as sad as a raven, and now I am as merry as a lark. And so oughtest thou to be too. Good graces, what a long face! Is it a lark that looks in this fashion? Defend me from such a lark physiognomy! Well, now, God be praised! it clears up! Ah, Godelius, how good is our Lord!"

"That He is, that He is! But thou, Brigitta, thou art abominable. Why wilt thou not marry this autumn, and go with me?"

"Oh, that I will tell thee, my little, dear old fellow. It is because I—thou seest that I cast

down my eyes—because I am wanted here in the house. Aunt wants me, Siri wants me, and I don't want to leave them now that—"

"But I—I want thee, too, Brigitta; and thou art my faithfully betrothed wife, and it stands in the Bible; a woman shall leave all and be near her husband."

"Ah! that the learned should quote Scripture wrong way first. In this manner which thou sayest it does not stand in the Bible, but it stands that 'a man shall leave father and mother, and cleave to his wife.' That is how it stands. Be so kind as to open at the second chapter of the first book of Moses. But listen to me, Godelius, and be kind and reasonable. It does not stand well here in the house, that thou canst see as well as I; and I have a feeling that, sooner or later, there will be here some great unhappiness. I cannot leave my charming aunt and my little Siri—the naughty girl!—in the gloom and the disorder in which they now are. I must first see that it becomes clear for them, and help towards it all that I can. But in the meantime I will sew and put in order a heap of things for our establishment, and at spring—yes, by then I feel persuaded that in one way or another, it will have become clear and tranquil in this house, and then I can quit it with a good conscience. In the meantime I will accompany thee to Westeras this autumn, for I am fain to see how it goes with thee there, and I think of haranguing the bishop and consistorium, and perhaps the whole corpus of the Gymnasium, if the spirit falls upon me, because they have chosen thee, and that they may properly understand what a man thou art, and what a jewel of a wife thou hast got. And then I must see about thy lodgings for the winter, and then we will look out rooms for us at spring. Ah, Godelius! only a little dwelling of three rooms—for thy old mother shall have one of them, or otherwise we should have sufficient with two—three rooms and a kitchen, on the sunny side, and a little garden, be it ever so little, where thou canst sit and smoke thy pipe in the fresh air, under green trees, and where I can have a few flowers and a few green herbs for our house-keeping."

"Listen, Brigitta!" exclaimed the curate, with sudden inspiration; "listen to what I say! We wed this autumn, and—we take Siri with us to our new abode. She needs to go hence, and when she is away, all will become calm again in the house. So that is best for all."

Brigitta stood quite astonished. "It is certain," said she, at length, "that thou sometimes hast ideas, which I fancy thou gettest from the moon, or rather from the sun, for they are perfectly luminous. And the more I think upon this plan, the brighter does it beam into me, as the very best and wisest that we can hit upon. And because thou hast thus thought of Siri, I must really kiss thee! Certainly it will be tight work to get every thing so soon into order; and if all be not in order, why something may remain in disorder, and yet it shall be done, for the matter is and shall be excellent. Agreed, my dear old fellow—if thou consent, then it may be as thou wilt."

The curate made a great leap, and looked—not exactly like a lark, but like the happiest man under the sun. In the meantime, it was

\* Corresponding with professor at a college.

settled between him and Brigitta, that as soon as Siri should be perfectly well, the proposition should be communicated to her and the family.

When Siri was on the path of convalescence, joy began again to lift his wings in the home at Mora, stimulated thereto by Brigitta and her brother, who of late, during Siri's illness, and as Valborg scarcely ever left her room, had altogether lost his good spirits, so that he even had ceased to sing his favourite air in pleasure and trouble. But scarcely was the danger over, and Valborg again visible amongst the others, when Lieutenant Lasse put on his sister's shawl and nightcap, reclined himself in the corner of the sofa, and said whiningly :

"I don't know how it is with me; I feel so strange. Most gracious Valborg! attend a little to me; I am certainly dangerously ill—have got either a galloping consumption, or—an ague!" And here the feigned invalid was seized with an explosion of laughter, which he again protested was a very dangerous symptom, might proceed from the laughing-sickness, and implored that Valborg would devote to him great attention and good nursing. But Valborg smiled, prescribed some medicines, which Lieutenant Lasse declared altogether inappropriate, and left him without the least sympathy.

And true it is, that nothing in Lieutenant Lasse called forth this feeling, and least of all his love, which was a sort of spectacle with which he entertained himself and others. He proclaimed it with puns, with fiddle, and dance, and the most pathetic *pas de Basques*, and you could not avoid laughing heartily; and Valborg was probably somewhat amused by this, but not at all touched by a sentiment which had evidently nothing very serious in it.

Whilst Lieutenant Lasse danced and sighed, and the rest laughed, Olof went about silent and gloomy, roved up and down through fields and woods, sought petrefactions, and read Plutarch to strengthen and steel his soul. And if he found himself too sad, and too bitter at heart, he sought for peace by his mother's heart, pressed her hand to his brow and to his bosom. Never had she been to him so dear and precious as now.

But Mrs. Ingeborg was herself now no longer what she had been before. Her fresh, living activity was gone. Either she seemed driven as by a goading disquiet, or lost herself in heavy and gloomy reveries.

One afternoon she stood by the window of the drawing-room, looking towards the Silja, and noticed a large, black cloud, which came up over it, and seemed to stretch towards Mora a pair of gigantic arms, and dark forebodings rose still more powerfully in her soul. At this moment she felt herself gently embraced by her husband, who asked tenderly :

"What is it which makes my little woman look so melancholy, and which takes away her fresh tranquillity! The girl! is it not so! but my Ingeborg ought not to allow her spirits to be depressed in this manner. Have we not agreed in what manner to treat this matter, and that we will no longer dwell anxiously upon the past! and does not Siri's state of mind now promise us all good for the future!"

"Ah, Gustaf!" replied Mrs. Ingeborg, "I

know not how it is, but now I cannot hope; since that terrible day it seems as though a heavy stone lay upon my heart. Dost thou see the cloud which advances towards us so menacingly! Since a certain time, I see always such a cloud above us, and a foreboding of misfortune never quits me."

"And if a cloud ascends above us, yes, and descends too, what is there so terrible in it! Have we not passed through much together; many a heavy day, many a bitter sorrow, and do we not stand here, heart to heart, as on our wedding-day! Cloud! my courageous, free-spirited woman ought not now, more than formerly, to allow herself to be terrified at a cloud. Let us only be glad and cheerful-hearted, and trouble not ourselves about a threatening cloud, and we shall see it will pass over."

Mrs. Ingeborg was silent. There was a violent conflict within her bosom; but her husband remarked it not, for neither in his was it calm. In a while he said :

"It has grieved me, grieved me deeply about the girl, I must confess. I was fond of her—and I had confidence in her, and she has deceived me; she like so many others. This experience was painful. I have so frequently put faith in people, and so often been deceived, that, had it not been for our Lord's grace, my mind would, perhaps, have become embittered; but, in His goodness, He gave me a friend, a human soul on which I can rest; in whose purity and love I bathe my spirit into freshness again, when it has been wounded by life and the world. O, Ingeborg, my wife, my beloved one, if thou knew what it is with a temper like mine, with an experience like mine, to know and feel itself to possess a friend in whom nothing false, no deception, is to be found; to be able to go to her, and lay his soul in her hand, his heart in her heart, and to know that he commits them to his better self; a friend in whom he reposes as securely as in the bosom of God! O! it is a heaven, to be able to say to some one, 'Let the whole world deceive me, thou wilt not deceive me.'"

With infinite warmth and affection, Nordevall pressed his wife to his bosom. A burning tear fell upon his hand. There was something in this tear which caused him to look into her face, and with terror he saw there an expression of devouring anguish.

"Ingeborg!" said he, hastily, "thou art ill!"

"Yes," said she, "my spasm of the heart!"

"Come and let us go out into the fresh air," said Nordevall; "thou hast sat too long in the house, with thy unquiet thoughts, I ought to have thought of it. Come now, my little woman, and let us look at the harvest together, and you told me some time ago, that you would shew me a new piece of ploughing, which you had begun; let me see that to-day."

Mrs. Ingeborg smiled faintly, and, more to give her husband pleasure, than in the hope of any diversion of mind to herself, she accompanied him to the tillage-field.

On the way, the professor talked of Olof's approaching journey to Fahlun, where he was to remain the winter over; and proposed to his wife, that they should all accompany him thither, and stay there a few weeks, in order to see Olof comfortably settled down, and to

pay their respects to their friends there, and in the country around.

This proposal gave Mrs. Ingeborg much pleasure, for she saw in it a beneficial dissipation for all; and this journey, which was to take place at the end of October, became a vivid topic of conversation to them.

In the meantime they passed the fields where the golden rye was piled up into ricks by the active harvest men. Gladly and in a friendly manner did these salute their beloved pastor and his wife, and Mrs. Ingeborg felt a pleasure in seeing the vigorous, good people, and the unusually good harvest.

At length they arrived at the new piece of cultivation. Here the ploughshare tore up the grassy sward in long furrows, and turned up its earth side, which smelt as sweet and fresh, as only the fresh moist mould can do; and when Mrs. Ingeborg pointed out, and more exactly stalked out the noble potato-field, which should shortly bloom here, she became quite animated in her countenance, and scarcely noticed the light summer rain which fell smartly on the field, while she and the professor stood under a thick pine-tree. The rain speedily was over.

"Where now is the threatening cloud which so lately frightened thee!" asked Nordevall.

Mrs. Ingeborg looked towards the lake, but the cloud had disappeared, and a glittering rainbow arched itself over the hills, and mirrored itself in the waters of the Silja. The sun shone out and warmed the damp, fragrant soil at the feet of the pair.

And for this time the cloud was gone by.

We will now glance into Siri's sick room, and we find there late and early, night and day, Valborg, who has made herself her nurse, and has shewn herself to be an excellent one.

In all circumstances, where human beings come into closer intercourse with each other, there arises a private romance, in which changes spring up for good or for evil, tending to closer union or to alienation, and all according as life's spirits of light, or spirits of darkness, have acquired a mastery over the senses. Between Siri and Valborg took place what we will here relate.

Immediately on Siri's falling ill, Valborg drew herself nearer to her, and watched with secret distress the advance of the sickness. One night, when the crisis had already passed, and the danger was over, Valborg watched by Siri's bed without being conscious that she herself was the object of her observation.

"Thou art very handsome, Valborg!" said Siri, at once, when Valborg thought she slept, "it is a pleasure to look at thee! and thou art so very good, who art so careful of a poor rejected creature, like me."

Valborg blushed, but said nothing. A little time after, Siri felt a kiss and a hot tear on the hand which hung languidly over the side of the bed, and she heard Valborg say:

"Siri, forgive me!"

And this from the proud Valborg! Siri raised herself in amazement in the bed, saying, "What! what, indeed, have I to forgive thee!"

"It was I who first witnessed thy meetings

with the strange man; I who gave information; I who accused thee."

Siri was silent for a while, and then said, quietly,

"Thou thought thou didst right! Thou believed me to be wicked!"

"Yes; but now—now, I do not believe it any longer. Canst thou, *canst* thou pardon me!"

"Ah, with my whole heart!"

Valborg sunk into Siri's extended arms; and a silent union was cemented; and two hearts hitherto closed to each other, now opened to each other their life-springs.

"Sparks flew out of the home of fire, and fell into the home of cold; then warmth gave life to frost," says the most ancient of all the northern mythes of the origin of life, and as the sea lives in the drops of water, so stood forth in the life of the two young maidens, the truth of the ancient saga of the giants.

During Siri's convalescence, it was Valborg who read aloud to her, who prepared for her the dishes which are at this time so delicious to taste, so pleasant to present. For any tint of health on Siri's cheeks, there sprung up a joy in Valborg's heart, and gave to her manner a life, and expression of feeling and grace, which all, and even Olof remarked, when he talked with her of the object of both their cares.

When Siri was just able to go out, she was supported on Valborg's arm; their growing intimacy was noticed by all in the house. Lieutenant Lasse called them "the inseparables." Brigitta said she was jealous of Valborg, and on the highway to grow melancholy about it, if she had only had time for it. But, in part, her brother was now constantly about her, singing,

How sad and short is this life of ours,  
Let us sweeten it then with pleasure;

and in part, she had now taken up Valborg's usual avocations within the house; and it gave her much to think upon, and much to do. She now discovered that it was by no means easy to fill Valborg's place; and that Valborg, beneath her quiet, almost unobserved activity, had an extraordinary capacity for embracing, and ordering every thing—and that as wisely, as carefully. The strong habit of observation of others had developed in her an actual talent for setting every thing right. She was like the concealed wheel in the clock. But people think very little of this—they look at the hands. Yet Mrs. Ingeborg had long done justice to Valborg's still merit, and now Brigitta said, "This Valborg, depend upon it, will very soon eclipse us all. Some fine day she will come flying as a butterfly out of the chrysalis. I see now that she has wings, though they lie still folded up."

But in Siri, too, there took place at this period a great change. It was as if the woman at once had awakened in her. The childish girl had vanished, as it were, during the early part of her illness. She was more quiet, milder, more grateful, and a certain sadness, a pro-  
fession, even in playful moments, to let fall a look, an expression, a smile of love for all who surrounded her; besides a graceful developement of the external form; and this

made her interesting in a high degree, and for Olof more dangerous than ever, if he had seen her much. But he saw her as seldom as possible, and was generally on short excursions into the country.

The plan of the curate and Brigitta, on which they so much felicitated themselves, for Siri's removal with them to Westeras, was stranded at once against her positive wish to remain there in the home, and in the circumstances in which she found herself. On the contrary, she expressed a lively joy in the prospect of the projected journey to Fahlun; and she talked often of her desire to descend into the great and celebrated copper-mine at Fahlun.

Brigitta shook her head at this longing, and the curate pulled a longer face than ever, as the hope of his wedding and settling down to housekeeping this autumn disappeared. But Brigitta consoled him with the prospect of their now approaching journey, and with,

"The spring doth come, the trees burst out," &c.

Having arranged to meet the Mora family at Fahlun, at the end of October, Brigitta departed with her curate and her brother from Mora to Westeras in the early days of September. Brigitta, who prepared to harangue the bishop in Westeras in Babelish, composed and read over her speech on the way; and Lieutenant Jasse helped her with it in order to counteract the "dreadful melancholy," which the separation from Valborg occasioned him, and which he foresaw would accompany him to the grave, or to—Westeras!

When the lively brother and sister were gone, there fell on the home of Mora a quiet which now became more beneficial than all gaiety. Siri gave no further cause of uneasiness. She was no longer out late in the evenings or at night, but, on the contrary, she was much out in the day-time with Valborg. The hours of discourse with her paternal teacher became to her continually dearer; while he daily became more pleased with her, and affection towards her again warmed his heart. Not a word more was spoken in the family of what had disturbed its peace. All seemed disposed to comfort and cheer one another. The angel of peace spread his wings over the home of Mora, and in their shadow Mrs. Ingeborg again awaked to her former glad life, and to her activity for all and every thing about her.

And the autumn came on, and the days darkened, and the fires were lit in the houses. Like sable troops of mourners passed the heavy grey clouds over the earth, and land and water assumed the dark blue colour which is peculiar to the northern landscape when the sun is absent. Autumn in the north has a still, deep melancholy; but the ever-green pine and fir-woods which crown its mountains and heights, and murmur with equal freshness whether the summer tribes and birds sport in them, or their beard flies before the northern storm, while the ravens croak in the clouds. These forests take away every thing pale, every thing weak and hypochondriacal from sadness, and give it a stamp of elevation and of profound seriousness. The ancient gods breathe under the veil of sorrow. And thus

come days, glorious days, when the pine black-birds sing in the frosty transparency of the mornings, when the piled clouds stand in purple and gold above the dark green heights, when the air is light and elastic, light as a flying bird, and the body and the mind of man is winged with it—days when the sun shines in his purest splendour over the many-coloured earth, where the leaf grows yellow, and the bunches of the mountain-ash glow; when the northern lights flame in the evening, then is it glorious in the north.

One splendid September day, sat Valborg and Siri, resting in a wood together after a long ramble. They had conversed about their childhood, their parents; and their communications had not been glad, although Siri's relations of her enterprises and adventures had occasioned many a hearty laugh. Valborg's disclosures could call forth nothing of the kind. A more joyless, wearisome life than hers it were scarcely possible to conceive; and the mental thralldom in which her youth passed may explain, in a great measure, her reserved and cold manner. Her parents had married purely for worldly considerations, without attachment or serious reflection on the union into which they entered; and their life became a succession of little bitternesses and great provocations. The daughter born in this home enjoyed no sunshine of affection on her cradle. Her egotistical and exacting parents gave her no warmth, but demanded from her obedience, and a strict fulfilling of her duties towards them. Often did there pass through Valborg's soul, the query, whether a marriage of this sort, however sanctioned by the forms of society and the church, was not one of the greatest of sins against our Lord's rule on the earth. But she suppressed this query, as all others, in proud bitterness. Disposed by nature to reserve, she became changed by her education, as it were, to a mummy. Thus she had lived without living, till the deaths of her parents, which followed rapidly one upon the other, loosened her chains, and conducted her into a more beautiful sphere of existence; but two-and-twenty years' habit in combination with a disposition, not by nature very accessible, had engrained, as it were, a petrefaction into her disposition, and some violent shocks must take place before it open itself to milder influences.

The two young girls had been silent awhile, when Siri all at once exclaimed,

"Valborg! thou hast certainly never been in love! Thou art too calm, too sensible!"

A low tremulous "ah!" from the lips of Valborg answered Siri's question; and a glance from her large, beautiful eyes seemed to open up an abyss of concealed fire. Siri was struck with astonishment at this expression in Valborg's glance; and when she saw the suddenly flushing colour at once fade from her cheeks, then a ~~new~~ light broke upon Siri. Affectionately she embraced Valborg, and whispered, "Valborg! thou lovest—thou lovest Olof. I have heard thee of nights when thou slept utter his name!"

Siri felt Valborg tremble; she felt her cold lips upon her cheek. But not a word said Valborg—she sat pale and speechless.

\* A fortune-teller in the old northern mythology.

"Have I wounded thee?" whispered Siri.  
 "Oh, don't be vexed!"

Valborg made an attempt to speak. A bitter shade of pain passed over her usually so tranquil aspect. At length she said with emphasis,

"Siri! promise me, righteously, that he never comes to know what thou imaginest. Never! no, never shall he know what I feel."

"But, Valborg, he also is attached to thee!"

"No, he is not! I have never been, and never shall be, loved by any one. A spell is upon my life, which dooms me to solitude and silence; an iron hand grasps my soul. O Siri! thou who captivatest all hearts, thou who playest in the sunshine of human favour, thou who, when thou wilt, callest forth smiles and tears, thou canst not know, canst not understand how it feels to be so sealed up. To know yourself doomed never to be understood, never loved; and that because one is not amiable, because one is dumb, because the life of the heart and the heart's tongue are bound by hard hands!" And Valborg wept bitterly. Siri had never seen her thus. And how eloquent did she now become in order to console Valborg; to describe all her superior advantages, her beauty, her nobleness of mind, and how amiable she was, and how amiable she would appear if she only confided thoroughly in her power, and how, already, that which was in her was discerned, and how even Olof—

But here Valborg interrupted her, saying,

"Oh, Siri, do not talk of that! I neither can nor will make a fool of myself. If I were a flint, or a cloud-shape, or . . . thy shoe-string, I should be of far more value to Olof than I now am. I cannot be so blind, nor thou either, as not to see that his heart, his love, belong alone to thee."

Siri was silent awhile, and then said,

"The heart can change; and his must change, for he wishes it, and I wish it too."

"I have never felt attachment for any one besides, in the whole world!" said Valborg, whose heart, once awakened, seemed to press for utterance. "Ever since we were children and played together, on the estate of my parents, have I been fascinated by him; and every time that I have seen him, again have I become more deeply fascinated by him. And now, as I see him expand into manhood, so rich in endowment, so handsome! Ah! how poor, how contracted have I felt myself beside him, and . . . beside thee. Yes, I have been bitter against thee, and hated thee for the bitterness that I felt. But since thou hast been dear to me, all is so changed. I think that now I could willingly see you happy together."

"But now," said Siri, "that is more than ever impossible; and—Valborg! I feel a persuasion that Olof will yet love thee, and that thou wilt be happy with him."

"No, no," said Valborg, shaking her head, "and I shall learn to bear his indifference and I fancy that this will be easier to me hereafter. But, Siri, we speak no more on this subject—promise me that; and let no one—no one, suspect what thou now knowest! I will not be pitted by any one, and least of all by him; rather would I sink alive into the earth. But thou, Siri, how is it possible that thou—dost not love Olof!"

"I love him," said Siri, "but it is not with the passion of love, from all that I can conceive of this feeling. Perhaps I should have done, if my feelings and thoughts had not been absorbed by another object: the giant in the Midnattsberg—thou knowest."

"Siri, how canst thou jest on this subject, and that at this moment!"

"Pardon me, I meant no ill. I am so thoughtless!"

"I have given thee my heart's innermost secret, Siri, and thou—thou wilt not give me thine!"

Siri turned rapidly pale, and said,

"It is not my own, Valborg, or in truth it should already have been thine; but the weal, perhaps the life of another depends upon its continuing a secret, and a solemn oath binds me."

"Good," said Valborg, breaking off; "then we will speak no more of it. Let us now go to our patients."

And the two young doctresses continued their walk to the remote dwellings, whither the care of the official doctor seldom arrives.

In the evening, when Siri was alone in her little room, she took out a note-book which contained several loose papers. Many a quiet morning and evening had she already wet these leaves with her tears, and thus did she now as she read the following

#### NOTES.

SIXTEEN years ago there lay a certain prisoner condemned to death in the Smedjegård.\* A friend paid him a secret visit; it was the evening before his execution. He was already conducted into the cell where the condemned are placed previous to execution; it lies close to the chapel of Smedjegård. But what a chapel! Neglect and an unchristian mind could not have made it worse. The room of the condemned man was no better; it was filthy, naked, and hideous. A huge picture hung there—Christ upon the cross—from the worthlessness of the painter, a ghastly shape. Did the Merciful One desire that from His cross only horror should go forth to the sinner who looks up to Him for consolation? I looked round, to see whether there were any thing in the room which might awaken the mind, and call up a pious sorrow or a sentiment of solace—something which might make an elevating and salutary impression upon him who had here to prepare for his final and violent exit. But no, there was nothing! The clergyman who was present in accordance with his duty, a man of well-meaning mind but of weak endowments, had been able to awaken in the prisoner who lay there no remorse, and no better desires. The prisoner thought of nothing less than of dying; he was young and tall, and strong as a giant; he thought of grappling with the hangman, and making his escape. The friend who now visited him was to assist him in this enterprise. With a few wild, daring fellows, he was to follow to the place of execution, and there await the hour. The criminal and his friend, as criminal as himself, but more favoured by fortune—for he had been

\* The Newgate of Stockholm.

happy enough to escape the hands of justice—now concerted the whole scheme.

It was late in the evening. The next morning, in the early dawn, the prisoner was led out of the gaol, followed by an innumerable throng of spectators: he carried his head high, looked boldly round on the people, and said "they should see a merry dance."

The friend, accompanied by his men, followed, well disguised, in the midst of the multitude. It was a beautiful October day; the sun was bright and clear, and deep blue played the water, and the trees on the shores shone in autumnal splendour, and the Skärgård\* lay in the morning light with its rocks and its fir-woods so fresh and fragrant; and all this was beheld as the procession advanced along the endless Göth Street; and the friend of the condemned man thought, "If it were now I who for the last time looked on this glorious earth—if it were I who now went to be hanged!"

When he was a little boy, and drove with his mother from their villa in the suburbs of Stockholm into the city, through the Skans Gate, there was a place upon the road, at some distance outside of the gate, where he always gazed into the wood on the right hand, at once with curiosity and a terrified glance; for there, in the wood, gleamed forth three tall white chimneys, over the tops of the trees—"chimneys," his mother called them, but he knew well that they stood upon the gallows, and that they were posts on which malefactors were hanged; and when the boy saw them he became filled with awe, and shuddered; and never did he see Swedish bank-notes with their inscription, "He who forges imitations of these notes will be hanged," without thinking of the white pillars in the wood. Farther on in life he was to gaze on them more nearly.

The procession of death issued from Göth Street: the name of the street is derived from that of the first criminal who passed along it to execution. In the street is a public-house, into which the culprit is taken to drink a glass of strengthening drink on the way. It was the case now, and the condemned one did not drink feigningly. The procession then again set forward. A little without the gate of Skans the way bends to the left, and so reaches an open place in the wood, and here at once presented itself a white rotunda, with three lofty white pillars, and cross-beams and hooks, and at the entrance an iron door, on which some one, in devilish mockery, had written in large letters, "Göth's Villa." And here, through the iron door into the villa, passed the condemned one with the hangman, and vanished from all eyes, while the people stood in dense crowds on the hills around. But nearer and nearer drew the friend with his men, awaiting the moment.

At once there was heard an uproar before the villa, blows, wild curses, cries. The guard stormed in, all became silent, and—the prisoner came not out! As quickly, again, his friend caught sight of him, but it was above the wall! Then fled he as if chased by the Furies.

He fled from his home and his country, and lived in strange lands for many years a life of

adventure, now in the army, now on the boards of the theatre, now in the depths of the mine, whichever was most to his fancy.

But a tender tie bound him to his native land; and when he had caused a report of his death to be spread, he wrote to her whom he had passionately loved, and loved still, to tell her that he lived and should live for her; but he received no answer. Years passed over, and he was in act to return to his native land to seek her out, when a traveller from the place of her abode gave him the intelligence that she, his wife, was become the wife of another. On the shore where he stood, the outcast of his country turned round. For ten years he drove to and fro as before, but more wretched than before. Then was he drawn vehemently homewards. He was a father: in the land of his birth his daughter grew up. The thought swelled in his bosom, delicious as powerful: he must see her, lay her head on his bosom, hear her call him father! As with a band of iron this desire drew him to his native soil; it drew him in defiance of chains and death. He went, and again saw and kissed the earth where his cradle had stood, but where he never can find his grave.

In Stockholm he again passed along the road which he had traversed sixteen years before; he again beheld the deep-blue waters, the trees, the Skärgård. As he went the bells of the city rang solemnly and peacefully—it was Sunday. He again saw the white rotunda, with the mocking inscription: still and hushed was it now there; the sun shone down upon it, and the grass grew green and joyous, and the dandelions nodded yellow and friendly in the breeze, by the steps whose ascent had been trodden by so many feet heavy with death.

Recent traces of an execution appeared at some little distance, and on the fresh, newly laid turf bloomed red flowers. Even to the grave of the malefactor affection finds its way!

There stood a cottage by the way-side, not far off: a shoemaker lived in it, and his thirteen years' old boy, who opened the gate, answered frankly and honestly the questions of the wanderer concerning the execution of a couple of wretched murderers, which had lately taken place there in the wood.

People talk of the criminal's hardihood. Oh stuff!

Sick at heart, with an abhorrence of man and society, he marched on.

And he wandered away towards Dalarna to seek his child, the angel of innocence, who should reconcile him to humanity and to life!

In Dalarna, near the mines of Öster-Silfberg, she was said to dwell. But she was no longer in this district. For two months she had been in Mora with her—O my God!

He tarried a day in this neighbourhood, detained by memory. It was here, here in the vicinity of the now-abandoned silver mines, that she, the formerly beloved one, had dwelt and bloomed, beautiful as the wild rose. Here was it that they became acquainted with each other—here that they wandered together in the still summer evenings and nights, while the fiery-hued phalæna noiselessly flitted around them, and the *Silene noctiflora* opened for them.

\* Rocks and islands on the coast of Sweden.

its fragrant chalices; they also drank from a chalice—it was that of love—young, first, potent, and impetuous love.

Her brother-in-law and guardian was opposed to their love, and especially to the lover, whose already-involved circumstances he was somewhat aware of. He forbade him his house. But for him was his wife, Ingeborg's enthusiastic sister, and she fell into the plans with which love and a desire of revenge inspired him. These also were favoured by the pride of the loved one irritated by the despotic proceedings of the brother-in-law. They agreed upon a secret marriage, which should first be made known when certain circumstances permitted it, and when necessity could effect what now was denied. But what he meant by this, he only properly understood, not the innocent, confiding woman, who committed her fate to his hands. That fate he would conquer and make a happy one, whilst he believed himself, through his genius and address, able to command the laws of society, or to set himself above them.

At the baths of Sæther, he managed to win over a young, enthusiastic clergyman, a stranger to the place, to his plan, which he represented to him in the delusive light in which he himself saw it.

The general went a journey. Every thing favoured the lovers' objects. The priestly ceremony removed all scruples from the mind of the ladies, who had little knowledge of juridical circumstances. Besides, he understood how to make them perfectly satisfied.

One summer evening the lovers met at the ancient chapel near these mines. With lilacs from a grave in the churchyard, he adorned his bride, and thus led her into the chapel, where the priest already awaited them, and united them in the name of the Most High. A more beautiful or pure-hearted bride never stood there before the altar.

As they issued from the church black thunder-clouds rolled over the heavens, and darkened them. But he heeded them not. Amid the roar of the thunder and the flashes of the lightning he pressed the loved one to his heart, and earthly love celebrated his triumph amid the clangour of heaven's hosannas.

That was life!

There is a hue of death on the sulphur-green water which fills these deserted mines, around which stand rugged mountain precipices. The whole country around is a hideous morass. There, amid stone-fields and water-spouts, the chapel has stood from the Catholic times, in which *she* once stood so beautiful; but that chapel has now been abandoned for many years, open to man and beast. A horrible story of murder is connected with these mines, with this black and decaying house of prayer, and its spirit seems to brood wildly over the country. A pale, sorrowful apparition also wanders there, the apparition of a powerful love, a great but brief felicity. It seeks here its former paradise, and finds only graves, and desolation.

Still stood the lilac bushes green in the churchyard, but their flowers had long ago withered . . . Fool! not to have reflected when he broke them for a bride's garland, that they

bloomed on a grave! . . . He entered once more that open-standing house of prayer. It was more dilapidated, the walls leaned more than before; the wind passed more freely through the shattered leaden casements. The altar before which *she* and he had stood sixteen years before was ready to tumble. and the hideous pictures above it seemed to desire to fall upon him. Some leaves from the psalm-books lay strewn over the floor, and he took up one of them, in the hope of finding a word of consolation or hope, and read:

„Een Böön, när nagor wil begifwa sigh i Ahtenskäp."

"A prayer for those who are about to enter into matrimony."

There is often a mockery in life, which must be a scourge in the hand of some wicked spirit.

A half-open chest stood in the porch of the chapel; he opened it. There lay within it a mutilated image of stone.

All was dark and ugly; and dark was the mind of the wanderer when he issued forth. He went on to Mora! . . .

By the Middagsberg, in a deserted hut at the foot of the mountain, he took up his abode. They were not then at Mora; they were at Sol-lérön, *she* and her child. Here will he, as a fisherman, make excursions, and visit the islands. He cherished a fancy, in viking fashion, of falling in with his maiden! . . .

And he found again his daughter, his child; pressed her to his bosom; and it yet glows with love, with joy and pain in this remembrance. An accident or . . . why not! God's goodness threw her into his arms. He was out upon the lake, heard a cry for help, and rowed towards the quarter whence it came. He saw a capsized boat and a young girl who was on the point of sinking; she was senseless, and blood was visible on her temples. He took her into his boat, and rowed her to his dwelling. Her appearance, her age, a mark by the left eye, a feeling that went through his whole blood, all told him that she whom he had rescued was—his own flesh and blood, his child! When he led her into his dwelling, and had recalled her to consciousness, he learned her name. She was his daughter! What scenes now followed! What a drama within a few hours, and within four wretched, narrow walls! He made himself known to her; read her her mother's letter which announced her birth, which spoke of the mark by the left eye, which the child had like its father, and he shewed her that by his eye, and she—must believe him. Terrified and astonished stood the enchanting maiden there at first, but he quickly acquired a power over her mind, and the child's love drew fire from his. A strange life arose within her, full at once of light and darkness. But out of the light into darkness and night her father speedily conducted her, when he enjoined her the strictest silence, yes, commanded her to swear it, and made her understand that life or death, both for himself and others, depended upon it. Her mother's name she did not get to know. He would spare the mother—yet. He has something to say to her, some trial to put her to, before he shall have formed his resolve respecting her.

A night and a day he retained his child with

him. Then were they obliged to part, but . . . they will meet again! . . .

Twice since then has he seen his child again. A noble nature! Pure as the new-fallen snow, and warm as the heaven of the south. An open, living soul! every word how intelligible, every glance how it kindles! What a delight to form this spirit, to warm yourself at its heart! That ought to be the happiness of her father, but . . . but he must away, and labour for his bread! King Magnus Smek ordained the copper mine for an asylum for criminals "who have not committed crimes too enormous." The wanderer has then a sort of royal permission to reside there.

In spring I shall return to Mora.

In the Copper Mine, January.

Here, one hundred and eighteen fathom deep in the bowels of the earth, in the hard, glittering mine, where all is rigid, cold, immovable—here beats an unquiet, glowing heart. It yearns to be hence—yearns towards Mora—towards the lovely strand where beats another heart, a young, warm heart, the dearest that I possess in the world. In the mines of the Tyrol I was much better. Now I have seen Paradise, and long after it, and suffer. When will the spring arrive! Then shall I be rich—then can I luxuriate, for a time, in freedom. My child, out of the depths of the earth ascends a blessing for thee!

Mora, April.

Again at the foot of the Middagsberg—again near the light-locked maiden, all that I love! and near *her* who has almost awaked my hate! Since a certain time I feel myself changed. I know not what thirst of revenge stirs in my bosom. Why shall *she* be happy while I suffer so immeasurably! She, indeed, is the cause of the worst portion of my condition. Burning, bitter feelings!

The bells of Mora! The bells of Mora! Oh their sound is beautiful! They have made me weep, and my gall seethes less bitterly. But melancholy lies upon me, dark and heavy as the eternal night! My beloved child! if thou lay on my heart, if I could see thy blue eyes, kiss thy golden locks, then should I feel better. But in vain do I stretch my arms towards thee—thou comest not, canst not come!

It grows dark; clouds veil the heavens; the lake swells and roars restlessly, and the still and dusky shores seem to be drawn nearer to each other. This people say, is the case when tempestuous weather is coming. Thus do loving spirits draw near each other when misfortune or danger threatens, and seek to defend each other, to hope or to die together. But who approaches me? Whom have I thus to flee to in the whole wide world!

How the strand of Mora seems to creep towards mine in the unquiet evening. I see clearly the church, the green trees, and now the house where my daughter dwells. It comes nearer—nearer. Eternal powers of love! Is that not a miracle—the work of the spirit of my child!

No, it is the work of the powers of mockery and scorn! They wish to allow me to see the treasure, in order then to bear it away. But—

Yet this night *will* I press my child to my heart!

My arm knit itself convulsively; but her head rested upon it, and it became relaxed. I looked into her heavenly eyes, and the hell in my bosom grew cool. Her love, her affectionate disposition, made me soft and mild.

May.

Again and again I have seen her. Oh! but there is a bitterness in this pleasure, a poverty in this affluence, a thorn in this rose of gladness that I cannot endure. For we must positively separate again and what—what shall be the end of it! What shall the dove of innocence do near the criminal! He can only disturb her peace—perhaps, in the eye of the world, spot her white wings.

She has talked about *her*; she reports her to be still beautiful—beautiful and happy! There comes at times over me a desire to cause this beauty to turn pale, to entomb this happiness, and—that were easy for me.

I went in the stormy evening up towards her home, in the hope of catching a glimpse of her. I saw her, the lovely woman, my —. More wildly flowed my blood after it! I was obliged to conceal myself then, but I will shew myself again.

"Not yet! not yet!" Thus ring the bells of Mora, and implore for her. Well then—not yet! But I must forth—forth and wander!

June.

I wander whole days through; I make myself weary, weary, but that brings no sleep at night. This want of sleep is fearfully consuming. How weary I am of seeing the sun ascend in his beauty.

Is it possible, then, that one single transaction, in which lay no actually criminal desire can originate such misery! So do I ask myself sometimes; and then comes over me a wondering, a doubt, whether it can actually be so; but it is all over with me on earth—with *me*, so splendidly endowed, so evidently called to play a great and brilliant part. It seems to me that it must be a miserable dream, from which I must awake when I have fully slept out my sleep; and I then endeavour to sleep, but an invisible, gnawing worm keeps me for ever awake; and when I chance to sleep a moment, and then awake, I behold myself as before, a lost wanderer, fleeing before the sword of the judge.

This morning I rowed out on the river: the morning was blowy and cool, but my blood burnt hotly after the sleepless night. I rowed through a rapid: it looked perilous, but I fear not to drown. One bitterness may be as good as another, nay, better, for it brings an end with it. But there stood before my mind my shining Siri; I longed to see her again, and felt compelled to live. Wandering long amongst the mountains, in the endless pine-forests, I felt myself pressed to the earth. The sun hid himself behind the veil of clouds, like a pale, joyless countenance. I had no other watch. How slowly passed the time. I went into a peasant's hut in the wood, and got a little milk and bread; slumbered then on a flowery slope near

the river, and awoke refreshed, and singularly strengthened in soul and body. Thanks, thou verdant, friendly shore!

Ah, that the done could but be undone! But how shall that be? How shall the crime be extirpated, the stain be washed out? The done is done; what has occurred has occurred; neither the powers of earth nor of heaven can change that, and that is—the curse!

What caused my misery! A false conception of society, a passion for riches, for honour—love to—the faithless. When she became mine, I wished to become rich and powerful, that I might enjoy her society in peace. The means were not lawful, that I knew, but—I proposed afterwards to become the benefactor of society, and—

"The way to hell," says some one, "is paved with good intentions;" and this way was mine.

My soul is a tossed sea, and I do not know myself: sometimes I am pious, sometimes embittered and wild; sometimes I will pardon all, sometimes I thirst terribly for vengeance; and thus my soul labours and raves, without arriving at any conclusion, or at any repose or order. One hour destroys what another builds up, and all is uncertainty and torment.

Happy, happy are the children of these valleys! these sons and daughters of toil! They know nothing of the soul's misery. Fresh and great is their life, like the river by which they dwell. I have watched their labours the day through, and at evening, when I have approached their huts, I have heard soft and strong voices within them blended in the singing of hymns. How worthless do I feel myself beside these people!

July.

To-day I came to a lake whose shore was black with pinewoods; it was the lake of Ore. Gloomy, but smooth as a mirror, it lay beneath the cloudy sky, between its desolate, wild banks. The melancholy picture pleased me. Then shone forth the sun, and lit up a little towerless church upon an island in the lake. I saw the peasantry flocking around it, and recollected that it was Sunday. I went thither, and on the way sung for my inward rest a little song, which many years before I heard a young boy of Dalarna sing to a wild, graceful air:

"And now, as I came through the seven-mile wood,  
I heard how the bells were ringing.

"And tell me, ye ringers, ye ringer-men,  
For whom ye are ringing this ringing?"

"And we do ring for a red-gold roe,  
Which here shall repose in earth's bosom!"

And thus a young bridegroom learns that they are burying his bride, to whom he is returning after his long wandering.

When I arrived at the churchyard, I saw men and women follow a coffin to the grave. I asked who it was that they were about to marry to the earth? I thought of the young bride who was taken from her lover to be betrothed to the earth; and they replied, "A young peasant maiden from ——" They said that she had lived and died like one of God's angels; that in her last moments she spoke the most beautiful words to her parents and her brothers and sisters.

As I listened to this relation, and gazed on a few white flowers of the trefail at my feet, which bowed their little heads gracefully under the weight of rain-drops, there came a peace over my soul. Now thundered the mould hollowly on the coffin, and the clergyman began, "Dust thou art—" But scarcely had the second shovelful of mould been flung into the grave, when there was heard a heavy fall upon the coffin, and a cry, "Let me die with thee!" It was the younger sister of the dead who had cast herself into the grave, and lay there embracing the coffin. She was borne senseless up again.

And yet this maiden had read neither romances nor tragedies!

By a ferry to-day I saw a peasant youth, nineteen years of age, who, from want of care in ringing the church bells, had got one foot and leg broken, and that so badly, that the surgeons thought it unavoidable that the leg must be taken off. In the meantime this was delayed as long as possible. The youth was most tenderly nursed at the parsonage; his youth and healthful vigour assisted the doctor; the broken pieces of bone grew together again, and the youth could now, after four months, again walk, and was in a fair way to be perfectly restored. "But hast thou not had terrible pains—hast thou not suffered cruel torments?" I asked. "I have so sincerely thanked God that I could have my leg again," was all his answer. From all his suffering he had only learned "sincerely to thank God."

In the Serna Forest, July.

I have now seen the mountain where porphyry and the giants dwell. I have been in the country where quicksilver may be hammered in winter. I have seen Finnmark's\* solitary dwellings; lived with the remains in Sweden of that strong, but gloomy people whose most current adage is, "Happy is he that dies in his third night!"†

And I have said the same. I have wandered in the desert, in those gloomy, solitary regions, where nature is unrestrained, and men are few and nearly savage. I have wrestled with nature's giants, often with hunger. I will now hence. Yet, desert, have thou thanks! Thou hast refreshed my soul and strengthened my body. Thanks to you also, flowery shores, fresh waters, turf thick strewn with berries, and beautiful dales! You have given me moments of refreshment, seconds of enjoyment. But what I need ye could not give—neither *forgetfulness* nor *hope*!

What do I seek! What does the thunder-cloud seek, when it advances against the wind through the clear sky? It will discharge its lightnings, its destroying fire, out of its own bosom. It follows an inward necessity! . . .

Mora.

I stood on the Bell-hill by the river, and gazed on the mountain on the other side. Thunder-rain had fallen during the day. Now all was still, but heavy clouds covered the heavens and hung upon the tops of the hills.

\* Many parishes in Dalarna have a so-called Finnmark; that is, a remote, little cultivated tract, where the descendants of the Finns live isolated within their own community.

† Finnish proverb.

It became more and more dark. At once I saw white ghostlike shapes, softly raise themselves amid the dark mountains. Here I saw an elk chased by hounds; there troops of human spirits with outstretched arms fly up the mountains as if striving to reach heaven; and part were caught up and vanished amongst the clouds, and part were left behind and sank back into the black abyss. Pale wild forms also presented themselves, and then were lost in the passes of the mountains.

Thus did this spectral scene continue, and my eyes also to follow this phantasmagoria—of vapour—as I well knew, but which now made itself into an hieroglyphic language for my soul. And now glid forth a boat from under the Lekberg, and in the boat sat two people. They sat beside each other and seemed bent on an excursion of pleasure. A wind came which broke the boat in pieces, and separated the two, who were turned into confused masses. But these were changed again, and one of them assumed the shape of a dragon, and from the other issued a female form, beautiful, transparent, and of inexpressible maiden grace. And the maiden descended softly towards the dragon which lay immoveable, with its head erected towards her. As if drawn by enchantment, she approached nearer and nearer to him; her head bowed itself as with love, her knees bent as if worshipping before the dragon. In a few minutes she had disappeared in his jaws—her bust alone was still seen above his head, but in a distorted attitude as if dying. . . .

Now advanced from behind him a cloud resembling a bier; and on the bier lay a shape as it were that of a young girl. It advanced in an oblique direction up the mountain, and when it arrived higher up, then the corpse raised itself slowly. It was again the former maidenly figure, but she now bore on her thoughtfully depressed brow a crown, and her bier was changed into a chariot which swans drew up amongst the clouds, where she finally vanished.

The dragon lay on the same spot as before, but was also changed. Swollen, and without form he lay there, like a nameless monster. Later in the night, when the spectral apparition had ceased in the mountains, when the dim troops of spirits had retired to rest, this shape lay still there, against the dark hill. It seemed to me to lie also on my heart. Then heard I Siri's flute, and I hastened to meet her.

She has disarmed me, at least for a time. She has talked of their virtue, their kindness to her. Could the mother be innocent, and merely deceived? And why should I crush this home where my child love has and is taken care of—the only home that she has in the world?

If I should now sacrifice myself; disappear in order to procure peace to all!

But—I will and I will not. . . .

All is to me so uncertain. . . .

Here these scattered notes terminated. They were enclosed in the following letter:

“Beloved Child!

“The hand of necessity seizes on our fate, separating us, and . . . thou wishest it, wish-

est that I should fly, conceal myself. I fly therefore, I give way—till a future period! . . .

“These papers I leave with thee, that they may speak to thee of thy father. Long have I thought of writing to thee, to give thee some account of myself, of my fate, but—I have not been able. I had not sufficient interest in the task. Calmness and self-possession too are wanting. But something thou oughtest to know respecting me. I would not wound thy tenderness—and I need thy angel glance into my heart. Canst thou, when I unveil it, still glance therein with affection, then shall I believe that grace and joy may yet be found for me.

“What thou wilt here receive, are—fragments of a broken spirit, a lacerated life, begun in the hour when thy gentle form drew nearer to me, and I felt the necessity of collecting myself before it. They have been contrived in hours when without amusement or employment, the mind was devoured by disquiet and torturing thoughts, and I sought to free myself from them by written outpourings.

“Foul crimes, revolting matters have I here laid open before thee, thou full of innocence! Turn not thyself away, my child! Are the wickednesses of the world the less because we turn our eyes away from them? Ah! learn thou to see all with a steady and unbewildered gaze. Thus only wilt thou come to understand what truly is the question upon earth; thus only wilt thou be able to be truly compassionate. Well for thee is it that thou art a woman, and that thy place on the earth is amongst the lowly. That there lies upon thee no heavier responsibility.

“Gladly would I have stayed longer with thee, gladly, now that I must leave thee, would I have given thee somewhat which might have been of value to thee for life. Ah! to have given life is little—what do I say! It is a cruelty, it is a crime, if we do not give more.

“Oh! a thought; by which the soul might grow strong and great, through youth, through age, through pleasure and pain, the very deepest, even reaching into the highest heaven, which could warm thee in life, in death, and convert thy days, thy life into a still day of creation—could I give thee *that*, oh! then had I been to thee a proper father, a father who gave thee a life in life. Then had I freed thee from the grave of dust-fibres into which everyday affairs with their petty strivings, petty enjoyments, and petty cares, will endeavour to spin thy soul. Then, methinks, would one glad thought be able to visit my death-bed. There have been moments when such thoughts were not strange to me. They visit me sometimes still, but as apparitions revisit the dwellings where they formerly lived, and from which they have been removed by death. I, myself, am merely the ghost of what I was. The fibres of strength become more and more attenuated; bitter thoughts have disrupted them. I seek frequently the light which I formerly had, and find it not. It grows ever darker within me! Yet will God, perhaps, give me still a ray, a spark—for thy sake. Full of errors has my life been, yet I have traversed regions, and seen manifestations which have not been opened to many.

"Men! my child, if thou canst avoid it, do not attach thyself to any of them in much affection or admiration. They do not deserve it. One only was worthy of it, but his feet tread no longer the earth. Love them, as God loves them, out of charity, and desire then from them no other love.

"Thy mother—do not be severe to her, my daughter! She may be innocent, and only deceived. We shall find that out one day. In the meantime, stand like an angel by her side, as thou hast stood by mine. She may need it.

"Farewell! beloved, adored child! . . . My heart becomes soft—oh! that I should thus leave thee.

"When thou comest to Fahlun, and goest one day into the church, and hearest prayers read for those 'who work in the deep and dangerous places of the earth,' then, my child, do thou also pray for

"Thy Father."

### THE GREAT COPPER-MINE.

AUTUMN was on its transition into winter. Strong night-frost had already covered the Silja with a thin coat of ice, and the peasants said of the restless lake, "She goes to rest!—she betakes herself to repose." The ground is now as hard as stone; the forest-clothed mountains stand darker than they did before, with the snow-fields in their black embrace. Now ascend the giants of frost out of the abyss to wrestle with mankind, and mankind combat with them, and—become invigorated by it, as by all contest with mighty powers, when they will not succumb to them.

The last of October which was fixed for the journey of the Mora family to Fahlun, came in with a cold morning. The ground was white with night-frost, and the trees stood powdered with snow, and magnificent; the air was calm, and roseate clouds lay, like a thin veil on the heavens, and immersed themselves in Silja's ice of one night old.

Thus did it look towards the rising of the sun as Siri gazed through the window on the side towards the lake, and a moment afterwards exclaimed,

"Valborg, Valborg, come and see!"

And Valborg came and saw, and said softly, "Heavens! what is it?"

They saw a procession of many travellers slowly advance over the Silja. They saw carriages, horses, and people, but they did not appear like realities, but had a wild aspect of shapes of shadow.

"That is what people call a 'Hägring,'" said Siri, "and more than once have I seen such a spectacle here on the lake, but never any thing exactly like this.\* I am always awestruck by

these appearances, although I know that they betide nothing. Canst thou tell me whether this represents a funeral or a wedding! If it be a wedding, it is a presage for thee; if a funeral, it is for me."

"Siri, thou oughtest not to talk in that manner! A funeral procession for thee!"

"See, see!" cried Siri; "it advances towards the church of Sollerön! The little white church! Always do I become so peaceful at heart when I look upon it. I would gladly lie in the churchyard there, and thou and the maidens of Sollerön should scatter flowers on my grave. But the bells of Mora should ring for me. The bells of Mora are so beautiful!"

"My dear Siri! thou dost not know what pain thou givest me to hear thee talk thus!" said Valborg, almost angrily; "thou knowest not how empty the world must be for me if thou wert gone! Ah! it is only since I have become attached to thee, that it has seemed to me pleasant to live. And I have thought that we might become happier and happier together. And now wilt thou die!"

"No, then I will live!" exclaimed Siri, and clasped Valborg in a passionate embrace. "Valborg! what thou sayest makes me happy. We will hereafter live like sisters together; and will go together in the funeral or the bridal procession. Is it not so?"

"Yes," said Valborg, and smiled and kissed the cheeks so recently pale, but which now bloomed forth richly under these caresses, "we will never part!"

"Think," continued Siri merrily, "think, if we should both marry on the same day! But no, that may not be, but *thou* shalt marry, and I will come to thee and thy husband. He shall be my friend and brother, and I will play with thy children, and lead them out into wood and field. Ah! we will be indescribably happy together!"

The shadowy procession advanced on and on, while the young maidens extended their rose-dreams out into the future; it resembled far more a funeral than a marriage train. Finally, it disappeared behind the church. In the meantime the morning had lost its beauty; the rosy clouds had changed to gray, and a thick frost-fog shrouded heaven and earth.

But Mrs. Ingeborg's sonorous voice was heard in the court joyously arranging matters for the journey; and the young damsels hastened to make themselves ready for it, as it took place immediately after breakfast. Under such circumstances it does not seldom happen that there is in the house a perplexity, a calling and scolding, a noise and banging, which converts the day of departure into a genuine day of torment. But Mrs. Ingeborg's harmonious mind here displayed its power, for so well, so lightly, so fresh and joyously did she manage with her people, that difficulty seemed to be a play, and labour a pleasure.

"If there be removals in the kingdom of heaven, they happen in this fashion," said Olof, charmed by his stepmother's manners, and the lively, and at the same time orderly movement in the house. Ten o'clock in the forenoon saw them in the carriages, and, as if it were to give

"Do you see that?" The Dalmen contemplated the spectacle for a moment, and said "Yes, I see it!" turned him round and went.

\* Hägrings are a common phenomenon on the lakes in Dalarna, particularly on frosty mornings in winter, and represent, now ships under sail, now splendid buildings, now armies, or advancing processions such as Siri saw. The Dalmen, who reluctantly speaks of the evil powers, which he however believes in, does not willingly speak of the Hägrings, even when he sees them; but takes especial care when in winter he drives over the ice, not to follow the shadowy travellers that he sees proceeding over the icy lake. A clergyman in Mora one morning pointed out a splendid Hägring to a Dalmen, and said,

his blessing to the journey, the sun broke the fog and shone upon the travellers.

And the "Great Mother in Dalom" cast an affectionate glance on her beloved Mora, and with cordial words and smiles bade good-bye to the servants who stood assembled round the carriage. She drove alone with her husband in their own carriage. Valborg and Siri drove in one that was borrowed of the prost of Solle-rön, and the fate of which was to be lent almost constantly all round the village, so that the glad-some prostinna sometimes wondered how it continued to hold together. This admirable vehicle was driven by Olof. The carriages rolled thundering forth over the frozen ground, on the way toward Rättvik, parallel with the banks of the Silja.

"What dost thou gaze upon so much there?" asked Valborg of Siri.

"On the Middagsberg!" answered she. "See how it flings off its mantle of mist, and wraps itself in one of gold;—see how proud and solitarily it stands forth, with a crown of piled cloud upon its head, and reigns over all the mountains around in silent majesty! Farewell, thou beautiful and wonderful mountain—farewell!"

"I really believe, Siri," said Valborg, "that thou art more attached to that mountain than to any human being."

"Not exactly the mountain, but the spirit of the mountain," replied Siri, smiling indeed but sadly.

The journey led to Rättvik, and thence to Leksand, in the parsonage of which latter parish the travellers were received with open arms and hospitable board; and the universally beloved Mrs. Ingeborg from Mora was fêted and every where welcomed as the "Great Mother in Dalom;" and never had had more merry jokes and charming riddles for her friends.

At Leksand the travellers left behind the Silja and its romantic shores. Their road to Fahlun lay through a tract, the ugliness and desolation of which are scarcely to be imagined. Here you find the stony Delarna, and in Dalarna you find the ugly as well as the beautiful in extremes. Yet is the former in a far less proportion than the latter.

It was on an afternoon that this part of the journey was performed. The weather was cloudy, but not cold; and the gray atmosphere rendered the wilderness still more gloomy. About a mile from Fahlun, the country became more agreeable: green fields showed themselves by the way; presently were seen at a distance white, thick clouds of smoke, slowly to curl up from the earth, and ascend towards the clouds. They were the smokes from the ore-roasting fires of the great copper-mine of Fahlun, which continually envelop the town, which give the houses a dark hue; and often, particularly in winter, make the air so thick, that you cannot see your way three steps before you. The smoke gives the town a sombre colouring, and may be perceived for some miles distant, according as the wind is.

With an excited curiosity, blended with astonishment, sat Valborg and Siri, as the carriage rolled along the contracting road, through the so-called Mine Street, down towards Fahlun, which road much resembled a road to the

bottomless-pit. Walls and hills of dark brown slag were piled up on each side of the road; on each hand other roads opened views into cross streets, and of hills all of slag. It is a town of burnt metal, through which you advance; the ways are black with it; all that you see is black with it, and whichever way you turn, you seem to behold a kingdom of darkness. Yellow-green water falls here and there through the dead city; and before you, where the way terminates, sulphur-coloured flames ascend. By the sound of the carriages you might fancy yourselves driving over an excavated surface; and this is the fact, for the copper-mines extend beneath you. It is so wild that it is very amusing, if you be in good spirits. A hyeochondriac ought not to travel hither. Now you see the town look forth out of its veil of roasting vapour, with its two lofty church towers against a back-ground of dark green hills. On the left hand of the town, that is, towards the copper-mine, the acrid smoke has destroyed all the wood and all verdure; the hill lies naked, with its grinding-stones and its water spouts; bears only a species of grass with singed summits, grow amongst the bare stones, spotted here with the black Fahlun lichen. Nothing more deformed and desolate can possibly be imagined. But on the other side of the city, the hills are green and wooded, and have amongst them enchanting country-houses by beautiful romantic lakes; and within the town you find straight streets, cheerful, well-built houses, and to the sulphureous fume you soon accustom yourself, so that you scarcely perceive it when the wind does not blow direct from the mine into the town.

Our travellers put up at an inn at one end of the town, and not far from the mine. And who stood here in the gateway to receive them, but Brigitta and her curate (from this time we must call him Lector), and Lieutenant Lasse, who raised a triad of welcomes, in which bass, tenor, and soprano, were united in the most cordial harmony.

Brigitta had made all arrangements in the inn for the expected guests, and in the large saloon in the upper story, stood ready a great coffee-tray with various kinds of biscuits, and around it the little company speedily saw themselves joyfully assembled.

Here Brigitta related how she and "the dear old soul" had made their way to Westeras; and how they had taken rooms till spring, and then how they meant to settle themselves. As they determined to incur no debt in this settling, and as they had next to nothing to set up house with, so their establishment should be on the most economical scale; and to begin with, they would live in uncarpeted rooms, in the new-built wooden house which they had selected for their home. But all these plans, and all this frugality, with all the arrangements regarding food and furniture, etc., had in Brigitta's mouth something so amusing and curious, that there was soon no one in the company who was not in a regular uproar of laughter. The lector lay with half his body bent over the coffee-table, and so that you could not see his face, but his body shook visibly. He fell after this into a strong perspiration, and he remarked himself, that after this explosion, and another

that remains hereafter to be mentioned, he found himself in a much healthier state both of body and mind.

During the most lively merriment and circulation of coffee, Siri went to a window and looked inquiringly out. Beyond and over the low houses on the opposite side of the street, the walls and hills of the mining-town raised themselves; and farther off, from amongst the black, conglomerated masses, arose coloured flames, which blazed wild and variably, and sent crackling bouquets of sparks and fire against the leaden-gray heaven. These flames arose from the ovens where the copper was roasted. They seemed as if they wished to show her the way to the mine. Softly she descended the steps and out of the house, spoke in the court with a little boy, who, at her desire, promised to conduct her to the mine, and she hastened swiftly forward on the way thither.

It was already near six o'clock in the evening, and deep twilight. Light as a hind, Siri hastened along the black streets through the mine-town, and looked round, ever and anon, in fear, as if she dreaded pursuit. Not a single mortal was to be seen in the gloomy way, but a wild din of falling water and roaring flames followed her as she advanced and left the huts and slag-hills behind her. It was not extraordinary that the young maiden's countenance was pale, as she pursued her way thus alone into the strange and gloomy environs; more extraordinary appeared the beautiful but anxious joy which beamed in her face, while wandering through the kingdom of death, she hastened forwards towards the mouth of the mine. And she had arrived where the subterranean giant opened his abyss, like an enormous mouth, which for ages had cast up treasures of noble metal, and at the same time, these hills, these streets, this city of slag, which now surrounds its orifice. In the twilight of the evening Siri could not see across this gulf, the so-called "Stöten," the copper-mine's huge mouth lying open to the day, nor did she now think upon it. Her heart drew her down into the dark and mysterious abyss, and she leaned herself over the low fence with which the opening of the mine is surrounded, and gazed inquisitively down. But she discerned merely an immeasurable gulf, and out of its depths she heard the thunder of blasting, and the hollow echoes repeating these reports; she heard stones fall, and felt the earth tremble beneath her feet. Dizzy and almost without thought, she stared down into the dark abyss, when, all at once, she caught sight of a little light glimmering there below; presently she descried more, and they moved along in a horizontal direction. It was some time before Siri could distinguish that these figures were men, with burning torches in their hands, who were coming up out of the mine's inner, or still deeper regions.\* With excited attention, she now noticed carefully the objects which the torches by degrees made visible. Amongst these was a hut, and not far from it a little

green bush. At this sight she was glad, and felt herself almost at home down there. She now saw how the torch-bearers, slowly going one after the other, began to ascend by a zig-zag flight of steps, which led to a door in the mine, through which they successively disappeared. The clock struck six. It was the hour at which those labourers who do not work through the night, come up to go home. Led by the boy, Siri now betook herself along the margin of the opening of the mine, to a little wooden building which stood close by it. Its doors stood open, and within burnt a great fire, blazing against her from a huge hearth. Here was the descent to the mine, and here she entered; and after a while, saw the workmen with black dresses, and torches in their hands, come up out of the dark staircase.

We return now to the inn, to the gay coffee-party, which long continued to make themselves merry. But Olof and Valborg had noticed Siri's departure, and as she delayed to return, Valborg went to seek her. But she sought her in vain in the house, and then with a secret disquiet in her heart, went down into the court, and met Olof at the gate, who was inquiring after Siri. Valborg said that she had been seeking, but could not find her. They then began to inquire of the servants, and heard that a young lady, some time before, had left the inn, and taken the way to the mine; and quickly were Olof and Valborg, arm-in-arm, silently but rapidly hastening the same way.

"It is very wild, here!" said Valborg, once, as they passed through the mine-town.

"Are you afraid?" asked Olof, and pressed her arm closer to his side.

"Oh no, not I! but Siri has passed this way alone."

"Valborg, I think you are very fond of her."

"Yes, more than I can express."

"Ah! continue always to be fond of her. Be to her a guiding friend and sister. She needs it. Some time, perhaps, may I be a brother to her, but now—that is difficult for me. But I shall part from her more calmly, since I know that she has you."

Valborg made no reply, and they had not gone many steps before they saw the light figure of a female, which went softly between the black heaps. Siri had always light, cheerful articles of dress, and by this, as well as by the quick, elastic movement, they concluded that the light form was Siri, and went to meet her. But the figure seemed disconcerted by this, escaped to the right and to the left, and finally made an abrupt turn and disappeared by a side-way in the slag-town.

"Pardon me! wait here a moment!" said Olof, while he hastily quitted Valborg and made after the flying one.

Siri, for it was she, when she saw herself pursued, fled all the faster. Terror winged her feet. Other feelings gave wings to Olof's.

Oh! how does it happen, that that which flies us—when it is a beloved object—becomes to us so inexpressibly dear, dearer than ever, that we will offer up all to overtake and hold it fast! thus was it now with Olof. He felt, moreover, a burning terror, lest Siri, in her thoughtless flight, should precipitate herself into some channel, filled with water which here and

\* What Siri here saw takes place four-and-forty fathoms deep, that is, at the bottom of the "Stöten," which opening, in a great measure, has been made by fallings-in. On the sides of the great shaft are the openings and doors, through which the people descend into the hidden abysses of the mine.

there intersected the town. With the speed of lightning he pursued her, and within a few minutes he had overtaken and recognised her, and with a warmth, a tenderness, which at this moment altogether overpowered him, he held fast the trembling girl, while he uttered her name aloud.

They were not far from a hut. A volume of wild, crackling flames blazed forth from it, and shone upon them. But wilder still was the angry fire which lightened from Siri's dark eyes, as she turned her head toward Olof; but as her eyes met his, their expression was instantly changed.

Coolly and collectedly, she said, "Olof, is that thou? God be praised, I feared it was some one else; may I take thy arm?"

"Why dost thou expose thyself in this manner?" said Olof, angrily. "It is wrong, it is unwarrantably done, both to myself and to us." Her coldness caused a feeling as of icy steel to pass through his bosom.

"Pardon me! don't be angry!" said Siri, almost humbly to Olof and to Valborg, who now overtook them. "I come from the 'Stöten.' I was taken with a sudden desire to find it out myself, and did not understand that it was dangerous. But the little boy who conducted me related stories to me which terrified me when I saw you at a distance without recognising you. I was just now on the way home."

Valborg and Olof said nothing. They were disengaged with Siri, and in silence they approached the inn. But when they there found the whole family inquiring after them, they said merely that they had visited the neighbourhood of the mine. Siri thanked them for their thus sparing her with glances of the most grateful expression, and with many graceful and child-like demonstrations of affection. Olof was obliged to go out. He felt himself at once too much vexed, and too much pleased with her.

A kind of feverish fire burned in Siri's eyes this evening. She laughed, played, threw out a thousand schemes for herself, which heartily amused the professor. But her merriment was rather overstrained than natural.

Brigitta rather grumbled, and said:—

"Now we shall have a running and a racing to the mine that will be quite intolerable; and Siri will go quite off her head through it, if she be not that already. She will most likely fall in love with the mountain-king, or the copper-king down there; that I expect, and some fine day she will be mountain-kidnapped in earnest, and never come up again into the light of day."

"But thou, Brigitta, shalt come down there, to my wedding!" said Siri, giddily, "and I will make a feast for thee, and treat thee to a roasting-smoke soup, and ore roast, and a copper cake; which shall be quite delicious."

"Many thanks! thou mayst be so good as to eat thy detestable copper dishes thyself. And as to coming down into the mine, that shall never happen with my consent so long as I live."

"But I hope it will happen, though," said the professor, smiling, "for on Monday, that is to say, the day after to-morrow, we propose to descend into the mine, and mean to survey it thoroughly; and I hope thou wilt not then run away from us. Thou too, wilt see the mine, Ingeborg!"

"Yes, certainly, dear Gustaf," said Mrs. Ingeborg. "I quite congratulate myself on the prospect."

"Yes, but I would fain see him that can persuade me to descend into the mine!" said Brigitta, with a determined countenance. "No, I shall not go thither, for I will not go down into it, no, not for all the butter there is in the world."

"Oh!" said the professor; "Godelius shall persuade thee."

"That he had better let alone," said Brigitta, "for then I would break with him. I won't once see the nasty mine. I have heard of people who lost their reason merely by looking down into mines, and my small wits I would willingly retain as long as possible. Nay, my best and dearest uncle, let me remain comfortably above ground; that will be the best for me and all the rest, for I should neither be agreeable nor at ease down there, that I know very well of myself."

"Oh, thou wilt probably think better of it, for we are many against thee!" said the professor, jocosely. "And hear only, Brigitta, all that thou art likely to lose, if thou persist in thy obstinacy: just listen to what I have been reading." And out of Hamnerström's book, "On the Curiosities of the Great Coppermine," which lay on the table, the professor read aloud the following particulars:—

"From the Diary of Carolus Ogerius of the year 1634.

"We were astounded when we arrived at the opening of the mine. With what colours shall we sketch the picture of so extraordinary and wonderful a scene. In the ground yawns a hideously wide and deep abyss, which is surrounded by posts and rails, so that no one may hurry forward carelessly to the limit of the gulf, and, in terror at such an extraordinary depth, grow dizzy and fall headlong in; and although you support yourselves against these rails, yet it still grows dark, and wavers before your eyes when you cast them downwards; and when at length you venture to gaze down steadfastly, you then perceive men like birds, or rather like ants, that crawl to and fro, for so small do they appear. Wherever you turn your eyes you behold things each so strange in themselves when compared one with another; all these mingled together, warmth and ice, light and darkness, so that you might imagine old Chaos were come again. If you carefully notice, you see all the various colours of copper, brass, vitriol and sulphur; pallid, green, red, golden; all the escutcheons of the gods painted, as it were, by *Eolus*, and you may even assert that the very rainbows themselves are there prepared and stored up."

"Hearst thou, Brigitta," said the professor, "thou shalt see how and where the rainbows are manufactured!"

But Brigitta was prevented replying by the entrance of two gentlemen; and the professor sprung up and embraced two good old friends—the mine-steward, Falk, and mine-proprietor, Björk, who came from their residences in the country into the town on purpose to meet him and his family.

The former was a man of about forty, with keen eyes and strong eye-brows, lively, reso-

late, sinewy, full of mettle in tone and character, a vigorous and brisk nature, who seemed made to break in pieces the mountains, and by strength and hardihood to triumph over all obstacles. The other was a noble, but feeblar man, who had experienced many troubles, and had suffered himself to be depressed by them. Both contended often with each other, yet were fond of being together. Both had a great regard for our professor, and bade him heartily welcome to "Jernbära-land," the land prolific of iron.

During supper the conversation was upon Dalarna and its people, and many things were related which served to characterise it. The professor and Mrs. Ingeborg had observed it more from the sunny point of love, and spoke accordingly. The mine-steward, again, rather from that of vigorous exertion, and as a trait characteristic of the spirit of the Dalmen,—he considered himself to understand less that of the Dalwomen; and of the manner in which it was necessary to act towards this people, he related the following anecdote:

"Colonel Vegesack was, in the Finnish war in 1809, the leader of a life-battalion, which was composed of Dalmen. One day he had to attack with them a fort, and addressed them in that bold and lively strain which never fails to kindle the spirit of men naturally gallant. The Dalmen made the onset with the greatest bravery; but met with an equally vigorous resistance, and were repulsed with loss. Vegesack again collected his people, and addressed them in this manner:

"Listen, my lads! This time we have failed, but you will not allow yourselves, I am sure, to be beaten by the Russians to-day. Nay, if you are of the same mind as I am, we will give them a good trouncing for having fancied that they could trounce us. Follow me! Let us grapple with them, and I will answer for it that in less than an hour you shall have both fort and cannon in your hands. Forwards, march!"

"But not a man of the whole troop stirred.

"The colonel looked round him with stern glances. 'Ah, yes!' said he, slowly. 'I see how it is. But I will tell you how it shall be. Once more I will give the word to advance, and the first man who shows a symptom of disobedience, I will shoot him on the spot. You know all your duty, and I know mine. Forwards, march!'

"But the troop did not stir.

"The colonel seized his pistol, levelled it at a man in the front rank, and fired. He fell dead. Once more the colonel gave the word, 'Forwards, march!' All obeyed.

"The assault, which was made with a tempestuous fury, was crowned with success. The fort was carried with all its cannon, and prisoners were made far more numerous than were the assailants. The victory was complete.

"But in the hearts of the refractory and revengeful Dalmen rankled bitterness and revenge against him who had put to death their bold comrade, and who had led them by force into the contest. They conspired amongst themselves for vengeance, and for death to their stern leader. He was made aware of it, called his people together, and addressed them thus:

"I hear that you harbour ill-will towards me, because I shot one of your comrades, and that

you think of revenging him. Very well, you shall have opportunity for it. You know that there commonly stand two sentinels by my tent. To-night I will dismiss them, and for a fortnight I will sleep there by night, alone, and without sentinels. But on the table by my bed there shall lie a brace of loaded pistols. Any of you that have a mind to come and fight with me are welcome.'

"The Dalmen listened to this address gloomily and in silence.

"For fourteen nights the colonel slept without a guard in the midst of his excited troop. No one disturbed his sleep; and after this challenge, his men followed him wherever he wished, and were devoted to the death to him."

The answer was then related, that a certain Dalman gave Armsfelt, when he received at Tuna a troop of three thousand Dalmen, who had volunteered to march from Dalarna, and save the king and country in war.

A man stepped out of the ranks, and said to Armsfelt, "Thou canst see plain enough that thou ledest good people, but what sort of officers wilt thou give us?" Armsfelt replied, that he would give them upright and brave men as leaders; to which the Dalman made answer, "Yes, that will certainly be most advisable; for, if we notice any one who does not stand by us like an honourable man, a ball shall strike him before he can strike our enemies."

With such anecdotes and discourse, the evening sped rapidly away. It was late when the two friends took leave, but not without having arranged a longer future visit of the Mora family to them at their country homes.

The next day was Sunday, and the Mora family betook themselves to the old coppermine church. After the sermon, and when the clergyman read the customary prayers, he paused a moment, and then proceeded with a more emphatic expression,—

"We thank Thee, merciful God, for the rich treasures and abundant blessings which Thou hast graciously conferred on this place out of the bowels of the earth, and out of the flinty rocks; and we pray Thee, that Thou wilt continue to give, to bless, and to preserve to us these precious treasures; and give us grace to use these Thy blessings with thankfulness, and to the honour of Thy name. Preserve, O God! all those who labour in the deep and perilous regions of the earth from injury, and danger, and all evil, and give them grace to keep Thee perpetually before their eyes, to commit themselves, body and soul, into Thy hands; to consider always the dangers which hang over them, and thus be well prepared, should any violence befall them, to depart hence in blessedness, through Thy Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen!"

For centuries has this prayer been read in the mining districts of Dalarna, but never yet, perhaps, had these words so penetrated a heart as at this moment. Valborg saw Siri tremble, as she sunk upon her knees, but did not comprehend the deep emotion of her mind.

When the service was ended, and our travellers advanced to take a closer view of the church, they were shown a grave, to which was attached a touching example of the faithful memory of love.

In the year 1719, there was found while delving in the Mardskinn mine, eighty-two fathoms deep, the body of a young man perfectly well preserved, but changed into a sort of petrification. It was borne up into the fresh air, on the surface, and a great crowd of people collected to witness this singular phenomenon. Amongst these was a poor old woman, who, as soon as she caught sight of the corpse, exclaimed, "That is he! That is Matts Israelson!" Then it was called to mind that, in the year 1670, there had been a falling-in in the Mardskinn mine, and that at this time a miner, by name Matts Israelson, had disappeared. The people were soon convinced that this was the same man, who had now been discovered after he had lain buried under the earthfall, at the bottom of the mine, for nearly fifty years. The old woman had recognised the true-loved bridegroom of her youth, and besought that she might be allowed to bury his remains.

"Affection never faileth!" said Nordevall, looked on the silent grave, and pressed his wife's hand.

In the evening of this day, the Mora family was invited to a dance by one of the most wealthy mine-proprietors in the town. Lieutenant Lasse danced long beforehand in his thoughts, and played, with great emphasis, on the piano-forte in the great saloon of the inn, "*les plaisirs de Fahlun, grande valse composée par J. W. Flaggé.*" And now issued from their room the young ladies, dressed for the evening festivity; and Lieutenant Lasse quitted "*les plaisirs de Fahlun,*" to compliment his sister and cousins, and make his observations on their toilets. These were very favourable for Valborg and Siri, but not so much so for Brigitta, whose head, especially, Lieutenant Lasse found too rotund, too much like the globe of the earth. She ought to have some flowers, or at least a bow of ribands, thought Lieutenant Lasse.

Brigitta could not do otherwise than agree with him; but then she had no bow, and so she must do without it.

"Ah! a bow of riband I can probably help her to; for this evening thou canst have one of me," said Lieutenant Lasse, somewhat embarrassed, and hastened out.

"A bow of riband!" exclaimed Brigitta, "where has he got a bow of riband! that is not all right: we shall find that he has taken it from some one. Of this I must, assuredly, have some explanation. See, there he comes, and—a splendid bow of riband! From whom hast thou got this, Lasse—that is to say, from whom hast thou taken it? Is it from Mimi Osterdal, of Westeras, with whom thou wert figuring away so at the dean's? I fancy thou blushest a little. It is very well, then, that thou hast still a little conscience left; and quite proper is it that I know whose bow it is. Thanks, Lasse dear! thou canst make thyself sure that thou wilt never get it again."

"It fell from her in dancing," said Lieutenant Lasse, excusing himself, and somewhat embarrassed.

"Yes, and thou took it and pressed it to thy heart—is it not so! The blessed courtesy-practisers! the blessed cavaliers who make fools of the young girls, and steal their bows, and make them believe that they steal their hearts

too—and then trouble yourselves just as little about one as the other! really they ought to be put in prison. In the meantime, however, I myself will give Mimi her bow again—after I have enjoyed the use of it for an evening or two; and she shall know how——"

"Nay, by no means——"

"Yes, by all means she shall certainly know it, and we will both of us have a good laugh over it. Mimi Osterdal is a sensible girl. Dost thou not think that she would much rather have her bow than thy heart! such a beautiful bow, at least half a yard of good riband in it—I will answer for it that she will be right glad to get it again. I only wonder whose scarf, or whose handkerchief, or whose bow, thou wilt appropriate here in the town. Heaven help me, what trouble and what an office I have in this world, to take care that all my brother's inclinations that my little sisters-in-law may get their articles of apparel again. I wish sincerely that the right sister-in-law would at once come and put all this to rights. But I shall have my eyes upon thee, Lasse, this evening, that thou mayst be assured of."

Lieutenant Lasse cast from him a little embarrassment at Brigitta's lecture in the presence of Valborg with a hearty laugh, and flung himself with a sort of wildness afresh on "*les plaisirs de Fahlun.*" Valborg and Brigitta began waltzing together, the new lecturer danced solo after them; but now came Mrs. Ingeborg, and called them to go to the actual ball.

Of this we will merely say that Lieutenant Lasse, who divided himself amongst three young and handsome ladies, and that Brigitta often followed with criticising eyes her three fresh "little sisters-in-law," as well as "the divided heart," as Lieutenant Lasse was this evening called at the ball, in consequence of his divided but lively courtesies.

Valborg distinguished herself by her beautiful dancing, and Olof danced more than once with her. Siri, sat still, would not dance, excused herself by a pain in her foot, looked pale, but friendly and clever, and sat much beside her foster-father, sometimes turning on him a sweet but inquiring glance, which seemed to say, "Art thou in good humour with thy Siri?"

Brigitta was constantly in the dance, was gay and merry, and became a great favourite with the company.

So much for "*les plaisirs de Fahlun.*"

### DESCENT INTO THE MINE.

THE next day the mine was to be visited. Already early in the morning Lieutenant Lasse hailed the three young ladies with the following song:—

Up, brothers! let your torches glow,  
Where duty calls us let us go.  
Our way, though dark, is light to keep,  
Though down into the deep.

No matter though our path lies through  
The yawning shaft, our watch is true.  
No matter though that path is long,  
The longer is our song.

The mountain opens as we go,  
With gladsome hopes we march below—  
Below a better world to find  
Than that we leave behind.

That better world is all our own,  
Whose wealth transcends all treasures known.  
A thousand years has flowed its ore,  
And shall a thousand more.

The world above is great and shoes,  
But here the mine itself is green,  
And in itself a wealth doth hold  
Exhaustless and untold.

Such joy the earth can ne'er impart  
As when we see the copper start—  
Mid smoke and dust behold it shine  
Forth bursting from the mine.\*

This brave mine song, which has several verses besides those here quoted, and which once, both day and night, sounded, and still often sounds in the depths of the copper-mine, charmed Siri extremely, and speedily she sung in emulation with Lieutenant Lasse,

Up, brothers! let your torches glow.

The words of the song contributed to kindle her previously excited fancy about the "world's eighth wonder," as the Fahlun copper-mine has been styled. Her eyes flamed with desire to explore every individual room and spot in it which she had heard named, and amongst which she recollected these—the Jewel, the Crown, the Copper Dragon, the Black Knight, Odin, Loke, the Snake of Midgard, the Imperial Apple, the North Star, the Silver Region, the King's Hall, the Prince of Peace, &c. Especially was her curiosity excited about this Copper Dragon, which she looked upon as the genius of the copper-mine, and represented to her imagination as magnificently terrible. Before the ardent mind of the young maiden played images great and wonderful, which the ancient northern sages had accustomed her to see in her imaginations of the fantastic halls of the mine king.

Brigitte, in the meantime, stood fast by her resolve not to go down into the mine,—no, not even once to look down into it. She sat down to write letters, and let the others go, at the same time zealously impressing it upon them, and especially on the lector and Siri, to take good care of themselves. All the rest were in extremely high spirits, and full of curiosity. Mrs. Ingeborg went as to a joyous festivity, and nothing but jokes and merry words were heard on the way through the dingy mine-town, and amid the smoke of ore-roasting fires from the ovens of earth by the road, which resembled gigantic loaves of bread. Through this smoke, however, no one passed with impunity, for the noses of some and the eyes of others ran tremendously; and others, again, were almost suffocated with coughing, for the wind blew the smoke now directly across the way, and it seized on the chest of the lector and made him turn quite melancholy.

"God grant that such a smoke may never fall!" said Queen Christina, when she visited Fahlun, and a fear was expressed lest the roasting smoke might annoy her.

Professor Nordevall reminded the lector of this, but the lector expressed a great contempt for Queen Christina and her taste, and Lieutenant Lasse regarded the mine-town and the roasting smoke as belonging to "*les déplaissirs de Fahlun*," and he pondered on composing a waltz on this subject, with a strong smoke

effect, which he would dedicate to Brigitte. He did not doubt but that it would make the people cough excessively. Abbé Vogler had, indeed, imitated thunder on the piano so perfectly that the milk was turned sour by it in the dairy.

Into the mine-house—a handsome building, with a tower and a clock, situated about fifty paces from the great opening of the mine, and just opposite to the descent to it—the travellers went to clothe themselves in the mine costume, which is used by all who visit the mine. This costume consists of a black blouse, with ornaments on the shoulders, a leathern belt, which buckled round the waist, and a felt hat with broad brim. Thus equipped, people are supposed to be proof against smoke and soot in the mine, as well as the moisture which drops in the passages.

"God and the people! what figures you are!" exclaimed Mrs. Ingeborg, as she saw Valborg and Siri; "but I reckon I look no better myself." And they laughed heartily as they contemplated one another.

Conducted by two guides, in similar dresses, who appeared to be of the race of the giants, the mine-explorers now quitted the mine-house, and passed over the paved level to the little building at the brink of the mine, called the landing-room, because there the descent begins. There, in a great fire-place, burns a fire, which is called "the Eternal," because it has burnt there from time immemorial; no one remembers when it was kindled, and no one the day when it was put out. Thus through the unnumbered centuries during which the mine has been worked, has this fire also burned on its brink. Even at a time when the mine had again for the most part fallen in, and there was no one any longer working there, even then the people of the mine would not allow the fire in the landing-room to go out. It seems to be regarded as the living principle of the mine.

At this fire the guides kindled their torches, made of long pine-shoots, held together by a ring. All the other persons had, Mrs. Ingeborg as well, their burning torches in their hands: Lieutenant Lasse sang—

"Up, brothers! let your torches glow!"

And now the descent began by a dark staircase, which, with broad steps, went winding down in a spiral course forty-four fathoms deep.

On the way down into the mine, the principal guide named several places: as, the New Landing Bottom, the Lower Firehearth, the Radical Blow Attempt, the Lybecker's Haunted-Room, Tilas, Ubi Sant, and the Farmer's Porch, where formerly the farmers had a sort of stable for the horses that they took down into the mine to work. And here our wanderers saw daylight through a door in the mine, and through this they came out into the "Stöten," saw above their heads the blue heaven, and themselves in the midst of the giant chasm; the width of which is one hundred and twenty fathoms from north to south, and from east to west eighty-six. Here they surveyed the strata of different metals and kinds of stones, which, in great layers, marbled with colours of red, gold, and green, projected from the sides of the mine crater; and Olof explained to them the names

\* Song of the labourers of the great copper mine of Kröningsvård.

of the different ores and species of stone. Siri, in the meantime, gazed at the little smith's shop in the middle of the "Stöten," which she had described the evening before, and on the green raspberry-bush near it, which in the middle of the hard rock stood so fresh and friendly.

When they had surveyed the "Stöten," and felt the winter-cold wind which, from never-melting masses of ice, breathed from Ambrus Shaft, they again entered the mine, in order to make a nearer acquaintance with its interior.

There have been learned men who have traced up the origin of the copper-mine of Fahlun to Tubal Cain himself, a master "of all kinds of iron and copper work," as related in the first book of Moses. Certain it is, that its working loses itself in the ages of sagas, when the artistical race of dwarfs were believed to work at their forges in our mountains, and the people of the south glanced towards the north as towards a land of treasures and of giants. More than 1200 people have formerly been employed at once in this subterranean world, which, in its enormous labyrinth of passages, shafts, caverns, and halls, represents an excavated netherworld, the ideal of a mine-king's palace. It is said to demand more than eight days to go through all its rooms, as far as the territory of Terra Nova, and the region of Whereto! which extends two hundred fathoms deep below the bottom of the mine. The various and picturesque names of these rooms and halls, gathered out of all periods of history out of the kingdoms of both fancy and reality, contribute to give to the place a romantic interest for the imagination. Almost all the kings and queens of Sweden have paid visits to this mine. Charles IX., whose heart seemed to have much the nature and character of a mountain, except for the tender woman, his first beloved wife, in honour of whom he founded and named the towns, "Mariefred" and "Mariestad"—Charles IX. was extremely attached to this mining country, was often residing there, and called the mine "Sweden's Fortune," and desired that the great room there might be called the Room of God's Gifts. His great son, Gustavus Adolphus, also exclaimed, as he stood in one of the rooms of the mine where the bright copper ore beamed from walls, roof, and floor, "Where is the monarch who has such a palace as that in which we now are!"

But, notwithstanding all this, Siri did not find here the palaces, the magnificent underworld, of which she had dreamed to herself, and whose names, the Jewel, the Crown, the Sceptre, etc., seemed to promise. There were perpetually the same dark, vaulted passages, the same great empty halls and domes, excavations and shafts, or sinkings,\* out of which eternal night seemed to stare upon you. There was everywhere the same damp, cold air, the same dripping and dripping from above, and which rendered the floor slippery. The sides of the mine glittered, indeed, when the torches shone upon them, or when they were struck against them, and sent forth showers of sparks; and the stactites glimmered also as they hung above on

the arched roofs; but it was a chill and colourless gleam, which left soul and sense cold. In the passages, the miners frequently were met with torches in their hands, in their black dresses, with solemn, pale, grimy countenances, and slow and heavy steps. The life in the mine did not seem to be joyous, and at every glance Siri's eyes grew darker, and her heart more oppressed.

She would not have been astonished if she now had been told that the most melancholy of mortal ailments, insanity, was one of the most prevalent amongst the labourers of this subterranean kingdom.

After the party near Adolphus Frederick's shaft had seen "The Royal Crown," formerly one of the richest workings in the mine, but now as black and empty as all the rest, they passed through the Cooper's Attempt, by Prince Oscar's Way, to the Fisherman; thence by the sinkings of Grönsiken, Kräftlon, and Gösen, and Louise-Uric's shaft, to the Lobster-band.

"Here is the Lobster!" said the guide, as he paused before the opening into a stupendous rotunda. "Here formerly ran a small bridge, or band, with a handrail, along the wall, so that you might go round within it; but the roof has fallen in, and buried a great part of this, so that you cannot now advance many paces into the interior. But the room is magnificent! I have caused torches to be carried to the excavations above, which open into this room, so that the ladies and gentlemen may get a full view of the vaulted roof. See! there, above us, where the three torches shine, that is the cutting through to the 'Abboren' and 'Gösen.' It is more than twenty fathoms up thither; and here, in the abyss below us, where we see the light shine, that is Kräftlon's bottom, which lies fifteen fathoms deep."

"And the narrow bridge to the left, which seems to hover in the abyss, is it dangerous to go upon?" asked Mrs. Ingeborg.

"Oh, no!" replied the guide: "at all events, you can advance a few paces;" and he advanced a few steps upon the bridge, and swung his torch in order to illumine it. Mrs. Ingeborg did the same, as she stepped forward into the opening of the rotunda. The strong blazing-up light chased the darkness rapidly away, as the lightning-flash cleaves the cloud, and at the same time lit up the tall, darkly-clad figure of a man who stood alone on the narrow bridge, at the edge of the fallen-in earth, and had his pale countenance turned towards the enterers. At this sight, Mrs. Ingeborg uttered a faint cry of horror, staggered, and fell senseless to the ground. But the dark figure was again hidden in the gloom from which he had for a moment emerged.

In the meantime, Brigitta remained in the inn, and wrote letters full of narratives and commissions to her best friends in Stockholm. In this she was interrupted by the mine-steward, Falk, who came to inquire after his Mora friends. When he learned that they were in all probability to be found in the mine, he said,

"Then I came a little too late. My intention was, in fact, to dissuade them from a visit to the mine, at least for a few days. On Friday, when I was down there, I heard certain sighs and shudders which I did not like; for when

\* A sinking in the mines is a greater or less delving downwards, on account of ore being found and dug out there.

that old heathen, the copper-giant, sighs and shakes himself, then is he not safely to be trusted."

"Lord, then, my great God and Father!" exclaimed Brigitta, as she pushed the table vehemently from her, and rose up, "How can you tell me this now! It is now too late; they are lost, lost! Ah, the abominable mine! they will all perish together! my curate, my lector, my kind and honourable Godelius! my divine aunt! uncle! Siri! And Lasse, poor boy! Ah, my God! I will run down there! I will move heaven and earth! I will go myself into the depths of the earth, provided I may be able to bring them up thence alive!"

"Heaven help me! calm yourself, my gracious lady!" exclaimed the mine-steward, at once startled and amused at Brigitta's zeal; "it is not so dangerous, really not dangerous at all; for, since Friday, nothing more has been heard in the mine, and that which was heard was next to nothing. Before any thing serious takes place, people are sure to hear other prognostics of it; and it was merely my extreme caution which—but I will accompany you to the mine. The old copper-man and I are old acquaintances, and I understand his meaning. I am not frightened at him!"

And quickly were Brigitta and the steward in full speed on the way to the "abominable mine," which Brigitta never would see.

"Be calm, then, my gracious lady!" said the mine-steward, admonishingly, as they proceeded, "and do not hurry, so that we tumble, or get consumption. I do assure you that there is now no danger on foot. For several years has every thing been quiet in the mine; at least no fall of any consequence has taken place, no, not since the great fall of 1833. But that was really extraordinary. It was on a Friday, in the month of February, when crackings, sighs, and shudders were heard in the mine, and people saw well that something serious would be the result of it. Therefore all the workmen were ordered up out of the mine, and on Saturday there was not left in it a single soul. But as all continued quiet in the mine, no fall taking place, and nothing further than some cracks being heard, on Sunday two workmen stole down into it, in order to convey their ore nearer to the shaft, by which it should be drawn up, and with this they continued busy till quite in the night. But exactly on this night, the night between Sunday and Monday, the vast fall took place, which filled a great part of the mine again. I lived then in the mine-house, close to the mine, and it cracked and thundered beneath it, as if the interior rivers of the earth were in uproar. The doors in the house burst open, the windows shook, and some of them were broken to pieces; and the same thing occurred in other parts of the town. Many people did not sleep a wink during the night. But they who had the worst of it were the two workmen who had descended into the mine. When they heard the fall begin, they attempted to hasten up, but found the ladders crushed above them, and saw masses of rock plunging down around them. They then sought to descend into the regions where they fancied that the danger would be less; but also, in this direction, they found the ladders dashed to pieces. Then they were compelled to flee

into a trial-excavation; that is, into an excavation which has no outlet, but stands like a cell in the mine, called Ocean, near Adolphus's horizontal shaft, and here they remained the whole night without light, for their torches burnt out; and, meantime, it thundered and raged in the mine as if hell itself were broken loose. At length, on the morrow, the tumult had ceased, and then the people above on the brink of the mine heard the cry of distress through Adolphus's shaft, and they let down casks; and thus happily succeeded in drawing up the two men, more dead than alive; the one was half raving, and both were very ill for a long time after..."

"Ah, dear heaven! those are indeed frightful stories which you have just related!" interrupted Brigitta in her anguish of heart, "and that just at the present time, when... why, dear bless me! who is that? is not that my adjunct who is coming there, running up to us through the cross-town? is it his ghost, or is it he himself!"

Saying this, Brigitta sprang towards the adjunct and the adjunct towards Brigitta, and both met together in a thick *rust*-smoke, which lay over the road. Brigitta, however, took no notice of it, but exclaimed—

"Is it you! are you alive? have you kept all your limbs, body, and soul together safe and sound! why do you come here so alone! where are the rest! are they alive, or are they all dead! why don't you speak! speak, speak, speak, I say!"

"Apstshaw!" was the first sound which was heard from the lips of the adjunct. "I come... apstshaw! in order to.... apstshaw—apstshaw!"

"God help you and us all!" sighed Brigitta. "Only say whether they are alive, or all dead!"

"They are alive! apstshaw! apstshaw!"

"All—uninjured!"

"Yes, yes! apstshaw! that confounded smoke! apstshaw! I shall choke—I shall choke! apstshaw! apstshaw! apstshawkoi—a—a!..."

"Then pray do get out of the smoke, Godelius!" exclaimed Brigitta, who then also began to sneeze, "or else we shall both choke, and the comedy will turn into a tragedy. Yes, that's right! here we can breathe freely! Now tell me, are you quite sure that they are all alive, and that no pit has fallen in?"

"Yes, I am quite sure!" assured the adjunct.

"And they have all come out again safe and sound, from out of that leviathan's jaw, and are again upon God's green earth!"

"Yes; but... aunt has fallen into a swoon at the bottom of the mine, and is now suffering a little from the effects of it. I am, therefore, come to request you to go to her; for no one understands so well how to go about with her as you..."

"Ah, my dear heavenly aunt!—what has she been seized with!—That abominable mine!—I wish it were in Blakulla!"

"Yes, yes, and the *rust*-smoke along with it!—I am in such a perspiration in a..."

"Ah, that will do you a deal of good, my lit-

\* The Swedish word *rust* signifies a layer of ore, with wood and coal, in order to expel by means of fire the fossil particles from it.

the old man! Ah! thank heaven! now then we are at last out of the nuisance."

Brigitta found Madame Ingeborg in the miners'-hall. Siri had been conducted into the miner's-court, a beautiful room resembling a gallery with different likenesses. She had just been bled, and had also recovered from the swoon, but yet not to perfect consciousness. With wild staring looks she asked:

"Where am I?"

"You are in the room of the miner's-court," answered her husband; "you are with your own family."

"In the chamber of the miner's-court!" said Madame Ingeborg, raising herself up, and apparently trying to recollect herself, "in the miner's-court! Is it not here where the criminals are tried? Am I brought here to be tried?"

"Ingeborg! recollect yourself. Look at me; don't you know me again!"

"Yes, you are my Gustavus!" said she with a heavenly smile, "my only friend, you shall defend me. But hush! (*whispering.*) Who is that standing there!"

And Madame Ingeborg's eyes fixed themselves with a timorous glance on a full-length portrait of Gustavus IX., in that dark dress, with those harsh features, that rigid, immovable expression, and that singularly trimmed hair, which forms a cross on the forehead, just as they are found every where on the portraits of that king.

On the name of the picture being mentioned to Madame Ingeborg, she said:

"Oh, indeed! I took it for some other person. Tell me . . . tell me, did any one of you see down at the bottom of the mine . . . on the bridge over the precipice, a dark-looking man? Did nobody see him?"

"No!"

Nobody had seen him. (The leader and Madame Ingeborg, who stood in front of the opening, had most probably screened the figure from the rest.)

"It was a delusion," thought the professor; "the black depth turned you dizzy, and caused you to perceive realities in mere shade forms. Such things are not of rare occurrence."

Madame Ingeborg was silent.

"Yes, it is very strange," said she, after a while; "and here in this place it is very strange, too; but I dare say I am a strange being also."

"Aunt ought to sleep—should try to get a little sleep," said Brigitta, then pressing herself forwards; "Don't you think so, dear uncle? We will lead aunt into the adjoining little room, and then I will relate to her the drollest stories that I know, or I will also set myself opposite to her, and continue yawning until she either falls asleep or laughing; and both will be very salutary to her."

Madame Ingeborg was obliged to smile, and the adjunct . . . that is, the lecturer, cast a glance at Brigitta, and said:

"Yes, yes, she gets some famous ideas into her head, that she does."

It was done as Brigitta proposed. Madame Ingeborg, who had now almost come to perfect consciousness, was conducted by her into an adjoining little private-room in the judgment-hall, and there Brigitta remained alone with her in order to be able to carry on her somnif-

erous arts undisturbed. The rest remained in the hall, and the young people amused themselves for a time with the contemplation of the portraits of the Wasa-kluge, and different presidents of the College for Miners and Metallurgists who graced the room, and who, with wise and sharp visages, seemed to look down upon the young folks who were contemplating them. Olof, who kept himself silent and gloomy for a long time, revived again with the contemplation of the beautiful collection of minerals, which were preserved in a glass case in the room, and was soon busy in pointing out and explaining to his friends various curiosities. Such is the nature of youth; the fresh water springs up under a pressure—and it is well that it is so.

But the professor stood there silent at a window, and looked out of the room. A leaden, heavy cloud, had overcast the sky, and lay gloomily over the opening of the mine over the black dross-town around it, and over the naked, desolate mountains on the right hand. And it seemed to him as if the cloud, of which his wife had shortly before been speaking, had now been realized, and impended, pregnant with inauspiciousness, over their heads. He had not seen the cause of her fainting in the mine; no defined object, no distinct image hovered threateningly before him; but he felt himself oppressed by a burning uneasiness, by inauspicious forebodings, for which he could not clearly account, and which he in vain endeavoured to combat.

In this state of mind it was very agreeable to him, that his two friends, Falk and Björk, came to him. He sent the young people back to the inn, in order to dine there, and stayed with the two friends. He himself, after a while, led the conversation to the thought which now occupied his mind, to the *disaster*, and the share which the accidental fate of a man and his own guilt have in it. Melancholy Björk laid the blame almost exclusively on fate, and was inclined to say, with Solomon the Wise; "It happeneth unto the righteous as unto the wicked."

"Fate!" exclaimed the governor, "I know of nought more empty than that word, and no power more impotent than this, namely—if strength of will rests in the breast to wrestle with it. By patience and perseverance every thing may be overcome; that is a doctrine which the copper-mine preaches here, in rivalry with the great man who at this place took fate into his power and forced it to his side, into his service, after he had long been haunted by his caprices, and had been obliged to experience its hardest blows. Contemplate Gustavus Wasa in his period of misfortune, see him a captive, deprived of his father and friends by the massacre of Stockholm, and afterwards of all his property; see him a fugitive in his own fatherland, wandering about in the disguise of a peasant in the valleys, solitary, pursued by tyrants; compelled to hide himself soon under a cut down fir-tree; soon under the earth; under bridges; in straw, and even there wounded by the spears of the enemy; see him despised, betrayed, continually threatened with destruction; and with all this perpetually rising up again with the same thought, the same mind, the same purpose; namely, of collecting Swedish people for Sweden's deliverance. See him combating with the pusillanimity or coldness of

men, never to be weary in warning them; and finally, see how he gains the people's ears, wins the people's hearts; see how they join him, and devote themselves to him as his life-guards, and attendants in life and death! Hither to Fablan it was, where with his four hundred men he marched from Mora; here it was, where he first became the conqueror of his enemies; where he, for the first time, raised the banner of Sweden's liberty; here it was where he commenced his career of victory, which did not stop until he had made his father-land free, and raised himself upon its throne by the free choice of the people. See, that is a conflict with fate which clearly shows of what signification is its power. No, not here in this country, before the men of the copper-mine, is it proper to speak of the power of fate; here we ought to speak of the power of the will!"

"That's all very fine and glorious! and we may read all that in Swedish history by Geijer and Strinnholm, and in that by Fryxal; indeed, we have often talked about it already," said Björk, not in the least strengthened by the patriotic outbreak of his friend; "but I am of opinion that our history is a little in want of examples to the contrary as that of any other country. I mean to say that we can also show forth more than one martyr of purpose and noble efforts, whose endeavours terminated in a total failure of success. Virtue, good-will, and perseverance, may be equally great with two persons; but the one triumphs over adversity, the other sinks under it; that is, the one has luck, the other ill-luck: that's the great difference between them; and when that manifests itself sooner or later in a man's life, it does not at all alter the circumstances. Engelbrecht, for instance, was an equally, if not nobler man than Gustavus Wasa; he struggled for the same cause and in the same manner, and he fell by the hand of an assassin before he had completed his work."

"But he had, at all events, laid the foundation for the superstructure which was afterwards reared," said Nordevall. "As for the rest you are right. You are right in this respect, that earthly fortune does not always engage in the service of justice, that *blind fate is a power upon earth*. But above it stands *Providence*, with justice for its balance, with eternity in his hand, and continues where its power ceases, and finishes what is left unfinished. The power of earthly fate extends as far as death; the doctrines of religion, which have opened to us the path beyond this earthly one, have also shown us the prize of victory on yonder side, both for man himself as well as for the good cause of his warfare. And no man is so strong as he who lives and fights in this consciousness. Hence Gustavus Adolphus the Great is a far more pleasing and nobler pattern to me, than Gustavus Wasa. It is indeed a glorious picture to behold, how he with prayer and sword, and with his war-song: 'Fear not, thou little flock!' goes forth with his little band against half a world, contending for the liberty of faith. And the joyous spirit of heroism, which ever caused him to be foremost, and in which he answered: 'The Lord God omnipotent ever liveth and reigneth!' whenever he was entreated to spare his life; see, that is a

spirit which I admire. It is a pleasure to see how even derision—a weapon so dreaded by many—becomes itself turned into ridicule before his gravity. What sport was not made in Austria of his design; how did they not mock and laugh about him at the court of Vienna, where they applied the epithet to him of the 'Snow-king,' and so forth. But the Snow-king went forward, and grew and increased until his avalanche made the imperial city and crown tremble. He died in the very midst of his victorious career, and in this way succumbed to his earthly destiny: but, was the victory on that account any less perfect! He himself was removed from the power of earthly fate, and the protestant world honours him to this very day, as their deliverer. The fault with us is, that when we judge of a life and its efforts, we generally take a too low standard of measurement."

"You are quite right, my brother," said the governor; "but you must not deny old king Gösta the hope which you commend in his grandson. Of him too, we know that he built his house upon a stronger foundation than his own strength, just as he has expressed it in his own hymn:

'Oh, Sweden, on God implicitly rely,  
And evermore pray to him fervently!'"

"Brother Nordevall, compose me this hymn, and then I will endeavour to prevail upon the miners to sing it during their morning worship. That will strengthen them in a more salutary manner than the brandy-potation, of which they are so excessively fond."

In the room adjoining, Madame Ingeborg had just said to Brigitta:

"Open the door a little, Brigitta. I hear Gustavus's voice, and that voice is dearer to me than the finest music. Hush! Now I can apprehend his words too."

The visit of the physician interrupted the conversation of the friends. He found Madame Ingeborg better, but still in an excited state. He prescribed several soothing medicines, and with it the utmost external and internal quietness.

In consequence hereof, it was determined that she should quietly remain over-night in the miner's hall, and the professor with her. Madame Ingeborg herself was very well satisfied with this resolution. When the young people, however, on their return from the inn, were informed that they were to return to it again for the night, they were quite confounded, and each one said: "May not I remain here!"

"No, not one of you," said Madame Ingeborg, pleasantly, "nobody except my husband. My night will perhaps be uneasy, and this night I will not disturb or trouble any one else, excepting him. A pretty proof of affection!" added she, with a sorrowful but love-replete smile, to which her husband responded with a cordial—"That's just as it should be!"

But Siri meekly bent her knee before Madame Ingeborg's couch, laid her head on her feet, and said:

"Let me stay here for the night!"

The voice with which she entreated had a something in it irresistible. The professor said:

"Let the girl stay here with us, Ingeborg! I'll take all the responsibility upon myself."

And so it was decided. Not long afterwards they all took leave of one another for the night, as they were anxious to let Madame Ingeborg get to rest as soon as possible. Olof lingered a little longer than the rest, for he wished to bid Siri good-night, or more correctly—though he would not himself concede it—to see her for a moment alone, and obtain a kind word, a pleasant look, from her. Ah! the poor heart, in which love dwells, is as the source of Iceland, in whose depth invisible flames are boiling. In the middle of winter, out of the midst of the snow, its water-spouts spring forth with volcanic power. And though they spill their tears on hard rocks and cold snow, and hurl their stones, yet pay they no regard to it—they still continue to spout and to boil.

Siri was not in the room just at the moment; he saw somebody, who stood there as if waiting for some one. Who was it! Ah! he had no occasion to inquire. The first motion in his heart had, more than her light form, proclaimed Siri. He stood still. Wild and painful was the tempest in his breast. She, too, moved not, and he only heard her voice, penetrating, as it were, into his breast, as she said:

"Olof, are you angry with me?"

Olof made no reply. A momentary change was going on within him. Siri's mysterious demeanour, all that he had suffered for her sake, interposed like a dark body between them, just at the very moment when she approached him so meekly, so penitently, and hardened him against her. A desire for revenge was working in his heart. When generous hearts come to such-like feelings, it is sinful of them.

Again he heard the mild voice:

"Olof! you are angry with me. I am not surprised at it; notwithstanding, I have a favour to ask of you."

Siri went up to him, handed him a sealed letter, and said:

"Take this letter, and—take care of it. Take care of it, as if the keeper of the most precious treasure. But on some future day, when I shall give you permission, or, when—I am dead, then break its seal; read it, and when you have read it—burn it; let no one then know what it contained. For therein is recorded—my secret. I have written every thing down. But no living soul shall know it except you. But you, Olof, shall one day know, that she whom you have protected, towards whom you have been so generous, so kind, was not unworthy of it. I now resign into your hands that which is of more importance to me than my life, and—feel no scruples in doing so. So great is my faith in you and your honour, I know that you will act strictly in conformity with my request."

Olof took the letter, but continued silent. This seemed to pain Siri. She gazed on him, mournfully inquiringly with her beautiful, remarkable eyes, with her touching feature about her lips, and said:

"Olof! I have so joyfully looked forward to this moment, from whenceforth I should no longer stand before you wrapped in darkness... Soon we must part, and heaven knows, how and for how long! It would be a comfort to me, could I believe that you, of whom I shall

ever think as of my best friend, also think friendly of me and entertain the like feelings towards me. You once, when we used to play together, called me *sister*. This name is so dear to me. Oh! can you not give me this name again, and that in earnest? Olof, cannot and will you not receive me again, and love me as a brother, now and ever? It seems to me as if then my way would go on lighter; I believe that life would then be easier to—us both!"

There was a something so simple, so earnest and cordial at the same time, in Siri's manner and expression, that Olof became, as it were, penetrated by a new, fresh feeling. It dropped like a soothing dew on the wild glow in his soul, where love and disaffection were in conflict together. He felt himself again changed; and when now he once more pressed the young maiden to his heart, as a beloved sister, and her head lingered again on his breast, so mild, so full of confidence, just as the first time it was done in pain and cordiality, his heart raised itself up anew; he felt himself strong over his own weakness, and renewed the vow of being her brother and friend.

With a hearty "God bless you, my sister!" he inclined over her—and hastened away. Siri looked after him. Her eyes sparkled in a suffusion of tears, but joyously, as when one has seen something noble and beautiful.

She then went softly into the room, and after bidding her foster-parents good-night, withdrew into the smaller chamber, where she was to pass the night, on the sofa. The only window in that room went to the mining-place; and timorously and full of misgivings she dwelt near it.

The two married people were in the large room. Madame Ingeborg, owing to a considerable rush of blood to the heart, could not endure a lying posture, and therefore sat up in a large easy chair. Now everything around her was still and silent. The night-lamp burnt with a steady, but dull reflection, and beside his wife sat the professor, watching over her with the eye of faithful affection. Notwithstanding, Madame Ingeborg got not a moment of repose.

Ever and again she fearfully raised her eye towards the portrait of Charles IX. as if in him she had seen the precursor of a chastising judge, some avenging fatality. And yet that dreaded king was himself almost a touching example of the power of a punishing Nemesis. He who made so many hearts tremble, nay perish, in tormenting fear of death, who caused so many heads to fall under the axe of the executioner, he the inexorable, the mighty in will and power, he stood in his old age before the imperial states of Sweden, and could do nought but point at his sore-stricken head, and stammer: "God's judgment!... God's judgment!..."

## THE JUDGMENT OF GOD.

AND night came. With half-consumed disk the moon advanced from the clouds and shone over the gigantic jaws of the mine, over the black masses of slag, with the peculiar dusk

light which marks its wane. All rested and was still in the town, which lay behind the mine-house, but down in the mine this night the work was going on, and the dull reports of blasting were heard from time to time out of the depths of the earth.

Mrs. Ingeborg, who was under the influence of a sleeping-draught, which yet was unable to give her rest, awoke at every sound of such explosion, and stretched out her hands avertingly, as if against some secret, threatening danger. Her husband watched her with uneasiness, and was within himself highly annoyed at this sleeping place for the night, which had been selected without reflecting on its unquiet vicinity to the mine. He himself had freed his mind by the conversation with his friends from its gloomy impression. He was again strong and full of consolatory feeling, as usual, and wished only to be able to impart his own tranquillity to the beloved being whom he saw to be the prey of depressing pain.

When he saw that this did not pass away, when she continued to be tormented by gloomy dreams, in a sort of uneasy trance, he kissed her eye-lids and said,—

"Ingeborg, awake! Speak to me; let us converse with each other. Come and walk awhile with me in the room; rest will be better than this sleep."

"Who calls me! Who says speak!" asked Mrs. Ingeborg, as she gazed confusedly around. "O Gustaf, is it thou! Thanks for having awoke me. My soul was in hell. Yes, thou art right; I must speak, now or never."

"What wilt thou, what dost thou mean? Why dost thou talk so wildly?"

"They were beautiful words—divine words, Gustaf, which thou spoke in the evening just past, of victory in death or beyond it; of the power which is stronger than misfortune—than fate!.....Nay, do not look thus at me! I am sane and collected, and know what I say and what I mean. Fate urges, conscience admonishes, God commands, and thou who givest me strength, thou art my judge!"

And Mrs. Ingeborg fell hastily upon her knees before her husband.

"Ingeborg! my wife! what dost thou?" exclaimed Nordevall, and sought to raise her.

"Let me be!" said she, fiercely and gloomily. "I am where I ought to be, where I ought to have been long ago. Hear me, I am a criminal!"

Nordevall sat down and covered his face with his hands, he could not look at her.

"I am guilty," she continued resolutely, "in having for ten years concealed from thee my life's grand misfortune and most momentous secret; in having concealed from thee that, before I became acquainted with thee, I had been married to another man, and that Siri, is my daughter!" Mrs. Ingeborg paused for a moment and bowed her forehead upon her husband's knee. He sat motionless; she continued,

"I was at Siri's age when I was loved by a man of rich but dangerous endowments. He at once captivated me, and won over to his interest my sister. But my brother-in-law set himself vehemently against our connection and sought by force to separate us; but obstinacy

and love counteracted him. He, whom I loved, persuaded me to a secret union, and a priest of his acquaintance married us one evening in the chapel of Sölberg, in the neighbourhood of my sister's residence. An approaching change in his circumstances, he said, would quickly place him in a condition to proclaim our union and demand me as his wife.

"Ah, this band knit in blind enthusiasm was cut fearfully asunder. He to whom I had united myself, was soon after involved in a crime and fled the kingdom. My situation was horrible. The secret of my marriage was obliged to be disclosed to my brother-in-law. He was at first furious, but afterwards he took compassion on me, and promised me his help on my oath never to reveal my marriage, which I then discovered with amazement was not valid by the laws of Sweden. My sister and brother-in-law travelled out of the kingdom with me, and on our return Siri passed for their daughter, but mine she was, and at the same time I was obliged to consent to leave her in strange hands, and separate from her; I must do this in order to watch over my reputation and my unhappy secret; must do it also for her sake, because the innocent child's brow ought not to be branded with a tainted name. I wrote, however, to her father, whose place of abode was then known to me, and announced to him the birth of his daughter. From him I received no reply, but through my sister and brother-in-law the account of his death; and his perfect silence for five years after, left me now no doubt of the fact. Long had his image darkened in my soul. His crime. We do not long continue to love what we blush for. O! Gustaf! canst thou understand that when I first became acquainted with thee, when I learned to love thee with the approbation of all my better self, of my mind matured by unhappiness and affliction, canst thou understand that the very love, the reverence thou infused into me, bound my tongue, when thou soughtest my hand, so that I did not confess to thee the secret of my past life. Ah! I would not sink in thy regard; I had not fortitude to discover my union with an infamous person. A sense of duty and conscience admonished me to speak. Love and pride said, no. I sought to tranquilize myself with the thought that my confession could serve no purpose but to make us unhappy, and that no good could result from it to any one; for my child was happy with her foster parents, and was tenderly beloved, especially by the general, who never would have consented to part with her. Canst thou understand how these thoughts, the fear of forfeiting thy affection, thy confidence, the fear of thy anger against me has now, for ten years, caused me on this head to remain silent before thee, whilst the feeling of my fault towards thee and my child, occasioned me inexpressible anguish. But now—at this moment, I feel no more fear. Something higher is upon me, something which tells me that my hour of death is not far off; and till then, at least, must I stand clear before thee, with my offence, that in the grave I may have peace, and that beyond it I may be able to meet thee without a lie upon my forehead. Gustaf! for some time I have seen a form which made the blood stagnate in my

veins. I saw it once hasten past on the highway before the court at Mora; once in the woods in Eldfal, but the countenance I did not then see, and persuaded myself that my imagination deceived me. But yesterday in the mine, on the narrow bridge over the abyss, I saw again the same figure, and now saw the countenance, and could no longer doubt—it was he, it was Siri's father, it was.... Julius Wolff!"

"Julius Wolff! the scoundrel!" exclaimed Nordevall with anger and pain.

"The unhappy one, yes! And now Gustaf, listen to me. Either what I have seen is an apparition, and it comes to call me away from thee, or Julius Wolff lives, and I am a perjured woman! But O my God! in the depth of this darkness I see a ray of light! If he lives then may Siri be innocent, and the stranger with whom she was seen, be her father. First in this moment have I acquired this foreboding, this consolation, and—I need it. Gustaf! Now thou knowest all! I have not a word to add in my own excuse, except my love for thee. Many a time has the confession lain upon my lips, but—thou wert so happy in thy confidence in me, and—I was silent. Judge me. Here, at thy feet, I will lie till thou pardon or reject me."

Nordevall's countenance was solemn and pale, as he turned it towards the penitent, and solemn but tender was the voice with which he said:—

"Ten years truth and affection speak for thee, and—my own sense of failing. My warmth of temper, my severity have terrified thee. Poor Ingeborg! How many a pang had been spared, how many a happiness had been won, if—if thou hadst laid thy daughter on my heart! O if man—but the past is no longer ours—ours alone is the present. Rise up my wife, and forgive my faults, as I forgive thee thy only fault towards me. May God forgive us both!"

Husband and wife arose, and as they stood in each other's arms, heart to heart, then came the strength of affection over them. Ten years love and truth, all the sweet, all the bitter remembrance of what they had lived through, suffered and enjoyed together, arose like angels out of the waves of the past, and cast light upon light, flame upon flame into life. It became glowing therewith. Never had they loved each other more intensely, never so felt the immortality of their union.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Ingeborg, "is it then this moment that I feared—that I have avoided for ten years? Where is fear, where is danger now?"

"Here!" replied a hollow and sepulchral voice; and from the shadow at the bottom of the hall stood forth a form; it was the same which Mrs. Ingeborg had seen in the Lobster cavern of the mine. He was even now clad in the black mine dress, and his hair was flung back from the pale and suffering-ploughed countenance.

Mrs. Ingeborg sent forth a cry and seized convulsively her husband's arm.

"Silence!" said the dark form, "wretchedness is here, but—it shall not strike you! I have heard enough to recognize the innocence

of Ingeborg; that she did not get the letter from me which I wrote to her under cover to her sister; for I wished to be dead to all, but—not to her! Yet what should she with a dishonoured man! And now, that I have seen my daughter; that I have given her again parents and her natural right, that I have liberated her from unworthy suspicions, and her mother from . . . her dread of ghosts, now will my rôle upon earth quickly be played out. It now remains to free you from—myself. And that shall now be done. Cherish my noble child! Her happiness I shall one day demand at your hands. Farewell, Nordevall! Remember that it is the 'scoundrel,' who confers on thee, the wife, and the daughter, to whom he had a right, and who flies in order not to disturb, thy happiness!" And with a look, in which pride and bitter anguish were combined, the dark man hastily quitted the room, and went with rapid steps over the esplanade, towards the mine, and into the landing-room.

But it was not easy for him to escape from the light-haired girl, who, like a moon-beam, flew across the esplanade in his track, and who here embraced him with the force of the spirit, which renders the softest arms strong as an iron band.

"Thou shalt not leave me!" said she. "Into the bowels of the earth I will follow thee."

"My child!" exclaimed he, with painful emotion, "my child! Is it thou! Oh! thus then can I once more press thee to my heart, before we separate for ever."

"We do not part;" said she, "never! I will go and take leave of them within. I will kiss their feet; but then I belong to—I will follow thee alone!"

"Ah! that cannot be!" answered he. "Tonight, I must sink down in the mine, but early in the morning, I wander forth into the wide world, and have in it neither a home nor an asylum to offer thee, where thou couldst rest thy head."

"Have I not thy heart, father?" answered she; "and have we not both of us the earth, and the heavens for a roof over us! Oh! believe me, with thee in the wilderness I shall be happier than with others in peace, and abundance. Do not fear for me; I am strong and accustomed to live with nature, both in its good and its evil days, and love it. Father! let me accompany thee! Let me partake thy necessity and thy bread. For thee I will work, for thee could I beg, if our need became great, even as I beg of thee at this moment. Dost thou think that they will deny me! I will always be glad. I will sing for thee when thou art sorrowful; and when thou art cold, I will warm thee with my love, and at my heart. With thee I will wander round the whole world. And long shall it be before want shall overtake us. See! what in one year I have saved from the pocket-money which I received. See, Father! It is all thine!" And Siri pulled forth, with beaming eyes, her little board or money.

"Oh!" said he, with an expression of bitter joy, "it is truly a treasure to possess thee, child, and thy love, and these . . . have I forfeited. Thou dear, thou beloved child, have thanks. But what I have said must yet stand.

We must part. I will it. Remain in thy home; remain with thy mother. Give her the affection of a child. My feeling regarding her was right. She was deceived, but not criminal. Make her happy, and—forget not thy father. Pray for him! Poor child! Now passes a tempest through thy life. The young tree shall bend . . . but it shall lift itself again more vigorously, and heaven shall be clear above its head. Live, my child, to atone for thy father's offence, live for that more beautiful order of things, about which he dreamed without understanding its foundation; live to alleviate the distresses of earth!

"Listen!" and the enthusiastic man, who kindled more and more as he spoke, stood at once before the young maiden, almost with a prophetic dignity, illumined, like her, by the flames of "the eternal fire," and speaking as in fragmental lightning; "Listen to me! I will give thee a keepsake! Here, on the margin of the nether world, I will announce to thee a supernatural doctrine. Let it burn in thy heart like an eternal fire; let it light thee through the short life of earth; through all the mists of life and nature. Child! thy vocation is high and glorious! be thy lot upon earth ever so lowly, be thy dwelling ever so narrow. Neither sin nor crime bind thee; now is thy path free, let it be worthy of thy destiny! Listen! Above in the world, they will talk to thee of the powers and operations of nature; of wisdom in the arrangements displayed in the revolutions of life and death, in the laws of war and devastation, which hound the tribes of animals against each other, and make one race the murderers of the rest. They will show thee in disorder the order of the Creator, and in nature an eternal, ruminating, self-destroying, self-reproducing creature, the final destiny of which is—death and putrefaction. But I will impart to thee a deeper doctrine, a doctrine that is proclaimed by the sagas and songs of thy fatherland, regarding the life of nature, of the creature, and regarding the vocation of man. What say the ancient sagas! How in them speak the people of the hills and the streams, of the mountains and the woods! when the light of revelation breaks in upon the north, and pervades the deep, and looses the tongues of the life of nature! Listen! they sigh for redemption; for a more free and beautiful existence; and they call upon men to release them, to release the world into which captivity, into which the infection of misery came through them. They call, they warn them again to elevate them to the "glorious freedom of God's children;" to the glory unto which they were created. O child! be never deaf to these voices, nature's soft and spiritual voices, which sigh in all that is dying, that is miserable, in all that is falling asunder, and which admonish thee to a divine work. And therefore . . . Men will say to thee, "Be pure before the eye of day; be pure before the gaze of the world!" But I say to thee, "Be pure before the eye of night; be pure in the most concealed of thy sentiments, in thy imagination!" They have their living fibres deeply fixed in the life of nature. Thus thou sinkest or risest along with them. Live in nature, but as a bird of paradise, without soiling thy wings in the dust.

Thou wilt then elevate it to the original paradise!

"I dedicate thee to a life in which daily joys and daily sorrows will be counted of little value, but where the smallest of them will serve the Most High. I consecrate thee to a work of peace and beauty; thy days to a still *Creation's day*! Live for a new heaven and a new earth! . . .

"Happy art thou to be born in a country where deep spiritual voices still resound through life. My child! be a blessing to thy native land! There stand the sepulchral mounds which cover the bones of thy forefathers; there are the primeval mountains, the springs, which preserve the sagas from the most ancient times, when the spirit of man was equally deep as now in its clearest conception. In this nature wert thou born; there shalt thou live and labour. Go! . . . but in humility . . . work out for thyself a glory! Nature shall one day be glorified in its sacred splendour! . . .

"This is thy father's testament! his last commission, his last words to thee. A ray has God given me before the last night. He has given me thee. But now is my sun gone down. Now, my child! . . . my only joy . . . my daughter . . . farewell!"

And he clasped her passionately in his arms, and pressed kisses full of blessings on her brow, hair, eyes, and lips. Then he hastily left her, kindled his torch at the "eternal fire," and disappeared down the mine steps.

Stupified stood Siri there; the springs of life seemed, as it were, to stand still within her, still but listening to the voice of a mighty spirit. But when she saw her father disappear in the dark deep, then flew a light over her pale countenance, her eyes flashed with life and resolve, and she—followed him, as the fascinated follows the fascinator's eye, as even the strong magnet, as love follows the trace of the beloved, whom it fears to lose for ever. Thus silent as a spirit, light as a child, she followed in her father's track, from descent to descent, from place to place, pursuing the guiding torch, but at as great a distance as possible.

He advanced slowly, and as if sunk in thought: the torch burnt dimly in his hand. At the path called the *Crown Prince's Path*, where the steeper steps commence, he went down to the excavation of the *Coppersnake*, in which he turned aside. Now he went forward towards the copper-dragon's sinking. Every where Siri followed silently and resolutely. They were now seventy-five fathoms deep. At the brink of the copper-dragon's sinking, he suddenly stopped, as if recollecting himself. He seemed to have proceeded as in a dream, and not rightly to know where he was. He looked round and swung his torch to get more light; it flamed forth and lit up the dark labyrinth, but also shone upon the light-haired maiden, where she stood in the night-black jaws of the Copper-snake. The eyes of the father and daughter met. She extended her arms towards him, and sprang forward. Then fell the torch, wildly whirling in the air; sparks streamed up out of the abyss, but the abyss swallowed up the torch and the sparks; Siri heard the sound of a heavy falling body, and . . . all was silent and black . . .

And never did a blacker night envelope a human being, than that which here plunged down over the young girl. She had seen the gulf swallow her father, and the same fate menaced herself. But of herself she thought not; she thought on her father. She dropped on her knees, and feeling before her with her hands, she crept forward towards the spot where she saw him disappear. Soon the ground failed beneath her hands, and they were stretched over an abyss. But in the bottom of this she saw a faint light glimmer, and she stared fixedly upon it. At once it flamed more strongly up, and showed a rock which descended in a winding direction from the place where Siri stood, down to the bottom of the sinking just where the burning torch lay. This was the copper-dragon's tail, and rapidly did the young maiden hasten down along it, with an agonized and throbbing heart.

Arrived at the bottom of the copper-dragon, she took up the torch and trimmed it. Its light discovered, lying some paces from her, a body. The countenance was turned upwards, and Siri recognised again her father. His eyes appeared to be glazed; he lay stiff and motionless, as one dead. Siri laid a hand upon his heart. It still beat. She called him by name; he answered not, and gave no signs of life. It was with a feeling of the deepest agony of soul that she raised herself, and looked round for help. Ah! here she stood alone in the bare bowels of the mine, and through its stupendous labyrinth of passages and ways, she had no guiding clue. But she knew that the miners were at work in the mine this night, and that people were therefore in it at that time; and with the torch in her hand, she began to wander and explore, marking exactly the way she went, in order to be able to find it again, and from time to time raising a cry for help, which rebounded again from the walls of the mine, or lost itself in the empty passages and arched ways. Sometimes she stood and listened, and heard—only the eternal fall of the water-drops; then wandered she again forward, and the crystals glimmered cold and wildly against her, as she passed along, like demoniac eyes out of the rock. Cold drops fell upon her brow. At once she felt a warm breath upon her hand; she looked at it. It was the flame from the torch, which the draught of air drove downwards, the torch was nearly burnt out. Still stranger, still more dangerous became her wandering; the pulse throbbed wildly in her temples; still more hasty, but more unsteady became her steps. And now she was compelled to stop, for the path was broken abruptly off by a great, black gulf. She looked down, there appeared no bottom; there appeared no light. She looked up. The vaulted roof of the mine was gone, and over her head was only an immeasurable, black, and empty space. Siri stared fixedly forward, and madness came over her. It was a moment when the vacuum above and beneath her, drew into it her very soul; when horror iced the springs of life; when she felt and thought *nothing*. But unconsciously her bewildered eyes were fixed on an object which descended directly from on high into the gulf, and moved itself gently, and twinkled, and twinkled in the light

of the torch. It was a cord, a line, and Siri's eyes mechanically followed this line downwards till it disappeared in the depth. But out of the depth arose now a distant song, and faintly but distinctly, she heard the words of the miner's song:—

"Up brothers! let your torches glow  
Where duty calls us, let us go.  
Our way is dark, but light to keep,  
Though down into the deep."

Siri's consciousness returned. It became clear to her, that she now stood in a shaft for the raising of ore, and that the people below, whose song she heard, must also hear her cries. And she cried, but still the song continued; she called again and again, and the song ceased. They listened to her down in the mine. She repeated her cry; and now the line moved; in a moment she saw a light glimmer in the depth, and soar softly upwards still nearer and nearer to her.

"Siri! Siri! let me embrace my child!" cried Mrs. Ingeborg, in the hall of the mine-court, evidently combating with death. Her husband opened the door of the little room adjoining, but it was empty. The window which was not high from the ground was open. Siri was away.

"It is just!" said Mrs. Ingeborg, with an expression of deep dejection; "it is no more than just. I abandoned her cradle, and she abandons my death-bed . . . it is only right. O! my heart, my heart!"

"Be calm, be composed," implored her husband, affectionately. "Lean against me! I am near thee! and thy child, she is also mine. Trust me, I will find her again; I will one day restore her to thy arms."

"Oh, thou dear comforter, thou true one. Yes, I will rest on thee, and on God's mercy! in life thou wert my joy; in death thou art my support. Gustaf! a prayer! Let me rest in Mora earth, in the grave where thou wilt one day rest by my side. Thanks for all thy love! . . . it becomes so dark before my eyes . . . I see thee no longer . . . but I shall see thee again . . . Lay thy hand upon my head, and read over me the blessing; . . . that I may hear thy voice in . . . the last!"

He did so. His voice did not tremble then, but when he saw the eyes glaze, whose last look of affection was fixed on him, then his knees shook, and he sunk upon them, and laid his head against the heart of his wife, which now had ceased to beat.

There it still lay, and burnt hotly, when that heart had already grown cold beneath the hand of death, as the morning sun broke into the room, and shone on the married pair. He first raised it, when a small piece of paper was presented to him, on which the following lines were written with a trembling hand:—

"A dying person desires the sacrament. Foster-father, come with the peace of God, prays out of the depths of the earth,

Thine, SIRA.

Then Nordevall raised himself; wiped the cold perspiration from his brow, and followed the guide who had brought the message, and

who carried what was requisite for the holy office. When he came out into the open air, into the glad sunshine, he stood still, looked around him, and seemed to listen. His eyes were dim, and his look not such as before. He seemed to have become many years older. Silent, and with uncertain, but still firmer and firmer steps, he followed his conductor down into the mine. The guide related as they went:—

"He fell from the copper-snake down into the sinking of the copper-dragon; that is, about twelve fathoms deep; so that it is not to be wondered at, if he broke his skull; for the doctor says that it is the skull itself that is fractured, and that he cannot have many hours to live. Still he speaks, and is quite sensible. We attempted to carry him up, but he could not bear it, and so we were obliged to convey him into the king's hall, and leave him there. There he now lies, and there is with him a young, fine lady, who seems to be his daughter, and who laments and weeps so, that it is enough to cut one to the heart to see. It was her voice which first called the people to where he lay. But how she came down there, in the coal-black night, that knows the Lord alone. See, now we are in the *Duke of Dalarna*, and there, before us, we have the *King's-hall*."

A strong but melancholy light streamed upon Nordevall as he entered the king's hall, one of the largest rooms in the mine. The servants of the mine stood there, with blazing torches in their hands, surrounding, at some distance, a group, upon which all eyes were fixed. It was a man, who lay outstretched upon the earth, evidently seized on, but not disfigured by the hand of death, and a young woman who knelt by his side, and to whom his looks and words were directed. Amongst these words were heard the following—"I did not wish it ... could not wish it when I saw thee ... but an invisible hand ... the judgment of God ... plunged me down."

When Nordevall entered, the glances of the dying man were turned on him with a cold and bitter expression, and he said,—

"What has Gustaf Nordevall to do with Julius Wolff? what seeks the happy with the unhappy?"

"It is an *unhappy* one who here comes to his brother," replied Nordevall, quietly and gloomily. Innocently did I deprive thee of the joy of thy life ... innocently hast thou crushed me. I came from ... my wife's deathbed."

Julius Wolff almost raised himself up at this word.

"Is she dead?" he exclaimed; "then ... then I have killed her! this yet was wanting ... now is my measure full. Priest, depart from me!" continued he, wildly; "what wilt thou with me? leave me! I need thee not! I know my sin and my doom."

Nordevall drew nearer.

"Dost thou know, also, God's power? hast thou measured the depths of his mercy?" said he, with a voice and look which seemed not to belong to the earth.

Wolff had sunk back—his countenance changed. Speechlessly he raised his clasped hands, and fixed on Nordevall an inquiring, thirsting glance.

Nordevall bent down to him, fell on his knees at his side, in order to be able to speak softly to him, and hear his answer. His countenance, full of seriousness and compassion, shone in the meantime more and more. And when he raised himself, he stood like an apostle of love and consolation before the repentant man, and imparted to him what life has of deepest and best.

The mine people sang:

"Oh, Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world."

A breath of that peace which the world cannot give came like a bright light over the countenance of the dying man. The young maiden's tears flowed no longer. The sting and pain of death were swallowed up in a divine life, a heavenly anticipation.

The clergyman read the blessing over father and daughter.

Soon afterwards rested the daughter's warm lips on those of the father, which were become cold for ever.

"Blessed are they that sleep!" said Nordevall, as, supporting his weary head, he contemplated the peace in the features of the departed; then bending himself still lower, he embraced the half unconscious maiden, and raised himself with her.

#### A GLANCE FORWARD INTO TIME

"Up she beholdeth,  
Once more arise  
Earth out of ocean,  
Gloriously green.  
Cataracts fall,  
And there soars the eagle."

Thus sang in the mist-veiled times of old, the northern seeress, the wise Vala, of the arising of the world from its last contest. And, God be praised! the resurrection of which she sings, this renovation; this growing green afresh, this giving of new wings to life, that we also see—we who still dwell in "the shadows of the earth"—in many a glorious revelation in the life of nature, of the heart, of thought, and of society. It is to us a hint and an augury.

We sketch here, with hasty outlines, merely a little picture of this in the history of the man and the child whom we lately left overwhelmed by the shadows of sorrow and of death. As they attached themselves to each other at this moment, so continued they to do so more and more affectionately in the future. She became an angel through him. His heart, his life, his home, grew again green through her. A more beautiful relation than that between this father and this daughter cannot be conceived. At a later day, when he rested in the earth of Mora, by the side of the beloved departed wife, whom he never ceased in silence to yearn after, Siri kissed the mould upon their grave, and left Mora to follow a happy husband and wife, Olof and Valborg, to their home at the iron-works at Westanfors. As a beloved and affectionate sister she lives here with them. She tends the sick in the iron-works and on the estate; she takes charge of orphan children, and by these means has a wide extended and beneficial ac-

tivity. This intercourse with nature, with her relatives and their children, quiet thoughts and feelings, which, on invisible wings, conduct her through life, make her happy in the noblest sense. Always lively, always glad, it is as if a secret fire in her heart prevented her growing cold or weary, and kept back old age from her brow. So does she advance on her way. Light is her wandering on earth. The living, affectionate glance is never diverted from its goal beyond it. And as she thus wanders as

one of those "who pass through the vale of sorrow and make them wells," her fate is often heard resounding through the woods with the self-same beautiful tones—tones of the hymn of deliverance of the spirits of nature, which she heard in her earliest youth—or her clear, sweet voice sings a "God's peace" over Dalarna, in the cordial words of the ancient Dal song, in which a grateful heart here unites:

God strengthen and gladden the people who dwell  
By river, on hill, and in Dalom!

THE END

# BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

## A Tale of Domestic Life.

BY FREDRIKA BREMER,

AUTHORESS OF

"THE PARSONAGE OF MORA," "THE H—— FAMILY," "THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTERS,"  
"THE NEIGHBORS," "THE HOME," ETC., ETC.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT,

BY MARY HOWITT.

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HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,  
82 CLIFF STREET, NEW YORK.



# BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

## THE YOUNG AND THE OLD.

It was evening twilight.

"Dearest, loveliest, sweetest sister Hedvig. There you sit, like a living picture of an eclipse of the moon, or of a rainy day in November. Now, I shall be obliged to dance again before you like Cupid, and drive away the clouds, that we may have it fine again."

And Augustin Dalberg, a handsome, well-grown young man, began to leap around his sister, exhibiting the oddest gambols and attitudes.

"If we have Cupid now, then we must also have Venus," said Bror, gravely. Bror was a little compactly-made fellow, of a dark complexion, who thrust himself forward with much complacency—if we said with graceful action, that would be saying too much.

"Oh, Venus Aphrodite! Welcome, just risen from the bosom of the waves. But why is Mrs. Venus so black?"

"Be respectful, my son! Why have you such long legs? They would be more becoming to Mercury than to Cupid."

"I am Mercury; I have wings upon my feet, I fly, and—where is the poker?—be respectful to my Caduceus, lady Venus!"

"Room for Jupiter!" exclaimed a tall, vigorous youth, swinging himself in among the others like a tempest.

"And room for Juno, also!" sang a young girl, in a loud voice, plunging forward after Jupiter as ungracefully as possible.

"And for Vesta!" warbled forth another young maiden, dancing into the circle as sylph-like and as gracefully as possible.

"Bravo! Then here we all are!" Augustin again exclaimed. "Let all the planets form a circle. This is the storm-wind dance of the planets around our sister the Earth, to drive away all the mists and clouds. And now look, it clears up! it clears up!—*à la ronde dansons! dansons tous à la ronde!* And it actually did clear up. Sister Hedvig began to smile, and at last laughed aloud at the brothers' and sisters' drollery as they leaped and gambled around her.

"Do be quiet, dear children!" cried she; "don't upset my chair—take care of my spinning-wheel, you naughty young things. It is a dreadful disturbance you are making;

you are making such a draught—you blow through me—I shall get a cold; do you hear?"

"*A la ronde dansons, dansons tous à la ronde!* Bombardino, bombardino! This is the storm-wind dance of the planets around the lady Earth, to drive away the mists and clouds from her fair countenance, and when one once gets into full career it is not so easy to stop, let me tell you—Jupiter drum-eldarius! don't tread so continually on my corn! for, though I am Venus, yet—dear me, what now? Is mother Earth beginning to explode?"

Balls of cotton, cushions, sheins of flax, footstools, and I know not what, began to fly about, bombarding the planets right and left. There was no mistake; it was actually the excellent sister Hedvig herself, who was thus replying to the politeness of the brothers and sisters. And they were by no means unaccustomed to this kind of thing. This was the signal for a general tumult, in which sofa-cushions, chair-cushions, and every thing which could be thrown without danger of breaking itself, or breaking any body's head, flew about the room, and upon those who in darkness and blindness ran one against another, amidst loud shouts and laughter which sounded almost spasmodic.

"What the deuce of a riot is here! Is it the affair of Bender? I believe here is a bombardment going on! I have got a confounded piece of something right in my face!" said a strong, deep voice at the door.

"Uncle is a planet! uncle is a planet!" cried the young folks; "uncle is the planet Herkules, and must dance with us the storm-wind dance of the planets around the lady Earth."

"What nonsense! Am I to dance?—I? Do I look like a dancer? Planet me here, and planet me there—I shall sit down upon my own planet like a well-behaved human being. But you are all in a confusion together, that I can see, and it is not worth while to think about having, this evening, a rational round game; so farewell to you, you madcaps!"

Uncle Wolmar Otto Herkules was not in a very good humor, as might be heard in his voice, and it fell like a dash of cold water

upon the excited and tempestuous spirits in the room. Not that they were frightened or cast down. General Herkules's ill-temper was too good-humored for that, but a certain respect for him, and a desire to fall in with his wishes, caused them quickly to become quiet, order in candles, and begin to put the room to rights. The dust rose to the ceiling, and all the combatants breathed and fanned themselves, and seemed to be all of them affected by the planetary affairs.

Individuals, and families, have each their own characteristic type, and at the same time their own little whim, *spiritus familiaris*, or more properly perhaps "Nisse," a little spirit whose nature we should find it difficult more closely to define. The characteristic feature of the Dalberg family was a deep earnestness; its "Nisse" was a certain ungovernable temper—something of the Berserker kind, I suspect, which would every now and then break out, and for the most part play comic pranks, and which, uninfluenced by excitement from without, bubbled up like a fresh cool fountain in the midst of the quietest every-day life. We suspect, in short, that this "Nisse" is a *spiritus familiaris* in Swedish domestic life, and we know that this cool spring of childish, almost foolish-merriment, may continue to flow even amid the most trying circumstances of life. Nor was every thing so bright and merry in the family, the members of which we just now saw floating around as planets; there was also good and sufficient reason for the troubled expression of sister Hedvig's countenance. But of these things we shall speak hereafter.

Now we have light in a large, simply, but well furnished parlor, and the candles, two in number, stand in tall old silver candlesticks, upon an oblong table before the sofa. In the middle of the sofa sat the old count, General Herkules, in a gray linen coat, with the medal of bravery upon his broad breast, looking around him with large gray eyes, the color of steel, which flashed lightning glances from beneath his bushy eyebrows, upon the round-game-loving persons, while with his immensely large hands he shuffled a pack of cards, taking every now and then a draught from the glass of toddy which stood before him.

Only Hedvig and Augustin approached the table, the other planets wandered to a distance. Ivar, lately Jupiter, sits in the corner by the stove, looks like a bull, and seems dangerous to meddle with. Juno and Vesta, otherwise Göthilda and Engel, have crept into another corner, apparently rather afraid of that great table before the sofa. "Venus," little Bror Dalberg, paces up and down and across the room, gazes upon the company, and declaims—

"All the noble gods together,  
When the lottery-game was done,

Sate at eve, in chilly weather,  
By a fire of cinnamon.

"It does not look very promising here," remarked uncle Herkules, with a half-suppressed sigh, consoling himself with a draught from his glass. Bror continued—

Jove sate playing with his thunder,  
By the jovial viands cheered,  
And in drinking spilled, no wonder,  
Fragrant nectar on his beard.

"What is that? What sort of a thing is that?" said the general, listening. "Ah! yes, Mrs. Leנגren! I remember now—Yes, that is devilish good and merry! Yes, that was a woman for writing—that she was!"

"But even nowadays," suggested Bror, "we have women who can write—Baroness Knorring, Mrs. Carlin—and has uncle read any of —"

"You mean of those romances that you have at home—what do you call her?—Miss Bremer, I think. No, thank you, such confounded rubbish as that I don't read. When I wish to amuse myself with reading, I go to Mrs. Leנגren and Ossian, and they are all that I require of such sort of literature."

"Ah!" that is right, my sweet girls," said the general to Göthilda and Engel, who at length, in obedience to Hedvig's beseeching nods and glances, seated themselves at the table, "and see now, we have the lads at last! We can have a regular and rational game. But what's up now? What is the matter again?" and uncle Herkules looked with a certain degree of terror at Augustin, who, after reading a letter which a servant brought to him, rose from his seat, saying—

"I beg, uncle, that you will be so good as to excuse me for a moment. There is a foreigner, an Icelandic, or Danish Miss Knutson, an artist of great reputation, now in Stockholm, who has brought a letter of introduction to me from my friend E—in Copenhagen. She lives not far from here, and, if you and Hedvig will allow it, I will fetch her here this evening, if she be not otherwise engaged."

"Yes, surely, go and fetch her," replied the general; "she is welcome to join our game and to partake our supper—is she not, Hedvig? But my dear fellow, you will soon be back again, and don't stop amusing yourself with compliments and bows up there—that wastes such a deal of time. Every body must be look after; every body must be help," continued the general grumbling to himself as Augustin went out; "the d— knows how he can stand it. He'll really wear himself out with sheer good-nature. That comes out of the cursed philanthropic nonsense. An Iceland! For what is she come here? And to send so late in the evening—in rainy weather too!—If people knew how to keep quiet, then—"

And in this way the general grumbled for a long time, and to no purpose—or bad purpose, just as you please.

But when, after an interval, perhaps of half an hour, Augustin re-entered the room with a lady of a Juno-like figure, an independent though somewhat noble bearing, whose black dress set off her fair complexion and light hair, the old count rose up, and, advancing toward her, saluted her with that chivalrous politeness which was peculiar to him in his behavior toward women.

Hedvig welcomed the stranger with her characteristic calm cordiality, and when she observed that her hand trembled as she held it, she pressed it the more kindly, and offered her a seat beside herself. Spite of her calm, independent bearing, Lagertha Knutson trembled and turned pale with the eyes of so many riveted upon her: the general's, flashing lightning, Ivar's, gazing somewhat boldly, and Göthilda's, black as Egyptian darkness. But when the general said pleasantly, "And you have ventured alone, and so late in the year, to take so long a journey—and quite alone?—look you, that I call brave and unusual in a young lady!"

Lagertha replied, in a gentle but determined voice, "People may do any thing that they will."

"Bravo! I like to hear that!" exclaimed the old soldier, and fire flashed from both his eyes; "I like that, upon my honor! and it is what one but seldom hears, the deuce it is!"

"Deal the cards, uncle. We must set the game a going," interrupted Hedvig, as she remarked the bashfulness of the stranger; "Miss Knutson must be introduced into the mysteries of our game. She waits for a card."

"And a card shall she have," said the general, "and a devilish good one into the bargain, if I might have my way; but in cards one can not do every thing that one would, that's the mischief. Mrs. Absent, you, Göthilda there!—listen, child, don't be having your eyes in your ears, and don't prick them up as if you were a spy! What the d—!"

But Göthilda did not hear Uncle Herkules' reproaches; she was listening to something else, and, hastily exclaiming, "the cadet's step!" sprang up and rushed to the door like an arrow, that she might be embraced by and embrace two cadets, the one short, the other tall, whom she saluted with the words—"Boys! brothers! you dear, naughty lads!"

"Well, boys! welcome! welcome!" resounded from all sides, as the youths entered.

"God bless you, lads!" said the general. "The deuce, girls—don't run away from me! Let the boys come here and sit down, and

play a rational game with us. That would be better than flying about like mad hens. Do you hear, children?"

But the cadets, No. 31 and No. 32, had not time to stay; they were only come to invite the sisters to the ball which would be given at Carlberg on Sunday, and must immediately march—march back again.

"But not till you have first had a little refreshment, dear children," said sister Hedvig, setting at the same time before them a plate heaped up with cakes and fritters, which were attacked and demolished by the cadets while they stood. Hedvig stroked, with her soft, motherly hand, the light hair of the lively youths, and then turning to uncle Herkules, she went on with her game. Göthilda stayed with her brothers, and a lively conversation, together with peals of laughter, were heard from the corner where they stood, in the midst of which might be distinguished the mystic word "Hagar—the desert—angels—permissions—beautiful angel!" and then again fresh peals of laughter.

The cadets went, but, to General Herkules' delight, the company was increased by a gentleman of Augustin's acquaintance, who had of late been much seen in the Dalberg family, and whom we shall call Uno. He was a man somewhere about thirty years of age, of a mild, grave countenance, and altogether of an exterior which involuntarily excites confidence at the same time that it repels familiarity. He was usually silent and reserved, but in his deep, serious eyes, might be seen an expression of warm feeling, and this, to a certain extent, was experienced by those who came near him—for Swedenborg is right in saying, every man carries with him a "peculiar atmosphere which testifies to his spiritual life," and as this fire burst forth into words, it became inflammatory. Uno had traveled much, seen much, thought much, as might sometimes be observed, and he could make himself extremely interesting "if he would"—so said all his most intimate acquaintance. He was a man universally esteemed, had a beautiful estate a few miles out of Stockholm, where he had a large conservatory, for he was very fond of flowers and—every beautiful thing. On this particular occasion he had brought some flowers with him: among them were some remarkably fine camelias, which he handed over to Hedvig. He gave also a little sprig of geranium flowers to Engel, who thereupon blushed—so beautifully. He seated himself beside her; he seemed to cast a kind glance on Engel, and Göthilda's black eyes looked hereupon—rather "à la Egyptian darkness," as Bror said afterward.

The game now went on in full animation, which put new life into uncle Herkules.

Under the protection of Augustin and Hedvig, and listening between times to their kind voices, Lagertha Knutson took part in

the game, and won great credit with the general for the attention and zeal with which she played, because he never could bear any one to go wrong in play, and could scold most vehemently those who were indifferent about a game at "Fool," although they never played for money. He, however, was one who insisted upon a certain discipline in every thing.

The game had lasted about an hour, and Hedvig had been absent a little while, when the tall figure of a man, stiff and precise as the law, with a military bearing, a silver medal "for bravery in the field" upon his breast, and a napkin upon his arm, presented himself at the door—we beg to introduce the reader to Corporal Stolt—and, making a military salutation, he announced to the general that "supper was served."

General Herkules had just won the game, and with especial good-humor broke up "the camp," as he called it, and, at the head of "his company," conducted Lagertha Knutson, with merry jests, to the supper-room. There, at the head of a large oval table, stood sister Hedvig, who now, turning her attention from the table, kindly welcomed the guests as they entered. The table was covered with many small dishes of various cold meats, such as we are accustomed to see in the little tea-suppers of Stockholm, and in the middle of the table stood a large, heaped-up dish of gigantic potatoes, steaming forth from their broken skins.

"Be so good and be seated here, upon my right hand, Miss Knutson," said General Herkules, "and then I shall sit between you and sister Hedvig. I always like to place myself near Hedvig, because she is such a good hostess. Potatoes in their jackets—bless my heart! that is excellent. Yes, yes, one can see that Hedvig is descended from the good Ornsköld, governor of Norrland; who first introduced potatoes there, and established linen-manufacturing; so that all the spinning-wheels in a thousand valleys began to buzz and turn. He was a friend of my late father's, and was as resolute in his edicts of peace as my father was in the affairs of war. But do you know how he went on about the potatoes? First of all he talked to the clergy and the crown bailiffs, and tried to persuade them to plant potatoes in their little fields. And the same with the peasantry. But they would not do it. What then did Ornsköld do? Why, he seated himself in his carriage, and took a sack of potatoes with him, and in that way he drove about from town to town, from cottage to cottage. The deuce take me if he didn't drive about in that way! He himself taught them to grow and manage potatoes, and he gave them seed potatoes, and made them do as he would. And, in the end, it succeeded. And that's the way to make things succeed. And, as the peasants came to see how it

answered, and what a relish a potato gives to their bit of meat, all went on of itself, from parish to parish, even up into Lapland. Now, they thank him for it every day. And with the cultivation of flax he did just the same. And that was a good thing; for we have nothing in the north better than flax and potatoes: no, nor in the whole world. There they come from the south, and talk and boast about champignons and silk, and make a flash, with their pomp and show. No, I thank you, none for me. I know the value of my gray linen coat and my potatoes. It is cursed trash that they have abroad—with the exception of wine! Wine is the best thing there. May I fill your glass, Miss Knutson? That tea slop is, by Jove, not to my taste. 'Wine maketh glad the heart of man,' says the Bible itself."

"How beautiful that time will be when every body can have both wine and potatoes, both linen clothes and silken stuffs, and when all can choose what they will from the abundance of the earth!" exclaimed Ivar.

"And when will that be?" replied the general, half grumblingly; "that will hardly be before the millennium comes."

"It will be," exclaimed Ivar, with emotion, "when the golden doctrines of communism and socialism become law upon earth; when the golden age of association comes; when we shall have associated dwelling-houses, associated larders, associated kitchens, associated churches, and one general religion; when rich and poor, high and low, become only empty names; when we all labor, and all have equal enjoyments as brethren; when the pompous establishments of fatherland, king, state, monarchy, are all cast-off institutions; when the whole surface of the globe becomes our fatherland, for one great family without class and distinction, laws, boards, imposts, and all such rubbish."

"What cursed stuff is that that you are talking?" said the general, in a tone of approaching thunder, "fatherland an old-fashioned institution!"

"Yes, fatherland in its limited, its old-fashioned signification," replied Ivar. "But the whole will then become our fatherland, and we human beings shall all become merely one single large nation, separated into different groups, but, at the same time, all united in one central administration, one national government, for example, in Constantinople."

"One national government at Constantinople!" exclaimed General Herkules, with a four-and-twenty-pounder glance at Ivar while he became crimson in his face.

"Yes, and why not?" returned he, his intention of having a contest with uncle Herkules being no longer doubtful. "That is as good a place as any other. We Swedes will send our representatives there

as well as other human families or nations. You, uncle, yourself, might take a journey there and smoke a pipe with the sultan, who would not, however, any longer remain sultan there, but would be like other clever fellows who worked for their bread. Traveling would become much easier, because it is incredible what facilities there would be on all roads and for every mode of traveling—such railroads and steam-carriages as one can't imagine. Yes, every thing will become easy in the age of human equality, and the most inconceivable, the most extraordinary things will be accomplished, through confraternity upon earth, in works, in enjoyments—in all the circles of life. And then every body will be good, every body will be happy, every body perfect, and every body equal! No masters, no servants, will exist any where. Stolt will no longer stand behind your chair, uncle, but will sit by your side. War—the greatest folly on earth—will no longer be heard of, but we shall then have eternal peace!"

"It is all a confounded lie which you say, and Stolt will continue to stand where he does!" exclaimed General Herkules, in a thundering voice, and now really angry. "If I had a son who talked such cursed nonsense as you do, I would have him put into an asylum, or I would, the d— fetch me—. Where did you get such mad-house prate from? I have sometimes before heard you chatter nonsense, but never anything so insane as this. Do you take me for a Job, that I could bear to hear such stuff? A beardless lad like you call war folly! If you were a son of mine, you may take my word you should follow the drum, and I would, the fiend fetch me, drum you out of this cursed cosmopolitanism and Constantinopolitanism, and whatever the rubbish is called. But you young gentlemen think yourselves very much enlightened and very learned and clever, and you would rule the world. But wisdom have you not, and common sense have you not, and the highest you can arrive at is to pull every thing to pieces!"

Ivar meditated a warm reply, spite of Hedvig's beseeching glances, when Augustin laid his hand upon his arm, and, turning to the general said, in his mild explanatory manner—

"Ivar has expressed himself in rather an eccentric way, in thus bringing forward certain French theories respecting the future. They have, it is true, their extravagances and their folly, but still one can not deny but that glorious thoughts form their foundation, and you, uncle, will certainly approve of—"

"The deuce take me if I do," interrupted the general still angry.

"Perhaps, nevertheless," replied Augustin, with a smile which was peculiar to him, and which gave an angelic expression to his

countenance, "at least, I am sure that you wish your fellow-beings every happiness, and would willingly assist in giving to all and every one his share of the good things and the enjoyment of life."

"And I am certain," said Hedvig, "that my uncle would wish that all men should drink a glass of good wine, such as we have here."

At the sound of this gentle voice and these gentle words, the general's looks and tones became milder as he replied:—

"Yes, but that is a very different affair; that is rational and Christian, and I agree with that—that is to say, as far as—. But what the deuce! It is not I that have made inequalities among men; it is not I who made rich and poor. It is God who has done it. It is a principle in nature, and what God does we can not undo."

"But," replied Augustin, "may it not be his will that the unequal division which we see in all the arrangement of nature, in society—yes, may it not be his ordained will that this shall be by degrees done away with, or, at least, alleviated, in the enlightenment of a higher law of reason and love?"

"Does not the sun enlighten all creatures with his beams?" said Uno, with a deep enthusiasm of voice and expression which always gave to his words an irresistible force—"the springtime; water; the fragrance of flowers; every thing that is beautiful in nature diffuses its affluence to all without reserve. And men—the lords of nature—are alone selfish, niggardly, and covetous!"

"Oh, nonsense!" said the general, impatiently, "you have so much grander phrases now-a-days, and poetical fancies, but sound reason and—but I will not contend with you, Augustin. There may be something in what you say; there may be an adjusting of things; but the road to that is neither through the Turks nor Constantinople, nor Constantinopolitanism, nor cosmopolitanism, or whatever the thing may be called; nor will it come either through sunshine, or moonshine, or cold water or warm water, but it will come through every one in his place, and just where our Lord sets him, doing that which he ought to do in conformity with reason and Christianity. And that you will concede readily, Augustin, because you are reasonable, and one can talk with you." (The general drank from his glass and calmed himself more and more.) "But," continued he, "as far as it relates to Stolt sitting down beside me, that will never be; first and foremost, because I should never allow it; and secondly, because neither would he. Is it not so, Stolt, you rascal, eh?"

"Yes, general," replied Stolt, stiffly and resolutely.

"Yes, I knew it," replied the general

"Stolt is a rational fellow, a good lad, and would turn his back as little to the foe as I would. But there is no occasion to place him beside me. Yes, if our Lord had so willed it that he could have done to me and my friend what my father's servant did for him in the war, as —. But I must tell it to you, children. The story is worth hearing. It was during King Charles's war, in Poland, when my father one day was attacked by a number of enemies, overpowered and badly wounded. His head was nearly crushed by the blow from a club; he had a sword-cut in his breast, was wounded by a pike in his stomach, and besides these, fifteen lesser wounds. You see a fellow could stand something in those times, before he was done for. My father was left for dead on the place of combat; and dead he must have been had it not been for his servant Daniel, who had made careful search for him, and amid great danger, carried him in his arms to a place of safety. There he bound up his wounds, and nursed him for many months as carefully as any mother could have done; for six weeks he fed him with wine and milk, which he had to pour into his closed mouth through a straw. Well, my father recovered from all this; mounted his horse again, and followed King Charles into the Ukraïn; and Daniel followed his master with cheerfulness and fidelity, through cold and fatigue, through want and suffering. He was with him at the battle of Pultowa, where my father was again desperately wounded in the hip, and after that, taken prisoner. He followed him, although he might have avoided it, to captivity in Siberia, remained with him in Solimaski, and went about to sell baskets, which my father wove to maintain himself; served him at home in the character of both man and maid-servant, and comforted him with his God-fearing spirit and his good humor, as if he had been his friend. Hang me if he did not do all this; and a better servant and a better friend, said my father, could no Christian have! Well, when, after many years, my father came again out of captivity, and came—it was one evening in the month of May—came to his own seat, to his own Carlstorp again, do you know what he did there? what he did before he went in, to father, or mother or sweetheart? Yes, —." The general's voice, which had been for long mild and cheerful, became at this point almost tremulous, and his eyes sparkled with moisture. "Yes, he went to the yard-dog, and—set him at liberty."

The general here coughed violently, and applied himself to his glass to conceal his emotion and thus continued:—

"And when he afterward sate in his house, happy in the midst of his family, he made his servant Daniel sit at his side, at his table, and had him for his friend and his

associate in the face of all men, and would not allow him to serve him any longer, although at first this was difficult to the faithful fellow. Ah, well, don't remember, in after years, how in the evening the two old men used to sit before the fireplace in the hall, with their pipes lighted and the ale-can upon the table between them. Bless me! such stories as they told about the great war of King Charles, while I sate on my mother's knee, or rode upon Daniel's foot, and the fire blazed and the pine-wood logs crackled! My heart beats now as I think upon it! And every morning Daniel took me with him when he went up to my father, with a silver dish, upon which lay a brace of pistols, and both my father and Daniel went out with them upon the balcony and fired them to the honor of the great king. How full of joy was I then! And then it was that I learned to shoot; because Daniel placed the pistols in my hand, and before long I too fired a shot for King Charles every morning; and that was amusing, you may believe me! I was then not quite ten years old. I learned, young as I was, to grow fond of that music, and I have been so ever since. And if Stolt had done for me or my friend what Daniel—but we are good friends all the same, Stolt! Here's to your health, you—" And the general reached him a glass filled to the brim, and raised his own glass toward him.

"To your health, general!" replied Stolt, with gravity, and emptied his glass at a draught.

Warmed by the old memories, the general had become quite gay and good tempered, and, turning to Lagertha Knutson, who had listened to him with evident delight, said to her with cordiality—

"Forgive an old man, and an old soldier, for forgetting that he has by his side a lady who is not used to his ill-humor and his stories, as the rest of them are. They are accustomed to bear —. No, it was greatly to your honor that you came and paid your respects to us in Sweden, thanks to you for it, and for the words, 'One can do whatever one will.' A thousand patrons! That was a word à la Charles the Twelfth. He would have liked it. Children, we must drink to the health of our fair guest and her native land—the brother land of a thousand bullets! We are Scandinavians, and we will drink to all Scandinavians and Scandinavianism. I am heart and soul with it; it is a thought which God the Father first conceived, and afterwards we. Stolt, reach hither the tall Rhenish bottle which stands there; pour into the glasses, my young Sweden now, present and let us drink. Send up your glasses, boys. Ivar, Ivar, join in with us. Reach me your glass. And you, you two cocks of temperance, Uno and Augustin, you must pledge me for this once. And

you too, my girls, although you drink wine as birds do water, by just dipping in their bills. There is not one of you, except Gôthilda, who can drink a glass. Bror, hither with your glass! Miss Knutson—but, the deuce, I will not say *Miss* any longer, I will say *thou*. We are really relations, brother and sister, upon my soul we are! I will say *thou*, and we will ring our glasses for this good fellowship!"

"I will say *uncle*, if you please," said Lagertha, blushing and smiling.

"That you may!" replied the general,— "thanks, my sweet girl! Now I shall reckon you among my own good girls, magnificent girls, you must know. That one with the burning match in her dark eyes, she is famous. She is my girl. There is spirit in her. The boys will all do. *Thou* must stop with us altogether! And now, children, we must every one of us propose a toast."

"To your health, dear Wolmar Otto!" exclaimed Gôthilda, a little affected by uncle Herkules' enthusiasm, "and God grant that you may always have me!" After this bold say, however, she blushed deeply, and seemed as if she wished to hide herself under the table. But the general laughed and nodded at her, and merely said, "That I wish, as well as you, my little darling."

"A bumper to the rights of man!" said Ivar, solemnly raising his glass.

"Man has no rights, he has only duties," said Augustin, with his angelic smile, "a bumper for our duties!"

"I propose one for friendship and potatoes," said his brother, always ready to divert the conversation from dangerous subjects.

"And I," added Hedvig, "that all may have plenty of good things, as well as we."

"Live—all mankind!" exclaimed Uno, and raised his glass.

"And all little birds!" added Engel, with a cheerful and arch expression which was peculiar to her.

"Live all the world!" exclaimed uncle Herkules, with enthusiasm; "and now, boys, we must have a song—one of Bellman's, Augustin. Ivar, one of Bellman's. *That* is a d— to take in his embrace the whole world, men and birds, and every thing that God has created, and the old gentlemen into the bargain. There is champagne in him, you may rely on it. To be sure, he gets rather flat sometimes, but we will stick to his champagne. Now, lads, a Bellman which will take into his embrace the whole world!"

Augustin suggested something to Ivar, but Ivar was "moriden," and would not "take the whole world into his embrace," but told Augustin to do it himself. Augustin laughed, bethought himself for a moment, and then struck up Bellman's glorious dithrambic.

Phæbus again brings  
The day's golden pencillings,  
O'er city and glen flings  
The light of his eyes;  
His bright coursers dashing  
Through waters are dashing,  
And, stamping and splashing,  
Neigh loud to the skies.  
Loud roareth the thunder,  
The clouds rolling under  
Chaste Dian is straying  
Through oak-groves a-maying.  
And Jupiter sitting  
With kings all befitting  
Where lightning is fitting  
And billows uprise!  
Each steed proudly prances  
With mane flying free  
While with trident here dances  
The god of the sea!  
War-kings drop their lances,  
Pan pipeth with glee  
And lovingly, see!  
Fiend with angel advances  
With wreathed greenery.  
Billows are shining and flowing,  
Tritons are singing and blowing!

You should have seen General Herkules during this! He laughed, he joined in, he started up and sate down again, and could not control his delight; and when they came to the words—

Blood-smeared, and in gold-lace attired,  
Stands Mars with magnificent grace;  
In the mountains the cannons are fired  
By Neptune's belligerent race,  
And apsecters and Cupids inspired,  
Most fondly each other embrace.

Up started the general, and, stamping with his feet, loudly exclaimed, "I could find in my heart to spring up to heaven, or down into the other place, to embrace him; that deuced good fellow, Bellman. But now, stop, children. No more this evening; else we shall have too much. Just one glass more. Hurrah for the father-land, the king, and ourselves!"

General Herkules drank his glass; and then, as if in a fit of absence, emptied those of his two neighbors, casting at them a roguish glance, and then, full of delight, stroked his mustaches with his huge hand. After this he politely offered his arm to Miss Knutson, to conduct her from the table. At the moment, however, when they reached the room door, they were met by a maid-servant, of a pleasant, respectable appearance, and large person, who, shrugging her shoulders and dropping her chin upon her breast, while she suppressed her laughter seemed to have something to say to the general, which she found it difficult to bring out. Seeing her, he made a stand; and looking kindly at her, said, "What is it, Maja? What do you want, child?"

Blushing and laughing, she replied, "There is a peasant outside—he—he—he, he! who says that something is broken in his cart, and that somebody told him that there lives a smith here; he—he—he—he! named Herkules! he—he—he! and now he insists

upon it, that the smith shall come out and look at his cart, which stands down below in the market-place. He—he—he! What the fool!"

"To be sure—it shall be done," said the general with animation. "Tell the peasant, Maja, that Herkules, the smith, will be with him in a minute."

As soon as the general had conducted Lagertha and Hedvig into the parlor, he made them a bow, and hastened, with a sort of boyish delight, down to his workshop for his tools, and, throwing on a cloak, he went out with the peasant into the street.

"In reply to Lagertha's astonished and inquiring glance, Augustin said—

"My uncle Herkules is a great lover of blacksmith's work, which he learned in his youth, and now it is his favorite occupation. He is so clever in certain finer parts of handicraft works, that many smiths come to him to take lessons from him. And, because he is so fond of handicrafts-men, and, especially takes under his protection smiths and carpenters, he lends them money at a low rate of interest, helps young people beginning life, and assists them both by word and deed. Artisans who are in need of aid come and council with him like a father; but certainly he is sometimes a little à la Charles the Ninth toward them, and lays on desperately with 'Thor's hammer,' as Gôthilda calls it, when they do not behave as they ought to do. But we must some day pay him a visit in his workshop, and see him at his work, and hear him singing his old ballads the while. That is something out of the common way."

"It is something powerful," said Lagertha. More she did not say; but her eyes glistened. Twenty minutes had scarcely elapsed when the general returned from his expedition as smith. He had set to rights the peasant's cart, washed his hands, and now stood quite ready, with Augustin, to conduct Miss Knutson home, she having gained his good graces, partly on account of the attentive deference which she showed toward him.

"What a silent young lady that is!" exclaimed Gôthilda, when they had gone. "I believe she has not said above three words all the evening which one did not drag out of her by a question."

"In the stillest water swim the largest fishes," said Bror.

"But I don't like people who are mute as fishes," said Gôthilda.

"One must not dispute about likings and tastes. Nobody can conceal a cough or love," said Bror. That was his proverb.

"And what do you say, Ivar?" asked Gôthilda. "How do you like our Miss Iceland?"

"How can one like any thing from Iceland?" replied Ivar, snappishly.

"You certainly very much prefer Calypso's island, in the adventures of Telemachus," continued Gôthilda, gently. "But I think it was very prudent, though ill-natured, of that old fellow, Mentor, all unexpectedly to push Telemachus head foremost from the rock into the sea, that he might get him away from that dangerous place, and that naughty Calypso—don't you think so?"

"I think that you are an inquisitive young lady," said Ivar, annoyed.

"Good heavens! how ungracious you look! just as Calypso herself must have looked when—"

The color mounted to Ivar's face; and, with an expression which Calypso would not have acknowledged as one of her own, he rose up and went and seated himself at the piano.

"And what do you say, sister Hedvig, to our silent young lady?" asked Bror.

"Oh!" said Hedvig, smiling, "I have so little right to say any thing about those who are silent in company. I know how unpleasant it feels to me to be obliged, sometimes, to talk when I have nothing to say. I always feel, on such occasions, a wish to go into a convent. If Miss Knutson and I could become acquainted on such terms that we might be silent when we were together without its giving us any uneasiness, then I fancy that I should get on excellently with her. There is something intelligent and calm, in her appearance."

"If I might only be excused from such excellence," said Gôthilda; "because it would be dreadfully wearisome. And, sweet Hedvig, do not go into a convent at present; help me first to get ready a dress for the ball at Carlberg."

"And me too," said Engel; "help me to choose some flowers which I wish to put in my hair. I saw some to-day, but they were too dear. The boys desired us to be beautifully dressed, that we might do them credit. Will you, sweet Hedvig?"

"Yes, certainly; yes, certainly, little children," said Hedvig; "that we shall easily manage."

"And Hedvig," sighed Bror, "help me, too, to choose a waistcoat for that great occasion, because I mean to outdo all the cadets; and a new waistcoat I must certainly have."

"A new waistcoat!" exclaimed Gôthilda. "Well, then, of a certainty that will be the twenty-third."

"Only the nineteenth, my gracious lady."

"Only the nineteenth! We will reckon up, my good sir. First, you have the white with the black spot; and then the black with the white spot; and then you have the blue with—"

While Gôthilda and Bror were thus counting up the number of his waistcoats, Hedvig went up to Ivar, who was playing

on the piano melancholy, heart-touching melodies, in which seemed to be unshed tears. She laid her arm softly upon his shoulder, and bent toward him with an affectionate but silently inquiring look. Ivar looked up toward her, and large tears stood actually in his eyes. Moved by this tender and irresistible glance, he placed his arm round her waist, and leaned his head against her, sighing deeply.

"Sweet lady! Margrete told me to get the coffee for to-morrow," whispered the before mentioned Maja, who had the expression and manner of a faithful servant, one of that kind which is not unfrequently met with in Swedish domestic life, and who contribute so much to its comfort. "And," continued she, in a voice which proved how reluctant she was to disturb her, "and, dear Miss, the old count's biscuit-baking! We should have sugar for that!"

"Ah yes, that is true! It is very well that you reminded me, said Hedvig, hastily, "I had so nearly forgotten it!" and with these words, gently releasing herself from her brother, she followed Maja out.

"The confounded house-keeping cares," said Ivar, wrathfully, "that everlasting prose! How are people to live in peace for it? It is a miserable life!" and for this cause he punished the piano, which felt in every string his tumultuous playing.

Göthilda and Bror, in the mean time, amused themselves with the game of "What am I like?" which they kept up till General Herkules' return. When he was again among them, Göthilda, "with her nose in the air," placed herself before him and said, "I wonder, and so do the rest, and all the world wonders, but I wonder most of all, what you say and think, uncle, about Miss Iceland; whether, is she like Hecla or Krabbla? whether there is any fire beneath her snow; whether we shall see any eruption, and whether — I am now at the end of my wondering."

"I say that she is a decidedly superb girl!" exclaimed the general, "a girl who knows something, and who can and who will do something. 'One may do any thing that one will!' Magnificent, on my honor! I like a person who talks in that way. That is a woman who can show the way to many a man."

"Such woman are, according to my taste, altogether disgusting," said Ivar, who seemed to regard the general's observation as a gage of battle thrown down before him, and he rose, therefore, ready for combat from his chair, "and, usually, such people are, to a certain degree, of a feeble and unexpansive character, whose feelings are weak, and who have no experience of the world. The self-possession, the hair's-breadth precision and mile-stone regularity of such a person may be very estimable, and commonly it is very

useful to the general order; for one's own purse, and health, and digestion—it is the greatness of mediocrity; but it will never satisfy the most highly gifted, it will not exist upon the free, heavenly paths of genius and art!"

"Heavenly paths; sublime gifts!" exclaimed uncle Herkules, provoked by Ivar's overbearing tone, and at the same time he discharged a battery upon him from both eyes, "sublime gifts! You have them, perhaps, yourself; you young gentlemen who talk about association, and the world, and world-embracing, and world-conquering, and strength, and greatness, and who wish to govern the whole world, but yet can not govern themselves, can not combat against your pleasures and your desires, and who let yourselves be caught by every hook which the devil throws out. Don't talk any nonsense to me about heavenly paths, and banners of genius, and such stuff, as if that were better than walking straight forward like an honest man. Away with your 'heavenly paths,' upon which is neither to be found the fear of God nor common sense, but merely your banner of genius, which floats with every wind. Yes, 'I ride,' said the goose, when the fox ran away with her into the wood; and so will it be with you and your spirit of controversy and eccentricity."

"But uncle," said Göthilda, as with a courageous mien and threatening glance she rushed forward, "I think that Ivar is right about gifts of genius, and therefore dissimilar men must have dissimilar paths. I think, uncle, that you are unjust toward Ivar."

General Herkules turned his flashing eyes upon this unexpected corps which had advanced to the help of Ivar, but their expression changed instantly, and he gazed on his favorite with an affectionate look, which seemed to say, "and thou, too, Brutus!" a look which went through the heart of the little champion.

Every one was silent for a moment, and then the general said shortly, "Good night, children," turned himself, and went out.

"Dear Ivar!" exclaimed Göthilda, earnestly, and with tears in her eyes, "you are too thoughtless and naughty always, to begin a quarrel with uncle Herkules, and to irritate him, and to make others unhappy who would sacrifice themselves for you!"

"My poor little heroine!" said Augustin, consolingly, and caressing her, "it is actually hard to triumph thus!"

"Why, dear Ivar, have you done so?" said Hedvig, and looked at him with a mild, upbraiding glance.

These quarrels between uncle Herkules and Ivar, which had latterly been of frequent occurrence, and which became more and more bitter, were a cause of great distress to Hedvig.

"Ah," said Ivar angrily, "why may not a man have his own thoughts, and express them also; and why must one always submit to the old man, and let him rule and pass judgment. It is unbearable! Good night, brothers and sisters!"

Ivar threw on his cloak, and knocked on his galoshes with unusual energy, and went out. Augustin and Bror lived in the same house with their sisters and the general, but Ivar, the artist, dwelt in another house where he had his studio.

As he was on his way down stairs he passed the general's room, within which he heard some one speaking in a loud and animated voice. General Herkules seemed, from without, to be in earnest conversation. Ivar fancied that he heard his own name mentioned; he stopped involuntarily, and through a little window in the door saw the old man on his knees within the room, with his hands clasped together, praying earnestly. The light of the candle fell directly upon his silvery and abundant hair, upon his powerful and expressive countenance; and revealed his feelings in the privacy of his own room, the door of which, leading into the outer one, the so called workshop, stood open. His voice was so strong and animated that the following words reached Ivar's ear:—"preserve the young man, thou my God and father! Let him arrive at sense and understanding, and lead him from his foolish ways once more into those which are right—into thine own! Let not him, let not any of those young people, whom thou hast intrusted unto me, come to shame or to harm. Take rather my old life! Be thou their defense, Lord and Father, and let not me, old sinner as I am, injure, by my hot temper, those whom I can not benefit!"

The steps of some one softly ascending the stairs caused Ivar to leave his post, and continue his way; he had, however, recognized Góthilda in the one who was advancing, and had heard her gently knock at the general's door, saying, "Uncle, it is your little Gótha, who can not sleep in peace before we are friends again. Open the door of mercy, dear uncle!"

And when the door of mercy opened to Góthilda, the house door was shut with violence behind Ivar. When, however, he had come out into the market-place, into the pure, bright, winter moonlight, he could not look up to the brilliant heaven, but looked with a gloomy brow down toward the earth. Thus went he onward with slow steps to a dark, solitary street—not that in which he dwelt. At this point his steps became more rapid, till they stopped before a gate. Ivar clapped his hands a few times; the gate opened softly, and Ivar passed through it. This house, which looked dark toward the street, had within its court a row of strongly lighted windows. Ivar looked up to these,

and light kindled also in his eyes, while he, with hasty steps, buried himself in the gloomy passages of the house.

### SKETCHES.

PERSONS, very respectable, and good sort of folk, who would like to have some solution of every position of affairs and circumstances, will turn round and require that we should make them more intimately acquainted with the characters that we have here introduced; they would like to know what they ought to call our young gentlemen—lieutenants, or royal secretaries, or controllers, or directors, or capitalists, or what? We deplore—or rather we are particularly pleased, that it is impossible for us to enlighten them, because—to tell the truth, we don't know ourselves. But then we believe also that this has nothing to do with the business—we believe, good lady and gentleman reader! that you will become right good friends with our friends here, without knowing more about them than we do, and we beg of you to begin from the beginning to call Augustin, Augustin, Ivar, Ivar, and so on, with all the rest according to their names, (but we must call General Herkules, General Herkules). We believe that the artificial types, those which accompany certain official employments, certain titles, certain coats, are old-fashioned, and almost exploded from the world. On the contrary, we believe in the eternal natural types, and natural families, likewise, in the Flora of the human race, and would gladly assist the reader in determining to which of these the men and women of our story may be referred. Dear and disputatious Góthilda! pardon us if we turn for information to a fragment of a letter from her who was so ungraciously called by thee, "Miss Silent," and "Miss Iceland."

#### "BELOVED MAESTRO!"

"— In the eternal Roma, surrounded by gods and goddesses, by heads of Jupiter and figures of Venus, beneath the glorious heaven of Italy, with the Capitoline hill beside you, and the dome of St. Peter's before you, you yet longed for a northern home, for a Swedish, crackling fire; you wished to see a pine-twigs-covered floor; Swedish countenances, and the customs of home; wished to see the family assembled round the fire in the twilight, to hear the talking and the laughter within, while the north wind howled without, and the snow-storm was raging.

"Fancy and taste are various. And for my part, I would rather be here than by the Capitoline hill. But — there also is it good to be and I will conduct you into that home which your friendship prepared for me, and which afforded me a home in Sweden, my mother's native land, when I was

obliged to leave that of my father, and come hither, alone, solitary, and poor. You know how needful it is for me, that the heart or the understanding should entertain feelings of regard toward the human beings with whom I live; you know what delight it is to me to see the cultivated human being assume some determined, individual shape, be it high or low. Palm or moss, it is all one. The beautiful thrives in many forms, so does the good likewise. And I thrive so well in this family, just because I here see some such forms, and because that self, with all its forms, aims toward this object.

"Let me now introduce them to you, by the light of the twilight fire, and if the outlines be then frequently uncertain, the colors pale—it is occasioned by the wavering of the flame, and not by any fault of mine!

"See first in the midst of this family group, that quiet, gentle female form. That is its heart. That is sister Hedvig. This sister-form you may have met with many a time on the earth, but never more beautiful than here.

"Yet sister Hedvig is not beautiful. Many persons, at first glance, would call her plain. Her complexion is without color; the whole figure without brilliancy. But that well-developed form; easy in every movement; that pure forehead, the expression in the calm, moon-light eyes; a certain harmony in the whole demeanor, manner, voice, dress, make her beautiful in my eyes. It was a Vestal-like form, not the pagan, stern Vesta before whom victors walked with naked axes, whose office was to guard the sacred fire, while she herself was cold, dead to all love. She is a Christian Vestal, who preserves the sacred fire burning because she loves, because it burns first in her own heart.

"People talk a deal about the mother, she, namely, who gives birth to the world; she is honored and exalted; but they overlook, often despite—the other mother, the guardian, the teacher, the nurse, who often is more a mother than she who bears the name. And how many sisters endure, as does this sister Hedvig, all a mother's pain and anxiety, without her praise and her joy!

"But Hedvig does not stand altogether alone. Her brother, Augustin, shares all her anxieties with her. If you wished to conceive an image of Balder the good, at the moment when he cheerfully bares his breast to the arrows of the gods, I would place before you, as a model, this bright and pure being. The evening when he entered my mean and gloomy lodging, to conduct me to his home; when I saw that countenance beaming with kindness and lofty intelligence, he seemed to me like a good genius—and so he still seems to me.

"Do you see a melancholy shadow upon these two bright figures, which comes and

goes, and comes again, like a cloud upon the face of heaven—like the minor key in the songs of the north—like an unappeased longing? I see it, and I ask myself, is it a tone peculiar, in the temperament of the north, to natures of a higher cast, or is it the expression of a secret suffering, of some painful reality, in the history of this brother and sister? But this suffering seems not to be a restraining principle, but one which is under restraint.

"Very dissimilar is the young figure which I see behind them, more in shadow, and only partially, and now and then, lighted up by the blaze of the fire, in strong "*chiaroscuro*." He makes me think of the Hymithurs in the northern legends, those shapeless, misty, gigantic beings which seem to me to be the first rough essays of creative power. He is a world in the process of cultivation. Will it become a home for good or for evil spirits? Both are now evidently straggling around it. His features are at the same time both regular and irregular, I know not which in the greatest degree—the expression also, so various, that I can not tell their predominant one. If you look at him from certain points of view, and at certain moments, you see the countenance of a heavenly genius; look at him again from another point of view, and at another moment, and you would not like to meet him alone in a wood. A restless and turbulent temper obscures the expression of beauty and kindness, which, at times, glances forth like stars from a cloudy sky. This young man, Ivar, is, at the same time, author, painter, musician, clever in every one of these arts, but great in none. One sees him, by the fire-light, in a somewhat willful mood, throw himself down on the sofas and chairs, running his fingers through a rich growth of dark brown hair. A crowd of wild fancies appears to swarm about his brain. The character is one which seems to be dangerous both to himself and others.

"Again, a very dissimilar being is that little, agreeable, and compact figure, which stands there with a grave countenance, and beautiful eyes, in which a good-humored archness peeps forth. That is Bror Dalberg, and during the evening fire-light he is particularly busy in playing off jokes on his younger sisters, and hence one hears such peals of laughter. His is a character not at all dangerous to the general safety.

"Now come two young girls as much unlike as day and night—Engel and Gøthilda.

"Engel, bright, beautiful as an angel—good, amiable, pleasant—an embodied sunbeam, and the darling of the whole family, where she is always called 'the child,' even by her sister a few years younger than herself.

"Excellent Gøthilda—naughty, as she is called in the family, and where she has,

besides, innumerable names, a dark, thin, rather plain girl of sixteen, with eagle eyes, and eagle nose, quick, odd, full of enterprise, with strong likes and dislikes; a problem at present, in every way, even to herself, as well as to the whole family, who wonder 'what that woman will turn out,' but, at the same time, a particular favorite of the old general, the uncle of the family, whose plaything and established darling she is. You see the young girls, who, unlike the genius of night and day, floating around the room, and around the old man, now here, now there, pausing on the carpet in the fire-light, joking one with another, or engaged in an affray with the younger brothers, two cadets; youths with 'handsome blue eyes' and cheeks painted by health's own hand, and who keep up, in the back-ground of the room, their innocent merriment.

"In the fore-ground of the picture, however, illumined by the brightest fire-light, behold, in the midst of the group, the old General Wolmar Otto Herkules, the uncle of the family, and who secretly supports them in his strong arms—in personal appearance a magnificent pattern of heart and soul in 'old age!' It was delightful to me to see the blaze of the fire light up that strong, honest countenance, with his magnificent eyes flashing from beneath his bushy eyebrows, the broad chest, upon which lay 'the medal of bravery,' and his silvery hair which stands like a crown around his open, broad forehead. One can see that many a storm has gone over that gray head, but without breaking or bowing it. Memories of war and of peace come by turns from the old soldier's lips, as he sits there in the midst of his circle. In the former, King Charles the Twelfth is the principal object, and we hear the stories which the general heard in his childhood from his father—an old Carlist—about this king's achievements. Very seldom does General Herkules tell any thing about himself. In his peaceful reminiscences, women bear a part—his mother, and the home of his childhood. He seems also to have gloomy remembrances—remembrances which cast a shade over the mind for a time; but of these he does not speak. Such is the figure of a Herkules, who could not, I imagine, sit and spin at the feet of Omphale, but whose voice and glance occasionally express a high degree of kindness. This is observable especially when he looks at, or addresses the two young girls, who are favorites, and it is beautiful to see his attachment to them, and theirs to him.

"People talk about how much youth adorns home, but a beautiful old age does so no less. And without an old man or an old woman, a family picture is not complete, and without them the domestic virtues can not fully develop their beautiful existence.

Youth is never more amiable than when it looks in love and reverence to the old—the old never more beautiful than when they bow themselves down to the young in affectionate care. And beautiful and remarkable is that impulse of nature which always unites, in domestic life, the eldest and the youngest, in a mutual interchange of comfort and joy.

"But the evening fire has burned down; candles are lighted; apples and nuts are brought out; the young assemble around them, talk and crack. Do you recognize that?

"You must now turn from the fire-side, from the family picture to another image, more cold and desolate. But no, it is not cold and desolate. It is bright, and full of life, although in another way.

"You must behold your pupil in her work-room, at her work. There has she home, and hearth, sisters and brothers, and—all.

"One day, Augustin Dalberg came to me with an old man of a venerable and attractive appearance, one of the nobles of Sweden and one of her Mæcenases. His countenance seemed to me full of light. It was not until after a moment that I observed that he was—blind! He ordered from me a group from our Northern mythology, which would be suitable for the adorning of a fountain, and left it to me to select the subject. Like a flash of lightning it stood before me: I saw the Norna and the prophetic swans, by the Urda fountain!—the pictured dreams of my youth were now about to become reality. Since that moment my life has been as if renewed to me, and existence, upon the earth, where first the old sagas of the gods struck root, built temples, and came into life, where now stand the heights of Odin, Thor, and Freij, and testify to the fact—existence there seems to me beautiful!

"I thank God that I have a noble problem to solve, a quiet work to go to with my thoughts, my hands; to live for evening and morning, day and night. With this before me, and the eye of God above me, I fear—  
NOTHING!

"The elder bird builds its nest in peaceful places—makes its home soft and warm with its down, and is happy with its young. That is its portion. The storm-bird, however, of the polar regions, builds for itself no nest; it loves the open sea, the rocky bay, and freedom; prefers to bathe in stormy waters, to float with restless wings over the now rising and now descending billows, with a steady gaze directed toward the deep.

"I feel myself kindred to them.

"Do my words seem to be proud? O! you know how humble I can be before the truly great and good. You know, my friend and teacher, that I am so before you."

## THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

SISTER Hedvig sate and span. She sate in the little green room which the brothers called "the sisters' room," and, sometimes, also, "*the sanctuary*." Polite brothers, were they not?—and never would they enter into this room without first knocking at the door and inquiring—"May I come in?" The sisters—the younger ones—called it "Hedvig's room;" and it was here that Hedvig loved to withdraw into stillness during the few moments in the day which were allowed her for herself. That little room was adorned with especial partiality and good taste; the paper-hangings, the carpet, the furniture, all looked fresh and new. Will you believe that it was the brothers who concerned themselves about this, and who had thus refreshed the interior of the little apartment within a few months, when the sisters were out on a journey? So indeed it was, and I know kind brothers, for example, in an old rich city on the Rhine, who would be amazed at my thinking that there was any thing remarkable in this. Well, I do not think so; and I merely spoke of it because the thought of the little room—"of the sanctuary," and of these brothers, pleased me. I remember now, and might tell you about another "sanctuary," where four young girls lived during the best years of their life, and which was called by them the little "dust-hole;" for which name there was reason; but that the thought does not give me pleasure, and I paused there merely in passing. Again to sister Hedvig!

Hedvig sate and span. The spinning-wheel, made of dark wood and finely carved, standing as it did upon the bright green carpet, made only a low hum as it turned, like the murmur of a running brook. While the flax-thread glided through Hedvig's fingers, one tear after another flowed down her cheeks. Traces also of unusual excitement appeared in the feverish flush of her commonly pale cheeks, in the heightened brilliancy of her eye; and Hedvig seemed to wish to lull to sleep, as it were, her excited feelings by the quiet, composing employment in which she was engaged. What was the cause of this excitement? Was it joy, or was it pain? It seemed to be something of both, and by degrees they both mingled into an expression of infinite affection and pensiveness; like a mild evening sun which seeks for itself a path through clouds, and illumines all that surround it.

The daylight came dimly into the room, from a leaden sky which showed itself above the tiled roof. It was in the afternoon, and the whole of this day, a November day, had been gray and cloudy. At this moment, however, a sunbeam burst forth, and, falling obliquely into the room, let the shadow of the leaves of a little rose-tree, which stood

in the window where Hedvig sate, play and dance upon the paneling around her. Hedvig smiled pensively—there was something picturesque in this little circumstance—and reminiscences of her life came forth like pictures, like shadow-figures, upon the canvass of the past.

It was a life such as is lived by many a one in the North; it was like the lichen upon a gray rock. All of us inhabitants of the North have something of the gray rock—something of the lichen, in our lives; but still there is a great difference in the proportions. Hedvig's life had been for a long time like that low class of natural productions which fastens upon the granite beneath the shadow of the pine. But without splendor, without color, vegetating slowly, and almost imperceptibly to the human eye, passing through the changes of their hidden life, visited only now and then by a ray of the sun, and evening and morning wetted by the dew of heaven. Wonderful is it, nevertheless, that in the bosom of this cheerless growth the most beautiful colors, and the most beneficent of juices, should yet be developed. What is their art in this? Simply to receive quietly in themselves, and to elaborate, the moisture which the dew instills, and the light which the sun gives!

The home of Hedvig's childhood had not been a happy one; disorder prevailed in the family, contention between the parents which could not fail of having its influence on the children. Between *them* also, as is the case in many homes, there were little strifes and quarrels. Hedvig was not always on good terms with Augustin; Gerda and Ivar were, every now and then, desperate enemies, and occasionally came to blows; Göthilda and Bror, when they grew up, had also eternal little squabbles; still, amid all this, the brothers and sisters—who in reality had, every one of them, warm hearts—were sincerely attached to each other, played, were merry together, and were the best friends in the world. As they grew in years and wisdom, and as want and difficulty increased in their home, their brotherly and sisterly affection grew in proportion; their quarrels ceased, or began to assume another character. Hedvig had been the Cinderilla of the family, because she was the least gifted by nature, and, in consequence, but little regarded by her parents or her teachers. For that reason, Augustin, although he frequently rather looked down upon her, always protected her against the cuts and the slashes of other people. This riveted her heart to him very early.

At eighteen, Hedvig was placed at the head of her father's disorderly household, and was called upon to become a mother and a guardian to many young brothers and sisters. From this time, and during the following years, a great change took place in

Hedvig, and thus, out of the despised Cinderella, came forth that beautiful Vestal-like woman with whom we are already acquainted. This did not take place, however, by the shake of a magic wand, as is related in fairy tales. It was a slow process, like all the transformations of life in the North; heavenly and earthly love operated also upon it.

When Augustin, after an absence of some years, returned to his father's house, and again saw Hedvig, he hardly knew her, and he then attached himself to her with an absolute admiration and friendship. From this moment Hedvig's life brightened; every thing became easier to her; she began to have a presentiment of a life which might be beautiful. Hedvig loved, and was beloved; not merely by her best beloved brother, but by another noble man, who, warmly admiring her noble womanly qualities, and struck by her excellence, had attached himself to her. Her father's death, which occurred about five years before the commencement of our story, made Hedvig's position one of greater responsibility and difficulty than formerly. Augustin, it is true, stood at her side as her affectionate friend and protector, but he too experienced at this time a grief which deeply and disturbingly took hold upon his very being, and which prevented him from being to Hedvig all that which he desired and might have been. It was a love-sorrow. Augustin had for many years loved a young, beautiful, and richly-endowed girl, to whom he was bound by mutual promises, which were to be ratified as soon as Augustin's outward circumstances would allow it. For this purpose, Augustin labored zealously and hopefully, when the young lady, seduced by her worldly mind, and by a yet more worldly mother, taking offense at what she called Augustin's "indifference," all at once deceived him, broke with him, and married a rich landed proprietor, with a title to his name. Augustin had loved this girl with the warmest affection, and he had made great sacrifices that he might the better prepare that paradise which he intended for her. The thought of his union with her had been the sun in his life. That was now at an end. Augustin obtained the appointment for which he wished; his position in life was established, but his life was embittered. Hedvig, in addition to her many troubles, thought how she might console that noble mind which had lost its trust in what it most loved. Then other troubles arose from money-matters connected with the family income, and the difficulty there was in getting all the children provided for; and although Augustin took upon himself the family debts, and although they endeavored to retrench and live as closely as possible, still their means were not sufficient to provide for so many. It was amid these gloomy

outward circumstances, and during a consultation upon them, that the brothers and sisters were one day together in the house. Hedvig saw again this time most accurately in her memory—when a tall, military figure entered the circle, with a stern, yet at the same time thoroughly honest countenance; hair sprinkled with gray; eyes which lit up the whole room; and who said and swore, "See, here am I, the fiend fetch me! I am your uncle Herkules, and you are my sister's children, and I am now come to make acquaintance with you. On my honor I am! Come into my arms, and don't stand staring as if I did not know what I'm doing. I am your uncle Herkules—do you hear? Can you swallow that without its being thrust down your throats?"

After the first surprise was over, the young people soon became acquainted with the old man, of whom they had often heard, although they never till now had seen him. He lived in one of the northern provinces of the kingdom; he had been much displeased by his sister's marriage, and had not visited the capital now for five-and-twenty years. He stayed some days with the fatherless and motherless young people; made himself acquainted with the affairs of the family; listened to their counsels among themselves; and particularly noticed how, in all their proposed arrangements, they wished to manage so as to prevent their being separated, that they might remain together, but which they were unable to do for want of money. One day he took part in the family council, and spoke as follows:—

"Listen, children! I am an old man, have neither wife nor children. I have no property which is worth speaking of, but the king's majesty and the crowd gave me a handsome pension for my deeds in the field, and the old man has saved a little from former times. I have something more than I need. I have now seen you, children—and I like you. And if you like me only half as well, then—we may manage together, I think. The — fetch me, if I don't think so. I will rent a house here in the city, and you shall come and live with me, and I will board with you; so that sister Hedvig takes care that I have my victuals, my coffee, and—a great many biscuits must I have, Hedvig, that I tell you beforehand! Now on my honor, children, that is my scheme if you will fall into it. You see, I am beginning to get old—I can't stand bear-hunting any longer; I feel myself solitary, and that is not good—it is not pleasant. The old heart will live, will see a little life, a little youth around it. Now, say yes, children, all, and then the matter is settled.

"Do you see, I am not a bad old fellow, although I do grumble a little sometimes. That is the Herkules blood!—the Herkules blood, my children! But you are really not

afraid of me, my sweet girls. And you, lads, will indeed have patience with an old man who wishes you well, even though he may scold you sometimes. The deuce take me if he did not do it! Now, children, we can make a trial of living together for two or three years. If it does not succeed, why then, in heaven's name, long life to Swedish freedom! Then we can part like good friends. Well?—what do you say? Do you understand Swedish? Do you take my meaning without its being thrust down your throats? Now, I shall strike three blows on the table, and if no one cries "Hold!" before the last falls, then the contract is settled."

Two blows fell, amid general silence; the general made a little pause, and then struck the third blow with his powerful fist, with so much force, that all the furniture in the room shook. With that, up sprang the old soldier, opened his arms, and exclaimed, "Now is it said and done! See, then, come now and embrace me, my children! Hurrah for our fatherland, for the king, and for ourselves!"

It was done as the old man had proposed, and spite of occasional storms, which were mostly occasioned by uncle Herkules wishing to be, as it were, fate and providence to the young people, and because they seldom would submit themselves without a struggle, they still continued to be all united, nay, even in some respects, had become more firmly so than ever.

"By means of a bond drawn up on stamped paper?"

"Ah, my dear friend Justitia, what would be the advantage of that? What would it bind?"

"No! No bonds are really strong, really binding, but those which can not be expressed in writing or by printing; which can not be confirmed by law."

Were not the only fetters which could bind Fenris-ulfen\* of an invisible and imperceptible kind? And when the brave Hagbert struck down all that surrounded him, what was it that alone sufficed to bind his hands? A single hair of his beloved Signild! Yes, yes, the strong ones of antiquity knew that perfectly, and we—their weak children—do not as yet suspect it.

Hedvig's thoughts passed from the incident which we have just described, over some calm and not wearisome years, and then dwelt upon the present important moment, a moment which made her eyes sparkle, which agitated her feelings, and caused her tears to flow—lightly and painfully at the same time.

With this, Hedvig's eyes rested upon an open letter which lay on the window beside

her. We will not withhold from our young readers the knowledge that this was a love-letter, and from the man who possessed Hedvig's heart, and who had loved her for many years, and who now, for the first time was able to ask her to share his fate. Once more Hedvig read the letter through. She kissed the name with which it closed, and then drying her eyes, seized a pen resolutely, and wrote the following answer.

"When my father lay upon his death-bed, he took my hand between his and said, 'Hedvig, thou art without fortune. Promise me only to marry a wealthy man; a man who through his property is perfectly independent. And whatever thou doest—remember thy brothers and sisters; O, remember the children! Continue to be a mother to them. Promise me this, and I shall die in peace.'"

"I promised.

"Ah! in this promise, and in my situation, you have my answer to your letter. My friend! I am poor, and you are without fortune, and we are both of us no longer young.

"In a few years,' you say. But do not build upon this thought. I know that in a few years I could not give you my hand excepting as a sisterly friend. But do not deceive yourself. Your path through life is too rich and lofty for one so insignificant being to be of much consequence to it. You will live for science and humanity, and your solitary life and scientific labors is a much more perfect existence than that which awaits you in domestic life, where petty pecuniary cares and troubles would divert your attention from your more important avocations, and betray the peace of your mind, nay, perhaps even of your conscience—because you could not be happy if you saw that you had not accomplished the work which Providence had assigned to you. I have heard you frequently say that you wished to devote your life to the discovering of a means for mitigating or removing sorrows. O! I think too highly of you, too highly of your design, to give you a hand which might turn you aside from this endeavor, which might retard your steps to this blessed path. Go then, my beloved friend; think only upon that, and forget me, or remember me only as a friend who loves and blesses you, who rejoices in all the good which you can and will do. You say that my refusal will cause you to go abroad for some years. But I know that you, in this case, would sacrifice peaceful laurels for your native land, and your own comfort for the benefit of your fellow creatures. I have often heard it said that only unmarried men can accomplish any thing great in science. If you travel, think that, wherever you go, whether you are working or resting, that the prayers and the blessings of an old maid

\* Fenris-ulfen was one of the offspring of the evil-minded Loke; he was fastened to a rock. See northern mythology.—TRANS.

accompany you. Think also that your faithful devotion made, and still makes her, happy, and will warm her heart in old age—even in death. Think not, though I write this, that my feelings are calm; that I smile while you weep. Ah no! I too weep, and my heart is breaking! If it can be any comfort to your noble heart to know it—you are the only man whom I have loved, the first, certainly the last! Promise me that you will speedily apply yourself again to your labors—or will travel! It will be painful for me to think that I—even for a few days—disturbed an activity so noble, so blessed! And now, once more, blessings upon it, and upon you, my friend!

"You will travel!—some time you will come back again. Then we shall be older, calmer! It is to me a necessity, a consolation in this hour, to believe that you will then possess a home in my brother-and-sister-home, and that then I shall press your hand as your best, truest friend and sister."

"Hedvig."

When Hedvig had finished her letter, and raised her eyes from her paper, she saw her faithful servant, Maja, standing at the door, who also held a letter in her hand, and stood hesitating whether she should enter, with her eyes fixed upon Hedvig, as if inquiring whether she should disturb her. Her eyes, too, were moist with tears.

We will take this opportunity of giving a more detailed account of Maja. From what the reader has already seen of her figure, we imagine that he by no means suspects her to have been formed by the graces. We must confirm this opinion. She had a strong figure, broad back, high shoulders, and something so ungraceful in her carriage, that Hedvig, the first time she saw her, hesitated whether she should engage her as a domestic servant. But Maja looked at her with a pair of pleasant, light brown eyes, which had an especially grave, kind, and heartfelt expression, and said, "Oh, kind Miss—do take me!"

And Hedvig engaged her immediately. On this Maja laughed, with a short, spasmodic, queer kind of laugh, drawing in her head, and shooting forth her chest, but looking all the while most cordially pleased. Hedvig laughed, too, thought it very odd, but took no notice. It was now nearly thirteen years since this time, and Maja had ever since been a pillar in the family, and seemed now altogether inseparable from it. Her figure was still as ungraceful as at first, but she managed the business of the house so excellently, and her strong frame, sustained by strong health, seemed made to bustle about among house-gear, pails of water, fuel which had to be carried in, and such like, shunning no work however hard, and being able to stand any thing. The

laugh, which was heard on every possible occasion, was always alike odd, and *mal apropos*; but—never did any one see a cloud or an ill-natured expression on Maja's countenance—never; and people grew accustomed to the laugh. Maja planted her heels heavily upon the floor, when she went about her work in the rooms, yes, so heavily that all the furniture trembled. But see her in a sick chamber where she had any one to nurse, and then no one heard her foot-fall; then, Maja was so gentle in her movements, so affectionate, so clever, so unwearied in her attentions that—I very much doubt whether any of the graces could have performed those duties so well, and in particular whether the sick person would have been so comfortable under their care. The cause of all this was that, spite of her broad back, and spite of her ungraceful figure, she had a heart as kind, as pure, as warm, as full of noble impulses as ever beat in a human breast; and this heart was the mainspring in the clock-work of her being. This heart also gave an actual grace to her soul, and communicated the same to her thoughts and actions. This soul shone brightly from her eyes, the only beautiful feature in her otherwise ordinary face, and this faithful, heartfelt glance which seemed to read within the very soul the wishes of those whom she loved—that glance became a light in the family in more than one respect.

When Hedvig's mother died, and Hedvig, then so young, was obliged to take upon herself those responsible family cares, her courage in the first place wavered, and she felt her powers inadequate to the task. She said then to Maja, who had been two years in the family, and with whose worth she had become acquainted:

"Maja, you must now become my stay and my helper, if I am to accomplish all that which is laid upon me. Assist me to take into consideration how every thing is to be done in the best manner, so that every one may be comfortable, and so that it will answer. And help my poor memory with your excellent one, and remind me of what ought to be done. Without you, Maja, I could not manage."

If any one had offered Maja "gold and green woods," they would not so firmly have attached her to them as by these words. She was one of those sterling souls in whom we may place confidence—even as regards our wants and our weaknesses—without danger. The encouragement which Hedvig gave was also a means of awakening in Maja many a slumbering power, both in understanding and judgment. From this moment the interests of the family were her own. She became Hedvig's right hand, without allowing any one else to know that she was more than the left; and thus the relationship between mistress and servant

became—without its being in any way deranged—one of an altogether deep and heart-felt character.

From this time it was entirely forgotten in the family, as far as concerned Maja, that there was any such thing in the world as "time for quitting." \* This had also been the case for the last ten years, as regarded the general's servant, Corporal Stolt.

Servants!—what an important part they act in the life and history of families! And who can enumerate the deeds of energy and patience, and all the Christian virtues which are day and night performed by good servants? Volumes might be written about them; yet—to what purpose? There is *One* who enumerates them, and writes them down in his book—that great book!—and we shall one day know more about them when it is opened; when the quiet life, and the unobtrusive deeds which now lie concealed in the shades of household existence, shall be revealed to the day; and when the great Master shall call forth to a joyful reward the good and the faithful servant—who was faithful in the little thing.

We will now close the characteristics of Maja with the remark that she, like many of her class and sex, had a very warm and even practical fancy, with a perception of every thing that was beautiful and good; but—though she bore the same name as the mother of the god of eloquence, yet eloquence was not one of her great gifts.

Her words, like her laughter, came forth in an odd and sometimes misplaced way, in particular if her feelings were at all excited; nay, they would often come as it were back foremost, which, however, did not prevent her having a sort of rude eloquence of expression, the meaning of which was very intelligible. When she had once got fairly afloat in any story, she went on tolerably well. But when she was much delighted, very happy, or very much pleased with any thing, then she stumbled about for words, and could only find one single expression to give utterance to her feelings and her joy, and this was, "It is so feeling-full!" That was the summing up, and the finishing point of all.

We will now return to the moment when Maja stood at the door, hesitating, with a letter in her hand, and her eyes fixed upon Hedvig.

"What is it, Maja?" inquired Hedvig, "you are troubled about something?"

"Ah, yes, Miss! I have been told—something so sad!" replied Maja, wiping away with her apron the tears that would not be restrained.

"What is it then, dear Maja?" asked Hedvig, instantly ready to sympathize; "tell me about it!"

"Ay, Miss, it is—a young girl! And, you see! her mother was the friend of my youth; and she is now dead—and such a kind creature! And she, the girl!—she—has taken to bad ways!"

"How has this happened?" asked Hedvig.

"Ay, you see!—I can very well fancy that she was vain, and wished to make herself fine, poor simpleton! and that her wages weren't enough for it—for she had a place as kitchen-maid in a gentleman's family here in the city—and then she laid her hands on what was not hers. Ah, Miss! how that vanity and that folly about wishing to be better dressed than one has the means for, has brought misfortune to many a young girl of my class! This poor thing fancied—as such always do—that her dishonesty would never be found out. But, look you! it was, and she—got into the house of correction, dear Miss!—Is not that dreadful? And now the time of her imprisonment is ended, but she remains there still, because she is without a place.\* Her mother has been dead many years; she has no near relations, and who will take her into service when she comes out of that place, with the character of a—thief? One can't expect it!—"

"I do not know what put me in her heart; but here has she now written to me, and prays me to help her, if I can, to get into service with a kind and respectable family who will assist her good wishes to become a creditable person again; and she begs me to have mercy upon her for her mother's sake, and because she is so young! She writes—so feeling-full—so properly, Miss Hedvig. And she is hardly one-and-twenty, dear Miss!" Maja again put her apron to her eyes. After this she continued,

"She was such a sweet little thing, as a child—and gentle, active, and intelligent, and every body liked her very much. And if her mother could now know what has befallen her, she would die of grief, even if she were in the bosom of our Lord! Her mother and I, we were servants together in a good Jew-family, where I was before I came here. And do you know, Miss! I have many a time thought that for the most part it depends upon the masters and mistresses how the servants turn out. I was young, and knew very little when I went into that Jew's family; and I should soon enough have been laughed out of living there if the lady had not been so kind and so reasonable

\* In Sweden, servants are always, according to law, engaged for at least six months, in the country for a year; and the "flyttningstid" is at Stockholm the 1st of April, and 21st of October; in the country, the 24th of the latter month.

\* In Sweden, servants are not allowed, by law, to be out of place, otherwise they will be taken up and committed to prison as rogues and vagabonds. Public opinion is now, however, opposed to this cruel law, and it is to be hoped that it will soon be altered.

toward me, and talked to me for my good, yes, just like a mother. And no better or more right-thinking master and mistress could one have had. The gentleman and lady lived as happily one with the other as two angels; there never was a single angry word between them, and so good and charitable to the poor! Ay, right good were they, that I can say! And they brought up their children gravely, and always wished them to be as kind and civil toward us servants as toward strangers. Ay, ay! never were they allowed to ask us for any thing but in a polite and kind manner. And I never saw the lady so cross as once when one of the young gentlemen called me an ugly name. He! he! he! he! I had indeed to beg the boy off—poor little fellow! he! he! he! he!—And do you know, Miss, I believe that the Jews are as earnest in their religion as we Christians are in ours. The lady said always ‘by the help of God!—as God pleases,’ when the question was about any thing important, of course. And once, when one of the children was suddenly taken so ill that they thought it would die, the master clasped together his hands, and, looking up, said, ‘Almighty God, help us!’ and he wept!”

“Did they never talk on religious subjects with you?” asked Hedvig.

“No, Miss, never! But once, when I had been to church, one of the young gentlemen asked me, when I came home, what the clergyman had preached about; and I told him, for it was the truth, that it was about the ‘hatred of the Jews to Christ.’ But was it not odd, Miss, that it should just that very day be a sermon about the Jews’ hatred to Christ? And then said the boy, ‘Yes, it was not we that did so, but our forefathers; we did not advise that.’”

“And in that they were very right,” said Hedvig.

“Yes, I thought so too,” continued Maja, “and certain it is, that many Christian gentlefolks are not so good and honorable, and so careful of their servants, as this Jew family toward theirs. And had this poor lass, who now is in prison, lived with such a master and mistress, then I hardly think—nay, I may say downright, I don’t believe that she would have been there; because, with such a good mother one can not be bad at heart. And now it cuts me to the very soul, to think that she is confined there among so many wicked people, and will get worse and worse every day, and perhaps, in the end, be absolutely lost—when she now would so gladly become a reputable person again. And so young!—It is very hard, dear Miss!”

“Yes,” said Hedvig, sorrowfully, “but it is a very difficult matter to assist her; because all masters and mistresses are afraid, with good reason, of any person who comes out of the house of correction, where they

generally deteriorate in morals, instead of improving; and it can hardly be desired of reputable servants that they should live with those who have suffered under a public sentence. They would consider themselves disgraced by it.”

“But I should not think so, Miss Hedvig,” said Maja, fixing upon Hedvig her honest, kind, sincere eyes; “I should really set myself gladly about being as a sister, ~~as~~ a mother, to such a poor creature, and should try to make her a good, and respectable, and happy being once more!”

“Yes, I believe that, my good Maja! Yes, I know that you would do so!” said Hedvig, and the eyes of mistress and servant rested one upon the other with a look that could not be mistaken.

“Ah, Miss!” continued Maja, encouraged by the expression of Hedvig’s eyes—“if I might dare to beg!—We could very well do with one girl more in the house, who would help a little in the kitchen, because Margrete has a deal to do, and who would assist me a little with the cleaning, and the fine-wash now and then. If, Miss Hedvig—if the gentlefolks would take Hannah just for a trial!—I would take care of her, and teach her—and I could set a little bed for her beside mine, and she could put her clothes in my chest of drawers. And she would have a good home and shelter, and might once more become a good character!”

“We will think about it, Maja,” replied Hedvig; “I will speak with my brother Augustin on the subject, and with the general. I will not promise you with certainty, but I believe it may be done.”

“Ah, that good Miss Hedvig!” exclaimed Maja, “Ah, how beautiful that would be! Ah, yes!—And she can recover her character—and her mother!—And I—ah—it is so feeling-full, Miss!”

“But a responsible thing, at the same time, Maja,” said Hedvig; “and the heaviest part of the charge would lie upon you, because you would have the most to do with her, and a great deal will depend upon your way of treating and managing her.”

“Yes, I acknowledge that,” said Maja, “but do you see, I fancy that if one will do the best, according to one’s knowledge and ability, then, as in poverty, one shall have help from God.”

“Yes, and that is also my opinion, my good Maja,” said Hedvig. And after that, the two went each her way.

Hedvig went to look for Augustin, but he was not yet returned.

In the mean time, the hour was come when the various members of the family assembled for the evening. One after the other they entered the parlor. Apples and nuts were set out, and uncle Hercules’ little glass of toddy was prepared by Góthika. It was not till late in the evening that Au-

gustin came. The joyful feelings, however, which his coming always excited, were this time damped by the unusually sorrowful expression of his countenance. He nevertheless embraced and kissed affectionately his young sisters, who threw their arms passionately and joyfully round his neck, and then, withdrawing himself silently, and with a reserved manner, he seemed to wish to avoid Hedvig's uneasy and tenderly inquiring looks.

General Herkules would not play at cards this evening, but, full of good humor and enjoyment, sat and watched the young girls dancing in the drawing-room, and laughing heartily at a caricature Polka, which Gôthilda and Bror danced with the most grotesque gesticulations and grimaces, while Engel, light and elegant as the youngest sister of the Graces, instructed her partner, the general's nephew, young Jarl Herkules, who was very unlike her in person, in the mysteries of that modern dance, with all its variations.

Uno sat beside Hedvig, and looked at Engel.

"I do not think that I ever saw a being," said he, "who looked so really pure and good as she does;—as if there were nothing evil in her. She is like what we fancy an angel to be—a heavenly child."

Hedvig crimsoned with the joy of hearing her beloved young sister's praise.

"And she is what she seems to be," said Hedvig, "as much so, I fancy, as a human being can be, because, beneath this child-like, gay temper, which makes all around her happy, there lies a deeply sensitive heart. May she be happy!"

"Yes, may she be so!" replied Uno, with much feeling. "I could hardly forgive any one who made her unhappy. And if I —."

He did not finish the sentence, and when Hedvig looked at him inquiringly, he was pale, and had assumed that reserved and grave expression which seemed to forbid any inquiry respecting the communication which had been withheld. Hedvig was silent, and continued to sew, and Uno seemed buried in his thoughts.

"Ivar came; made some wild waltzings among his sisters, after which he seated himself in a corner and looked like a thundery sky. Gôthilda went up to him, and endeavored to enliven him by various observations respecting his *aventures de Telemaque*, which she was at that time reading—Calypso and her island, and so on.

"Don't vex him, Gôthilda!" besought Engel gently, as she drew away her mischievous sister, "he is tired, let him be at peace!"

"I assure you," said Gôthilda, "that he is very cross, and in an ill-humor, and that is a bad habit which young gentlemen can

never be soon enough broken of, else they become detestable. Ivar ought really to be educated by Uncle Herkules and me; and it would do the young fellow a vast deal of good if Thor's hammer chased away all witchcraft out of him; for there is some Calypso or Dulcinea that has got entire possession of him, and makes him so 'morblen'—of that I am very sure—. As to you, Bror, you are always rational and in a good humor, and therefore I like you. Shall we two set up housekeeping together, some fine day when we have got something to begin housekeeping with? What do you say?"

"I say yes, if you will promise me beef with horse-radish every Monday, and pea-soup every Thursday!"

"Agreed! and you must provide a bottle of wine for every day."

"Well, that is settled, and as soon as you are your own mistress, we will set up housekeeping together."

"A fine arrangement, upon my honor!" exclaimed uncle Herkules, "but look you, it shall not take place, unless I am included in it. Do you hear that, my little Lady Fanciful? You must not be faithless to me. Such a little rascal! Did you ever hear of such devices and complots?"

"Uncle shall have a share; uncle shall be one of us; uncle shall have beef and horse-radish twice a week, and with sauce that shall give a relish like—a whole bottle! But uncle must promise me one thing"—and Gôthilda threw her arms caressingly round her uncle's neck. He said—

"Nay, what's all this, my little witch? The d—'s in me if I —."

"Yes, dear uncle, that you must leave off swearing so very much, and calling on the Evil One at every turn. It sounds so ill, and —. Will not uncle promise it to his little Gôtha?"

"That I would do with confounded pleasure, my little heart," replied the general, good-humoredly, "if I could keep my promise. But the devil fetch me if I could! Old habits stick so close, you see. And besides, I think that it sounds exceedingly well, that I do. If I were to say, for example, 'my little Gôthilda is a good girl,' how would it sound? Why, just as water-gruel tastes, deuced insipid and flat. But if I should say, 'my little Gôthilda is a d—lishly confounded famous girl!' that sounds well, that has some flavor in it, it has! That has horse-radish in it—it puts some spirit into the thing. Tell me, don't you think yourself that it sounds exceedingly well?"

"Ye—s, certainly," stammered Gôthilda, smiling and blushing, and rather vexed with herself; "but—but—"

"Yes, you see it, my dear girl!" exclaimed the general, laughing; "yes, yes, you are of my sort, that you are! But I can never believe that you are afraid lest the

devil and his people should come bodily some fine day and carry off those who call upon him. But don't be afraid of that, my lass—I have settled that business long ago with our Lord. He knows, as well as I do, that it is only the breath of the mouth, and you may believe me, he does not trouble himself about it, any more than I trouble myself about some grains of pepper in the cabbage. And you also must bear with me, my little butterfly."

"With this he kissed her and rose; and Göthilda, somewhat crest-fallen at the result of this attack, which had been long arranged between her and Engel, and now had been resolutely attempted, consoled himself with cracking nuts with the others, and tried not to hear Bror's derisive whisper, "How did you like it?" and not to see a long nose which that young fellow, Jarl, very quickly and maliciously made at her.

Later in the evening Hedvig saw Engel sitting silently, with her head thrown back and her fixed eyes, as if by a spell, upon some object which seemed to occupy her whole soul. She went up to her and said—

"What are you looking so steadfastly at, my little Engel?"

Engel started a little and blushed while she said, "At Augustin and his friend! Look at them, Hedvig, how handsome and good they look!"

Hedvig saw Augustin and Uno sitting in the recess of a window, in conversation, and their fine grave profiles came out extremely well against the dark-red window-curtains. In order to prove what were her sister's feelings, Hedvig said—

"But Uno is not handsome; and besides that, he is so reserved, so——"

"Not handsome!" repeated Engel, astonished and almost displeased, "I know no one so handsome as he—except Augustin!" added she, blushing at her own earnestness.

An hour afterward—the watchman had already sounded ten o'clock upon his inharmonious horn—Hedvig and Augustin were alone together in the parlor. It was their custom to spend an hour together in the evenings, after all the others were gone. Every thing was quiet around them. The lamp burned dimly. Augustin stood at the window. It was a starlight but a stormy night, and the wind bore at intervals to the window the sounds of the lively music of a ball in the neighborhood. Hedvig went up to her brother, and laying her hand softly on his, and looking up into his face, she said tenderly, "How are you this evening? You are not well!"

"No," said Augustin, "the old trouble is there!" and he took Hedvig's hand and pressed it to his heart; "I have seen her this evening!" added he.

"Resina?"

"Yes! she was with—G——a."

"And she?—was she like herself?"

"Yes—no. She was beautiful as formerly, but yet different. It distressed me to see her. When I consider what that nobly-endowed being might have been, and what she now is, and how she becomes more and more——"

"Was she not friendly toward you?"

"Too much so!—Too much so for what now is and can henceforth be between us. She spoke about 'friendship and the old bond,' which she wishes to renew. She will call on you; will be 'with us as formerly.' How is that possible? If she had loved that man for whom she deserted me; had she esteemed him;—but it was merely vanity, self-interest, love of the world;—no, no! It is too late for that, and I can only wish to be able to forget! The wound is yet too fresh! But she requires a friend, and you, Hedvig, ought to become to her what I never can."

"Ah, Augustin!" interrupted Hedvig, "what can I be to another! I feel myself often so weak, so deficient of power even for myself; so that I——" and Hedvig's head sank upon Augustin's shoulder—"that I wish to lay myself down and merely sleep—sleep! I am weary sometimes, weary of life! My heart, sometimes, is so strongly agitated—it desires to live an expansive and noble life; to breathe forth warm and beautiful feelings—but as it can not do so, there are times, moments, when I wish—merely to sleep!"

Hedvig's unusually excited tone and words quickly drew Augustin's attention from himself to her. He inquired, with the most lively tenderness, after the cause of this excitement, and thus became acquainted with the sacrifice which Hedvig had made that day, had been obliged to make, of a life, a future which, to her essentially womanly nature, seemed to be the only happy one—a life as wife and mother. She showed Augustin the letter which she had received, and the one which she had written in reply. It was a consolation to her to consult with her brotherly friend on this subject. Augustin read both letters with tenderness.

"You have done very right," said he, "very right both for him, for yourself, and for us all. Oh! I would that it could be otherwise, but it is not to be thought of. Ludvico, noble and excellent as he is, is not sufficiently a man of business to be able to provide for a family by his earnings; and the small salary he has, is merely enough for himself. You have done very right, very prudently for us all, but—ah, Hedvig!—that you yourself should have so little happiness in it!"

"Ah, that is nothing at all, Augustin," said Hedvig, comforted by his sympathy, "and in a little while I shall become calmer

and stronger. You will see that. Don't be troubled about it."

Augustin's glance rested with great tenderness upon his sister, and while he did so, he seemed to gaze into her future.

"Yes," said he, "a time will come which will be good for you, and when you will be happy. That I believe; that I feel sure of! But yet I wish I could see your life, a few years hence, more agreeable and less laborious in great and little things. We men are so egotistic in our way of dividing labor on earth. We have a view to our own success, to the advancement of our own interests in our occupations; we make for ourselves, between whiles, pleasures out of the house, and we regard the so doing almost as a sacred duty toward ourselves. Always, always are we thinking of *ourselves*. But you—but you, Hedvig, and your sister-souls in the world, what is your life but a continual labor, a continual carrying and dragging for others? From early morning till late at night is your life split up into many anxieties, small and great, for every body and every thing around you. I actually am ashamed, Hedvig, when I consider how little you think about yourself, your comfort, your pleasure; and how I—"

"Nay," interrupted Hedvig, with her usual good-tempered and rather humorous tone: "nay, now, I can not bear any longer to listen if you are unjust to yourself, Augustin, and toward men and brothers who resemble you. And were there many such men in the world, women would find their services easy in the house, and both honorable and delightful also. And that I do after all, Augustin, and for your sake I shall find them increasingly so, now that I know my fate is determined. Do not be uneasy about me, Augustin. God will help me—and you. And now we must talk a little about the others, and their future. I have to-day had a letter from Gerda. She is coming here, in March, with her intended and mother-in-law elect. She is very cordial, and it is quite affecting to see how pleased she is at the thought; but still, in this letter, and in all her letters of late, there is a something which makes me uneasy; she is evidently not cheerful, not happy, and has something on her mind which she will not speak out."

"Yes, I have remarked it too," said Augustin; and I very much fear that this engagement, this marriage, is not a suitable one for her."

"Ah, I fear so too!" said Hedvig. "She scarcely ever mentions Sigurd in her letters. In the mean time, the wedding is fixed for the first of May, and fourteen days before this she goes home with her future mother-in-law and her intended, and such of us as will go with them, because the wedding is to take place at G——: that is decided."

"Yes—but we shall see Gerda before

this; and she comes to be some time with us. I confess that I long to watch her and her lover together more narrowly. Even when they were here for a few weeks, some years ago, there was a something in their acquaintance which I did not like, and which caused me not to augur well for the future. However, we shall see. There may, perhaps, be some fault, even on her side. It is an affair that really troubles me. But, Hedvig, there is another acquaintance which promises us pleasure, because I think it begins to look serious. I mean Uno's inclination for our Engel."

"Yes, Augustin, I wish to have a little talk with you on that very subject. I am convinced that it is beginning to be mutual."

"That would give me the highest delight," exclaimed Augustin. "Engel is indeed hardly more than a child yet; but Uno is a perfect man, and a better man I am not acquainted with."

"Do you say so, Augustin? Oh, then, I shall be heartily happy if Uno thinks seriously about Engel; but I must confess that, much as I like him, there is something in him which makes me uncertain, uncomfortable—I don't know exactly how."

"He has something determined, something reserved in his character," returned Augustin, "which operates as a restraint; and I can not say that he has been in any way confidential with me. But I have had opportunities of seeing and hearing much about him which pleases me in a high degree. He is a man who possesses an unusual excellence of disposition and inclination, and he is an uncommonly good man. He does, in silence, an infinite deal of good; and on his own estate he has so arranged that his dependents need not remain in poverty excepting through their own fault. In truth, I do not know a man to whom I would rather give one of my sisters, so certain am I that he will make her happy."

"What you say, Augustin, really delights me. Because I have begun to be uneasy since I observed how strongly Engel is attracted by this man. Now, I venture to hope that it is for the best, and I know scarcely any greater pleasure that could fall to my lot than to see Engel happily married, and under circumstances so fortunate as those in which this marriage would place her, even in a worldly point of view. But, Augustin, we must talk about Ivar. Do you know what is amiss with him? He is dreadfully changed within a short time, and his countenance sometimes has an expression which makes me afraid of him. He is, also, inaccessible and reserved. Can he have any unhappy love-affair? Gøthilda talks and jokes about some Lady Calypso, who has taken him captive."

"Yes, yes, poor Ivar; I fear that he is in the toils of some such goddess of the second

or third order! You surely remember a beautiful French woman who came here last winter, and said that she was the widow of a Swedish officer who had died abroad. She was noticed very much for some time on account of her appearance, her agreeable manners, and vivacity; all at once, however, she withdrew from society, and merely saw people at her own house. She continues still to give small suppers two or three times a week, where I hear that play goes on very high. Ivar was immediately somewhat captivated by this handsome lady, and when I, having heard some reports not very advantageous to her character, partly in joke and partly in earnest, warned him of her acquaintance, he became violently angry at the injustice both of myself and the world toward 'the first, greatest female character of the day.' I joked him about his enthusiasm; he was hurt, and from that time became reserved toward me. In the mean time, I know that he is frequently present at these suspicious little suppers, and—I am very uneasy about this connection, particularly as it is evident that his temper is entirely ruined. Hedvig, you must talk to him; seek to win his confidence. I have not time for it; and besides, he is on his guard against me. He, like Gerda, seems to me to suffer from not knowing his own mind—from not discovering what it is that he wishes and ought to do. The fate of many a person is, up to a certain point, a tangle, which must be unraveled by friendly hands, if it is not to be tightened into an irretrievable knot. Sweet sister, I depend upon your gentle, tender—I know how skillful you are in such arts and emergencies." And Augustin kissed again and again his sister's soft hands.

"Take care—you will spoil me!" said Hedvig, smiling.

"Yes, that may be!" said Augustin. "I shall do my best toward it."

Hedvig had still a communication to make out of the chronicle of the day, and that was Maja's prayer on behalf of the erring Hannah, and the taking of her into the service of the family.

Hedvig had not miscalculated upon Augustin's sympathy in this affair, and his willingness to do what she wished.

"Ah!" continued he, "we fortunate people ought to think more than we do about those 'who sit in darkness,' and labor increasingly for those whose punishment is so great and severe in comparison with their crime! Families might do much, particularly if servants and masters and mistresses united, as in this case. I have also thought—but it is not worth while to talk about it now. Some time, Hedvig, when my position in life is more independent than now, and when I have more leisure, I should be very glad to do something, even I, toward the solution of one of the most difficult ques-

tions of our time—the manner in which those who labor under social disadvantages and oppressions may be relieved; the fallen raised again.

"God bless you for the thought, for the intention, my Augustin! And how gladly would I live with you for it, and help you—if I could!"

"If you could!" repeated Augustin. "Both as regards my own private interests and those of the community, you must stand by my side Hedvig. There is a great resemblance in our fates, as well as in the problem of our future. Hand-in-hand will we endeavor to solve it. We have a large family circle to live for, my Hedvig? It is not ordained that every one should be married and become fathers and mothers; but it is ordained that we, one and all, should be brothers and sisters to each other!"

The two stood silent for a long time, gently embracing. The lights of heaven beamed down brightly upon them, and above them ascended a starry image, the most beautiful thought which is written in stars upon the vault of heaven. It was the constellation of the twins; it was "the brothers' and sisters' house," with its bright, double stars, and its divine story about an immortal brotherly love.

So stood our brother and sister a long time, and all became still and bright. There fell as it were a starry dew upon their souls, and they felt that the seed of eternal life had taken root.

## REPRESENTATIONS.

"Be quiet! be quiet! throbbing heart! Restless thoughts and wishes, be silent! Down, bitter feelings! Away, tormenting spirits! I will be calm, and strong, and free. Endure, oh, my heart! combat resolutely, oh will! till the night is past, and the rosy light of the morning ascends!"

Do you recognize the song? do you remember to have sung it with silent lips amid the heat and burden of the day; amid the long, sleepless nights? You, the heroes and heroines of the inner life, whose silent combats, victories, or defeats no human eyes behold! Yes, you know it; often have you sung it, watching over the battle-field of your happiness.

"Let me sleep, sleep only!" sighed Hedvig. Yes, she slept not that night, neither did Augustin. But already many a night had this brother and sister lain awake. It is a fact, that the best, the noblest hearts may suffer much and long upon earth. But, pure and troubled souls! for you has heaven marvelous consolations and peace in store; for you are growing in the silence, beneath the snow, the seeds of paradisaical flowers, which await only a warm day to

spring up—and that day, believe me—comes!

A no small source of satisfaction to pure-hearted people is, their capacity for enjoying the little things, the crumbs of life; souls which have something dark behind them or within them can not do this.

Hedvig experienced something of this power of the innocent heart, in the morning after this sleepless night, when she came down to the breakfast table, and found it festively arrayed, and a Persian lilac—her favorite flower—standing in full bloom by her plate, where a gilt and tastefully-painted cup of genuine china, and a teaspoon of silver-gilt, reminded Hedvig that it was her birthday, and testified the affection of brothers and sisters, and their wish to please her. Hedvig quickly found herself surrounded by these brothers and sisters, who, smiling and caressing, bowing and courtesying, in joke and in earnest, attested their regard, and offered their congratulations.

Bror and Göthilda presented her with a great gratulation on a large sheet of paper, on which was seen the formidable representation of the whole family uniting in a congratulation in verse, which congratulation the said brother and sister, with great exultation over their own cleverness, had conjointly written, and which began with the following poetical effusion:—

Sister Hedvig, with delight,  
All lovely joy and pleasure,  
Are mixed thee on this day so bright  
In hopes, and without measure.  
And that thou never want may'st know  
On earth where ills await us,  
A well-oiled wheel and lots of tow,  
Warm friendship and potatoes.

Hedvig's little every-day habits and peculiarities were parodied in the succeeding verses with much merriment. Family affection does not dread such parodies, but finds in them the best seasoning for its every-day dishes. Hedvig could not help laughing at those verses which gave Bror and Göthilda such indescribable delight.

"My present to you," said Augustin softly to his sister, "is in the kitchen; and there you must receive it."

"In the kitchen?" said Hedvig, smiling in wonder, but followed her brother out into the kitchen, where she saw a young girl, who stood by the side of the clear, yet tearful-eyed Maja, and, deeply blushing, dropped on her knees, and embraced those of Hedvig, as Augustin said, "This, Hannah, is your mistress."

Hedvig now understood all.

"Oh, Augustin!" she exclaimed at length, "that, in truth, is the most precious gift you could give me. But how have you been able so quickly to arrange this matter?"

"I knew," said Augustin, "that uncle could not refuse any thing which would give you pleasure on your birth-day, and therefore

I attacked him on this delicate subject early this morning, laying before him your and my proposition. He growled a little at our 'modern theories,' and said that people nowadays do more for criminals than for honest people, but at length he gave his consent to every thing that we wished; and—the rest I have managed with the police. Maja herself has fetched her protégée, as was only reasonable."

What good did her brother's kindness, and the joy of the honest Maja to the heart of Hedvig! Oh, believe me, such deeds are more heart-strengthening than the apples of Iduna, if they are not just fruits of that kind.

When Hedvig turned to quit the kitchen, she perceived her uncle Herkules standing at the door, examining, with keen and inquisitive glances, the new-comer.

"She does not look so badly," said he at length to Hedvig, "and she may be likely to give you satisfaction. But keep an eye upon her—that is my advice. Such people are not to be trusted. No, upon my soul, are they not!"

Hedvig promised to be vigilant: and when she came into the breakfast-room, and saw around her all that she loved, and beheld in their looks how dear she was to them, it became warm and light within her, and she could say to her secret pain—"Thou art not an evil."

At the breakfast-table she was again the kind and cordial hostess, and found one pleasant fact after another to read aloud from the newspaper, which always lay by her breakfast-plate, as one also lay by that of Augustin: for they both liked to keep up with the times. Again the gratulatory presents were examined and admired, with their garnishing of extraordinary flowers, and those extraordinary faces of cherubim, such as are often seen on similar would-be witty productions in the houses of the peasantry in Sweden; and the verses were again gone through, in a declamatory style, by Bror, who called upon his hearers to pay particular attention to the lofty flight and aim of the concluding strophe:—

If thou would'st any pleasure win  
In this life's wildering route,  
Kill care and hang him on a pin,  
De'il take him out and out.  
Courage! and our wild winter's dance,  
Though near the pole begun,  
Shall one day 'mid the stars advance,  
And waitz into the sun.

Tegren never achieved a higher flight. That was admitted; and, with the usual modesty, our young poets received their meed of praise.

"Ivar! will you promise me one thing—one pleasure on my birth-day?" said Hedvig, as she followed her brother out into the hall, as he was about to go away.

"Yes, as gladly as I live—or more so, for

otherwise that were not much to say," replied Ivar; "but what is it?"

"It is, dear Ivar, that you will avoid exciting uncle, and not answer him, when he is excited, then and there. Remember that he is old, and you are young, and that he is our common benefactor. You can not believe how this wrangling wounds me, and I can not understand, dear Ivar, how you find pleasure in it."

"Pleasure. no, that God knows; but it occupies my mind sometimes, and diverts my thoughts into a different channel to—But if I give pain to others, Hedvig, it is because I suffer myself. There are moments when—but, no matter. Good-by, Hedvig, I will not quarrel—I will be like a lamb, or rather a sheep, with uncle, to-day at least, and—so long as I can. Farewell."

He went out hastily—he looked pale and unhappy.

Not long afterward, Hedvig's steps took the way softly but firmly, toward her brother's dwelling.

When she entered the room, she saw Ivar, sunk in an easy chair, with his arms crossed, and his eyes fixed on a picture placed on the easel, and which he was beginning to copy. It represented Judith with the head of Holofernes. The eyes of the lovely woman were wet with weeping; the breath seemed to come with difficulty through the pallid lips; one hand held the sword half-hidden in her flowing robes, but the other, so beautiful, so warm with love, lay on the ghastly and bloody head beside her. You saw, in this act, in the indescribable expression of both hand and countenance, that Judith, while she had slain the enemy of her country, had also murdered her own love; but she had sacrificed the woman to the patriot, and the heroine.

The room, in every thing else, displayed an artistic chaos. Elegant articles of dress were hung upon sofa and chairs; on the table lay manuscripts, microscopes, books in utter confusion, besides a brace of pistols. Hedvig's eyes fixed themselves rapidly on the last, and then reverted to her brother who sat with his back toward her. He gazed no longer on the picture, but buried his face in his hands, and appeared sunk in despair.

Hedvig approached, and laid her hand on his shoulder, at the same time pronouncing his name.

Ivar started, looked wildly up, and demanded hastily—

"What is it? What do you want?"

"Only to call on you, and see how you are," said Hedvig, in her kind manner.

"Oh, indeed! Thanks! oh, I am quite well—ill, I believe—I don't know exactly how I am."

"Ah, Ivar! it has not been well with you for some time. I have observed it long.

There is something on your mind; something that makes you unhappy. Tell me, can I help you?"

"God bless you, dear sister!" said Ivar with his most beautiful expression, as he gazed upon her with tearful eyes.

"Tell me only, Ivar, what I can do—I will do it so willingly. Let us talk, let us think together."

"Talk!—think! And of what use will that be?"

"To find some way, some means of helping you."

"But if no way, no means are to be found at all? If I—if I am altogether past help?"

"That is not possible. Ivar. God will find—there is always found—"

"But I tell you, Hedvig, that no help can be found for me; that I must, must—that I shall be lost, for—I will not be helped."

Hedvig was silent—terrified by the vehemence of her brother's speech and manner.

"You, good, sisterly souls," continued Ivar, bitterly, "you believe that every thing can be helped, and patched, and mended up, because you have never encountered any thing but trifling rents and bruises. But while you are talking so finely about every thing being capable of help, there sits a Tasso in the madhouse, poor Haydon shoots himself through the head, and countless sacrifices to misfortune and despair sink daily into the gulf of perdition; and I—I shall sink like them."

"And if they thus sink, Ivar, may it not be because they have no friend at hand, or that they will not listen to his prayers and his counsel?"

"That may be; but it may also be, that their misery is stronger than human counsel and comfort. Hedvig—I have played a high game. I have set all my happiness on one throw, and—I have lost, and . . . I am bankrupt. O, this terrible, devouring agony! . . . But what avails it to speak to you?—you know not what it is to love."

"I—do I not know it?" said Hedvig; and the tears, which had long swelled in her breast, flowed abundantly over her pale cheeks.

"No," continued Ivar, without noticing this, "no, to love with fire, with the whole strength of your being, with the worshipping homage of heaven, and a consuming flame at the same time. But thou canst not, and dost not understand. Thou art an angel, Hedvig. Can any angel know overruling fire? Can it be carried away fascinated by the strong powers of the earth? Angels only cross themselves, and flee. They love only the heavenly, and the heavenly spreads its blessed peace over them in sorrow as in joy. But when one loves a d—!—When we know ourselves to go to perdition with her, will rather suffer torment with her, than without her enjoy heaven and all its

blessedness . . . look you, Hedvig, this is love. And such love is mine!"

"And—you are loved in return?" demanded Hedvig.

Ivar sprang up, stamped, and wrung his hands, as he exclaimed—

"O, that I did but know that!—that I was certain of that;—then could I sink to destruction, and exult—then could I kiss the dagger which gave me death. But not to know—to doubt—to feel the serpent which has fascinated, which has stung me, glide away cold and slippery—O, what torment! Mark me, Hedvig! I have confided in this woman more than in thyself, or in my Maker. I saw in her a new revelation—saw the perfect, the free woman which St. Simon imagined, and his disciples sought—in vain. I believed that I had found her, and she became my light, my sun, my eyes. I saw the whole world glorified through her; my own future, and the future of mankind, glowed in the ruddy morning light of a new day—a day the light of which she was, and which I became through her. She has darkened, and with her every thing: I do not know myself again. Hedvig! there are terrible beings. They fascinate, they allure, like the mermaid in the sagas—promise inexpressible happiness, and draw their lovers to them, only to offer them to death. They appear glowing, full of mystic fire, but within they are cold and hollow as the grave. They are beautiful and smiling in front, but seen from behind they are hideous wretches. O! why do such as these possess such wonderful power? O! I feel myself bound, drawn along, and can never again be extricated. The whirlpool has already seized me, and I must go down."

"But I will not let go of you, Ivar!" exclaimed Hedvig, embracing him. "My beloved brother! I hold you fast, and will contend for you. You must not, you shall not perish!"

"Give me then the will to resist!—give me only the power to will it! But ah! see, Hedvig, a longing seizes me,—look at that pale, bloody head. I would be like that, simply that it might be her work, and that she laid her warm, beautiful hand thus—thus.—Ah! my God!"

"Ivar pressed his face forcibly with his hands, and wept aloud. Hedvig silently mingled her tears with his, without uttering a word. This calmed Ivar. He raised himself, and said, affectionately—

"Pardon me, dear Hedvig! I know that I distress you; I shall perhaps often distress you again! You see in me a shipwrecked wretch, who still holds fast by a plank, and rises and falls with the waves. For I am not always thus. I am sometimes better: there are moments when I hope that she is still the same as formerly; that merely an appearance, an illusion, impose on me—that

an evil demon, some unblest misunderstanding, has got between us, which must and will soon be dissipated, and then—merciful Heaven! then. But soon—soon must I have assurance of this. I can not long live, as I live now. What intolerable days and nights!"

"You believe that she loves another?" asked Hedvig.

"I suspect it," said Ivar. "Count B., of the French legation, is often with her; he is rich and clever, people say. I know only that he plays high, and that he is often with her on a footing—for which I could hate her, and take his life. But she commands me by her pride, her plausible words. She protects that she loves me only, but—she does not admit me so often as before, and is to me no longer the same. The false one!—O! that I could but properly hate her! There are moments that I feel as if I could do it: but a single look of hers, and I am her slave more than ever. I wish that the ice on which I walk would either bear or break. This state of restlessness, doubt, and uncertainty, is insupportable!"

"But, Ivar, you should seek some employment, some diversion which might occupy your thoughts, and settle you."

"I am continually painting, as you see. I endeavor to write, to compose, but all my power has departed. I can do nothing more. There lies, as it were, an electric sky above me, which destroys all my vigor!"

Hedvig sighed. She felt herself destitute of counsel for this condition. At length she said—

"The air without is fresh and cool; shall we not allow it to breathe upon us, Ivar? I will willingly take a long walk with you. Will you not go with me?"

Ivar consented: pleased on some pretext to be snatched from himself and his tormenting thoughts. He took his cloak and hat, lit his cigar, and soon the brother and sister were strolling in the still winter air, on the new-fallen snow, out toward Norrtull. The opportunity of sledging had drawn out a multitude of sledgers, who, with white nets fluttering on their snorting horses, came gayly ringing their bells along the road toward the Stallmästar-gård;\* grand sledges, with ladies and gentlemen wrapped in warm furs; little, rapid sledges, with one gentleman behind, another sitting on bear or tiger skins, flew at full speed past, scattering the snow on the quiet foot-passengers.

Hedvig, whose open bosom, free from all envy, enjoyed every thing that was beautiful, was charmed with the spectacle of the fine sledges and the noble steeds; of the handsome bonnets of the ladies, with their flying plumes and veils, and the lively and joyous movements.

\* A celebrated tavern near Stockholm.—TRANSL.

"See how beautiful it is!" she exclaimed more than once.

"I think it is not very beautiful or joyous to be splashed all over by their horses!" rejoined Ivar, angrily. "If we were rich, Hedvig, I would drive you in a handsome sledge, and you should not be splashed by the equipages of others, as you are now."

"It is only snow," said Hedvig, shaking the flakes from her fur cloak; "and for my part, I much prefer walking to driving. One is more independent on foot. The horses of the apostles are my favorites."

"Yes, if I were but rich," continued Ivar, "many things would be different to what they are. The rich are happy. It is easy for them to win respect, pleasure, advantage of every kind—and the favor of handsome women. It is the unjust distribution of things in the world that makes me exasperated with it. I love justice, right, and have not patience to see every where the contrary. If I had but the power, much should be altered. I therefore thought, sometimes, whether I could not do something toward a new and better state of things; but that was perhaps a dream, like many another beautiful thought and belief. The more I see of this world, the less I think it worth while to live in it, or to strive for it. Chance, the blind goddess, has far too much power. Numbers of human beings must perish, in order that others may succeed. Death seems to me the only representative of justice on earth: he treats all alike."

Hedvig listened to Ivar's bitter outbreak, and comprehended by it the contest in his soul. He continued thus for a good while to abuse the world and its proceedings, and secretly, at the same time, his own fate, in which many great and noble desires appeared to be trodden down by want and adversity. But at length he said abruptly—

"But, Hedvig, why do you say nothing? Are you become altogether dumb?"

"No," said Hedvig, kindly; "I think I could answer you in many particulars, but I am certain that all that I could now say you will say much better yourself when you are so disposed. . . . Shall we go a little way into the wood here, Ivar, and rest upon the rocks under the trees?"

The brother and sister now found themselves in the beautiful wood of Solna. The city sledging-parties had not yet come so far. Here were peace and quiet, and the fine trees of the wood murmured softly over their heads. This calm freshness of the air, Hedvig's gentle words and tone of mind, operated beneficially on Ivar. The bitter, distracted expression of his countenance gave way to a mild melancholy.

They left the track, and went on a little distance up into the wood. Here, beneath lofty pines, protruded a little mossy rock, offering a convenient seat. The green vault

overhead had prevented the snow from penetrating into this place, and green and fresh lay the carpet of moss on the earth. Hedvig seated herself on the rocky seat; Ivar threw himself down on the ground, and laid his head on her knee.

"You will be cold," said she, anxiously.

"Cold!" exclaimed Ivar—"God grant it. It would be a comfort. I burn—the green, cooling earth! Happy he who can bed himself deep, deep in it! . . . Do you weep over me, Hedvig, or is it some angel from above? . . . Weep not now. I am not now in danger, I am calm. . . . How delightfully the wood sounds. Here let us build a hut, far from all mankind! I will cut wood for you, fetch water, work. . . . Then might I perhaps be once more a man. . . . But there are two men in me: the one good, warm, wishing every creature well, and desiring to live and labor for them. The other is egotistical, vain, irritable, and revengeful; and the two contend within me for life or death. But the evil one is in the ascendant. I have felt it for some time. Now he is silent; he sleeps; but I know that he is there, and will waken again."

"Let us not awaken him! let him sleep!" said Hedvig.

"Yes, forever if he will!" said Ivar. "He creates, sometimes, a hell in me. I myself could sleep now. I have not slept for many a night: so calm as I am now I have not felt for a long time. This is a blessed place, Hedvig."

And, soothed by the sound of the pine trees, Ivar actually slept, while Hedvig's hand played with his dark locks.

For a few minutes only, however, continued this sleep. It was broken by a wild shout in the wood, at which Ivar sprang hastily up—and they saw a little man, clad in skins, and with a pointed fur cap, leap down from a cliff to the ground, and with the speed of an arrow, hasten on his snow-skates into the wood.

"That is a Laplander!" said Hedvig. "No doubt one of those recently arrived from Lapland, with a present of reindeer for the king. Shall we follow him, Ivar? I would gladly see the reindeer. They certainly pasture them here in the wood."

They followed the traces of the Laplander, and it was not long before they came upon a herd of almost thirty reindeer, part of them lying on the snow, and part of them busy seeking and feeding on the reindeer moss under it. In a cleft of the rocks overshadowed by lofty pines, sat the nomadic attendants, small grotesque figures, with sparkling brown eyes, and dark, shaggy hair, streaming out from beneath their head-dresses.

Ivar and Hedvig entered into conversation with them. The Laplanders belonged to the so-called Swedish Laplanders, who do not live so far north as the others, and

speaking Swedisch as well as their mother tongue.

Hedvig admired their fine stomachers ornamented with silver, noticed the various implements which were suspended to the belt which encircled their waists, and among which was their scanty toilet apparatus.

"What has induced you," she asked, "to come so very far from your own country with your reindeer?"

"What?" said one of the women, briskly and energetically, "shall we not bring a present to our new king? My troth, he has plenty of children to feed, that he has! Shall not then his children in Lapland help him with this? And as for our way back, we shall find it as well as we found it hither."

"Are you well off then, in your cold country?" asked Hedvig of one of the men, whose blue eyes and melancholy expression did not accord with the usual Lapland physiognomy. He replied, with a sort of pensive serenity—

"Oh yes! God has appointed to every one his lot; and that which people are accustomed to, that they can endure."

"Have you any books, then?" demanded Ivar from another of the men with sparkling, dark-brown genuine Lapland eyes, and knowing aspect.

"O yes!" he replied, "we have the Bible, and Luther's Sermons—Arndt's 'True Christianity,' and the 'Voice of one crying in the wilderness,' and many others; so that there is no want of those that show us the way. The difficulty is to go to it."

"That is really excellent!" said Ivar—"I fancy that we must actually travel to Lapland to learn wisdom."

"Yes he is wise—wiser than I am," said the brown-eyed one, turning his gaze on the melancholy one, whose large eyes were apparently made to see farther than into the world of the Laplander's tent.

"Tell me, my old man," said Ivar to this one, "do you not wish, sometimes, for something that you can not obtain; and what say you then?"

"As God will!" answered the Laplander. "And come the day, comes help. It never dawns without council. God rules all for the best."

"If things go altogether to distraction? If every thing runs against you; if all things turn out unfortunately, and you lose all that you hold dear?"

"Shall we not receive the evil day as well as the good?" said the Laplander. "What God does, that is good!"

And this the other Laplanders also reiterated.

"One can not move these people," said Ivar, impatiently. "Can you not sing something, good people?"

The Laplanders made some excuses, but suffered themselves to be persuaded, and

the youngest of the men sang a sporting song, in which the cries of wood-birds, bears, and wolves were imitated in as unmelodious a voice as possible. After that, one of the women sang a love song, little more harmonious, but from which a melody of soft, warm sincerity broke forth like a sunbeam, though fleeting as Lapland's summer, and as the episode of love in their smoky and wearisome existence.

"You can also tell fortunes?" said Hedvig; "which of you will tell me mine?" And she stretched forth her hand.

"Nay, see what a beautiful white hand!" exclaimed the young singer, enchanted, and seized Hedvig's hand in his little black-brown ones.

"Are people tolerably gallant in Lapland?" said Ivar: and he gave the Laplander a silver penny, and bade him tell the lady's fortune.

The Laplander contemplated the lines of the hand, and promised long life, good fortune, children, and flowers.

"Now tell the gentleman his fortune," said Hedvig, amused by the life and expression of the little man. Dear Ivar, give them your hand, for the joke's sake. Pity that Göthilda is not with us."

Ivar stretched out his hand carelessly to the woman who had sung the love-story. She gazed at it long and observantly; then let it go, and would not say a word.

"What now?" said Ivar, struck with wonder; "what means this? And why will you not tell me my fortune?"

The woman only shook her head.

"Do you then see something so terrible in my hand?" asked Ivar; "some fate so disastrous? Speak out. I am not unprepared. Will you not? Well, then, some one of the others must tell me what it is."

But when Ivar presented his hand to the rest, then began the woman who had just been asked to speak warmly and excitedly in the Lapland language, showing to them the make of the hand, and hereupon all the others began to talk; a dispute, for so it sounded, in their own tongue, but still they came to the same unanimous conclusion, not to tell Ivar his fortune from his hand.

"That was curious, indeed!" said Ivar, as he withdrew with Hedvig. "But did I not tell you, Hedvig, that my fate was unfortunate?"

"Ah!" said Hedvig, smiling, but still inwardly vexed at the upshot of the experiment to amuse Ivar; "I believe just as little the fortune with children and flowers, which they read in my hand. It is egregious folly. But, Ivar, did you notice how cheerful, and, on the whole, happy, those step-children of nature appeared. How contented with their lot!"

"Yes," said Ivar, and he thought, they have probably much to thank their obtuse or

rather petrified minds. "It is a strange feature of this nomadic and yet stationary race, who continually traverse the arctic circle, and never escape from a fixed circle of unprogressive ideas."

"And yet it is good, Ivar," replied Hedvig, "when these are broken from the rock, like sundry of those which they expressed. I rejoice in the fullness of their faith, and trust that they have this midnight sun to light and warm them in their long winter nights."

"It grows dark, Hedvig!" said Ivar, gloomily; "let us hasten home. I think the heavens will fall upon us."

And they seemed actually to bow themselves down, and snow began to fall heavily. The two proceeded silently; at length Hedvig took Ivar's hand, pressed it, and felt, by the kind return of the pressure, that he was not displeased with her.

It was dinner-time when they got home; the clock struck three. At table uncle Hercules brought out wine, in honor of sister Hedvig. Ivar drunk glass after glass without uttering a word, further than uniting in the healths which were proposed. His obviously unhappy turn of mind communicated itself to the whole circle, except to uncle Hercules, who took no notice of it, was gay and jovial, and exhorted the rest to drink. The moment they rose from table, Ivar went away, on the plea of headache.

In the drawing-room the pleasant afternoon fire blazed in the grate, and made the room bright and glad. Uncle Hercules sits in the corner of the sofa, and takes a nap after his coffee. In an easy chair, by the fire, with her feet on a soft ottoman, sits sister Hedvig cosily, for Hedvig loves all her little comforts, her great work-basket, with lid and handle beside—which perpetually attends her, and is sometimes excessively heavy with a variety of rubbish which her brothers smuggle into it—and all her sewing in her hand. But now the sewing and the hands rest on her knee, while she relates, to Augustin the events of the morning, and, with tears in her eyes, describes the state of poor Ivar. It is always so indescribably relieving to Hedvig to open her mind to Augustin, for he sympathizes so warmly, so earnestly, and yet looks always so bright, and invariably finds so much consolation. Thus it was now. He will see nothing at all dangerous in the brace of pistols which Hedvig saw among the papers on Ivar's table. Augustin has himself the very same. On the contrary, he sees such infinite good in Ivar's being willing to speak, allowing himself to let out some of the anguish which gathers within him. He sees in Hedvig's sympathy, in her affection, the electric conductor which will divert danger from Ivar's head. He raises his sister's courage, while he calms her uneasiness. In the mean time they resolve both to be watch-

ful and active. Augustin undertakes to make himself better informed regarding the beautiful Hortense, the object of Ivar's passion, and will endeavor to obtain some account of her actual position with respect to her lover.

While the elder brother and sister thus conferred by the fire, the younger ones, that is, Bror, Engel, and Göthilda, were busily consulting in the dark, by a window, quietly but zealously, about that which we shall see anon. They agreed, at length, on a deputation, which was constituted by Bror, who repeatedly requested of sister Hedvig that, for this afternoon, she should be regarded as blind and dumb, and more especially *dumb*. That is, that she should neither see, hear, nor comprehend what was going on in the house, at least for a time.

Hedvig smiled, and promised. She had observed the whole of their proceedings, and although discovering, she would gladly be quiet and freed from all festivity, yet she would not allow herself, on that account, to spoil the children's pleasure.

The time arrived when Augustin must go to his work, and then Hedvig withdrew to her own room, leaving for the present a clear field to the young ones.

In her room, Hedvig had a long conversation with her new maid, speaking with her as a Christian and mistress of the family, of her future life and fresh duties. After this, Hedvig showed her her place in the house, her daily routine of business, and assured her that the same confidence should be put in her as in the other servants, and none of the articles of the house would be locked from her more than from the rest. She then consigned her to the care of the trusty Maja. After this she had to listen also to Maja, for her heart was full, and had great need to unburden itself about the morning's ramble; how fresh the wind blew, and how beautiful the sky was, and how bright the sun, and how happy she, Maja felt herself when she thought of the young creature who would now be taken out of prison, and conducted to freedom among good people, and to an honorable life. It was all so "feeling-full."

After Hedvig had talked with Maja about the new-comer, her concerns and treatment, Maja went to pour out further her feelings before Corporal Stolt. But here she encountered the wrong man, and by no means one full of feeling. Stolt partook of his general's notions of criminals, especially if they were women; for Stolt was, in general, strict in his opinions about women. He was by no means pleased with the reception of Hannah into the house, assumed toward her at once a stiff and proud mien and tone, which she very soon met with a manner petulant and uncourteous, such as young girls even of a more educated class frequently commit the

mistake of assuming, under the idea that it is an evidence of a fine independence. Thus the situation of things which arose from the reception of Hannah in the house became vastly less "feeling-full" than our warm-hearted Maja had flattered herself would be the case. This in passing. We have still a little more to relate of Hedvig's birth-day.

In the mean time had Göthilda and master Jarl made a great bustle, nailing, hammering, draping, and illuminating; and master Jarl, who, for his great talent for putting together, and still more for taking to pieces whatever could be thus treated, was styled, by Göthilda, the architect, made in haste a little master-piece of a theater for the scenes which were to be presented. There was an especial overture, and an establishment of rope and cloud which . . . yes, you shall see! you shall see!

Hedvig, who had found it impossible to obey Bror's injunction, to be deaf amidst all the hammering and nailing, and all sorts of confusion, the coming and going, which went forward in the house; nor was either so *stupid*, that she could not comprehend that all this portended a representation for the evening, which should not pass off without visitors, made her toilet, in order to be ready to receive them. Her dress was little different to her every-day attire, except that the white, three-cornered muslin neckerchief, which covered the well-formed bosom, and was fastened in the same manner as the peasant girls and women of the common class in Sweden wear their neckerchiefs, was now exchanged for a large, white, handsomely-embroidered pelerine, light as a cloud, which fell low down over a dark purple merino dress, with a quarter and half-quarter wide trimming of gray squirrel fur, the white gauze hiding not the full view of the handsome well-proportioned figure, which no stays appeared to cramp out of the harmony and ease of nature. A beautiful gold chain, the gift of uncle Herkules, rested on neck and bosom, and a little watch was stuck into her belt, the broad ends of which fell down to the trimming of the dress. This ornament Hedvig wore every day. The hair, without any adornment, as usual glossy and well dressed, was confined behind with a tortoise-shell comb, round which the plait lay simply and pleasingly; in front it was parted, and encircled her smooth and fine forehead in bands. Thus was Hedvig's appearance attractive and refreshing, and the eye rested on her with an enjoyment for which the soul seemed better, more pure, more harmonious. Hedvig was always dressed with care, and she cultivated her outward as well as her inward being. She did it, I imagine, without thought, from an internal instinct of beauty and purity. But had she thought of it, she would have done it equally, convinced that it is a duty of af-

fection to endeavor to be agreeable to those about you, to parents, brothers and sisters, and other connections, just as much as for a husband or a bridegroom; and that the last is a *highly sacred* duty, neither books of education nor romances leave any doubt. Probably this extreme charm had no small part in the influence which she exercised over all at home, especially on her brothers.

Scarcely was Hedvig dressed when Augustin came to fetch her, and, availing himself of the occasion, and of his brotherly right to make a little bustle, and throw into a little disorder his orderly sister's orderly room, received the wished-for reproofs and lectures, kissed with assumed humility the hand of his corrector, laughed, took Hedvig's arm, and conducted her down to the company; for a little company of some connections and friends was, as Hedvig anticipated, assembled in the drawing-room, who received her, as she entered, with congratulations and flowers. Uno presented a bouquet which surpassed all the others in beauty.

We will present the guests, as rapidly as possible to the reader. And first we greet the admiral's lady, called by General Herkules, sister-in-law; and by our brothers and sisters, Aunt Queen Bee, a very kind and excellent person, but who far too much endeavors to represent "woman in her perfection," and to be "wiser than the seven wise men of Greece altogether," says General Herkules. She is a connoisseur in polite literature, and has of late acquired a passion for attending lectures. With brother-in-law Herkules, she is generally in strong opposition, and has with him not seldom hot sparrings, especially upon education, in which she regards herself as a great light, but on which the general declares that she is "stark mad," and she that the general is "not altogether in his senses." She insists that he utterly spoils Göthilda, in whom she takes a certain interest, and he protests that she through and through ruins Master Jarl Herkules for him, who would otherwise be a fine young fellow.

Master Jarl, the architect, whom we now for the first time introduce, is a boy of sixteen, his voice just breaking, and the whole of his being, soul and body, just in the sensitive period between boy and man. His father was a half-brother of the general's, living in Finland, who has a large family, and who, at the desire of "Aunt Queen Bee," his sister-in-law, left her one of his sons to be brought up in Sweden. Master Jarl at first was Göthilda's great friend and playmate; but of late years a division had taken place between them, occasioned by the less agreeable ways of the former, and the less tolerant spirit of the latter. Göthilda calls him a "rough diamond," and he, affronted at this, predicts that she will one day be among the "old maids." He looks

a somewhat clumsy, large-limbed lad, with a great mop of hair hanging over his forehead: for the rest, he is steady, lively, and industrious, and therefore finds much favor in General Herkules' eyes, who begins to take more and more notice of him, and is angry with the home education that he receives from the sister-in-law, and which he declares will totally ruin his good abilities.

Here is also Director Urbanus Myrtenblad, called in this family and many others, Uncle Urbanus. He is a many-sided, highly accomplished man; has the good fortune, he tells you, to be the friend of almost every distinguished man in Sweden, and to think with them altogether, and to be in correspondence with them all. He is an elderly gentleman, a widower, rich, and a great friend of the ladies of the Dalberg family, especially of Göthilda, whose dawning capacity for music and poetry he endeavors to foster, by permitting her to admire his own fully-developed genius. He is, for the rest, a warm advocate of the lofty and the beautiful, a very estimable gentleman, rather deaf; the bore and torment of Ivar.

Serafina and Mina are two poor girls, the daughters of a rich father, the patron and superior of Bror. Some assert that he is a millionaire, others that it is "not so tremendous as that;" but the fact is, that he is so avaricious that it is both a sin and a shame. The two girls are motherless, good-looking, nice, modest, sentimental friends of Engel and Göthilda, but no favorites of General Herkules, who says of them, "There is no spirit in the girls—only fond of romances and such trash. They are not fit to set up housekeeping with. The deuce take such wretched looks. And one of them is consumptive—that is pitiable. But all this comes of reading those cursed romances."

It is certainly true that the young girls read romances immensely, and feed on them; but that is because their life at home is of such a pinched and penurious kind, as well through the character and disposition of their father, as through the blunt and bitter sister who manages his house. Young life will live; and if it do not find aliment in the world of reality it will seek it in that of fiction. But since Bror has come into the house he has constituted himself their "*maitre de plaisirs*," or counselor of enlivenment, and supplies them with books through which a marked selection is made in the favorite reading of the motherless young girls: and since Hedvig has taken them much by the hand, as much as she can, they are well and even tastefully dressed, although economically. Before, they had not a frock to put on free from a patch, and Aunt Perpetua's taste in ornament was abominable, especially when she tricked the poor children out in the rags of her own cast-off finery. The two young girls are

clad exactly alike, and are alike in appearance, though one, Mina, has something more serious and firm than the other, Serafina, who is evidently more soft and sentimental. This is she who is consumptive.

We have also in the company a young gentleman, a friend of all the young in the Dalberg family, and especially of Ivar. He is called by them David—has been their playfellow, and, for his good heart, his fine voice, and many other good qualities, is beloved by them all, and by many others.

Finally, there is Lagertha Knutson, and—no more guests, I believe.

Yes! there is the Wandering Jew, now so much in vogue. He has entered the company, and looks, with his long beard and red short cloak, like something wholly unnatural. He introduces himself to the company as a traveling artist, and protests solemnly against the use which Eugene Sue has made of his personality. "He has never been in love; never fell on his knees by Behring's Straits; never had any thing to do with the cholera. He is an honorable tourist and lover of art, and travels round the world in order to increase his knowledge, and to diffuse a taste for the fine arts; and has come for this purpose even to Sweden, where he means to read a few lectures on some works of art of superior merit, and thus contribute to the elevation and ennobling of good taste. He has been invited to this company through a letter of recommendation from the pope, and is willing to sow the seeds of a higher cultivation of the world and of art, if it is desired, if he is entreated to do so."

The company wishes, the company entreats him to do it; and the Wandering Jew graciously consents, particularly as Göthilda, with whose resemblance to "the last Mrs. Nebuchadnezzar" he declares himself to be struck, earnestly unites with the rest in the request, and thereupon vanishes.

The company now seats itself in a half circle before a mysterious red curtain which covers a doorway; and in front of this, and in order probably to prepare the company for the approaching enjoyments of art, the Wandering Jew delivers a lecture. We deeply lament, and we are sure that the reader will deeply lament it with us, that we are not able to give it; for all who heard it said, that nothing more absurd, nothing more confused, had they ever heard. Augustin laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks, and even the melancholy Ivar was compelled to smile. Aunt Queen Bee was enchanted, and exclaimed one time after another, "Charmant! he is too droll; the little Bror! How clever he is!"

The lecture continued about half an hour, when the speaker, further to develop his views, said that he would demonstrate them by tableaux of action, or acting tableaux.

He entreated the attention of his whole audience to the pictures that he should now exhibit. "He could not certainly say whether they were after Raffaele, or after Hogarth."

The company smiled. The curtain was drawn up; and there was seen Hagar in the wilderness, sorrowing over the thirst-consumed Ishmael, who lay under a—spruce fir. Near him lay the empty water-flask. Gøthilda, notwithstanding her youth, was in the eastern costume, an admirable Hagar, energetic in the expression of her grief and despair.

"Nay, look at my little rattlepate, how grandly miserable she looks!" said the old count as he contemplated her. "Heaven send her help quickly. And help shall she have; that stands in the Bible, Where the dence is the angel loitering?"

The greater part of the spectators gazed on the form of Ishmael. The expression of patient suffering in the fine and engaging face of the child was irresistibly moving.

Uno seemed to feel it so. Stooping forward, he contemplated the child (it was Engel) with a deep and sorrowful attention. His face became pale as if he had witnessed some sorrowful reality.

"Attention!" exclaimed the traveling artist, "now comes the new and extraordinary!" The background of the picture moved; heaven appeared to open (the architect's master-piece), and an angel descended, upon a shining cloud.

But whether the architect and machinist let down the cloud too hastily, or that the rope broke, or the angel became giddy, certain it is that it lost its balance, and, about to come down to earth more rapidly than was intended, it seized in its terror fast hold of the heavens in such a manner that the whole cloud-heaven gave way, and would have buried the dying Ishmael, if Uno, quicker than lightning, had not sprung forward from the theater, caught the child in his arms, and borne it out of the confusion into which the unlucky angel, cadet No. 31, now came tumbling, with clouds, lamps, draperies, and Hagar, who, terrified and confounded, endeavored to open her mouth, but at the same moment was carried off by General Herkules, who was in a rage, and swore dreadfully at the machinist, who tore his hair and felt himself not very happy.

"Have none of you hurt yourselves?" demanded Engel anxiously of the actors, as one after another emerged from chaos. "No! . . . Well then we can not trouble ourselves. It is merely one spectacle more to laugh at!"

And she set the example with a fresh, hearty laugh.

"But you have wounded yourself, Engel! There is blood on your arm!" said cadet 31, in great anxiety.

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"Oh it is nothing! merely a scratch!" answered she joyously, but still turning pale, as she sought to forget the not so insignificant wound. "It is nothing! nothing at all!" protested she afresh and zealously to those who pressed around her. But she quickly disappeared from the company, with Hedvig, to have her arm bound up, and the torn clothes changed.

"Stupid theatricals!" grumbled uncle Herkules.

"Very good indeed, really quite neat and interesting," said director Urbanus, with the most learned smile, to the admiral's lady, who looked rather excited at her foster son's share in the "interesting" scene, "and it were much to be wished that our young ladies and gentlemen would seriously turn their attention to æsthetic enjoyments. What say you? For my part, I consider them of the highest importance to morals. Yes, I will call the beautiful and exalted the portal by which man can enter by the shortest cut into the religious life. Don't you think so? Ay, ay, so think I!"

"Bror Dalberg," continued he to Ivar, who now happened to pass, and whom he seized by the coat, "I was just saying to the admiral's lady, that I regard the exalted and the beautiful as the gate by which we can soonest enter into the religious life. Eh? Yes, yes, to be sure. For the exalted and the beautiful are not——"

"Completely hideous, if the true be not wanting!" muttered Ivar, shook himself loose, and rushed past with the aspect of a storm.

"Eh? Ay, ay, yes!" exclaimed uncle Urbanus, who in his difficulty of hearing did not understand Ivar's words, but yet remained somewhat astonished at his manner, and continued, turning to the admiral's lady—

"And it is a matter of great importance that some counterpoise should arise in social life to the dissatisfied, restless spirit, the discontent, which it grieves me to observe is continually spreading, especially among our young gentlemen. I always assert that it is people's own fault if they are not happy. I, for my part, am always happy; and it proceeds from this, that I never placed my demands on life too high; that I never require any thing excessive, either from the world or from mankind. My principle is, to be contented. Therefore my friends call me—and I have the good fortune to have many friends—the contented, or the happy. Eh? Yes, yes, certainly!"

"But how do you manage, my good cousin, to be able to be so invariably happy?" demanded the admiral's lady.

"How! Why, I am constantly employed on something which interests and amuses me. Yes, I assure you that I never knew tedium. Eh?"

"There you have a perfect recipe for contentment," said Augustin; "and which, through education, might perhaps be made available for every human creature."

"I would gladly learn that," said the admiral's lady. "For my boy, I fancy it would be the happiest if I were to allow him to learn watchmaking or some other handicraft work, for in such employment he is the happiest, and he is always delighted with handicraft work. For reading, on the contrary, he has no taste."

"And will you actually make an artisan of the young count, my gracious cousin?" exclaimed director Urbanus, with an incredulous smile.

"Most willingly!" replied the admiral's lady, "if he through it was virtuous, and happy, and could make his way handsomely."

"My gracious cousin," said uncle Urbanus, "one must confess that you are not very aristocratic."

"My good cousin," said the admiral's lady, somewhat proudly, "I confess that I feel myself *above* these prejudices of rank."

"See! there, the deuce! Now is sister-in-law upon her democratic stilts again!" exclaimed the general. "Sister-in-law has certainly read Count Rudensköld's book on the circulation of Rank! A good book, and a fine book in spirit, but—I am for none of your modern theories: I stand by the old, and believe myself equally the friend of the people for all that. But if any one says that a young lady of rank is better than a citizen's daughter, because she is a young lady of rank, I say then that this is stupid stuff, and so say I also of much which people formerly called *mässalliance*. Those times are gone by. Göthilda, if an honest citizen, who is doing well, and is well educated, makes you an offer, I hope you mean to marry him."

"I will marry the chimney-sweep in Haparanda, if uncle wishes it," answered Göthilda; "but if I may be allowed to choose, I shall prefer a man who is good-natured, rich, and genteel. All or nothing! that is my motto."

"Nay, listen to my little Miss Götha; my Madame Solotopp; my princess!" exclaimed uncle Herkules, delighted, while he lifted the girl high up. "So, indeed, she turns her nose to the wind, just like her dear aunt in Skåne! Ha, ha, ha! the chimney-sweep in Haparanda! Nay, my dear, for him thou art too good. But that fine gentleman, that prince excellent, that prince extraordinary; him indeed you will have to wait for, my little enchantress."

"Ah, uncle, he is sure to come," said Göthilda, seriously.

General Herkules rubbed his hands, and said, laughing—

"Nay, do but hear; she is certain of her affair, the young mixx. Well, I hope that I shall be asked to the wedding. My word,

won't I dance at my little Götha's wedding, if not before?"

And Göthilda took a cane, and began to play, "My lady invites you to the wedding," and took herself the invitations, and brought back the answers to uncle Herkules, imitating the different voices and gestures of the invited, which made him laugh heartily.

"Yes, she is bewitched," said he, "sometimes; if I were young, I would take her myself."

In the meantime, Hedvig had again returned with Engel. The latter fell immediately into the play, where Master Jarl distinguished himself by his hideous grimaces in answering the invitation to the wedding.

Hedvig seated herself, with her sewing, on the sofa. Uno sat beside her.

"You are right happy here in your family circle, with your reciprocal affection," said he, after a silence. "It is a warming atmosphere, which even a stranger can feel with pleasure, although it awakens a sense of regret."

"Why regret?" asked Hedvig.

"That he himself never possessed this home, and family joy—that he still is wholly solitary," answered Uno. "So at least it is with me. My mother died when I was a mere child. I scarcely recollect her. My sisters went thence to a relative residing far from my home. I went to school, and have ever since then gone most solitarily through the world. During the vacations, I went indeed home to my father, and there was very happy, simply because I was in my home; but my father had not much time for me, and then I felt myself solitary even at home. How did I long there for a brother's, and still more for a sister's society. But I have always wanted the nearer, warming intercourse of close connections, and therefore has much in me been half-developed, cold, and stiff. I have not been unhappy in my life, but I can't say that I have ever felt myself happy, and I am now near my fortieth year."

Blushing, and with her countenance bent over her work, Hedvig said—

"But if you united yourself to a good young girl, and if she loved you, you might create for yourself that happiness which you estimate so highly."

"For me? yes, but—for her? If a man wishes to unite himself to a beloved and amiable being, he must first believe that he is able to make her happy!"

Hedvig was silent; her heart beat audibly.

"Sister Hedvig! good sister!" whispered Uno, bent himself over her hand, and kissed it. A tear wet the hand. Surprised, Hedvig looked up at Uno, and saw in his deep eyes, in the whole of his pale and expressive countenance, the trait of a profound emotion.

And through Hedvig once more trembled,

the belief which she had once expressed to Augustin, "he has something within him—not happy."

Uno's agitation continued only a few seconds; he then mastered it, and appeared calm and composed.

"What can this be?" thought Hedvig, anxiously; and her glance sought Engel's, who this evening was so child-like glad, and appeared enchantingly handsome.

Uno also followed constantly with his eyes the engaging young girl.

"Light, pure as light—a living sunbeam—a heavenly child in whom there is nothing dark! No, no! I can not! I ought not!" So spoke Uno's thoughts while he gazed on Engel.

Uncle Urbanus talked with the admiral's lady about M. de Suzor's lectures, and about the lectures of our Swedish *savans*, and both spoke without either listening to the other. Director Urbanus said, smiling, that he too could probably deliver a lecture as well as some others. He had lately written a letter upon the dramatic art in general, and especially with reference to our own country; and upon this letter his friend, Professor T., had answered him, "You can never imagine to yourself, my friend, what a treasure such a letter in our poor and remote country is, &c." "And if the admiral's lady wishes, it will be a pleasure to director Urbanus to read this letter, of which he has a copy."

Aunt Queen Bee replied, that it would certainly be "infinitely interesting."

"Upon my word!" exclaimed uncle Herkules, who heard a little of what was on the *tapis*, "if sister-in-law is so bent upon lectures, I can treat her to something of my own composition. And now I think of it, it would be quite amusing, the deuce take me! to read it aloud, and hear how it sounds. The truth is, that I have sketched from memory one thing and another out of the wars in which I served, and which it seems to me would be a pity to suffer to be lost; and this work has swelled to a thick, goodly volume. Well, children, I shall read you something out of it these evenings. It may be a more useful reading for you than that romance trash. And I really believe that it will interest sister-in-law."

Sister-in-law said that it would be altogether uncommonly interesting.

"And for dessert," said Bror, half aloud, to the young ladies, "I shall read you a romance called, 'The Delusive Realities, or the Love Affairs of the Countess of Montclair.' It begins thus—'The Countess of Montclair was tall, slender, and well-grown, and had probably a thousand lovers, who hung about her neck.' Is not that promising, and touching?"

They laughed, and thought that no part of the reading promised more pleasure than this.

When the day for the great reading was fixed they separated, every one in good understanding with the rest, and all with the promise to meet at the great reading. The cadets also were to be there. General Herkules wished it, for the sake of their pleasure and advantage.

Hedvig sat for a while up in her room, as was her wont, before she went to bed, and read, comfortably wrapped in her night-dress; and, as usual, she listened to the glad some gossip of her sisters in the adjoining room, of which the door stood open.

This evening Göthilda was in an ill humor at the failure of the spectacle. "The good-for-nothing lad!" exclaimed she, "that Jarl, to behave so wickedly! he is born to my misfortune! Oh! thy dear beautiful arm, that it should be so ill-used! I could just weep for vexation when I think of it."

"Nay, don't weep, Göthilda," said Engel, "and don't scold, nor let it vex you. I am so glad, so happy! . . . I will thank the architect! love the whole world! . . . Come and kiss me, my dear creature!"

And from the bed where she lay, she extended her arm toward her sister, who, grumbling a little, continued—

"Kiss you, that will I gladly; but thank the architect—that I would rather do with a box on the ear. For he is and will be my disgrace. What did he do at the last Carlberg ball? How did he waltz with me? Over we tumbled, and seven couples upon us! I was so angry! so angry! Never will I waltz with him again! But why are you so glad, Engel?"

"That is my secret, my little secret. That will I tell to no one! Nay, don't look at me as on the Egyptian darkness itself. This much I will tell thee, that had the misfortune, as you call it, not happened, I should not have been so happy."

Göthilda wondered, and guessed, and asked, and prayed, and almost begged, scolded, and coaxed; called her sister "Engel and Bengel, and witch, and stock, and stone!" but she got nothing further from her this evening.

Anxiously Hedvig listened, anxious for the beloved child, and the happiness of which she spoke. She thought of Uno, and of his dark and mysterious words, on Ivar and his dangerous condition, on the friend from whom she now separated herself, perhaps forever on earth. She thought of Augustin, and her sisterly heart raised itself on the wings of prayer for all the dear and near ones, for the newcomer into the house, the erring one restored; and then, leaving the narrow circle of home, she inclosed the great brotherhood on the earth, and sunk with all the weal and woe of her heart into the arms of the great and good Allfather, and found repose.

## THE GREAT LECTURE.

ALL are assembled—the cadets as well as the rest.

General Herkules sits at a little table, close beside the great table of the drawing-room. On the table stands a shaded candle; before the general lies a thick manuscript; beside him a water-caraf and a glass.

At the large table sit—

Aunt Queen Bee, with a devotional and friendly mien, polite and interested in the highest degree.

Uncle Urbanus, speculating on getting to read his famous work on the dramatic art, which he has laid on the table by him, and, ever and anon, regards with affectionate glances, and a sly smile, as if he would say, "Ah, yes, yes!"

Göthilda, secretly speculating on snatching away and confiscating this same formidable work.

Ivar, gloomy as Prince Hamlet at another certain reading, or rather representation.

Master Jarl, with his hair in his eyes, gravely occupied in spoiling Göthilda's scissors.

Hedvig silently went on with her knitting, a little sleepy.

Augustin, unobserved, busy in raveling her yarn, so as to waken her up with spoiling her work.

Engel, a little pale, as if with some secret trouble of heart. She appears to listen, by starts ever and anon, and looks toward the door.

Mina and Serafina, the one red, the other white, trying to avoid Bror's roguishly solemn and threatening looks; beneath which they hung their heads like lilies of the valley.

The future defenders of the Fatherland, Nos. 31 and 32, sit erect as lighted candles, and unhappy as recruits.

All is not right with them. They have been broken off from a hot wrangle with Göthilda and Master Jarl, in order to attend the great reading, and their spirits have been thereby powerfully oppressed, but have by no means gone to rest with their bodies. They may be compared to two ale bottles which have been uncorked, and then corked again, but loosely, and which work and fiz in secret, ready every moment to explode and send the cork to the ceiling. When they look at aunt Queen Bee's devotional aspect, at uncle Urbanus and Göthilda, and especially when Bror looks at them, then and there do they look in a perilous condition.

General Herkules has a dangerous look, too, but of another stamp. He is about to awaken the reminiscences of war, fierce and solemn, and he is plunged soul and body into them. He, too, has glanced sundry times at the door.

The clock strikes seven!

"Now have we waited long enough," says the general. "Uno is certainly not coming. We may begin." And with a stern and severe expression, he commences:—

"The great Ehrenheim says:—

"History has had its convulsive epochs when some great interest of state, struck by accident, has lost its political and moral counterpoise, and is given over to the despotism of the passions. Human weakness, carried away by the impulses of the highest power, the bonds of social order, the illusions of fortune, rushes blindly onward along the open road, and takes officious zeal for the standard of the morality of action."

"A deep reflection that!"

Aunt Queen Bee.—"The morality of action—very fine!"

Uncle Urbanus, who did not hear more than the last word—"Eh, eh! very moral."

Bror, who did not comprehend any part of it—"Very moral."

Convulsive movements among the cadets; solemn glances from aunt Queen Bee, stern ones from uncle Urbanus, excessively stern and threatening ones from Bror, upon which symptoms grew still more violent.

General Herkules reads:—

"It is an inevitable law, grounded on the organization of states, a consequence of the connection between the factor and the instrument—the palladium of obedience for the moment."

"Hum—not so clear, that; do you understand it?"

Uncle Urbanus.—"Eh? oh, yes."

Aunt Queen Bee.—"Not—not altogether."

The cadets sneeze, and seem to have a violent cold. Uncle Urbanus looks at them with indignation, aunt Queen Bee reprovingly, Bror menacingly, shaking his head violently, and clenching his hands at them.

General Herkules proceeds:—

"What the devil does he mean? Well, we shall see."

"But at length the object will some day be obtained or relinquished; a final conclusion will arise; the whirlwind of agitation will lay itself; the vapors will disappear, the war will cease, and now will awaken the calm judgment of reason, with the indelible feeling for the just and good."

"That is truly grand."

Uncle Urbanus.—"Eh? yes; the good and the beautiful, and the—what do you say?"

Dreadful symptoms among the cadets. Bror knocks on the table at them.

No. 31 explodes, and darts hastily under the table.

General Herkules looks about with astonishment, but resumes:—

"After this the general opinion admits the laws."

No. 32 explodes with a species of snorting, and disappears also under the table. Suppressed tumult beneath it—consternation above it! Mina and Serafina seem ready to fall.

The general proceeds:—

“She constructs after this her model for warriors in their white and unspotted armor, with their open alacrity in the knightly form, which gives to the conqueror the revenue of the conquered.”

“Beautiful!—exactly the thing for our young boys to hear and learn by.”

Uncle Urbanus looks under the table, starts instantly, and draws terrified back.

Unable any longer to hold herself up, the laughter-loving Göthilda now dives down, drawing with her uncle Urbanus' work! Uncle Urbanus dives in desperation after his treasure. Tumult! The laughter mine under the table explodes, and draws with it, irresistibly and helplessly, every person above the table, with its ringing merriment.

At the sound of this explosion, General Herkules looks hastily up, with glances of lightning. The guilty ones under the table begin now to pop up their heads, with countenances red and distorted with convulsions of laughter! There was a general confusion.

But this soon gave way to terror, for General Herkules was tremendously wrathful, threw down the shaded candle, flung the manuscript aside, stalked through the room like a roaring lion, and exclaimed, pale with rage—

“D—take me if I ever read another word before such cursed —! I had expected from young people, and especially from young fellows and boys;”—and he here advanced with clenched fists toward the cadets, “I had expected from youths who have a head on their bodies and sense in their heads, that they would have a mind for something besides boys' play and nonsense, and that they would have a regard for the honor of the Fatherland, and for the thoughts and words of great men. But I see that I have been mistaken; I see that you have neither merit nor common sense,—that you are a parcel of ungovernable animals, you boys!—and that you are not worthy to hear a sensible word. But the devil take me, boys, if I have not a mind to give you a thrashing.”

It is difficult to say how far the general might have extended his lecture in this moment of passion, but Göthilda was seized at that instant with a violent hysterical attack, laughed out aloud, rolled her eyes, and stretched out her arms, with which she knocked down the candlesticks, the table, the caraf and glass, which tumbled all together upon the floor with a huge noise, and thus broke suddenly off the general's ebullition.

He stood still, totally confounded, and

stared half terrified at the girl, who continued to roll her eyes and look totally possessed.

Engel wept, Hedvig sought to appease the general, and placed herself between him and the cadets: Augustin took Göthilda in his arms, and shook her vigorously, saying, “Göthilda! fie then, Göthilda.”

Bror picked up the water-caraf, which had been so honorable as to hold, and dashed the remains of the water over his sister.

Serafina and Mina lay here and there half drowned. Ivar struggled with uncle Urbanus, who had got hold of him, and held him fast.

There was a universal confusion.

But anon it allayed itself. General Herkules said not another word, but strode, dark and out of humor, with long strides, to and fro through the room.

The cadets retired into the corner of a window, and there put their heads together with Göthilda's, and looked dismal. Their hair stood on end. Göthilda was heard to say—

“Yes, if I had not sacrificed myself for you, and been possessed, then —”

Something dreadful was left to be supposed. All inclination to laugh appeared annihilated. Bror looked rather guilty and repentant. Aunt Queen Bee and Hedvig begged of the general to proceed.

“No, my friends,” answered he; “no more this evening.”

He was no longer angry, but appeared sunk in a gloomy recollection. His head was depressed, and his eyes rolled sometimes as if they had some unwelcome object before them. But the brothers and sisters had many times seen him thus.

“Perhaps we now,” said Bror, half aloud, “could pass over to comedy, and take into notice ‘The Delusive Realities, or the Love Affairs of the Countess Montclair.’”

“What is that? What is that?” hastily interrupted uncle Urbanus; “nay, could we not leave that for the after-piece, and I first read aloud my letter on the dramatic art? What do you say? Yes, eh? That will do. Yes, yes.”

An awful pause followed, which director Urbanus took for assent. It was plain that the “Love Affairs of the Countess Montclair” would have been more to the general taste. But uncle Urbanus unfolded his letter with equal zeal and pleasure, and read it from beginning to end; but the passages which he regarded as particularly profound he read two or three times over. Thank thy patience, my reader, that thou wert not present at this reading, for thou hast escaped being half killed with gaping, like Augustin. Aunt Queen Bee slept. The poor cadets! Laugh they dared not, nor sleep either; they had no mind for either. They sat and pined, and wished for the

after-piece. But that never came, so long was the acting of the drama. But at length came supper-time; and this is always a consolation. And thus the evening came to an end,

When the cadets advanced and bowed to the general, he slapped them on the head, pulled them a little by the hair, and said "Boys! boys!"

But more he did not say, and the culprits moved off, rejoiced to have escaped a curtain lecture.

When master Jarl stepped forward and made his bow—he had during the foregoing catastrophe maintained an admirable countenance—the general said, "Come hither, thou;" stroked back the hair from his forehead, laid his hand on his head, and held it back, keenly observing his features. The boy blushed strongly at this, and became handsome. Long and attentively the general gazed upon him, and when he finally let him go, without saying a word, several large tears hung on his eyelashes, which he dashed away with his hand.

The general was left alone with Hedvig and Augustin. He went, usually, early to bed, but seemed now to have forgotten himself, and sat silent, sunk in deep thought.

Hedvig, who would gladly see him cheerful again, placed herself beside him, and said some kind words regarding what had passed this evening, but he interrupted her, saying, "Nonsense, dear child; that is now over; and you must no longer fancy that I am vexed about this folly. Youth will be youth, and I know how it is at that age; I have been young myself. No, but now I am vexed with myself, that the old blood can still boil up so cursedly. It mortifies me that I, at nearly seventy years of age, should not have more power over myself, and that such lads should see—that is too provoking. And more than any other person ought I to know how to keep the heart and the mind in check, for I know what evil it can do if it once gets loose. I know that it can cause one to do what one would at the cost of one's life have undone again; yes, which will stand like a specter before one our whole life through.

"I will speak before you, children, of what I have on my conscience; I will say it, for it will make me easier in my mind this evening. Mark you—I had a brother, only a half-brother, but whom I loved as seldom real brothers love each other. He was a fine fellow, both in body and soul; no hot blood like me, but calm, firm, mild, and generous. What he said was said; what he willed, stood fast. He was self-willed, but I liked even that in him, for he was at the same time sensible and amiable. He was like a rock in a storm: and I found protection and help from him, though it was sometimes hardly dealt. But I was attached to him, and he to me. Deuce take me if

we were not like David and Jonathan together. And he was as courageous and valiant as a hero. Well!—war broke out between Sweden and Russia; the last won, and we went together, my brother and I, to the war, from our father's house in Finland, which we then possessed and managed together. This war, children, I do not like to talk of, for—for it pains me. It gives me pain that it went as it did. It cuts me to the heart that it was so ill conducted, that so much blood and so much money should have been spent in vain, all through the mad king, and the remissness and incompetency of the chiefs in command; for the subordinate officers fought gallantly, and the soldiers equally. Yes, children, there were things in that war, isolated deeds, and many of courage and strength of mind, which rejoice me to remember. And of these you would have heard this evening, if that confounded spectacle had not occurred. The very women were brave. The wives of the soldiers themselves urged their husbands out into the war, and there were some who accompanied them, and some who, when they fell, took up their weapons and fought in their places. And I remember one woman, who, when a courier from the field of battle rode through the village in which she lived, rushed out to him and cried, 'Ah! tell me how it goes!' 'Very bad,' he replied, 'your son has fallen!' 'Who has conquered?' she shouted again. 'We have beaten the Russians.' 'God be praised!'—and then first the mother found tears to bewail her son. Is not that fine? It is, confound us, so beautiful that I can weep at it myself. Such women deserve the medal of bravery. And they had also honor from their sons—these women of Finland. They desired nothing better than to go out against the enemy, and they shot and fought so that it was a pleasure to be near them; and when, at their officers' command, they were obliged to surrender their weapons, they wept in burning indignation, and stamped their arms to pieces. Yes, such were the people whom the commander-in-chief had to do with. I do not speak of all. God preserve me from such injustice! Adlercreutz, Sandels, von Döhlen, and others, are names eternally connected with the military glory of Sweden. But, — well, it does not signify now. They lie in their graves now—they, who were a disgrace to their people and country. They are gone to answer before the highest tribunal.

"My brother Arthur and I went to the war with a burning enthusiasm. We participated in the same dangers, the same food, and often the same want of it. We were in the same regiment. 'The brothers Hierkules,' people called us; and the enemy were not pleased to see us in the armament. But it was to us a joy together to attack

them, and thus we fought through the whole war.

"Well, peace came—the peace which I would have given all my blood to have been able to prevent. I could remain no longer in Finland. Land and money, all that I possessed on earth, I would leave, rather than become a Russian subject, and I believed that my brother thought and felt as I did. I could not believe any thing else. I should sooner have believed the good angels to enter into alliance with the evil ones. But my brother did not think as I did; he saw the matter in a different light: and when it came to speech between us, and I heard him say that he would remain on our father's estate—when I heard him say that he would be true to his adopted country, and live for its advantage, even under another lord, then—I could not at first understand him. Heaven help me! it was as if he talked Arabic to me; and when I did understand it, I would not believe it, and when I was compelled to believe it, then I became beside myself. I prayed him to reflect—I begged, I entreated him with tears—tears of blood, to relinquish his design. So have I never prayed any other man, nor God neither. And when he, my brother, still withstood me, and continued steadfast in his purpose, then—my blood rushed to my head; I became furious, and swore that it should not be, that no Herkules should become a Russian subject. Hard words followed between us; I called him 'friend of Russia—traitor to his country,' and before I was aware, had we—we brothers—drawn our swords against each other. He merely defended himself; wished to strike the sword out of my hand—but I was frantic, struck hard at him, and did not pause before I saw a great bloody mouth gape against me in his breast, and felt his blood spirt in my face. I see . . . I feel it now!—"

The general's eye rolled wildly at this, and his hair seemed to stand on end on his head, as he stared on some invisible object. He added, with a smothered voice, and shuddering—"I was near committing fratricide."

He paused a moment, took a deep breath, and continued:—

"His arm fell powerless with the sword; mine also. His blood had cooled me—I fell on my knees at his side. I myself bound up his wound. I sat by his bed day and night—but the past was now the past. It was never again between us as it had been. Our swords had crossed each other, that was a trifle: our convictions ceased to be the same. It was forever; and the roots of our hearts were fixed so fast in them, that they were torn asunder in separating, though it was with pain. I could not love the friend of the Russians; not because I hated the foe—for there were brave men among them, and who can hate the brave? Nobility of

mind was to be found among them too: and our brave commander, Björnstjerna, had certainly long ago fallen, had not the Russian colonel, Kulneff, in pure admiration of the recklessness with which he exposed his life in the affair of Sütajocki, given his men orders not to fire upon him; a noble act, which Adelcreutz repaid by commanding his people to spare the life of Kulneff. And many a time during the pauses in the war, the Swedish and Russian officers met and emptied peaceful bowls together, and in lively mood pledged themselves to cut each other down as soon as possible, and laid wagers upon it, which the losers were to pay with full bowls. I was myself present at such entertainments, for I am just of such a spirit in war.

"But to become a Russian subject never entered my mind; and I could not pardon my brother for not thinking with me on this subject, and for not being moved by my sorrow and my prayers.

"And when we for the last time stood together at the head of Björnborg's regiment, and our general, Von Döbeln, took leave of us; the regiment standing in close phalanx, he in the centre of it, in his gray blood-stained great coat, and addressed us with words warm as red-hot balls. That was a moment! Not one eye was dry, but in mine burned, as it were, seething fires; and when the general ceased to speak, and uncovered his head, with the black bandage around the heroic forehead, which had been shot through, and the wound of which never healed—and the drums beat; then I looked at my brother. He stretched to me his hand, but I turned away in the bitterness of my heart! . . . Children! I have never seen him since; it is now more than thirty years ago. The wound which I gave him has long since healed, but that which he gave me, will bleed till I lie stiff and cold in the earth. It remains still in the marrow of the soul. Yes, children, I can not even yet forgive him, that he went over to the Russian side, though it was not done traitorously; though God knows, and though I know that, wherever he is, he is laboring for that which is good and right, and though I thank God every day of my life, that he preserved me from perpetrating the murder of a brother. But no man did I ever love like him, and no man ever gave me so much pain. He has put division between me and my better self; he has put an enemy into my bosom, the point of whose sword still every day wounds and rends. I feel him; and though we have had a truce for a long time, I know that he is there, and will probably remain there till my last hour."

The general was silent for a moment, and then proceeded. "There is something strange in a human being, children, and he is more changeable than can be conceived. I

have experienced this in my own feelings in this affair. Truly sometimes a yearning seizes me to press my brother in my arms, a yearning so intense that I think my heart will burst—I think that if I could see him with that handsome, honest face, with those beautiful eyes, it would be as if I looked into heaven itself. But the deuce take me, children, if I am certain at another, whether if we should meet, I should not run my sword through him again. That might depend upon time and place. If I met him in the enemy's ranks—but may a bullet strike my head first! and therefore, it is probably quite as well that we never meet; so strange and so joyous as it would be now to see the old boy. He is old now, he is I. I wonder whether he is still like himself? . . . He was a handsome fellow. His son, Jarl, reminds me of him, particularly in the eyes and forehead. I like the lad. He would turn out a clever fellow, if the sister-in-law did not so confoundedly spoil him. But I shall, deuce take me, make . . . but of that I shall perhaps talk with you another time. Now you had better go to rest, children, and I shall also sleep now I have relieved my mind of—good night, my children."

And the general shook hands heartily with Hedvig and Augustin at parting.

While uncle Herkules had related his history to the brother and sister, Göthilda had made for Engel a sketch of the evening's occurrence, which she called "The great lecture, or, the confusion of Babel," and went through it in such a manner that Engel literally laughed herself ill. More than once she had begged of Göthilda to cease; but Göthilda had now got a strong dramatic bent, and did not cease till she herself, tired with her tragi-comic exertions, fell at once into a deep sleep. Then Engel laid her head down on her pillow, not to laugh, not to sleep, but to weep silent, heavy, and bitter tears, such as sorrow presses out of young hearts, such as fall only in night and solitude, for shame never accompanies them.

But why wept Engel?

### WHY ENGEL WEEPS.—A SURPRISE.

THREE weeks had passed over since the evening when Uno snatched Engel from beneath the falling sky of board and pasteboard—since the hour when she felt herself pressed to his bosom, as a child to the heart of its mother; when she heard his lips stammer out words; when she saw in his eyes the expression of a sentiment, which had caused a mew, but hitherto imperfectly conceived heaven to open before the young girl's, long in secret, half unconscious, yet really loving heart. Three weeks since that day had elapsed, and Uno never once during this time

had been seen in the house. Hour after hour, day after day, had Engel thought, "he must come!" and waited with throbbing pulse. But he came not, he was not heard of. Then came by degrees into the young heart an uneasiness, an anxiety, a sad sensation of unhappiness; then faded the bloom on her delicate cheek; then grew silent the first child-like laughter, the joyous sally of wit; then stole Engel at times away to shed the tears which collected so heavily in her bosom.

Thus became Engel aware how deeply she loved Uno; how interminably was the happiness of her life connected with him. Upon the rack of suspense she became aware of this. Warm (poor!) heart, do you know?

But Engel alone did not suffer from this waiting. Hedvig, who saw her beloved sister grow pale, and as it were, wither beneath a secret pain, Hedvig grieved over her situation, and her own disappointed hopes. A rumor that Uno was betrothed had begun to spread itself, and had even reached the Dalberg family. Hedvig thought Uno's proceeding inexplicable, and Augustin's wild glance became stern when he turned his thought from this young and beloved sister, to that which caused this change in her appearance and manner, and which never—so thought Augustin—ought never to have gone so far when he would thus absent himself. Göthilda became, now and then, very like Hagar in the wilderness, and her dark pair of eyes sought with a murderous expression him who did Engel this wrong. Engel's lips remained closed upon this point. Nor did she complain of any thing. She endeavored to be glad as formerly with her brothers and sisters, but—it would not do, and when she observed this, she was seized with a fit of excessive industry, and sate continually over a frame in which she worked in embroidery magnificent slippers for her brothers. Thus she best could forget the painfully beating heart, and eyes that would continually fill with tears; and no moment of bad or irritable humor betrayed to any one that the young girl felt herself unhappy.

There is something sacred, something deeply touching, in a secret and patient suffering of this kind. Engel's brothers and sisters felt it so, and no one touched on the secret of her heart. They surrounded her with silent affection, sought to create her diversion, and, ever and anon, Göthilda beguiled her with laughter.

One evening—young lady reader, are you awake? Accompany me—one evening, or rather one afternoon, Engel sate at her embroidery-frame alone in the drawing-room. It was grown dusk. The needle had fallen out of her hand, and her head sunk down upon her hands, while some withered flow-

ers from a lilac in the window fell upon her hair and her embroidery-frame. Thus every thing was in a falling state; even Engel's courage. She sank into sorrowful musings, and thought that it would be a blessing to her to—die. Young people often fancy so: old people, on the contrary, seldom. But while the young girl sate thus cast down, the fresh Swedish spirit rose in her bosom, which never permits itself long to be depressed, but like the toy mandarin which, knock it over as you will, stands up again erect and perpendicular, and thus said—

"No! This does no good! Thou wilt not allow thyself to sink. Think on thy duty, thy brothers and sisters, all the beautiful and good in heaven and in earth. Exert thyself; cast care from thee; be thyself again. Courage only, and it will succeed!"

And Engel sprung up, took the guitar, and began to play and sing her favorite air:—

The sparrow on the house-top is a little bird,  
Is a little bird;  
Can not boast one handsome feather  
Sees no grandeur rare,  
Finds but scanty fare,  
And no pleasure but fine weather.

But while she sang the tears began to flow, for she felt that she was no longer the sparrow of which she loved to sing, and to which she liked to hear herself compared; and so she wept over herself.

"But no! This will not do either!" said she to herself. And the young clever girl resolved not to allow herself to be overcome, put aside the guitar, and began to dance, while she at the same time shook the tears away from her cheeks, and wiped them with her hair, and danced, and danced!

And we would lay a wager with—any one—that she would in this manner have sung and danced away her first sorrow if Providence had so required. But Lot's wife was not more instantly changed into a pillar of salt at the sight of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah than Engel to an immovable statue, as she saw all at once before her—Uno.

But as Uno approached her she trembled and grew pale. The change in her appearance seemed to astonish him.

"Engel! has been weeping! weeps yet!" said he, taking her hand. "How is it? Is not all quite well?"

"O yes!" answered Engel; and without properly reflecting on what she said, added—

"You have been a long time away."

"I have been at my estate for a few weeks. Have you missed me?"

"Yes."

"Engel, too?"

"Yes."

"Engel, then, has a little regard for me?"

"Yes."

Never have more modest and, at the same time, more distinct questions and answers been pronounced in the world-wide play, the play of lovers.

And what followed?

Well, it followed that Uno, who had resolved to separate himself from a beloved being whom he believed that he could not make happy, and who now came merely to say, "How do you do?" but came so unexpectedly that he asked something quite different—Uno was so surprised by his own feelings, and carried away as to press to his heart the amiable and beloved young girl, and to enter into an engagement with her that death only could dissolve. He felt "the child" tremble in his arms, terrified and happy at the same time at the outbreak of a love, which, after it had so long burnt in secret in Uno's breast, now burst forth in such violent flames.

It followed that uncle Herkules, and Hedvig, and Augustin, and Ivar, and Bror, and Göthilda, were quickly informed of what had taken place, and that Uno solicited the hand of Engel of her relations, and that Engel, this very evening, stood as Uno's betrothed in the circle of her family, where every countenance reflected the happiness which illuminated the glances of the betrothed ones.

All were taken by surprise. Thou too, my reader, I hope. Thou hadst not expected this!

"Now are we indeed brother and sister, Hedvig! and I may say *sister*, and *thou*!" said Uno, as he seated himself beside her and took her hand. His heart was open and tender.

"I have so long desired it!" continued he, but I have contended with the feeling which drew me to Engel. I have found that I was not good enough for Engel, that I could not make her happy, and I fear it still."

"But why so, Uno?" asked Hedvig, as she gazed solemnly upon him.

Uno was silent, as if hesitating, and then said—

"Who can answer for his power? There are so many deficiencies—so many dark points in us, which we can not help, and which might operate disturbingly on the happiness of others. For my desire to make her happy I can answer, but if that should not be found sufficient, then . . . Hedvig . . . sister! . . . then you must judge me leniently."

He held Hedvig's hand, and gazed at her with deep, gloomy, but warm eyes. Hedvig returned the pressure of his hand, but said nothing; her former uneasy foreboding passed through her heart. Willingly would she have continued the conversation, that Uno might more clearly have explained himself; but uncle Herkules left little opportu-

nity for that. He would have wine-drinking and toasts, and songs and jollity, and gave himself no rest till he had changed the serious mood of the company to a more champagne one. And this task was not very difficult under the present circumstances.

But more agreeable was it for Hedvig to sit alone in her room and listen to the expressions of her young and happy sister.

"Is it possible, Hedvig!" exclaimed she, concealing her blushing countenance in Hedvig's bosom; "is it really true that he is fond of me; that he will have me for his wife? . . . A man so good, so excellent, so superior as he, and a girl so unimportant, so insignificant as I am. Is it possible that he can be so much attached to me? that I can make him happy? Oh! how can I become worthy of such a lot?"

She talked to the young girl in the fullness of her heart. Then came more playful, childlike thoughts of the future.

"Ah!" exclaimed she, with transport, "how happy it will be to invite you and my brothers and sisters, and uncle, to dinner! Every Sunday we must invite you. But you, Hedvig, must come often, often. You must teach me, observe, how to manage my housekeeping, so that all shall be well done, and Uno be truly pleased. For I understand so little yet. And there will we have for thee the very choicest potatoes with fresh butter—for there must be fresh butter at Ekarna, such as you will like—or I will churn it myself for you—and the most beautiful fresh water—there is a well which—what do you think?—Uno calls it Engel's well—and which is as clear as crystal. And hasty-pudding and milk you shall have, and—and all the good, cheap dishes that you like so much, because every one can have them. And in the afternoon you shall have an easy chair and a footstool—with your great basket beside you, and then coffee—and all Uno's library to choose out of! Oh, you shall see, how comfortable you shall be with us!"

"But I shall not grow fat on all that," now exclaimed Gøthilda from her bed, with tears in her throat at finding how little she was thought of in Engel's paradise.

"Oh! cried Engel, "when you come, we will kill an ox, and two good calves, tap three hogheads of ale, and make such a jollification as never was seen before; and you shall get so fat that you can not move from the spot, but must stay with us altogether!"

"Gøthilda laughed, and Hedvig laughed, and Engel too, at this grand description; and the sweet girl continued thus in seriousness and play to lay plans for the future, till she fell asleep with Hedvig's hand clasped in hers.

Engel was one of those most charming young girls which romances often, but actually life more rarely present, who are invari-

bly handsome and charming, by day, by night, in ball-dress or night-cap, walking or sitting, standing or lying, and as she lay, with the smile of happiness on her lips, beautiful as a white, dewy rose, in the hour of its unfolding, rich in love, kindness, and hope, Hedvig thought she had never seen any one so enchanting. Long did she linger by her bed, enjoying the sight of her, thinking of her future, and only now and then let an anxious thought like a light cloud spread over her mild and cheerful face.

### A CHANGE.

SOME few days had gone by, and—Engel was no longer glad. She avoided her betrothed; avoided her brothers and sisters; her cheeks were again pale, and the eyes late so beaming were grown dim, and, at the same time, shrunk from the looks of others, yes, even from those of Uno, which now sought hers with anxious inquiry.

Hedvig saw this one day—heard at night Engel weeping silently in her bed; saw her arise, and fall upon her knees, with uplifted hands, as in great anguish.

The next day Hedvig called her to her in "the sanctuary," threw her faithful, soft arms around her, and said—

"What is amiss with my child? Why are you so unhappy?"

Engel, with an agony, cast her arms about Hedvig's neck, and hid her face in her bosom, as she whispered in broken accents:

"Hedvig! he—Uno—does not believe in God—nor in his revealed word—nor in a life after this—nor upon—ah! he is an Atheist!—a godless! It is indeed horrible!"

Hedvig turned pale at this unexpected communication.

"It was that, then, that he meant!" thought she, as she remembered Uno's dark expression. She clasped the trembling girl closer to her heart as she asked—

"But how came you to know this?"

"We happened the other day—the day before yesterday, I think—to speak on serious subjects, and I asked him his thoughts on several. He gave me, at first, evasive answers; but I, in my childish zeal, would not be contented with them. With that he became grave, and told me candidly that he did not believe at all in that which was to me so important, so great and holy. He told me his creed. Ah! it was pure, dark unbelief!"

"And what did you say?"

"Ah! I do not know. I was so grieved, so shocked, that I cried; it made me so unhappy. It seemed to me as if the whole world became darkened; that heaven and earth reeled, and thus they still seem to reel. Something tells me that it is a sin to love a godless man—to become his wife!

But Hedvig, Hedvig! I can not, I will not give him up. During two nights, in which I have not slept a wink, I have thus combated, although silently, with my heart—combated with myself, with him, and I may say with God. And I can see only one single way!"

"And what way?"

"In that night when all was dark and silent round me, I thought:

"If above me there was a world full of light and beauty; with angels, songs, and all the glory of the world or of heaven, but *he* was not there—

"And if below me were another world, dark and desolate, cold and silent as the grave, but *he* was there—in which of the two would I be?"

"And which?"

"In the grave!"

Hedvig smiled, a gentle light was kindled in her eye through a swelling tear.

"Oh yes," continued the child enthusiastically, and with clasped hands; "in the grave, in the eternal darkness with him! Ah! I think perhaps, my faith, my love, may kindle in him a little light."

"And you thought not that his darkness might extinguish it—might impart itself to you?"

"No, I thought not of that, and—I do not believe it, Hedvig. And is his darkness, Hedvig, then so dangerous? His soul is indeed light, and his heart as pure as gold. He wishes well to every human being; his love is so warm and beautiful! Every body esteems him; many people love him. What has he done, that I should give him up? But ah! I feel that my head swims! perhaps my love blinds me. If I attach myself to him, perhaps I give up—God, my best benefactor, my Father, and my Lord! How can he be good who does not believe in God, who does not love him in his revelation? Is not all goodness, all virtue, which does not proceed from his love, specious and delusive? Hedvig, Hedvig! it is thus that I have asked; thus that I have doubted. Now I am nearly in despair. Teach me, enlighten me, guide me—tell me what I ought to do!"

Steps were heard in the ante-room, and some one knocked at the door.

"Oh, it is he! it is he!" exclaimed Engel, trembling. And she felt that the hour was come which should decide her fate.

"Come in!" said Hedvig. "Engel, we should talk openly with each other. Be calm—be calm, my dear child!"

Uno entered. It seemed evidently, by his pale, grave countenance, that he was prepared for an explanation of great moment.

Engel did not rise to welcome him; she sat on a stool at Hedvig's feet, and hid her tearful countenance in the folds of her dress.

Hedvig offered her hand to Uno with frank kindness, and said—

"Come and sit with us, Uno, and talk with us, and—comfort us, if you can. Tell us, that Engel did not properly understand you—when she understood—when she believed that you—do not believe in God—that you have not any religion."

"If you," replied Uno, "mean by religion certain accepted notions about the being of the Creator and his relationship to men, which the Christians call religion—then—no, Hedvig, I do not believe in these, and Engel has understood me properly. But that you, for this reason, should look so gravely upon me; and that Engel, for this reason, should hide her face from me as if I were a criminal, is, I think, an injustice on your part. My religion—from which I never shall deviate—is a belief in the goodness of good, in the holiness of a sense of duty, and in the happiness of man if he fulfills its commands."

"And you do not believe," returned Hedvig, "you do not believe in a good, protecting Father of all the children of the earth, who gives completion to that life and labor which is cut off here by misfortune or death; who has compassion on the fallen, and has expiated the crimes and frailties of all men? You do not believe that friends separated on earth shall be reunited in a better land—after death?"

"I believe," replied Uno, "as I already have said, that man can on earth create his own happiness; that he has directions for this in the arrangements of nature, and within his own breast. I believe that they who endeavor to do what is good and right, need no other reward than the witness of their own conscience. I have not known the need of any other, and I feel convinced that I shall never be unfortunate so long as I fulfill the inward and the highest law of my conscience and my reason."

Hedvig said nothing, but her eyes rested sorrowfully upon Uno, and her heart was full.

Uno continued with a more excited voice, "But you must not confound me with those disbelievers in a God whom I from my heart abhor; who scoff at that which is sacred to noble minds; who endeavor to destroy a faith and hope which the half of mankind does homage to, and regards as the most precious, precious thing which they are possessed of in life and death. Far be that from me, I respect that faith although I do not share it. But if I am not able to believe as you, and many others do—is that a fault, a crime?"

"It is not levity, it is not indifference to religion, which has conducted me—to what people call unbelief. I have honestly inquired and investigated according to my ability; I have sought, and sought only for the truth. Even when I was receiving my earliest religious instruction, I inquired and investigated in the same way, with an inexpressible de-

sure for truth and consistency. The clergyman who prepared me for my confirmation was a saint in piety and manner of life, but he was not the man who could enlighten a doubting and inquiring mind. My questions were silenced and evaded, instead of being replied to; my doubts condemned instead of being enlightened, and thus that time became a time of darkness in my soul. Doubts of that which people wished that I should blindly believe, led me to disbelief, and might have led to I know not what mental wilderness. But I was rescued in another way. I began at this time to make pedestrian journeys in my own and other countries; and these awoke a new life within me. Wandering on the beautiful flower-clothed earth, feeling the breath of spring which caressed all living things, and the sun which embraced and illumined all beings, aroused within me thoughts of harmony and beauty as the fundamental laws of creation, and, glancing down into my own breast, I found there the necessity for goodness and beauty which I recognized for the fundamental law of my being, and it was merely requisite for me to obey this to become happy and the promoter of happiness in others; in a word, to fulfill the destination of my being. Thus, by degrees, was my view of life formed. And is this view indeed wicked and dark?"

"No, Uno," replied Hedvig, "I do not think it so, but—is it sufficient? Ah! I see many dark regions in life where this light could not reach."

"I do not deny that it may be so!" said Uno; "but I must adhere to the light which I have found and which I know; every thing else is uncertain to me; it has no existence to me. I know that what I call my light is regarded by many as darkness, and that Engel considers it so. I have, therefore—you know it, Hedvig—for a long time hesitated to open my heart to her. I feared to darken her bright world. Love took me by surprise. I drew her to my heart before I revealed to her its inmost recesses. But the hour is come, and I should not be honest, if I did not openly acknowledge, and if I did not candidly state, my principles, that I do not share her faith and her hope."

"And you do not think," inquired Hedvig, "that you can embrace opinions more conformable with hers?"

"I know," replied Uno, "that people may change their convictions; I know many sooner or later pass through a religious crisis; I deny not that this may happen, even to me. But—I do not believe it—that I must candidly confess. I am no longer young, and am inclined rather to be strengthened in old opinions than to receive new impressions. It is not in levity, it is not in stubbornness, worthy of punishment, that I

say this. I know what I have to dread. That you will be afraid of giving Engel's hand. Engel will fear to consign her heart to me. You will draw her away from one whom you call a God-denying and a godless man!"

Engel clasped her hands to her breast, raised an inconsolable glance to Hedvig, and then toward heaven.

"And if it is so," continued Uno, in a voice whose powerful emotion was, as it were, controlled by a stronger power—"if it is so, that her happiness, her innocent joy, can suffer by a union with me; that what you call my darkness can cast its shadows over her; in that case—yes, in that case I ought to be the first to require a separation. And how can I deny that circumstances may occur in which she may need a brighter faith than mine; a glance toward that heaven which I do not see open; a support and a hope which the strong do not require? If her happiness is endangered in my breast, then I will rend her away from my heart, even if it—"

He could say no more. Silent and pale, he paced the room hastily, and then continued more calmly—

"But why only see, why only think of my influence upon her? Deep are the mysteries of love! When soul unites itself to soul, heart to heart, spirit to spirit, wonderful things are done. Nobody can calculate upon them. And if there be truth in Engel's belief—it may, perhaps, become clear to me, may become a certainty to me through her. If there is a Being which is truth and love itself, will he not be found by those who seek for Him in sincerity and truth? And if there be not, and if life be confined to this short time on earth, still is it not beautiful to unite in love; to make one another happy while it lasts? But no! I will not, I ought not to persuade. I will not be selfish. You now know me. Decide in freedom. Engel is released by me."

"On another occasion in my life, I heard similar words to these," said Hedvig, after a little silent reflection. "I heard them some years ago from a lady—my friend. She also had no belief in the truths which both Pagans and Christians regard as the highest and most beautiful in life, and she died without hope of a life after death. Her death-bed was sorrowful; but her life!—how true, how Christian, how penetrated was it with the purest spirit of love! What would she not do and suffer for her fellow-creature! How indefatigable, how strong and patient when she had to help, to amend an erring, a fallen fellow-creature! And her friendship, how tender and steadfast it was! How pure was her love of truth! how sincere her humility toward every thing that was high and holy! Ah! if she, and those who resemble her, can not find an entrance into the

kingdom of Heaven—then I know not who can. But she, and some others whom I have known, have made me think that there is a faith, a secret love of God, in the human heart, which operates separately from the consciousness thereof, and attracts and guides them without their being aware of it themselves. Such persons may deserve the very highest esteem, and admiration, and love, but—I have not found them happy, or, more properly, able to make those dearest to them happy."

"And, therefore, you do not consider it advisable, nor a happy circumstance, to be nearly connected with such," said Uno, closely observing Hedvig, and seeming to read her soul.

"Uno," replied she, with deep emotion, "pardon me! but I should fear for her whom I love!"

"You are, perhaps, right!" said Uno, after a moment's silence; "and," added he not without bitterness, "Engel thinks so too, and considers it as the most prudent and the wisest to—"

"Be not unjust toward her!" exclaimed Hedvig! "be not severe, Uno, toward her who would rather partake with you, and that forever, the darkness of the grave, than the joy of Heaven without you!"

"Is it so?" said Uno to Engel; "have you said so?—you will accompany me into the desert of life, into the eternal night?"

"Oh, yes, Uno!"

"And you are not afraid of going with me?"

"No, I fear not!"

"Oh, then, indeed, all is clear," exclaimed Uno; "Engel, beloved, you, young, angelic, adored girl—you sunbeam, you heart of my heart! Come, share with me darkness, light, death—whatever fate, whatever Providence decrees. Come, mine own! What dare, what can separate, when your heart speaks thus? Are we not one? Oh, what and whom art thou that didst create love?—beautiful, wonderful power! thou must also bless her, crown thy most beautiful work! Hedvig, mourn not, be calm, be joyful. If you trust in an eternal God, who is full of love, then trust also in his mercy to us: see his work in us. Give me the child of thy heart without hesitation—give me thy blessing."

"Ah," said Hedvig, "who am I that I should venture to decide, venture to bless? You yourselves must prove—you yourselves must decide—"

But, spite of all hesitation, all proving, all questions, love, full of light and confidence, had already given his decision. The lovers were clasped in each other's arms. Spite of that gulf which threatened to separate them, they had bound themselves together as a sacred defiance of all the powers of darkness, in the light of a love, which let them "believe all things, hope for all things, over-

come all things." A mighty, heartfelt joy, trembled through their souls with unspeakable harmonies, while eye beamed in eye, lips met lips, and words of holy, burning tenderness, passed from the soul of one into that of the other, amid blessed tears and smiles.

Hedvig wept in silence; she sympathized in their feelings; she was happy in their love, and the words of warning upon her lips changed into blessings. It was not till she was alone that clouds returned to her soul, questions and doubts. She longed for evening, and the hour of conversation alone with Augustin.

He came, and Hedvig eased her heart, and communicated to him the important event of the day, and the sad secret which had been made known to her.

Augustin started at this unexpected communication. But the same thoughts which calmed Hedvig were present also in his soul, and his sanguine temperament made him discover, beside these, new light wherewith to overcome Hedvig's continued uneasiness.

Hedvig then said, "It is, however, sorrowful when husbands and wives think differently on the highest and most important questions of life. They then can never properly become one!"

"No," replied Augustin, "not in all belief, all hope, but truly so in the one needful—in all love. And know you, Hedvig? since I have more closely observed differences of opinion in the world, and have become acquainted with excellent men of great dissimilarity of views in religion, politics, and science, I have arrived at the conviction, that these differences—which often are merely like different boughs of the same tree—have their foundation in the designs of the Almighty with regard to us and life. He allows people to be born with dissimilar organs and under dissimilar influences, in order that they may take hold of the dissimilar sides of life and truth, and that thus, by means of them, the whole manifold substance of truth may be developed, like links in the great chain of thought, like preparatory theses and anti-theses to the great synthesis.

"And it is precisely these differences which ought rightly to embrace, to advance, and to develop the only unity, in which we all can fully become one, and become one with God. People say so much about unity. But I do not trouble myself with respect to any unbounded unity, any unity of form or appearance. Let us, in Heaven's name, be different. The combat is not the evil. It arouses, and causes development. Bitterness and dishonesty in the combat are evil. And they must be done away with. The important thing is that we are honest, and in earnest in our search after truth; honest and chivalrous toward one another. Thus may we hope, upon whatever side of the

question, or the conviction, we may find ourselves, that we may be instrumental in the hands of Providence for the advancement of his world-plan."

Augustin was silent for a moment, and then continued :—

"It is, for the rest, very difficult, nowadays, to say who is a Christian, or who is not. I know no better proof of this, than the disposition and the fruit. Christian life has so penetrated the life of the world that we are in the midst of its current, driven on by its knowledge, even without our own consciousness of it. In manners, in laws, in social life, in literature, every where do we meet with its light and its spirit. And he who loves this light, this spirit, and is guided by it, he is a Christian, although he should mistake its origin. And the voice which cries through the world, 'Blessed are the pure in heart! the merciful! the peace-makers! they who hunger and thirst after righteousness!' has likewise pronounced a blessing on these nameless worshippers, yes, on all who, from the beginning of the world, have lived in love to truth and virtue. There are degrees in every thing; there is a being more remote, and nearer to the divinity in comprehension and in activity. But, Hedvig, why should we separate the beams of the sun from the sun, and deny that they are a part of his life? The word of God does not do so. It shows clearly how they are connected. Man has separated what God united. But if man universally acknowledged this divine connection, there would be a universal church established, and the scattered heaps would be assembled upon earth. Then would the invisible church, which was and which is, be made visible, and many would acknowledge themselves to be Christians, who now do not do so. But wherever I see a man, who lives in purity, and who labors in true love, there I see a member of that universal, eternal church, because I believe with the apostle, that 'all they who are impelled by the Spirit of God are his children!'"

"What good your words do me, Augustin! said Hedvig; they seem as if they had the breezes and the light of morning in them, I become so assured and so hopeful. And Uno is certainly one of those of whom you speak?"

"Yes, he is. He deserves, of a certainty, to have the name and joy of the Christian, because he has the Christian disposition. And I consider it as very probable that his marriage with Engel may lead to a change in his mode of thinking. I have known more than one man who has handled the highest questions of life very superficially until he became a husband and a father, and asked himself, 'What shall I say to my child? what shall I give to it as a stay, and as an object in life and in death?' and these

questions have again led him into a deeper investigation; through her he has ascended the most beautiful truths of life. Engel's soul and temper have ever since childhood had a singularly warm and bright religious tendency. She can not be without influence upon Uno. It is not possible for me, no, it is not possible for me to be uneasy about their union."

It was near midnight when Hedvig found herself alone in her own chamber. She went softly into her sisters' room to see if either of them were still awake. Göthilda slept soundly. But Engel sprang up from her light slumber, sat up, and looked as if terrified around her. When she recognized Hedvig, she stretched out her arms to her and smiled.

"Oh!" said she, "I have had such a strange dream; both sad and beautiful, and, above all, so extraordinary. If certainly means something, Hedvig!"

"Merely that my Engel was excited in the day, and had both dark and bright thoughts!"

"But latest only bright ones, Hedvig; I have been so happy this evening; I have had a feeling of—an inward certainty, that Uno through me shall have a faith, a hope which he now lacks."

"But you must not argue with him, my sweet child; nor seek to show what you believe and know; this habit leads to disputation, and seldom does good. Besides which, you have not knowledge and ability for it."

"Oh, no! I know that very well, Hedvig! Neither have I thought of such a thing. I will merely—love him; make him happy every day, and I think that God will help me—teach me. I feel myself so happy, Hedvig—so calm and so filled with hope. Uno is so good! I believe that I like him better than ever now; because I think that he is to be pitied, because he is not happier. But, Hedvig, how pleasant it is to love with all our soul, and all our heart, and to live for him whom we love! That is life! Sweet Hedvig, I must kiss you!"

#### DAYS, POINTS OF LIGHT, AND MEDALS.

"THAT Engel! she gets handsomer from day to day!" said Bror one day to Göthilda, as they were busied together setting the house in order for the winter; and Bror, for the time being, had put himself under his sister's command as her "men servants."

"Yes," replied Göthilda; "but I tell you what, Bror; I think that nobody in this house is so handsome as Hedvig. When she sits there at her spinning-wheel, and the light falls upon her on one side—or when she goes softly about the house, and arranges

things nicely for every body—or when she looks on one of us with eyes which penetrate our souls like a sunbeam, so warm and kind, and just as if they would lay a blessing there I often wonder how it is that she is so beautiful. But it is a beauty within her which beams without; and for some time it has seemed to me as if she were really glorified—as if there were some great, silent joy within her.”

And it was so. For some time Hedvig had borne some words in her heart—such words as human beings write at the moment when they are angels. They were from her friend, who had now journeyed into the east; words of parting, but by which he had wedded her to him for eternity. He had told her that the slightest intimation from her should recall him to his fatherland, even if it should reach him on the summit of the Himalayas, or in the mines of Golconda. And, above all, till his return, should she, his guardian angel, be with him, guide him, cheer him, in his researches and in his labor.

With such words upon her heart, within her heart, from the man whom she loved, Hedvig felt not as an evil the pain of separation; a sort of heavenly joy lay within her soul; and, freed from self, she could give herself up to the joy which Engel's betrothal occasioned in the family, and which the connection with Uno contributed to increase. He made presents to all; he seemed to wish to communicate to all something of the happiness which he himself felt. Hedvig saw in this Uno's beautiful disposition, full of human kindness, and Götthilda's observation was correct, when she saw more and more beautiful days brighten up Hedvig's gentle countenance.

For the rest, in a home where love and prosperity abide, lights and shadows always so fall that the slightest shade of beauty of which human nature is capable becomes perceptible, and is observed. Yes, that loving look is itself such an illuminator, because it so willingly sees every thing in its best light: it knows how to collect the rays, how to discover the hidden beauty, and how to give to that which is not either beautiful or agreeable a comic turn which calls forth a good-humored smile. O! that glance is a great artist! And it can not only see, but it can avoid seeing, and to avoid seeing, “to let alone; to take no notice” is, as Thorikd says, “a very divine art!”

“A little higher with that picture, Bror—our Claude Lorrain, as I call it—still, a little higher, so that it hides the spot on the paper—there, that will do very well, and—don't fall down from the step-ladder, I beg of you, my dear workman—there, and hang that landscape a little lower which Augustin is so fond of—so that he can see it from his sofa corner—when he sits and cuts open his new

books, and glances first into them and then around him, and enjoys life, as he says. It is a charming taste to be fond of books; fresh life always comes with them—and Augustin always brings new books and fresh life with him. He brings repose with him, as Ivar brings disquiet; though Ivar has been a little better of late.”

“And what do I bring, I should like to know?” said Bror.

“You bring—a merry fellow, and my very dearest brother, who will now come and help his very dearest sister with this window finery. Not so, wicked monseer. Ah! what destructive, clumsy things lads are! A horrid race! Now, do you see? this is to stand between the double windows, so that they may not get frozen. Are you sure you understand? First this cotton wool, then make a parterre of this beautiful pure moss—do you see the snowy evergreen in miniature, and between that green moss—”

“*Hypnum umbratum*, it is called by the learned,” interrupted Bror.

“Yes, I care nothing about that, I call it green moss,” said Götthilda; “and then between these terraces of moss, these little flowers which Engel and I have made. Is it not pretty? Afterward we shall put them in the double windows. And all this that my young fellows may sit, as it were, in a glass cloak without feeling a draught of cold air from the windows. All out of kindness to you, and you ought to kiss my hand for it, because I am a regular Madame Bonne for you.”

“Your most humble servant! J'ai le honneur, to be Madame Bonne tres humble serviteur!”

“Fort bien, mon petit! Very well said!”

“Ah, le français! Je suis fameuse dans se lange! Donner les leçons au public in spring, pour le bienfait de la patrie! C'est beau! pas?”

“Oh, sublime! But now, will Monsieur le Professeur take and carry away this rubbish? We must have this in order to-day, so that we may get the carpets down to-morrow; the one with the red roses here, and the one with blue roses, which uncle gave to the family, in the little room.”

“Roses in the windows, roses under the feet! We shall get regularly to dance on roses; and this will become a regular little paradise; the blessed love that comes into the house must have made it so.”

“I do not know: but we shall this year have right excellent winter-quarters, and winter may now rave about out of doors as he best likes.”

“According to the number of winters,” says Geijer, “our forefathers counted the years, thus calling the whole of the year by the largest portion of it; and, properly speak-

ing, it is the winter which gives a character to the northern domestic life. People can not live here by the day; they must live for the year, and during the far greater part of the year, upon the provision which has been laid up during the shorter part."

From this domination of winter follows the infinitely severe form which life assumes in the homes of distress, the nakedness, the frost, the unsightliness, which makes the heart freeze in the breast and all joy expire. From this, likewise—on the sunny side of life—proceeds the care which people take about the dwelling-house, about the little world within those homes which are raised above the earth-level of poverty, so that during the severest winter they may live a pleasant summer life—in so far as no spiritual north wind blows over it.

"Because snow likewise falls within the most carefully kept dwellings—snow and sleet, and——"

What was it which Bror just said? we hear so much about ourselves that we forget our brothers and sisters—Göthilda replies.

"No, Bror, we will not do that, because Hedvig does not like it."

Bror!—"Oh, it is only a trifle."

Göthilda!—"Nothing is a trifle which is displeasing to Hedvig."

"Thanks, Göthilda! Thanks, good girl, for that word. And if every body thought so, there would not so often arise that dull bad weather, those clouded feelings, those little bitter disagreeables, by which married people, brothers and sisters, parents and children, by degrees embitter one another's lives, and which create altogether that great, gray, heavy oppressive cloud—*discomfort*."

A fly is a very light burden, but if it were perpetually to return and set itself on our nose, it might weary us of our very lives.

"Thanks, therefore, Göthilda, for the proverb, 'nothing is a trifle which is unpleasant to our friend.'"

And by the side of this we would inscribe upon the tablets of home, "Nothing is insignificant which gives pleasure to our friend." Because from this arises that bright summer-mild atmosphere in the home, which is called *comfort*. And without this, how cold, how miserable is home in the north.

Hedvig, however, had long since inscribed this proverb in her heart, and affectionate desires and womanly delicacy of feeling guided her in the employment of it. Hence her silent attention to the likings and peculiarities of every one; hence her regulation of the home and the daily life within it, so that every one might find his own individual comfort in that of the whole.

"But how did she do this?"

Yes, my young lady reader! *Will* as she willed; *seek* as she sought, and thou wilt find it out. It is not to be told by words.

There are animalcules, invisible to the

naked eye, which make the sea brilliant as fire, so that every wave seems bordered with gold. There are also small reptiles which occasion those miasma which by their plague can slay the strongest natures. Even spiritual life has its *monads*, and the life-atmosphere of the family depends upon what the nature of these is.

But have I not just now said, probably, the same thing? And have I not long ago written and said, probably, the same thing? I am very much afraid that I have. Because out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh. But, gentle reader—bear with me this once. It is perhaps the last time in which I shall sketch for thee pictures out of domestic life and *certainly* it is the last in which I shall give such a long history. And now again to our story.

It would have been easy for Hedvig to spoil the people about her, because she was too kind and too fond of ease to be at the trouble of correcting any one, excepting through her own example. She followed the advice of Thomas à Kempis.

"When any one, after being warned once or twice, will not correct himself, do not contend with him, but commend him entirely to God, because he knows very well how to turn the wicked to goodness."

And yet, in the end, every body in the family did that which Hedvig desired and wished. How did it happen? It was because Hedvig possessed that sort of temper which every woman ought to possess, and which would make them so powerful that they themselves and all the gentlemen would be astonished—she possessed—*gentleness*. There is something stronger in the world than the arms of giants—there is the wind of the spirit which breathes through the world, and which can bow human hearts, those fluttering leaves of the world's tree.

For Hedvig's sake her brothers became more and more careful to remove every thing of a disturbing nature from their home; for Hedvig's sake Göthilda struggled with her naturally violent and restless temper; for Hedvig's sake even General Herkules reformed himself by degrees in certain coarse, old bachelor ways and habits which were painful to womanly delicacy. And the young girls assisted her unconsciously in this respect.

It was not without justice that Bror said, "Engel gets handsomer every day."

When Moses struck the rock and the water gushed forth; when Aaron's staff budded at once into green leaf and flower—it certainly was miraculous. But almost as miraculous is the change which takes place in two persons who love each other, and who, from mere acquaintance, become betrothed. A partition wall has been removed from between them. They might love; they might show their love to each other;

they might show it before the whole world and stand before each other as suns, and bloom forth in beauty before each other. But who can describe how the mystical depths disclose themselves in the deep, inward soul? It must be experienced. The change is the greatest in the woman; because habit and custom and that bashfulness which nature has given to the young girl before him whom she secretly loves, all fetter her behavior, and put, as it were, body and soul in armor. But—hast thou read the beautiful old song about the Valkyria which lay bound in a deep sleep in her armor, under the strong power of witchcraft? The knight comes who unlooses her coat of mail, and then she is released. She wakes; salutes the day, salutes the night, heaven and earth, gods and goddesses, and looks joyfully on all the world, and she is now, the newly awakened, who gives to her deliverer, to her beloved, the drink (the mead) which makes him clear-sighted—

Human strength blended  
With might of the gods:  
Full of sweet singing  
And power of healing,  
Of beautiful poems  
And runes of rejoicing.

It is she who interprets to him the mysterious runes of life; he who, enchanted, listens to her and learns.

Something like this takes place not unfrequently between two lovers, and something like this took place between Uno and Engel. In the light of the new life which arose before her, the young girl seemed to develop herself into more beauty before him who had awakened her slumbering spirit; new, beautiful feelings, thoughts, anticipations sprang up, like wonderful flowers out of the depths of her soul, to cheer and to diffuse fragrance around him. And Uno, happy and captivated, often would listen to words of almost wonderful wisdom and love, which, profound and childish at the same time, came from this pure and devoted heart. It seemed as if this young sunbeam had sprung warm from the bosom of the All-father, and had fallen in love with night, which it would warm and illumine and overcome; and thus, as if even the shadow which gave a dark side to the union of Engel with Uno, served to increase life and light.

The betrothal of Engel Dalberg with a man of wealth, and one who was universally esteemed, caused a joyful excitement in the circle of the family acquaintance. Aunt Queen Bee, who was accustomed to say, "I know the world," asserted of a truth, that never were people discovered by their fellow-beings to be so full of faults and failings as when they were going to be mar-

ried, and never so rich in merits, as when they were about to die; therefore she recommended that at every wedding the guests should have plenty to eat, that they might forget to talk. And we listen willingly to wise ladies and have faith in their wisdom. True, however, it is, nevertheless, that the happiness and good fortune of good people always excite a hearty sympathy in the circle in which they live and move. The Dalberg family had experienced this. They had greetings, congratulations, handshakings, and nods from acquaintance and half-acquaintance, and almost no acquaintance at all. They found themselves possessed of good friends every where. And if many of them were of that race which "comes with the flood and goes with the ebb," they did not think about it now, but enjoyed the high-water of the moment.

"I find," said Göthilda, "that we Dalbergs are now really the most remarkable people in the city, and I expect that some fine day people will have medals struck of us altogether. I think, therefore, that we ought to prepare ourselves for the occasion, and to choose for ourselves suitable attributes and mottoes. Come, Bror, let us, two lay our heads together, and prepare a rough sketch of the attributes and mottoes suitable for all the members of the family."

Bror and Göthilda laid their wise heads together; pondered, laughed, and made designs, and in the evening laid before the family circle the following sketches of medals, the figures all a little caricatured.

*General Herkules*, with the hammer of Thor uplifted in his hand. Inscription—"Against the devil, and for the fatherland."

*Augustin*, as a schoolmaster, with a stupid-looking schoolboy before him, representing "the rising generation," on whom he is endeavoring to impress his motto—"Man has no rights, he has merely duties."

*Sister Hedvig*, spinning at a flax-wheel, with the flax in heaven and the spinning-wheel on earth. The inscription—"Patience." On the reverse of the medal a wreath of lilac, and within, the words—"For all."

*Ivar*, rowing a boat on the open sea in a severe storm. The inscription—"Where does my fate lead me?" On the reverse—"It all goes madly."

*Gerda*, as Valkyria, with an uplifted knee; a runic and mystic inscription around it. Bror could not undertake to interpret it.

Bror himself, as an arbitrator between two fighting cocks. The inscription—"Let no one dispute about tastes and likings."

*Göthilda*, striving with fate for dominion, represented by a scepter, which might also be mistaken for a poker. Inscription—"All or nothing."

*Engel*, cheek by jowl with Uno, singing

\* The Song of Sigurdrifa: Sæmund's Edda.

the one to the other an aria out of "The Creation," "Thy will is my law."

*The Cadets, No. 31 and No. 32, armed, the one with a pancake, the other with a muffin, which they are just about to swallow down. Inscription—"Pro patria."*

Lastly, the family medal, upon which all the members of the family are seen in a large carriage driving up a lofty mountain, on the top of which may be seen the temple of the sun. The horses pull with all their might, and the coachman, the genius of the family, cries out—"Gee up!—allons!"

"They look devilish restive, those horses; and the coachman is certainly not quite sober," remarked uncle Herkules. "I am afraid that the whole party will be upset and tumble into the ditch at least twice before they get up to the top of the hill, and my rattle-pate will get a scratch from fate. Ha, what an idea!"

### SHADOWS.

BUT while figures of light increased in the family circle, and spread around living beams, one form began to grow darker and darker, and to throw shadows on this life. After a short time of unusual calm, Ivar became evidently more uneasy and more unhappy every day.

The worst of a misfortune, of suffering which takes deep hold upon a human soul, is, that it reveals to itself the darkness that is in it. The soul perceives not this darkness so long as the outward life is green and covered with flowers. But the storm goes over it, and every thing is changed. It believes itself good; it believes itself strong, able to conquer heaven and earth: and now—it finds that it is deceived by itself, as well as by others. Thence come feelings and moments of dejection!

There was more than one circumstance at this time which contributed to cast a gloom on Ivar's temper. He was a partner in a literary journal, and had got into one of those polemical disputes which produce any thing but comfort and good humor. Having been attacked with bitterness, he had replied in the same spirit, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, and had received as much or worse, in return. In vain Gôthilda had endeavored to calm him with the proverb—of Arabian origin I fancy—"People only throw stones at trees which are rich in fruit." And Augustin with the old northern one, "The better often yields when the worse strikes!"

Ivar would neither allow himself to be calmed, nor yet take advice; he would strike, would have the right to overcome his adversary at least by the power of abuse, and thus he very soon placed himself on the

wrong side, and was blamed both by friends and foes.

Ivar knew himself to be wrong, but that only embittered him the more. In a word, there was at this time a change in Ivar's life, such as takes place in many men when they know that it—goes wrong.

In the moments when he felt this most vividly, when he knew not what to do with himself, and the burden which oppressed him, and the suffering which tore him to pieces, Hedvig stood by him, and then, with her, in "the sanctuary," he gave way to his frenzy against his beloved, against the world and mankind, against life, and sometimes even against its Creator. There only found he comfort; yes, there had he sometimes moments of wonderful calm and freedom from suffering.

In certain agonies of the soul, as in certain ailments of the body, there are paroxysms which set in and rule with demoniac power; and intervals in which they sleep, when the unfortunate one has rest—yes, when life smiles on his soul, like the sun amid the rain-filled clouds. So was it with Saul; so with Orestes: so is it with many children of the earth in these days, and so was it with poor Ivar. And as the furies only left the Grecian youth in the sacred grove of which his sister was the priestess, so was it only when near Hedvig that the demons of jealousy and suspicion which rent Ivar to pieces sometimes left him in peace.

At such moments Ivar was amiable, and spoke beautiful words.

"How pleasant it is to be with you, Hedvig," said he sometimes; "your spirit, your voice, your glance, is like a song, which charms the serpents in my breast. Now they sleep—I feel nothing evil. God be praised for this moment! May I lean my head against you? Peace goes not from you. Ah! it is good. You are like Minnetrost, Hedvig, in the Magic Ring; she with the eyes clear as moonlight, and the lilies which infused such a delightful peace. How I liked that story when I read it! Waking or sleeping, I dreamed of being in that mountain, under the magical influence of those eyes, of those lilies. And now—I am there indeed. Do not move, Hedvig! let us be still, still—so that the magic spell may not be broken, and the evil spirits escape; I now would sleep—I have not slept so long! But are you not weary, Hedvig?"

"Weary!—no, Ivar; I would sit night and day with you, only that you might have repose."

"You are like Sigyn in the old legend. Do you know it? It is said that Loke once was bound by the other gods upon three stones, and above him hung an adder, the poison of which continually dropped upon

his face. Beside him, however, sat Sigyn, his wife, who held a dish to catch the poison; but when the dish was full she went to empty it out, and then the poison again fell upon the face of the captive, and he trembled so with the pain that—yes, yes, the resemblance is more close than you can believe, and it becomes more so every day. Because I know that a great change is taking place in me, a great and gloomy change. My heart has been warm and gentle;—I have loved mankind; I wished to live to make them happier;—God knows how I wished to live, yes, to sacrifice myself for them!—but now, I feel bitterness and misanthropy creeping into my heart—yes, there are times when I shrink from myself!”

“But I do not shrink from you, Ivar,” said Hedvig; “I am not afraid of you. Because I see you more correctly than you now see yourself, and I know you better. And when this time of combat and darkness has passed over—”

“Yes, *when!* but when will that be—and—how? Ah! Hedvig!”

“*Some time*, it is quite certain to be, Ivar; some time, and not so long before, either. Ah! I have seen so much darkness become light, so many combats pass over, I can not be distrustful of you.”

And now Hedvig related many stories of what she had seen take place within the human breast, or in the silent household; and she allowed her brother also to look into her own heart, to see its silent struggle, and how it had conquered. It did Ivar good to hear about the sorrow and struggles of another (it is common to the human being in his need, and not so bad, either, as it seems. He finds companionship, comrades in suffering;—he is no longer solitary upon the rocks of misfortune, that is all!) and when he looked into his sister's soul, and saw how she loved, and had given up her lover, how she could expect so little enjoyment on earth for herself, and yet how she was so kind, and rejoiced so much in the happiness of others—a beneficial admiration stole into Ivar's heart. Many a time would he lie, long silent upon his knees before his sister, holding her hand between his, and looking deeply into her mild, calm, affectionate eyes, which rested upon him like the moonbeams upon the agitated sea, and poured the oil of peace upon the tumultuous swell of his feelings.

In such moments also Ivar's heart was accessible to the words and elevating prospects of religion; to the world of light which had thus been extended over the dim and restless earth. And when Hedvig read to him out of the Holy Scriptures, he listened and would say with delight:—“How beautiful that is! How grand and perfect!” But these moments of light did not last long, and they left behind them no brightness

when the time of darkness came, and when Ivar's spirit was dragged down into the vortex of his anguish. When Ivar was thus under the influence of the pangs of jealousy or hatred, he was frequently like one insane; sprung round the room, wrung his hands, while he uttered the most violent curses against the woman who had deceived him, the friends who had forsaken him. He thirsted for their hearts' blood. In other moments he sunk into the most awful musing over himself and life, and spoke the whole time not one word. The blood then rushed violently to his head, and these were moments when he seemed almost mad.

“You must travel, Ivar, you must get away from this place,” said Hedvig to him one day, terrified at his condition—“This will kill you!”

“Yes,” replied Ivar, “I know it, I shall perish! But to travel!—Where? where is the paradise on earth, from which I should not long to return to her feet, even in order to be again spurned, abused!—”

“But, Ivar! you are too noble, too good, to be sunk so low! You can not be a slave to that which you despise.”

“Can I not? ah, Hedvig! others have been so who are greater, and stronger than I. And to be obliged to worship, to adore, what we despise, what we detest—it is murder!—”

“Yes, if we do not combat with ourselves—overcome, or—fly. And we can combat with ourselves, Ivar; we can, at least, make the attempt. Dear, beloved Ivar, you must go away from this place for some time; step out of the magic circle, break its power. Augustin, or, if he can not be spared from the duties of his office, David, must take a journey with you; nay, uncle Hercules himself, if we would talk with him about it, would take you with him to his beloved Jemtland, and there feast and hunt bears with you! Alas! that I myself can not travel with you!—”

“God bless you, my sweet, dear Hedvig, for all your traveling companionship. But to hunt bears up in Jemtland with uncle Hercules, is not at all to my taste; and the other traveling companions would be as wearisome to me as I should be to them. You would be the only one, who—but I must not travel now; I have not the money, neither have I—you see, Hedvig; many a time it occurs to me, that I—as Hortense says—am the one who is wrong in this affair; that my suspicions are unfounded, that it is my restless, distrustful temper which is the cause of all the misunderstanding; that she is faithful to me, and will belong to me, marry me, as she says, when I have succeeded in acquiring a more independent position in life. It is, indeed, possible that it is so; that merely my jealous eyes are to blame, and that my demands have been too

great, too unreasonable for a nature such as him. Yes, it is sometimes impossible for me to believe that she is that bold woman which she must be, if she merely decoyed me to—lead me into folly, played with me, and then—cast me off for a richer and more high-bred lover. I can not believe it, and I ought, at all events, to know it of a certainty before—”

“Before what, Ivar?”

“Before I—travel, or at least, leave her and you, and—all! Oh, Hedvig! Oh, my dear, kind sister! if this take the unfortunate turn which I foresee—vindicate my memory! say to people that I was not so foolish, so godless as it appeared; that I once was good, and wished to do good—but no, say nothing;—it is not worth while! What should I care about people’s opinions, if—let them say what they will! Do you only love me, and—forgive me if you can.”

The brother and sister wept together.

Sometimes Ivar irritated himself even by the comfort and the hope that was offered to him.

“Do not attempt to comfort me, Hedvig,” he then would say, impatiently, “and do not fancy that I can be assisted. Never propose to me to go and hunt bears with uncle Herkules, because I then should shoot him or myself. And do not preach to me, because I can not bear it. That which is right and reasonable, or what the world calls so—I know as well as any body. But I have no wish, no inclination for it; and the virtuous, estimable people whom I see going backward and forward in the world like puppets, give me no taste for it either. They are intolerable;—I wish them all at the devil!”

“And me with them!” said Hedvig, smiling, as she endeavored to give a jocular turn to Ivar’s disposition.

“And you—no, not you with them; because you are after all, the best of the lot! and you—you will forgive your poor brother!”

And Hedvig’s hand was again clasped within Ivar’s, and her gentle eyes beamed upon him so warmly and so soothingly.

“And your noble, beautiful thoughts, Ivar, your thoughts for your fellow-creatures, for the well-being of the poor and the oppressed!” said Hedvig sometimes—“you must live, you must raise yourself up for them. He who has any thing so great and good in view, must not, can not be subdued by one single misfortune—”

“I very well understand you, Hedvig,” said Ivar, gloomily, “but that is also in vain. My wishes have been good and kind—I knew that I have had strength and ability which were not common, which might have led me to something great, but—all that has been, it is so no more!—It is past: and my misfortune is, that I am so fearfully clear

about myself, that I no longer can deceive myself as to my condition. It is as if I hovered over my own grave, and saw my corpse lying within it. That woman! O she has bound me hands and feet. And then, if the best should happen, if she still loves me, still might become mine—still I am lost, because she is not that which I believed; she is a wicked woman, a fallen spirit. But I must nevertheless love her—It is my doom and my perdition. The poisoned garment which I wear, which feeds the blood in my veins, I can only tear away with my life.”

“Do not believe it, Ivar!” besought Hedvig, filled with anxiety; “do not believe that old gloomy legend. It is a miserable dream, which you will dissipate if you will only awaken!”

“Why should I not believe that which I know, and which so many have known before me?” replied Ivar; “and why should it fall out so much better with me, than with so many other human beings? Look around you, Hedvig, and you will see many who broke off in the middle of their career, who stumble and fall as if they were smitten by a curse. We see them, we pass them in the streets; we call them ‘wretches,’ and pass them by with indifference, and do not recollect that they once were young, hopeful; until people say that it was their own fault, that they were weak, that they allowed themselves to be misled, and so on; but, Hedvig, human character is wonderfully dissimilar, and there are human beings who seem made to be unfortunate. How unlike are we three brothers! There is Augustin, a soul almost without blemish, brilliant with truth and love. There is Bror, a steady and merry fellow at the same time, whom our Lord must have created in a moment of good-humor, who works like a horse, at his desk with his ledgers, and then dances the galloppe till the sweat drops from him, and his hair flutters up and down. How could such a man ever be any thing but fortunate? And then there am I, with my eternal unrest, with my earnest desire to do something great and perfect, and my inward inability. I am like the wave which the tempest elevates to kiss the heavens, and which is continually cast down again into the abyss. Oh, Hedvig, I have dreamed a beautiful dream;—the redness of the morning was tinged with gold, when I began life, and believed all to be good, and hoped every thing; but—now I have awoken, and it is vanished! I have honestly asked myself, how I could bear that heavy, colorless, joyless life, which I henceforth expect—how I shall manage so as not to be a burden to others as well as to myself. And to this I can find no answer.”

“Let time speak, Ivar, time or—God! He can show us. He can turn evil into

good, and perhaps—yes, I sometimes have a presentiment of it—this misfortune one day into your good.”

“How absurd!” said Ivar, impatiently; “no, the best good fortune which could now happen to me, would be death as soon as possible!”

Sometimes Hedvig let Ivar talk and predict his own ruin, without answering a single word of consolation; she only wept quietly over him, and that dew of love abated the fever in his soul; and Hedvig's opinion of him and his future, was to him, after all, a little ray of light in the dark night.

When the insect passes through its changes, it often seems to struggle much, to suffer much, and it even happens that it sometimes perishes during the process of change. If it passes through it happily, it comes forth in a glorified form. It is not otherwise with the human insect (forgive me, lord of creation!). And it is well when, at the hour of the change, an affectionate eye is present through the struggle, watching and beaming over him, like a warm and bright sunbeam, because it—helps him through!

Ivar's unhappy state of mind, and his violent outbreaks at this time, affected Hedvig deeply; destroying the peace of her days, and her repose at night, but the more warmly did she attach herself to her unfortunate brother, whose sole confidant and consolation she was; and she was unwearied in her endeavors to console and comfort him, and she neglected no means for this purpose, not even the most childish.

It was unfortunate that Ivar did not live in the house, because it then would have been more easy for Hedvig to watch over him; now, however, it was often difficult to find him. Many a day he never came home at all; but if Ivar did not come to Hedvig, then Hedvig went to Ivar, even if it were late in the evening; and neither storm, nor snow, nor darkness, prevented her from this—nor yet Ivar's occasionally severe and repulsive words. She endured it with the dignity and the gentleness of love.

Oh, goodness! There is in the world so much talent, so much ingenuity, prudence, wit, genius, artistical perfection—but goodness—pure, simple, divine goodness! Where is it to be found? Baldur is dead. The good is dead. Wherefore do all beings now shed so many bitter tears? It would not be so if goodness were powerful on earth. Yet if you would know why some people are more beloved than others while they live, are more lamented and missed when they go hence, the answer which is given is, “they were so good.” That they, more than others, approached the original of that life which vanished with the golden age, of that which shall again return with it to earth.

But what did the rest of the family say about Ivar and his condition?

## WHAT WAS SAID IN THE FAMILY ABOUT IVAR.

ENGEL said—nothing, but she wept when she saw Ivar look so agitated, and when she saw Hedvig weep. But her own life, so full of the sunshine of love, took up too much of her thoughts for her fully to dive down into a misery, which she, at all events, only half knew. Besides this, she was at that age, and in that state of mind, in which people “hope for every thing.” She could not comprehend but that all would very soon be right with Ivar.

Göthilda took the business tragically—sometimes called Ivar, “Our Erick the Fourteenth, our Prince Hamlet,” and fancied fearful things. Sometimes she “took it coolly,” and proposed that Ivar should be sent to school to uncle Urbanus, to learn how to become contented and happy. Sometimes she desired to surprise him in some great manner—an earthquake, a shower of moon-stones would have happened very seasonably. She pondered likewise whether she should not sacrifice herself for him; leap into the north stream before his eyes, or go to the “horrible Hortense,” and frighten the life out of her, or frighten her out of the country by giving her up into the hands of the police, by which means she—Göthilda—herself would run the risk of being strangled or stabbed by Ivar, or martyred for him in some way or other. But it was only passingly that she pondered on this. She was steadfast in the conviction that the cold water cure would be the best remedy for Ivar, and she wondered whether a Mentor would be found to counsel this new Telemachus. She pondered likewise a little on uncle Urbanus, for this purpose, but—

“Folly! confounded nonsense and folly!” grumbled uncle Herkulee. “Is a lad like him to fancy that he has a right to disturb a whole house with his whims, and that that angelic Hedvig!—In love? Vieschl Vieschla! Who has not been in love, and been a little foolish, too, in his life? It has happened to the best of us—it has happened to myself! but to turn the world upside down because of it, and look like desolation! That comes of your modern education and your modern theories, and from his having nothing useful to be doing. But I have, the deuce take me, a good mind to read the law to my dear Ivar, that I have, one of these days, so that he shall remember it for a while, and have something to think about! Yes, on my soul, that have I——”

In the mean time, the general went down to his room and let Thor's hammer thunder as if he would smash all small and great witchcraft, singing the while—

The good old times to me are dear,  
The times of Charles now left behind,  
For he was gay as peace of mind,  
And brave as noble warriors are.

"Patience! patience, yet for a while!" said Augustin, consolingly, to Hedvig; "it will, it must go right with Ivar in the end. I have made inquiries, and I am almost sure that Ivar's suspicions of Hortense are well founded, and that it will soon be seen. And then he will—release himself. For, let him say what he will, he is too pure-hearted and noble to love any one whom he must despise, and who deceives him. And when that time comes, then is the time to give him our best support. In the mean while people must have patience with him; must leave him to himself; must let him pour out his own troubles, as you have done. But then, you ought not to be alone in all this. It is too much for you, my sweet Hedvig. Uno, myself, and David, we must consider together how we can best endeavor to divert his mind, and, at all events, leave him as little as possible alone. We must agree upon some plan of operation, because Ivar's state of mind will become more desperate as the crisis approaches. And then, Gerda will be here in a few weeks, and I expect much from her influence with Ivar; both are musical; both a little eccentric in their ideas, and they were life and soul to each other in childhood. They have many feelings in common. I hope much from Gerda. And you, my sweet, good Hedvig, do not look so dejected, so anxious, else—I shall be obliged to dance before you."

Bror said—nay, Göthilda first said to Bror, one day—

"Bror, you ought also to try what you can do to take care of our 'Prince Erick'—because if Erick the Fourteenth had been properly taken care of, looked after and advised by his relations, he would certainly not have committed all the horrible murders which ended in his becoming mad. And Ivar may likewise go mad if we do not take him in hand. And you, who are both good and wise, ought to give him your brotherly advice and admonition."

Bror shrugged his shoulders and looked dismal.

"What would you have," said he; "that a Philistine—because Ivar regards me as such an one—should venture to touch that sacred ark—his inner world? I should be slain in the attempt."

"Yes, but you ought, nevertheless, to attempt it," returned Göthilda; "you ought at least to go and visit him now and then. Little brother can really pay his respects to big brother, and at the same time give him a little good advice."

"Advice! Little brother to big brother!" said Bror, and shook his head thoughtfully. "But—very well. I will try to talk rationally with him. Nothing worse can happen to me than that he should become angry and give me a box on the ear, and I should be glad to receive two at his hand if he would only come to his sound senses again."

"You are my own generous heart's-brother!" said Göthilda.

A few days afterward Bror came home one morning looking very much excited, and desired Göthilda to give him a glass of spirits—"something that would strengthen the stomach or the nerves, by all means."

"What is amiss with you? What has happened? You look so strangely," said Göthilda, quite ill with the sight.

"Ay, indeed! I have fulfilled my brotherly duties according to your wishes. Yes, it did not do much good. Don't you see paint on my coat! there on my back!"

"Not the least. But, Bror, what does all this mean?"

"It means that I, this morning, summoned courage and went, according to your good advice, to pay a morning visit to my brother Ivar. He was in his studio, and was standing, when I entered, with his back turned toward me, and was daubing—a nose I fancy—painted, of course.

"Good morning," I said.

"I received only a grumbling for an answer, and a half turning of the neck for a salutation.

"I will seat myself, thought I to myself, although nobody asks me; so I sat down on the only chair which I saw unoccupied.

"Beautiful weather to-day," said I, to begin the conversation.

"No answer. It is very entertaining, thought I, and pondered for awhile upon what I should begin with. At length I said—

"How are you?"

"No answer for half a minute, and then a stiff 'What now!'

"Why, I only asked," said I, 'because I fancied that you were not well.'

"No answer, only a sort of angry sound which was to represent, 'the devil take you!'

"Our prince is not in the best of tempers to-day, thought I, but that shall not deter me, and I began again:—

"You should take a little more exercise, I think, Ivar."

"But look you, he turned round at that, and gazed at me with a glance that went through me, and might have driven me right through the wall, if I had not steadied myself. But I now summoned up my courage, and said—

"My dear Ivar, you really look so strange and so wild that I, and we all, are troubled about you, and I must really most solemnly beg of you to consider—"

"My dear brother," said Ivar, interrupting me, and placing himself opposite to me, with a flaming countenance, and his pallet in one hand, his pencil, like a spear, in the

other, 'I shall just as solemnly beg of you that you will trouble yourself about your own concerns and not mine; and not come and tease me with any such nonsense——'

"'Nonsense!' said I, and became a little excited.

"'Yes, nonsense, and nothing else,' said he. And then we went at it, one saying one thing, and the other something else, till we stood, with our faces as red as two turkey-cocks, opposite each other, and Ivar all the time with that confounded pallet of oil-colors in his hand, coming nearer and nearer, so that I, in dread of having it wiped upon my coat, made a hasty turn, and was off through the door. And I shall not be in a hurry to go there again, at least to give advice. No, that I am not fit for. That was what I got for the fulfillment of my brotherly duties."

Göthilda laughed till the tears ran down her face at her brother's relation, and lastly he laughed heartily with her at his unlucky expedition. If, however, any sensitive reader is offended at this, and finds fault with their hearts, we must take their part. They were carried away by youth, that was all. Neither had they a clear apprehension of Ivar's state of mind. Afterward, when they more clearly perceived what it was, they did not laugh. And yet the tragic and comic often stand so close to each other in this life, that people, with minds open for both, have sometimes a difficulty not to cry and laugh almost at the same time.

"Only bad digestion, my dear friend," said aunt Queen Bee; "believe me, for I understand these things. What is the diet he is fond of? Sweet things, tarts, and such trash, forenoon and afternoon. Sister Hedvig has actually spoiled him, both temper and stomach. Bad tempers of this kind proceed from the stomach. He must drink Saischütze for a week, and afterward, for a month, a decoction for purifying the blood; he must eat his meals regularly, and go to bed early; and not go about, as he does, to masked balls, and such things, till late in the night. If he will take medicine and diet himself for some weeks, then we shall see. You may believe me."

But aunt Queen Bee knew not of the deeper causes of Ivar's melancholy, and therefore none of the initiated put any faith in aunt Queen Bee's wise counsel.

"Do you know, Stolt," said Maja, one evening, as she sat mending stockings in the maid-servants' room, to Stolt, who was doing something to the general's clothes by the same tallow candle—"do you know, Stolt, that things are beginning to look badly with Mr. Ivar. He looks so grave, and there is neither rest nor quiet in him; he used formerly to be so gay, and one heard him singing every time he came home. God knows what is come to him, but it is plain enough

to see that he struggles and suffers a deal. And I have been very anxious about him for a long time."

"He ought to go into the wars," said Stolt. "He should go out into a shower of balls, and the smoke of gunpowder; then he would be merry enough again. I was never so merry as when I was in the war, although we often came off badly enough, and did not know one hour if our heads would sit quiet on our shoulders the next. But it was just that which kept one's head up. And merry comrades has one in the field, which enlivens one's spirits. I had the late Glad for my comrade. He was like my other self. Where I was, there was he; and where he was, there was I; and we always went together into battle; and 'Stolt and Glad' were a firm of which the enemy was not very fond, that I declare. But all the comrades liked Glad. He was the best lad in the whole regiment, and we stood one by the other as our two masters—the two brothers Herkules—did at that time. And since Glad and I parted—because, after the war in Finland, he remained there with his master, when I followed mine into Sweden—yes, since he parted from me, I have never been in a right good humor. He was always merry—had always something funny to say. I never knew what wearisomeness was when I was with him."

"You should have married, Mr. Stolt," said Hannah, in her sharp and rather sarcastic tone, "and then your life would have been more entertaining, and you, perhaps, have been more entertaining to yourself, than you are now."

"That I might easily have been if I would," replied Stolt, proudly. "But I know the women, and have kept myself free from that trouble. Women are, after all—women!"

"Indeed," said Hannah, "and men are, after all, men, however odd that may be. But perhaps the women kept themselves free from you, Mr. Stolt. Do you know the look of a basket, Mr. Stolt?"

Without seeming to hear the sarcastic question, Stolt turned to Maja, and said, "Yes, if I had liked, I might have lived in ease and comfort ever since the peace—upon my laurels, as people say—because, after I got the wound in the Norwegian war, which unfitted me for service, I had a pension both from my king and my general, so that I might have settled down in peace, upon my laurels, as people say. But, you see, I never could forget what my general was to me in the war—how he, many a time, fared badly himself, that I might be better off, both for food and warmth, because I was only a lad in the first war in which we

\* To receive a basket, is a phrase equivalent to being a rejected lover.—TRANSE.

were together, and much younger than he, and could not bear so much; and how he was a father to me, and once saved my life at the risk of his own; no, I could not forget that, and I could not get on well if I did not see his face and hear his voice every day; so after I had spent three weeks in that sort of pleasant life, I left it, and went to my general, and told him that I would serve him, come what might, to be with him. And so I became his servant, as a volunteer of course, and for so long as I will. And all that I do for him and his horses, I do with all my heart. But that waiting at table is not one of my affairs, and does not suit me, especially since the general has placed himself in such a large family; and I would very willingly be excused from it, though I am very willing to stand behind my general's chair and the young ladies, and like to see them all; and so one day goes on after another, and—it goes."

"Ah, yes, depend upon it, every thing goes, provided there is plenty of friendship!" said Maja, with emotion. "Friendship makes every thing easy, and it is—so blessedly fine, so feeling-full."

Hannah laughed, and said—

"And how affecting and how greasy that feeling-full is. It was certainly out of that blessed fullness of feeling that Mr. Stolt, the other day, threw the melted butter over Miss Göthilda, till she had a complete pancake in her hair?"

"No," answered Stolt calmly, "that was caused by the wound which I have in my shoulder, and which makes me unable to present my weapon, and even to wait properly at table, because I can not lift my arms as I would. But so long as they like to have me, I have nothing to say against it. I shall stand at my post till somebody comes and releases me."

"You are very honorable and very good, Stolt, that is certain," said Maja warmly, and much pleased with Stolt, but much displeased with Hannah.

"A man should do his duty equally in peace as in war!" said Stolt calmly.

"And the noble duties of war," returned Hannah, who was in a spirit of warfare against Stolt, whose gentleness at this moment seemed still more to excite her; "the noble duties of war consist in slaying your neighbor, or in stealing his goods, and doing him as much mischief as possible."

"No!" replied Stolt, with more acrimony in glance and tone than hitherto; "not his neighbor, but the enemy of his king and country. Yes, a man may slay hundreds of such, and nevertheless not have a drop of blood on his conscience, but keep it as pure as an innocent child's. Not that I wish to praise war. I know that many wicked things occur in it, and that many sufferings are caused by it. And though a man may at

first keep his hands clean from plunder and wickedness, yet if it continues long he gets savage, and does not know what he does. That I know by myself. I remember, one day, how I had been out with a foraging-party and had got nothing, and came home to quarters as hungry as a wolf. Then I saw my Glad, sitting and enjoying himself over a beautiful cabbage-soup which he had in a dish before him. I went without ceremony and seated myself beside him, took out my spoon, and began to eat with him. But on that he grinned quite savagely at me, and dragged the dish to himself. I dragged the dish back to me and grumbled at him, and then he dragged and I dragged, and then he grumbled and I grumbled, till we were ready to come to blows. But when I raised my hand to his head he burst out a-laughing, for he had the whole time only been making fun of me. But I scolded him for it, because it might very easily have gone wrong. And by that one can see that war may make a man quite savage. But I know not that I ever intentionally did wrong to either friend or foe. I can sleep calmly, and I do not know what remorse is. God be gracious to him who can not say so!"

Stolt did not look at Hannah as he said these words; but there was something in them that struck her, and to conceal it she said, "Oh, goodness, gracious! That is not so bad; either. Every body is not—so full of feeling!"

"All the worse for them!" said Stolt, raising himself up, and fixing a severe and keen glance on the giddy girl, whose hardness excited him. "Better be full of feeling than without feeling; and woe to him who is hardened!"

Hannah grew pale; and, turning her back, she threw the snuffers which she held in her hand on the table, till the snuffs flew out of them on Maja's lap, and with a jeering laugh she skipped out of the room.

"She ought never to have come into the house!" said Stolt; "and she ought to leave it as soon as possible. She is a bad character."

"Don't talk so, dear Stolt," besought Maja, crimsoning deeply, and with tears in her eyes. "She is still so young, and has been long in bad company. She may perhaps be good when she has been as long among good people."

"Yes, but I hardly think so," said Stolt. "I know what women are. I will lay any wager that it is such a piece of goods as that, which has put Mr. Ivar into such a state of bewilderment and confusion, and which has caused all his misfortune."

"No," said Maja, who had but little *esprit de corps*, "and a deal of good-humor: 'I will lay a wager that it will be another such a one which will come to bring his good luck. You know the proverb, Stolt,

that a man must find his remedy where he has taken his bane.' Hi—hi—hi—hi!"

"Hannah ought to leave the house, and all women ought to be sent out of the world; there will be no peace till then, and no remedy either," said Stolt.

"Dear Stolt, how can you talk so foolishly!" said Maja.

Thus did they talk about Ivar and his condition in the family. We reckon the servants as belonging to the family; and it would have done badly without them.

In accordance with Augustin's "plan of operation," Ivar was from this time much more under the care of his friends, and this was good for him, and especially for Hedvig. A time of comparative peace succeeded in the family.

The days and the weeks passed on as they usually do in the winter-time at Stockholm with families of moderate incomes, and who go but little out into the world. Now and then a ball for the young people, now and then a visit to the theater, now and then a sapper, which nowadays are very different, and no comparison quieter and better than they were twenty years ago, diversified the monotony of their daily life; for the rest they were thrown upon their own resources; and in this capital there assuredly exist dissensions between family and family.

"Calm, but wearisome," might be the motto of every-day life of a great many families in the North, during long periods. The evenings—the time of shadows—are long with us, and none can escape from their dominion. The inclination of life to drowsiness and sleep is felt, more or less, at certain times, by every one. Perhaps it is a good, a merciful institution—this slumbrous state of life. When the bear sleeps in his winter den he knows no longings, no wants; he knows not that the snow falls, that the storm raves; perceives not the long winter, its darkness and its frost. Yet "watch!" says the gospel, and no living soul can long sleep in this way. And we firmly and fully believe that there exists in man the power to make the time of twilight one of morning twilight, or evening twilight, for his whole life.

Natural philosophers tell us that the earth of Sweden slowly elevates itself—from those southern woods where the nightingales sing, up to the northern cliffs, where the midnight sun shines upon never-melted snow, this breast elevates itself, through night, through day, through summer, through winter, incessantly and silently (about four feet in each century) from some unknown cause, or, as is presumed, from subterranean fire.

And that which the earth does ought man indeed to imitate in his own way, through the night, through the day, through the winter, through the summer, even during

the time of twilight, even during—"calm and weariness."

In the Dalberg family there had properly been neither calm nor weariness for many years, since the members of the family had been all together, and their dispositions and their dissimilar gifts had had room for exercise. And if here and there weeds grew up with the wheat, yet there was growth and activity in the meantime. The one, who, without question, was the most active in the house, was General Herkules—he liked winter, and was then more lively than at any other time in the year. On market days he went out early in the morning into the market, watched the people buy and sell; talked with the old women about their wares and their prices, and merry words and accompanying jokes and laughter failed not on either side. When the peasantry from Norrland came down in their sledges with birds, and linen, and furs, he always got into warm conversation and bargaining with these people whom he particularly liked, for their strong minds and good-humored repartee; he called them by preference "countrymen." And on these mornings he commonly returned home with a brace of black cocks, or half a dozen ptarmigans, or grouse, in his pocket.

"Here have I now again shot something for you, Hedvig!" exclaimed he, holding up the beautiful grouse before Hedvig, who looked heartily delighted, and praised Uncle Herkules' sportsman-like skill.

Sometimes also the general would go out to the chase himself, and, taking with him merely a piece of bread in one pocket and his Ossian in the other, he would call his two dogs Hopp and Hej, which leaped about wild with joy, in a thousand gambols, and commonly remained out during the whole day. If, toward evening, he came home with a hare or some other kind of game, he was in the very best of humors, and whistled one merry tune after another. If, however, he returned empty-handed, he was silent, sometimes rather gloomy, and would have a game at "fool" to enliven him. Once he persuaded Ivar to accompany him to the chase, but it remained to be the first and the last time. Göthilda believed that "Samiel" must have revealed himself to them on this occasion, so entirely empty-handed and so ill, or rather evil-tempered, did they both of them come home.

On other occasions the general visited the artisans in their workshops, and taught them—for the general was fond of teaching—how they should manage; and took under his own charge their private and public affairs, and the management of their societies. He himself gained much knowledge in this way, he said, and the one who always listened with pleasure and attention to uncle Herkules' learning on these subjects, was Augustin.

"Yes, yes, my dear brother, Augustin,"

said the general, sometimes, "such knowledge as that people won't readily find in books! You read too much, Augustin; you always bring home too many books. You will become a regular bookworm, I am afraid. That will not do any good in practical life."

Augustin only smiled—that beautiful, angelic smile!—never disputed with uncle Herkules, but always contrived to bring home books of every sort, and sate, in the afternoon in the corner of his sofa, while uncle Herkules took his glass, and peeped into them, and glanced at the pictures and at his sisters, and "enjoyed life."

Almost every day, about noon, the general rode out for an hour, either upon Svartklippar or Svanhvit, his two riding-horses. And when he had come out through the gate into the street, he always looked up to the windows, and waved and nodded to the two young girls, who—especially Gôthilda—liked very much to see uncle Herkules on horseback. And he looked very stately on horseback, the old general; and particularly so, when before Gôthilda's dark eyes, Svanhvit or Svartklippar made all sorts of curvets, and at last set off at a magnificent gallop.

Hedvig's daily, silent walk did not look so magnificent, but it was her custom—a good custom, and gave soul and body that which they needed most—fresh air.

The days went on—the rooks came—the heralds of spring in Sweden; here and there a lark already sang its lays above the icy lakes; the gilly-flower budded and diffused its fragrance in the window-gardens of home, and out of doors, in the streets of Stockholm, the dirt was altogether disagreeable. Spring was actually approaching—the time for Engel's wedding, for Gerda's arrival—the time when the bear wakes out of his sleep, and the fetters are removed from the mind of many a one, who with the milder air breathes, in anticipation, all sorts of approaching delights. It was now only March, but in the home of the Dalbergs it was often said, "Gerda will soon come!" in the same tone which people are accustomed to say "Spring will soon be here."

### GERDA COMES.

"GERDA!" joyfully exclaimed Augustin, one day, as he looked out of the window. A traveling carriage had drawn up before the house, and a young head, with light-colored ringlets, was turned up toward the window, with eagerly inquiring glances. Augustin sprang down the steps, and Gerda rushed out of the carriage into his arms. The next moment she stood in the midst of her brothers and sisters, laughing and crying at the same time, embracing, kissing, and intermingling terms of endearment with

nicknames. That was a tempest, but a summer tempest, when the wind is warm, and the rain and the sunshine play amid the cloud. And, as in the storms of summer the leafy branches and brilliant flowers enrich each other, playfully, caressingly, and chastisingly in affection, so was it in this family meeting.

When the storm had lulled itself, they must examine one another; must again become perfectly acquainted with each other by the light of reflection and understanding. The feelings—the swift-footed—had, as usual, come first.

The brothers and sisters contemplated Gerda with a joyful surprise. They had not expected her to be so handsome, so vigorous, so brilliant in appearance as they found her. She was no longer now the undeveloped and ungraceful young girl who had left them five years ago; she was now, at two-and-twenty, the well-grown young woman, to whom life unfolds itself in its luxuriant, perfected bloom.

Her figure, which was slender and delicate, was of the noblest proportion, and her hands and arms were of rare comeliness the most distinguishing beauty of her countenance consisted in its soul and expression. A trace of restless melancholy, which cast a shadow upon her open forehead, was not at this moment observable, when joy and smiling affection beamed around the youthful, but determined mouth, and in her beautiful eyes—eyes as full of soul, as bright, as energetic and clear as the coloring of the spring heavens, as the song of the youth of Upsala, as we fancy those of Valkyria, when, mounted on her winged horse, she bears the fallen heroes up to the halls of Valhalla. The delicate, easily-expanding nostrils, which seemed to wish to inhale life with vigor, and the action of the head beneath the crown of golden hair, gave, at times, a proud expression to her carriage. But it was pride without arrogance. So, at least, it now seemed to the brothers and sisters.

"Do people grow so handsome at G——?" exclaimed Bror, after he had attentively observed Gerda. "Gôthilda, shall you and I go and take lodgings there? What do you think about it?"

"Ah, people grow a great deal handsomer in Stockholm," replied Gerda, laughing. "Engel, Gôthilda, how tall they have grown. And you, Augustin, and you, Hedvig, how much you are alike. Sweet, dear brothers and sisters. I fancied I had forgotten what it was to be really happy, really warm in one's soul, since I left you. Now again I know what it is. Ah, how good it is, how delightful. Now I will not again leave you," continued she, and waltzed round with Augustin. "Now I must remain with you if I am to be happy."

"Think what you are saying!" said Au-

gustin, holding her fast, and looking into her eyes with a half joking and a half grave glance—"You, a bride elect—shall I tell that to Sigurd?"

"With all my heart—with all my heart," replied Gerda.

"Good," said Augustin, smiling; "then there is no danger for him. But—when shall we see Sigurd?"

"He will come later in the evening. He wished first to see mamma safely established in her quarters. But I could not wait, I must see you the first thing, dear brothers and sisters."

"And your wedding, Gerda,—that is to be early in May?"

"Yes—so they say; but,—let us talk about something else! Hedvig! how good she looks, and how handsome, Augustin! She looks as if she had made peace with all the world, and only lived to be glad in the gladness of others, and to weep with those who wept. Those good, affectionate, sincere eyes!—"

"She is," said Augustin, "a sister in the deepest and most beautiful signification of the word; a sister to all who come near her. And such a sister as that is a blessing."

"There is no dissatisfaction within her soul," continued she as she contemplated her sister,—“she is perfect—she is in harmony with herself. Happy she; but Ivar—Augustin—what is amiss with our poor Ivar? I no longer recognize him; he does not look happy—there is something about him so gloomy, so forlorn. What is amiss with Ivar, Augustin?"

"We will talk about Ivar another time," said Augustin, "when we can go into the affair. I have hoped much from your coming, for Ivar. What do you think about Engel? Has not she grown?"

"Oh, how sweet she is. Altogether dearest, sweet, and lovely. And she looks so happy!" and Gerda heaved a sigh.

The entrance of General Herkules interrupted the conversation of the brother and sister. He too would have his share of the newly-arrived guest, and quickly took a lion's share; when, after having seen the way in which she received his salutation, and answered the questions which he liked to put to people to try them, he remarked that "there was metal in the girl;" and besides that, he liked her exterior and her manners.

In the evening he would have Gerda to sit beside him, and she still more won his favor by her manner of listening, smiling, and answering. When, however, the general began to question her, and to joke her in various ways about her lover, the wedding, and so on, Gerda became almost silent, cold in her manner, and seemed not at all to enjoy it. On the contrary, she became all the more lively when the conversation turned

upon the recollections of her own and her brothers' and sisters' childhood; recollections which they had in common, the pleasant, the sad, the merry; when they gave the reins to their enjoyment, as people only can do in the family circle, in merry talk, joke, sallies of wit, sense and nonsense; in laughter, that laughter which in its excess ends in tears; that laughter which makes people fancy that they shall be ill, but which is so wholesome. Gerda was the most unrestrained of them all, and the most full of merry folly. In the midst of this universal gladness and fun, which uncle Herkules enjoyed with patriarchal pleasure, Sigurd entered.

He was a tall, handsome man, that is to say, he would have been handsome had not a certain sharpness of feature, a certain self-sufficiency in his demeanor, and a certain severity in glance and expression, produced an effect which operated against the regularity of his features and person.

His entrance occasioned a hasty silence, then a general rising. He was welcomed by Gerda's brothers and sisters without any particular pleasure, but at the same time with a frank cordiality, and uncle Herkules clasped him in his lion embrace, and placed him on his left hand, opposite to Gerda.

"Because," said he, "I have made a vow to part lovers; they ought never to be allowed to sit together, for then one can never get either a word or a glance from them—I know them;" and he cast a knowing look at Uno and Engel.

Sigurd fixed his keen eyes upon Gerda, but she avoided meeting them. Altogether, a great change had come over her from the moment that Sigurd entered the room, and this was more and more perceptible every moment; she became silent, the crimson glow on her cheek faded away, and her whole being seemed as if stiffened.

Sigurd, on the contrary, talked a deal and talked well, although rather dictatorially, and with a stern voice. He spoke with knowledge and interest on many subjects, and Augustin purposely drew him out. General Herkules, however, had evidently less pleasure in listening to him, and left the table as soon as politeness would allow him to do so.

Augustin took Gerda's hand when they rose from the table; it was cold; he looked at her inquiringly. She attempted to smile, but the smile was constrained and melancholy. Her soul seemed as if bound by some evil witchcraft.

During the conversation which took place after supper, she, however, became more cheerful. Augustin introduced a subject which was discussed in the newspapers of the day, and which had reference to one of those societies for the protection and oversight of the poor, which are beginning to be so general in Sweden among the wealthy,

and in which men and women go hand in hand in such a noble spirit, to assist the common good work. On hearing of this Gerda's countenance beamed; her eyes flashed, while tears started into them, and enthusiastic words escaped from her lips.

"How beautiful it must be so to live, and so to labor for our native land! Even if a person were humble—"

The words were as if arrested on her lips, because her warm glance had involuntarily sought for that of Sigurd, and a scornful smile, an artificial yawn, met her eye, together with a jest from him about "the philanthropic fascinations of ladies," but that they ought to remember Mrs. Leungren's advice to her daughter—

Let dress employ thee head and hand;  
To the needle let thy thoughts be given,  
For trust me, child, our native land,  
Needs not our care, with care of Heaven!

Gerda blushed, and was silent. But Ivar, who was easily irritated, took up the affair for her, and spoke some angry words.

Sigurd made a cold, satirical, and somewhat haughty reply.

Ivar, on this, drew himself up for battle, but Augustin interrupted it by asking Gerda to sing.

The two combatants cast a dark glance the one at the other, and from this an antipathy sprang up between them.

Gerda, in the mean time, had risen and gone to the piano, with a pale cheek, and suppressed tears. But when she had struck a few notes by way of prelude, and in such a manner as betrayed at once the accomplished musician, she began to sing as if she would breathe forth the suppressed feelings and thoughts of her soul in the tones she uttered. It was the song of Jephtha's daughter, in which she bewails with her companions, her joy and her young life, before she is sacrificed.

All listened, almost amazed at the power of her song; because the expression of the soul, still more than the energetic strength and purity of her voice, gave to it its power of fascination. Hedvig and Augustin sat, pale with emotion and delight. General Herkules wept.

Sigurd evidently enjoyed the astonishment of the others, as much as the song itself.

"I have allowed her to have the best masters which money could obtain!" said he. "And now, with a month's instruction from Berg, I think that she really will be perfect."

Gerda now began to sing Swedish ballads, the simple, fresh, heart-felt ballads of Geijer and Lindblad, and sung them as delightfully, and with as much naïveté and heart, as she had sung that higher song grandly and powerfully.

And now all eyes were full of tears of delight. After these she sang the people's

songs; merry, laughing, peasant-songs, and these she sang merrily, as if with the excess of joy.

And now every body was obliged to laugh.

"Nay! I never can stand that!" exclaimed General Herkules, "I must have you in my arms, the deuce I must!"

And so he had. And Gerda embraced him, laughing, and was greatly delighted to have thus pleased her brothers and sisters, and uncle Herkules. She now called upon Ivar to sing with her. Ivar, who for the last several months had disregarded all music, and had almost forgotten that nature had gifted him with a beautiful voice, was persuaded by Gerda to sing duets with her, and astonished himself by finding how well they succeeded, and how well they sounded.

"Thanks, brother!" exclaimed Gerda, warmly, as she rose up and embraced Ivar, "you sing beautifully. O, we must often sing together. Thus to live and to breathe together in harmony—nothing can be more delightful on earth!"

A cold, stabbing glance on this silenced her delight, and Sigurd, approaching her, said—

"It is getting late. We must go home!" Gerda pretended, however, not to hear this, and, turning away from him, began to talk merrily with her sisters and brothers.

On this, Sigurd approached her from another side, and, with stern, commanding glances, indicated to her that she should take leave; after which, turning round with a sort of untroubled defiance, she continued to talk, but not without a certain nervousness in manner and glance.

"Gerda—my sweet love!—Sigurd wishes to go—I fancy!"—at length said Hedvig, who, with some anxiety, saw what was going on.

"Let him go, then!" replied Gerda, saucily; "we are not yet man and wife—and one of my brothers can go home with me. I want to stay a little longer with you now."

"But his mother, perhaps, expects you—and he looks so much displeased. You had better now be a well-behaved little bride!"

"I have no inclination to be so this evening. But if you wish it, Hedvig, I will go—I would go this moment, even if it were to—Siberia. And—it is, perhaps, not so very far from there!"

"What do you say, my sweet child?"

"Only good night! And that I love you so much, and that I long for to-morrow, when I may see you again—your good, dear eyes! And I shall pin my collar on crookedly, that I may hear you say, as you used to do, 'My sweet love, your collar is crooked!'—Ah! those dear times when I heard it every day, and when we wept and laughed together—"

And Gerda now wept at the recollection, and then she embraced and kissed the beloved, maternal sister, and again and again took leave, amid the jokes and laughter of the rest, spite of Sigurd's dark and impatient glances.

"If you were Sigurd, and I were Gerda, I should refuse you, that I would have you know!" said Göthilda to Bror, when they were gone.

"And if you disliked me, as Gerda dislikes Sigurd, I would not have you for any money, that I would have you know!" said Bror to Göthilda.

"That is a confoundedly fine girl! that Gerda!" exclaimed General Herkules. "And what eyes she has, like a Valkyria, a regular Amazon, the deuce take me! And how she sings! The like of her I have never heard. Him—the bridegroom elect, I don't much like. But—as Bror says, people must not dispute about likings and tastes—although I didn't think that she seemed to be so confoundedly fond of him either. But we must have a betrothal feast for this couple, Hedvig, as we are not to have the wedding. Do you hear?"

"How will it succeed?" said Hedvig and Augustin to each other, the first time they were alone.

Augustin shook his head.

"It will not succeed!" said he; "they are not suited for each other; and Sigurd has, as he used to have, a manner toward Gerda which is neither happy nor agreeable."

"And she," said Hedvig, "is evidently unhappy, and under constraint before him, and is afraid of him sometimes, spite of her apparent defiance. Ah! they two can never be happy together."

"I fear they can not," said Augustin; "and it makes me very uneasy about Gerda. She has a warm heart, and is richly endowed by nature; she really strikes me as something quite uncommon. Of Sigurd I know but little; but I have never been very fond of him. He is considered as a man of good character and good abilities. Gerda has, I fancy, actually loved him, but he has already drawn the reins too tight with her. And she may, perhaps, have too little gentleness; she should take lessons from you, my Hedvig. Perhaps, also, he irritates her by his manner, and that all the fault is his. We must closely watch them, Hedvig, now that we have them so near at hand. And if this marriage would make Gerda unhappy then—it must be broken off, before it is too late. We have here a home to offer her."

"Yes, thank God, that we have! And how delightful it would be to have her here with us, especially now that Engel will be leaving us so soon! But to break a bond which nine years' benefits and habit have

knit; to give up her who, for nine years has been her mother, and him to whom she has been betrothed nearly seven years, and that just at the moment when they expect her to become theirs forever; poor Gerda! It will be a hard struggle."

"The struggle is already there—in her heart, that is evident," said Augustin; "she is in a state of inward warfare against her fate, and against those who seem to have such absolute power over it. We must endeavor to put an end to the combat—she must become free, or submit herself; in some way she must be placed in harmony with herself and her lot. As it now is, that will not be done at the altar. This union would be a fearful lie, and it seems to me that Gerda herself knows it."

"But to-morrow we will go and pay our respects to the lady mother, and then we will more closely take a survey of the family. Only think that we—you and I, Hedvig—should become spies! People find themselves in extraordinary circumstances in this world, without their knowing a word about it."

The brother and sister laughed, and separated for the night.

The following day, they two went to pay a morning visit to Gerda's "lady mother," or rather "aunt Juliana."

She was a lady with a pale complexion; a large nose of the aquiline kind; eyes, which resembled her son's in glance and expression; and a demeanor which, while it inspired respect, had in it something depressing. She looked stern and exacting, but not toward herself.

At the moment when the brother and sister entered, there was a certain sunshine on her countenance. Her son was just come home, and had brought with him some presents for Gerda, more showy than tasteful; and both mother and son were pleasing themselves by adorning her with them. All this looked well, and Gerda's lovely, grateful expression, bore witness to her warm feelings. Happy they were not—that Hedvig saw clearly; she saw that Gerda endeavored to seem glad and happy, and that the feelings of gratitude were attended by some others—but not by delight. Aunt Juliana and her son were evidently more pleased with the presents, and with displaying them to her brother and sister, than Gerda was. After this, they talked about their plans for visiting the city; about where they should go, and what they should see. Gerda was to take some lessons; to go to some balls, and see some sights, and to look about her in the great world. Gerda said little, and looked at her brother and sister as if she would have said—

"Oh! I would much rather be only with you!"

But she did not say it.

Some days passed on. Whenever Gerda could, she was with her family. With them she was happy—with them she was joyful often to excess; and with them she seemed to wish to forget herself and her future, about which she never would talk.

"I have had so little youth; I have been so rarely merry for many years!" she said one day; "just let me be free and happy for a moment—before the bondage comes. Hush, hush!—don't let us think—don't let us speak—about these affairs!"

Gerda's influence on Ivar was beneficial. She soon became his confidante, and knew how, by means of music and conversation of general interest, to snatch him, for long periods, from the influence of the demons which tormented him. The brother and sister found many points of union between themselves in the interest they felt for the beautiful ideas of the age; in their mode of conceiving of life and art. From the fire of Gerda's inspiration were again kindled within Ivar's breast the warm, beautiful thoughts of a life devoted to these objects.

"If I could only disentangle myself; if I could only free myself from their fetters," said he sometimes, "then I would still—But—it is impossible!"

Gerda practiced Ivar's beautiful voice, and it was a delight to hear them sing together. And soon the singers became many. David, the friend of their youth, had also a good voice, was musical; and now not merely duets, but trios, and, with Augustin, quartets were sung in the Dalberg family, to the great delight of their auditors.

Gerda had really a musical genius; she composed music also—delightful melodies—and irresistibly carried along with her the dilettanti whose talents were elevated, and, as it were, inspired by hers.

That Gerda's musical genius inspired David with another feeling besides admiration, was suspected by no one at present—least of all by herself; and therefore she indulged all the more unhesitatingly in that familiar intercourse, which their old acquaintance, and the young man's amiable character and demeanor so naturally induced.

The one, however, who had his eyes open to these duets and trios, was Sigurd, who soon placed such impediments in the way of Gerda's spending much time with her brothers and sisters, as called up a stormy cloud in her heaven. In particular, she was not to be any evening later from home than eight o'clock. At that hour, Mrs. Juliana had her three-handed game, and Gerda must be there to be one of the party. Sigurd himself seldom neglected to be the third. If Gerda did not come home precisely at the moment; if she delayed her return only a quarter of an hour, she had to encounter severe looks, reproofs, and lectures on duty, both from the lady mother and her son; then

Gerda would weep, beg pardon, and be un- happy, and became every day more uncertain in her behavior to her lover.

Her brothers and sisters often could see, by her eyes, that she had wept; often could see the secret disquiet of her mind. But her lips were sealed as to the cause of it, or she merely touched upon it by a passing, indifferent expression, and always evaded going into any particulars on the subject.

It was gratitude; it was piety which sealed Gerda's lips. But we, who are unprevented by such feelings toward Mrs. Juliana and her son, will go somewhat more particularly into the circumstances of the case, which were the grounds of the misunderstanding of which our brothers and sisters, and our readers, have already become aware.

At the time of the great necessities of the Dalberg family, Mrs. Juliana—the half-sister of the elder Mr. Dalberg—paid them a visit, and heard the young Gerda, then fifteen, sing. In part, pleasure in the young girl's singing and lively demeanor, and in part a desire to do a good action, led her to offer to take the young promising Gerda, and bring her up as her own child. The offer was gratefully received by the father, who was much straitened in his circumstances. And Gerda—she wept violently at the thought of giving up her father and her brothers and sisters. But the world, the great, rich, beautiful world, revealed itself before her, so wonderfully, so enticingly! She had hitherto never been from home, never had traveled, never once seen an inn; and she was not merely to see *one* such remarkable sight, but many—because she was to travel with aunt Juliana—and beside this, to see many cities, rivers, mountains, new provinces, and new people. Her head almost turned with delight. And what letters, what diaries would she not write about all these things home to her brothers and sisters!

At the first inn—the first remarkable station on her journey into the world—she could scarcely sleep at night, because then, at half-past three in the morning, she would get up to watch the sun rise, out of the skylight in the roof.

The sun—which is seldom favorable to these gettings up in a morning to see him rising—ascended, in the meantime, amid clouds, and so also did Gerda's life's sun, in whose bright ascending she would now have so much rejoiced.

Mrs. Juliana had been possessed of property, but had lost it through the fault of others. With estimable strength of mind, she had again placed herself in easy circumstances, by keeping a large boarding-school. Her son became the teacher in it, and assisted her faithfully. A large inheritance, which they might look forward to with certainty in a few years, made their prospects very good for the future. In the meantime, they labor-

ed with the utmost industry at their calling, and had their reward.

When Gerda came under their protection, or rather under their discipline, she could not understand how it was that she felt herself to be so inexpressibly unhappy. Full of gratitude and devotion, she wished to do every thing for those who had adopted her, and who so evidently wished her well. But Mrs. Juliana and her son belonged to that class of people to whom nobody can give their entire affection without being punished for it. The more the young enthusiastic girl gave in love, in service, in industry, and attention, all the more was required from her. And every fault, every oversight, was punished, now with endless sermons, now with penances, now with that silent lowering weather which weighs like a heavy firmament of lead on the head of him upon whom it falls, and which to warm-hearted natures is worse than a strait-waistcoat. Gerda, it is true, had her faults and failings; she had those which belong to a rich, an ardent, but an ill-regulated character, which has grown up with all its foibles. She had, however, good desires without bounds; great powers of mind, and if they had been rightly directed by the people whom she loved, the combat would have been easy and joyful to her. It was, however, by a perpetual fault-finding, humiliation, discipline, and chastisement, that her education had been managed. With thousands of tears, with feelings often of actual despair, had the young girl struggled to overcome her faults, and to possess herself of those virtues and qualities which they wished her to possess. For a long time she was not able to discover any faults in the people whom she loved, and whom she regarded as the ideal of perfection. Every fault she ascribed to herself alone, and considered herself, therefore, all the more unhappy.

Had it been possible to subdue this fresh, powerful character, and to change it to an automaton, it would have been done under the hands of Mrs. Juliana and her son. But the vigorous northern girl could not be thus subdued, and beneath the yoke which they endeavored to lay on her neck, she raised herself up, through the force of an inward, increasing strength, and with a growing self-esteem. In consequence of this, a secret breach arose between the oppressor and the oppressed, which gave rise to severe encounters, but which always were ended and followed by reconciliations, because Gerda in her oppressors, always acknowledged, always loved her benefactors, and because any feelings of resentment toward them were always followed by repentance, self-reproach, and by a wish to do good to those whom she believed she had grieved.

How it was that Gerda had become the betrothed of Sigurd she did not rightly know

herself. It seemed as if he had very soon regarded her as belonging to himself, and that she, in her admiration and love for him, her master, had not thought that it could be otherwise; the more, however, the woman woke to consciousness within her, the more awoke opposition to Sigurd's overbearing disposition. She became unequal in her temper, and at times proud and insolent toward him. But, singularly enough, she seemed, on the contrary, to become only the more interesting to him. He had begun to treat her with arrogance, and a certain degree of depreciation. Now, he took the trouble of combating her opinions, and it seemed as if his cold character could feel a certain elevation, a certain pleasure in these scenes, which were caused by irritated feelings, and the termination of which he always could calculate. It seemed, sometimes, to amuse him to excite anger which he knew that he could control. And in her tears, her touching beauty when she besought forgiveness, when she became mild, and gentle, and submissive, and did every thing that any body wished, he had a strange—one might almost say a savage—delight. Nay, he would often withhold that forgiveness in order the longer to enjoy her state of humiliation. But he never foresaw that by so doing he was destroying the bloom of her warm devotion. He fancied that he had brought up a wife, whom, some day, he would perfectly govern, and he—but we have now said enough on that subject, and will therefore leave circumstances to speak. We will now merely say that the expected inheritance had actually come, which made Mrs. Juliana and her son rich, that she gave up her school, that Sigurd proposed to celebrate his marriage with Gerda, and that he had taken a large house, furnished it handsomely, and calculated upon a comfortable, and even luxurious city life for himself.

Every body congratulated Gerda; but Gerda was now less happy than ever. Many circumstances had occurred to defer the marriage; the time, however, for it was fixed, and Gerda was come to see her brothers and sisters before it took place, and before she was removed a long way from them, and—as she thought secretly to herself—before she, like Jephtha's daughter, bewailed her fate with her companions, before she, for a long time, took leave of life and gladness.

General Herkules wished, as we know, to have a festival to celebrate Gerda's arrival and approaching marriage. He thought, according to old-fashioned custom, that people could not sufficiently honor such occasions. And accordingly, to please him, the most intimate acquaintance of the family were invited to an evening party for music and dancing.

Hedvig, on this day, had gone out in the

afternoon to make some purchases, and on her way home called on Gerda, and we now go with her to make our observations on—

### A COUPLE.

UNCOMMON AS LOVERS, NOT UNCOMMON AS A MARRIED PAIR.

WHEN Hedvig entered, she found Gerda ready dressed for a dinner-party to which she was going with her lover and her aunt. She was entirely dressed in white, well and tastefully dressed, but without the slightest jewelry or ornament. She was sewing industriously at a lace cap for Mrs. Juliana, was unusually pale, and tears seemed to swim in eyes and feeling. Sigurd was pacing up and down with a proud step, and seemed to be interrupted in the middle of a lecture.

When Hedvig went up to her sister, kissed her forehead, and looked with tender inquiry into the tearful eyes, Gerda threw her arms around her, and with that the tears began to flow in torrents.

"There now! we are going to have a scene again!" said Sigurd, and shrugged his shoulders impatiently; then, turning to Hedvig, he said, "Gerda is a little childish to-day, as she often is. She thinks of making herself interesting and looking like a sacrifice, and therefore she has dressed herself in that shroud-like costume. And now she thinks it—with the usual woman's way of reasoning—extremely unreasonable and barbarous of me that I desire her to dress herself as is proper and becoming for a young bride-elect, with some of those ornaments which I have given her. There is really something to cry about, because she is so urged contrary to her nature—so cruelly treated! poor child!"

"But," said Hedvig, "as Gerda is so well and becomingly dressed, although simply, it seems to me that it might be left to her own pleasure to wear more or less of ornament."

"Nay, with all my heart," said Sigurd, with a particularly severe voice; it may be also permitted to have a thought about what is becoming to her, and to declare that as she is now she does not please me!"

The two sisters were silent; Gerda leaned against Hedvig, and clasped her in her arms. Sigurd took a few more turns through the room, with a haughty air, and then, stopping before the sisters, he said:—

"Young ladies have, of late, conceived a very high opinion of their own worth, their rights, and are in particular careful to show themselves obstinate, especially toward those persons who have a right to direct them. They fancy themselves by that means very powerful. But I would just advise them, for their own sakes, and just for the sake of

that influence which they strive after so much—I would advise them to direct themselves according to the wishes of their husbands, and to be more careful about pleasing them to please whom is their best—"

"We are not yet man and wife, Sigurd," interrupted Gerda, hastily raising her head, and shaking back the golden ringlets from her forehead, while the fine nostrils expanded themselves with a proud expression.

"Very much the same; we shall be so in about a month," said Sigurd, very calmly. "I will say that young ladies would find their best weapons to be making themselves agreeable, and that by so doing they might obtain far more influence than by all those childish schemes of working for 'humanity' and 'fatherland,' that they prate about! I should not concern myself about these little matters, if I did not clearly see their connection with the greater; and I like Gerda too well to be able to see with indifference, how she is becoming infected with the follies of the time; drawn out of the circle and away from the duties which Providence and the laws of nature assign to her. My intentions toward her are too honest for me to flatter, as the lover, a whim which, as a husband, I should not tolerate, and which would make both her and me unhappy. I know that many men pursue a different mode of tactics. But I will be honorable toward her with whom my heart is fixed; I will not let her have any illusions with regard to the connection into which she is about to enter. Gerda now knows—*my will!*"

And with these words strongly emphasized, Sigurd, with a majestic step, left the room.

Gerda was deeply excited. She rose up, clasped her hands together above her head, and lightning glances flashed from her tearful eyes, as she said—

"*A pair!*" Hedvig, that implies a *strict resemblance!* *a pair*, it is a grand expression—great and divine! *A pair!* that is, entire unity in feeling, in thought, in wishes, in every thing! Does not God's word say that man and woman should be alike, that is, *a pair*, 'like the angels of God in heaven?' Tell me, Hedvig, can Sigurd and I ever become a pair?"

"Oh, no!" replied Hedvig, greatly affected, "not if you remain as you now are; not if you do not greatly change, either you or he."

"He!" repeated Gerda, "he will never change; therefore that is not to be thought about;—he will not. No;—he is honest with me, and I know what kind of future is before me with him!—and I—"

"No, but just think, my sweet love—could not you alter yourself in some particulars? For instance, be more conciliating in little things, and avoid contentions, as—"

"Oh yes, Hedvig, I might, if I would, and I often do when Sigurd's manner does not make me angry and obstinate! Ah, Hedvig, tears often swallowed down; bitter words often repressed, make the mind hard and severe. And when little things become a mass—grow to a mountain—they oppress the soul and crush the spirit!—and if they were only little things—but when the one human being is an eternal negation to the innermost being, desires and life of the other, then this innermost becomes changed, and that not for good. A plant or flower can not develop itself in its truth, in its beauty, if people twist it hither and thither, and wish to bend it against its own nature! In that case it must become misshapen. Can a human being, Hedvig, go in a strait-waistcoat through life, and continue to be a true, good man? I don't know, but I could not.

"Oh, Hedvig, what you now see between Sigurd and me, and what you now see in me, is merely a little part, a moment out of the struggle of many years. And believe me, I have read, I have prayed to God, I have struggled infinitely with myself that I might obtain power to overcome myself. I have endeavored;—I have a thousand times given up my will, my likings, have restrained my aspiring wishes, and have thought, 'Things will become very perfect, things will become very excellent' in time! but no—they become worse; the struggle increases, instead of decreasing, within me, without me, and has never been more difficult than at this moment; because now it has not reference only to myself, but—but to my intercourse with you, my brothers and sisters. Sigurd insists upon it that it is not necessary for me; that, in particular, Ivar is injurious to me, and he threatens that he will separate me from you earlier than was talked of. And all this out of regard for me—out of regard for my well-being. Oh, Hedvig, there are embraces which stifle!"

"But he shall not stifle you in this way!" exclaimed Hedvig, deeply wounded, "he shall not separate you from your earliest and best friends. Better in that case, that you—separated yourself from him; and I begin to think that it would be the right thing, and the best, and—what do you think yourself, Gerda?"

"It would be so, Hedvig, if I merely thought about myself, but I know that Sigurd and his mother really love me—that I should deeply wound them. And Sigurd—he has many qualities which I must love and respect. Yes, I often admire his strong right-mindedness, his unselfishness with relation to other people, his severe sense of duty, his perseverance and force of character. He is an excellent son, a good master of a family, and will, in his way, manage

every thing for the general good. He is a strong, proud man, such as a woman might with pride call her partner—if only—oh, if he would but understand her nature, and allow it to be worth something; but—

"But I myself have contributed to depreciate this nature in Sigurd's esteem; I have been unequal in temper, fickle, often with the best intentions. I have a thousand times been unjust to him, and he merely one single time, and that continually, unjust toward me—inasmuch as he entirely mistakes or misunderstands my soul and my heart.

"I know that many women complain in this way without cause, and I do not wish to be like them. I have also many a time thought, when I have been reflecting on all Sigurd's good qualities, that I ought to compel my nature, subdue my will in all things, that I might become only Sigurd's submissive, obedient appendage. But then I have known a few such wives, who made me afraid. There was peace in their home—silent submission in their behavior—which looked like harmony. But I looked into their hearts, and do you know what I read there? Yes, one only thought, one only anticipation, one continued, deep, silent longing, and that was for their *husband's death*! Ha! to go on in that way from the marriage to the silver nuptials, and after that with a deep untruth through life—is it not horrible, Hedvig? Oh, I will not, I can not go on thus!

"I do not know, I do not comprehend at this moment how it is to be, what is to become of me, but—I will endeavor to get right. And for that reason I will not contend about trifles. I will give Sigurd pleasure when I can do it. And you, I know, wish that I should do so."

Gerda said this faintly, and now began to put flowers in her hair, and to ornament neck and arms with fine jewels. Hedvig assisted her.

While they were busied about this, Sigurd entered.

"So, indeed! what, you have now become rational?" said he, smiling. "Is the great disturbance now at an end, and my little sweetheart doing her duty again? Nay, this is charming!"

"Sigurd—you understand me very little," said Gerda, crimsoning, and a tear of anger forced itself to her eye.

"Not understand you, my child? What man can understand all a woman's whims and tempers? that is too much to expect. A man may be very well pleased if they dress themselves as becomingly as—your toilet becomes you just now."

"That is not generous, Sigurd," said Hedvig, somewhat angrily, "you punish Gerda, because she is doing what you wish."

"I? Bless me! I am very much satis-

fied with her, and would rather reward than punish her!"

He threw his arms round her and wanted to kiss her; but with a proud movement of the head Gerda turned herself away.

"Aha! now beginning again!" said Sigurd, smiling. "Well, well, patience!" And, whistling an opera air, he went to the window.

It was now time for Hedvig to go, and she left this couple which was to be, but—as Hedvig thought—which never could become a pair.

### ABOUT FATES AND MEN.

On the evening of the same day, amid music and the dance, Gerda was not the same being as she had been in the morning. She seemed, as it were, to have kindled herself anew by her own song—by her own ardor, and to have become brilliant, beautiful, fascinating—and her glance at times met Sigurd's keen, jealous eye, with an expression that seemed as if it would say—"now I am free!"

She danced and joked with Ivar; she danced with David, and she did this with such right good-will, that Sigurd, in a most unceremonious manner, took her arm, and led her from among the dancers, that she might go home with Mrs. Juliana, who had ordered the carriage to come for her at an early hour.

Göthilda declared that in so doing, he looked like a Nero, a Caligula, a "Christiern, the tyrant," and that he frightened the life out of Gerda by some words which he whispered into her ear as they went out, and when she seemed to wish to withdraw her arm from him.

"He has, I am sure, pinched her, or hurt her dreadfully!" said Göthilda, "I am certain that her arm is all black and blue. He is abominable!"

We fancy that Göthilda's supposition must have been unfounded—as we have never heard of a lover—whatever we may have done now and then of married men—making use of such demonstrations of impatience. This, however, is certain, that after this day, Gerda's gayety and cheerful spirits seemed as if annihilated. For several days her family saw nothing of her, and when they did see her, she was not like herself, so deeply dejected did she appear, and so gloomy in mind.

"There must be an end of these convulsive efforts for freedom!" said Augustin to Hedvig, one day. "Gerda, through them, injures her own cause and her connection with Sigurd, beyond redemption. She must get into another state of mind, into another position, either by freely submitting to this bond, or by breaking loose from it. If she

would only come into a state of clearness as regards her own feelings!—"

Thus spoke Augustin, as he put on his great-coat, and took his hat, in preparation for a visit to Gerda.

Gerda was sitting, as was customary with her every afternoon, at a game at "marriage" with Mrs. Juliana. In consequence of Gerda's late misdeeds, Mrs. Juliana had subjected her to a chastisement of silence, and had not spoken a single word to her for two days, unless it was to order her to do something. For Gerda had long since proved herself indispensable in the house, from her willingness and ability to look after every thing, and well too, from the department of the kitchen to Mrs. Juliana's caps and collars. Nor was Sigurd's favorite dish or Mrs. Juliana's toilet ever really successful unless Gerda's eye and hand had given to them their last perfecting touches. Like a hard, gray winter's day, with its frost and icicles, and dark, leaden sky, Mrs. Juliana now sate and played, and spoke not a single word which the game did not require. And pale, with the long, dark eyelashes drooping to the cheek, sate Gerda, opposite to her, and played mechanically. After some vain attempts to break the ice in Mrs. Juliana, it had become so dark, and cold, and dead within Gerda's heart! A gloomy, torturing sense of a something unendurable, alone made her sensible that she lived, and it was as if a dark spirit had jeeringly whispered into her soul—

"And thus will it be, and thus shall it become forever and ever, amen."

At that moment, Augustin entered. O! how beautiful in certain dark hours, seems a gentle and beloved human countenance—even if it be as ugly as that of Esop! Augustin's, however, was handsome as a bright opening day. An enlivening sentiment passed through Gerda's soul at the sight of him. He seemed to open her prison doors, and she sprang up and embraced him.

Augustin, who stood high in Mrs. Juliana's esteem, easily obtained permission for Gerda to accompany him on a walk to see "one of the beautiful parts of Stockholm."

It was with the feelings of a liberated captive that Gerda hastened to dress herself, and soon found herself in the open air, walking by her brother's side.

"Is it too cold? are you starved?" asked Augustin, as he felt that Gerda pressed her arm to his side with a slight shiver.

"I? here in the fresh air, and by your side? Ah! I could stand at the north pole and feel it warm!—give me only freedom, and warm, living hearts!" replied Gerda.

"Look, there is Lagertha's studio!" exclaimed Augustin, after they had walked silently for a little while, and as he looked up toward two windows which were lit up by the afternoon sun—"shall we go and call on her? I should like to see how far she has

advanced with her great work, and I should be very glad if she and you became better acquainted. There is strength and an industry about this woman which ought to carry her very far."

The brother and sister went up to her rooms; they entered through an ante-room, where a young girl sat at her sewing, and which opened into Lagertha's studio, the door of which stood ajar.

They entered softly, and unperceived by her. She stood at her work, with her back turned to the door.

The room was lofty, and the afternoon sun shone in through the high window of dimmed glass, and cast an illuminating glory over the figures of the heathen gods which stood there in silent majesty, over the artist herself, who in silent inspiration was contemplating her own creation; lighted up the Edda which lay open on a table beside the Sagas of the Kings, in the Icelandic tongue. Gerda looked round her in a certain joyful surprise. There was something in this quiet dwelling which told her of a life of which hitherto she had had no presentiment.

Lagertha was enjoying one of those solemnly beautiful moments with which the genius of art sometimes rewards her worshippers, and which afford a rich recompense for many pangs, many combats, many restless days and nights. She had this day completed the model for the Urda, the first of the Fates; at this moment she had succeeded in giving to the countenance the expression which she desired. Now, therefore, she stood before her creation, triumphantly glad, and humbly proud. Yes, humbly proud, those may go together in a human soul!

The brother and sister had approached very near to Lagertha before she observed them. Now, however, she turned round, and with an exclamation of joy she greeted Augustin.

Gerda stood and contemplated the figure of the Fate, and, without her being aware of it, large tears rolled down her cheeks, while with her hands clasped against her breast, she softly breathed forth—"O! it is glorious! glorious!"

As when Corregio, for the first time, saw a picture of Raphael's—as when the wild swan, in Anderson's charming story,\* for the first time saw and heard the beautiful birds of whose race he was, and uttered a cry and dived down into the deep water and, was so strangely excited—so was it with Gerda at this moment. A change took place within her.

The beautiful, polished, white and rosy hands first attracted the eye of the artist—still more, the energetic and beaming expression of the tearful countenance. She

smiled and looked at Augustin; he smiled also, pleased at the effect which was produced in Gerda.

The common enjoyment of a noble art produced a joy which, for the moment, overleaped all the ditches and barriers which conventionality has placed between human beings—and bound them nearer to each other in affection. Deliverer! thanks to thee!

"You have not followed the customary conception of the being of the Three Sisters," said Augustin, when he had attentively observed the miniature model of the large group, in which the Three Sisters were united on the margin of the Urda fountain, beside the swans which—so says the legend; shall for the first time lift up their voices at Ragnarok, (the last days of the world). "You have followed quite another idea, and I am glad to see it, because it has always appeared to me that the interpretation of Urda being the past, Verdandi, the present, Skuld the future Fate, was perfectly without meaning, and says nothing. But—I do not know whether I have rightly understood what your Nornor say—but I see in your Urda a forewarned, an inspired, as it were a prophetic life—in Verdandi suffering, struggle, combat—but still noble combat—she is a combating Valkyrie—in Skuld, the combat is ended—the victory won, and all is harmony; she seems to me the Fate of the accomplished, the perfected work."

"You express that which I intended and aimed at expressing," exclaimed Lagertha, with flashing glances. "Yes, that is my own idea on the subject, and in it I have followed the deep-thoughted interpretation of our Grundtvig. It expresses my own feelings and my own thoughts entirely."

"Yes, the thought is good and beautiful!" said Augustin, still contemplating the group with his beautiful and intellectual smile. "And in this way the Fates still continue to be powerful in life; they are again met with in every true human life, and hover like good, powerful influences over its inspiration, combat, and accomplishment, by which it must become noble and great-minded—as are your representations of them. It has really given me a great delight to have been made acquainted with this thought."

Gerda looked at Lagertha's books, the Edda, and Grundtvig's Northern Mythology.

"I read every day some portion of these works," said Lagertha, "the genius of the north speaks in them."

"How happy you must be," said Gerda, with tearful eyes—"nothing petty—nothing constrained—all great, all free."

When the brother and sister left Lagertha, she earnestly begged Gerda to come soon again to her. She had seen in her what she wished to represent in the struggling Fate, and this she said candidly. Augustin promised for the blushing Gerda, that

\* The ugly Duckling.

she would not oppose the will of the lofty Fates, because that was not advisable.

Gerda sighed as she left this little and yet this large world. Her heart swelled within her breast, with inexplicable presentiments and wishes.

She walked along, leaning on her brother's arm, like some one in a dream, and not a word from him disturbed the silent, dark work in her soul.

They had left the walls of the city behind them, and the pine-trees that grow on the hill in the park sighed around them, when Augustin made a pause and said—

"Look round you here, Gerda, because it is so beautiful."

It was toward the end of March, and the snow now lay over all the fields. The sun had just set, and the western heaven was on flame; fiery red arrows and spears seemed flying as it were in combat across the field which he had just left. The windows and towers of the city, and the tops of the trees, shone brightly in the sunken sunlight. Higher up in the light blue heaven floated light, am-purpled feathery clouds, airy palm-branches and garlands above the heads of the brother and sister. Every thing was perfectly calm and still, but in atmosphere and coloring there was a noble, an energetic life which penetrated Gerda electrically.

As the two stood there in silence, a wind arose from the west, and passed sighing over the plain, driving up the snow before it in light, glittering whirls, which came sweeping on toward the brother and sister, floated around them, caressed them, their foreheads, their cheeks, their eyebrows, with wonderful vivacity. It was a wind full of spring. Gerda heaved a deep sigh.

"Eternal freshness; breath of God. O how thou dost penetrate our souls with the life of spring and a new existence."

So thought Gerda, with a slight shudder.

"Ah, Augustin!" exclaimed she, "help me to freedom—to freedom!"

"Tell me what I shall do," said Augustin, warmly, "tell me what you wish?"

"Help me," continued Gerda, "to understand my own heart, to become clear with myself."

She was silent, and seemed to hesitate to speak out.

"Let me see whether I can read your heart," said Augustin, as he gazed on his sister attentively. "Gerda, you no longer love Sigurd; you wish to be free of your engagement to him."

"I have loved him very much," replied Gerda, "and I love him still, but not sufficiently for me to accompany him on the path through life which he will conduct me. Oh! no, no, I can not breathe, I can not exist there."

"How beautiful it must be, how glorious, Augustin, to live and suffer for our native

land, for our religion, for humanity, or for something which benefits and ennobles. The martyrs, and those who struggle and die for truth and right, how happy they are! I have shed tears of joy and longing when I have heard or have read of them. I do not know, but—I would be as they; would know a life, a fate like theirs, and every thing which people call good fortune on earth, in the every-day meaning of the word, has seemed to me common-place in comparison, as something poor, paltry, wretched—no worth living for. I have sometimes expressed such sentiments to mamma Juliana and Sigurd, but I have always been talked down and treated as 'a fool,' as an infatuated, enthusiastic creature. And I have at last almost believed that I was so, and that I ought to conceal these feelings, these desires, and to become the household and parlor piece of furniture—which they wished me to be. I have repressed my elevating thoughts; I have—ah, I have been very unhappy, Augustin, through this incessant contest with myself and my connections. But to-day with Lagertha, and now at this moment, have I known that I am not infatuated, that mine are not longings after empty air-bubbles without reality, as they tell me. I have felt that there is another goal for me than that of emulating the ladies of G— in giving grand feasts; I know that there is a life beyond that of housekeeping, even for women, a life, an activity for thought, as noble, as beneficial as the other; that there is a parental character higher than the common one, and that is as regards—the children of the mind.

"And something of this kind, Augustin, I feel should have been my calling—might have made me good and happy, and have called all my faculties into play, if—but now, now it is too late for that!—now I can, and ought no longer—"

"Why not, my sweet Gerda? The natural disposition is a vocation of God, when it is strong and noble, and it is a duty to follow its bent. You can not make any one happy by controlling it."

"Oh Augustin, what is it that you say! What words, my dear, dear brother!"

"Only become quite certain, quite clear with regard to yourself, become sure as to that which you wish, and every thing will then disentangle itself and become bright, although some pain may have to be borne; and never fetter yourself with any thought about its being 'too late;' about 'your not being able to do it,' and so-on. Remember Lagertha's words—

"'People can do whatever they will.'"

"Oh, Augustin," said Gerda, deeply affected, "it would be easy to wish, easy to do, if one only knew with certainty what was right and best; if, with Gustavus Adolphus, we could say, 'God is with us.'"

"Yes, that is every thing!" said Augustin, as he gazed joyfully on his sister.

They walked on again in silence.

The bells in the city began to ring, and with joyful solemnity their voices flew in melodious tones through the heavens.

"Hark! the bells!" said Gerda, with animation, "how lovely they sound! Ever since my childhood have these sounds had an extraordinary effect upon me. They seem, as it were, to awake me, and to call me to something higher and better. They drive the demons from my soul. And when I hear these voices of the temple in the open air, resound over city and country, it seems to me as if they uttered a 'holy!' over all human activity; over all the striving, the suffering; over all the happy; as if they would purify, release, consecrate every thing to the highest service. O! how I wish to be such a free, melodious tongue, sounding abroad 'over the earth, giving life, giving peace and joy, as a voice, a tone of the eternal harmony! Is this arrogance, fanaticism, Augustin?"

"Oh no, Gerda! And I the last to doubt about your right to such a destiny.

"God indeed, in his goodness, has called us all to something of this kind. Some are appointed to exercise their gifts in large spheres and for the great human family. These are called geniuses and artists. They are pre-eminently the consecrated tongues, which, with a sound of liberation, should travel through the world."

Again Augustin felt an electric thrill penetrate the arm which rested on his own. Gerda said not a word, nor did he.

Before they separated, however, this evening, Augustin took her hand, pressed it closely in his, and said—

"Keep in mind, Gerda, that there is a home open to you at whatever moment you please; that you have brothers and sisters who will do every thing to see you satisfied, and—happy as you may and ought to be!"

Gerda answered nothing. But she clasped her brother in her arms, and Augustin felt upon his cheek a burning kiss and a tear. Gerda then vanished into the gloomy entrance of Mrs. Juliana's room.

Three consequences followed this walk and this conversation. The first, that a little light was kindled in Gerda's soul. The second, that Mrs. Juliana's curiosity to hear something about the beautiful things that Gerda had seen caused her to thaw a little, and she condescended—although with a cloudy countenance and a severe voice—to ask some questions. The third, that Gerda soon afterward visited Lagertha in her studio, and again experienced the effect, which developed still more the thoughts which the first visit had awoken.

She returned many times to sit as a model

for the figure of the Fate; and Sigurd, who felt himself flattered by any kind of attention which gave to his *bride elect* a flattering celebrity, made no objection.

During these sittings the otherwise silent and pale artist was often enlivened by the animated model, and revealed to her many a picture from her past life, many a feature of her silent and strong soul, which produced an enfranchising effect upon the young Gerda.

We have collected the scattered traits into a picture, and present it here before the eye of the reader as—

### THE ICELANDIC LADY.

IT sounds like a legend, but it is nevertheless a reality, that there lies up in the North Sea, an island with a burning volcano, and hot bubbling fountains, amid eternal snow; an island rich in ice and fire at the same time. It is called by the bardic-song of the Scandinavian north, its cradle. There, by the sound of the sea's eternal swell, the bards noted down the songs and the legends of a remote antiquity, the first-born child of the popular mind. There, upon the perpetually trembling earth, did steadfast minds write down the memories and the history common to the three oldest nations of the north. There arose the Edda, beneath the fires of Hecla, bringing down the old legends of the gods with their treasures of still unexhausted wisdom, through stormy centuries to our own times. And more, for four hundred years, amid the songs and writings of the bards, lived and fought upon the volcanic island, a powerful race of the three Scandinavian royal kingdoms.

Still seethe the volcanos; still leap up the boiling fountains amid the snow-fields of Iceland; still heaves the stormy ocean around the shores, and the swans sing to the light of the midnight sun; but the heroic life upon the island is long since dead, and the songs of the bards are silent. Still, however, the legends abide in the memories of the people, and serve to enliven the long winter evenings by the light of the fire and the hum of the spinning-wheel. And still warmly beats here and there a heart for that wonderful poetry which the island possesses, not merely in its memory, but in its natural features and magnificent scenery.

There was Lagertha Knutson born. Her father was the Danish governor of the island, a cheerful man, with a great love of art, as is frequently the case with the Danes. Her mother was a Swede, a silent woman, of a still but deep character, as are Swedish women generally. The child seemed to have inherited from her father his feeling for art, and silence from her silent mother. A few years after the birth of the child, the

mother died. The only daughter became unspeakably dear to her father. Her bed was in his room; her play-place at his feet, or on his knees. When he sate at his writing-table, she sate under it, and amused herself with cutting and carving wood. One day she cut her finger and began to cry. The father took her upon his knee, and cut his own finger, so that it bled, and let her see that he did not trouble himself about it, but only laughed. From this hour, bodily suffering never cost the daughter a tear. How beautiful if she could have grown up in the sunshine of this paternal love; because—if thou hast seen a bright-eyed girl lean upon her father's arm, her head toward his shoulder, following with her glances every movement of his countenance, taking in every word from his lips—then hast thou seen an image of one of the most beautiful, the purest, the most ennobling attachments which the earth possesses;—nay, heaven itself knows no higher, no more delightful and more holy attachment than that between father and child.

But dark clouds arose upon the bright heaven of Lagertha's childhood. When she was in her thirteenth year, her father married again, and the young, handsome, gay wife seduced away to herself all his love. He still loved his daughter very much; but she was no longer every thing to him. He was no longer to her what he had been. The young girl felt this bitterly, and all the more so because her education came into the hands of her stepmother. Lagertha must now be fashioned according to the type which people invariably regard as womanly. She must make herself fascinating, in order to fascinate. But the girl did not trouble herself about fascinating, was not fascinating, and would not become so by tight-lacing, and dancing-lessons, and all the means used for this purpose. They wanted to bend her will by force, and that made her self-willed. And when her mother or her teachers saw her busied with her childish ugly figures of wax or of wood, in which she took the greatest delight, they said, "What's that for?—throw that rubbish away." Thus the young girl became ashamed of her favorite employment, and spent all the more time out of the house.

"Let her be—leave the girl more to herself," said the father; "she'll get right in time."

And when handsome and agreeable children filled the house, it became difficult to nobody to let her alone.

Lagertha escaped out into the wild scenes of nature; and, amid the cliffs of hardened lava and basalt, by the lofty, leaping fountains of the thundering Geijzers, she felt happy and vigorous in mind. In her own home she became stiff and silent, and grew up reserved and incomprehensible—even to

herself—tall, slender, white as snow, and apparently as cold likewise.

But when, during the long autumn and spring nights, the swans, which lay by thousands in flocks near the shore, struck up their song, and the sound reached her, clear and vibrating as the tones of the glass-harmonicon, and warlike as the trumpet, or the hunting-horn; then awoke within her a life, an unrest, a longing, painful and yet delightful at the same time. Then rose she up and looked over the sea—looked afar off; listened to wild, melodious sounds, the dance of the northern lights around the old traditional island, very often irregular and wild, as the emotions in her own breast, but sometimes also perfecting themselves into the northern lights' crown, that beautiful phenomenon, in which all the rays leap together into a pyramidal point, around the top of which is formed a crown of light no longer unstable and flaming, but quiet, without the least movement; serene, white, clear as a glory round the head of a saint.

And wherever we see completion, be it in the northern crown, or in the life of Washington, or Gustaf Wasa, there we see also a prophetic sign, which speaks to us of our own destiny. No wonder then, if in the soul of the looker-on, joy and pain, humiliation and pride alternate; no wonder then, if the lonely, reserved, but in spirit strongly animated young girl felt in this nocturnal spectacle her heart beat with presentiments of something great, and free, and of a glorious life out in the world.

Thus, during many a night. During the day, when the disquiet became too powerful within her, she seated herself in her little boat, called "The Star," unfurled its sail, and let it fly before the wind, through the high waves, through dangerous breakers, often with momentary hazard; but there she stood joyful at the helm, and allowed herself to be wetted by the foam and blown by the storm; and—never did she feel happier than when she thus wrestled with winds and waves.

In the winter evenings, when the handsome lady of the governor of the island assembled around her, for the dance, or some other amusement, all the company which Reikiavik, the capital of the island, afforded out of its five hundred souls, Lagertha lay before the fire in her father's room, with his dogs and his tame bears, and heard him read aloud in Sturleson's Legends of the Kings, or in Sæmund's Edda, and love for the great and the strong awoke there from within her. Her heart beat high—but she knew not wherefore.

In the summer she had a happy time for some weeks. It was then that her father made a journey to visit the northern parts of his government. On these journeys he was accompanied by Lagertha, on horse-

back, over untracked and dangerous paths, over rocks and through spring torrents. Through many a beautiful summer night thus traveled she, while the midnight sun advanced above their heads, and the swans sang swimming with their young in calm creeks and inland seas. She lived in the tent with her father, and arose every morning to take part in the divine service which was performed beneath the open canopy of the sky by her father and his Icelanders. She wandered away, and clambered among the cliffs, and the sulphur-pools of Krabbla; saw the Eldborg, in whose unfathomed deeps, tradition says, lie strange and beautiful gardens; bathed in the warm springs of Sturleson's bath; was present at the hay-harvest—the Icelanders' only harvest—on the slopes of the valleys, and visited the inhabitants in their nomadic homes.

That was a time of peace and fresh life: after this, however, she was again at home, solitary at home; solitary in all her desires and endeavors; solitary and unemployed, and knew not what she should do in that great, marvelous world where nobody had any need for her, and where she seemed to herself a stranger whose language no one understood. And always in her soul was that unrest, that thirst and longing for a life, an activity, respecting which she had merely dark dreams, that thirsting for a fullness of existence for which she believed herself to be destined, and which so many others renounce.

Every deep longing, however, is a prophecy of accomplishment; to every earnest seeker it is promised that he shall find. Accident is the apple of Newton, which by its falling from the tree, brings the hidden thought and plan into reality. If the bent of the will and the disposition are but strong enough, sooner or later the apple falls; the opportunity is given.

Lagertha's father became a second time a widower, and removed to Copenhagen, with ruined affairs, and almost ruined health. But his daughter—became his comfort and his support.

It was in the Church of Our Lady, while standing before the Apostles of Thorwaldsen, that the artist within her awoke to conscious life. Here she began with her own hand to draw and to study.

One day, while she was at her work, she heard near her, a voice which was speaking in Swedish in praise of her work. She looked around her, and encountered, a thoughtful and friendly eye, and a grave countenance full of benevolence. It was a Swedish sculptor, who now made himself known to the young Danish lady. He afterward became her teacher and her friend.

It is often said—and not without reason—that men are jealous of women having a more independent, and a freer development

of mind, which they fear as much for them as for themselves. But if the women who have arrived at a higher step on the ascent to science and art, are asked who it was that developed their gifts, who encouraged and directed their beginnings, we shall find that the greater number, with hearts warm with gratitude, will name—a man.

It was so with Lagertha.

At the age of two and twenty, she devoted herself, with burning and incredible industry, under the guidance of her teacher, to the art of the sculptor. She had accustomed herself in Iceland, to wrestle with difficulties and to overcome them. This training was very useful to her in her new path. And when success crowned her labors—when her future enlarged itself, then the beloved father looked with admiration up to the daughter who now supported his old age, and gave new glory to his name and house. Then what life was hers! how changed seemed the world to her! Whichever way she looked, she saw form, and word, and meaning; subject for thought and for creative art. The swan's nocturnal song of combat; the flaming crowns of the silent northern lights; the midnight sun; the sun which never set, became new realities in her spiritual life; and high as the fountains of the Geiser sprang her feelings, and her thoughts, while with this sight and this sound in her mind she went forward, laboring in the sweat of her brow, and the gladness of her heart.

Fortunately for the young girl, she lived in Denmark, because Denmark is the artist among the brother-nations, and artists are here more patronized, and cared for than in Sweden or Norway. Love of art exists among the people. In the houses of the peasants and the artisans, pictures and statuettes are met with by the artists of the country. The young artist, therefore, soon obtained orders which enabled her to continue her studies, and to maintain her father's house. But she also worked. Strong health sustained her with courage, and enabled her to make efforts under which weaker constitutions must have given way.

Fifteen years had now passed between the time when Lagertha's artist-soul awoke to life before the spirit of Thorwaldsen, and that in which she worked out the figures of the Fates in Sweden with independent creative power.

Of what the circumstance was which had occasioned her to leave her country, and her sphere of labor, Lagertha said nothing to Gerda. Gerda fancied that there had been some volcanic eruption, which had destroyed her life's happiness, and threatened to annihilate her existence. But she had fled, and had built on another shore a new habitation, and sought now to erect a new temple to the eternal worship. Lagertha told not how she had suffered, and what it was that threat

ened her, but she permitted her young friend to know how living and working for the ideal, can elevate the human being above the fettering bonds of earth.

And Gerda learned; listening to, and observing her, and seeing how *true* independence protects purity, and every thing that is good and noble among men.

When Hedvig—as often happened—came and interrupted such like conversation in Lagertha's studio, and in her friendly and cheerful manner invited the "upward aspiring ladies" to a dinner of potatoes "in their jackets," and herrings and fresh butter, or to dried fish and peas, or to "wholesome water-gruel," and other such prosaic food, the two friends accepted the invitation thankfully, and, as larks which have winged themselves, singing up to the heights of heaven, descend to rest upon the meadow turf, bedded with thyme and fragrant grasses, so accompanied they with delight sister Hedvig to her home, and her excellent dishes.

We will now turn to that home, in order that we may take notice of the movement within it; but as we consider Gøthilda best able to give an account of them, we think we can not do better than to read scraps of her letters.

### SMALL TRIFLES.

FROM GØTHILDA TO SERAPHINA.

*Bulletin No. I.*

MY SERAPHIM,

I AM in my very worst temper, vexed, angry, tired, provoked with myself, everybody, and the whole world. I must break out upon something—must break something to pieces; glass and porcelain won't serve my turn; it must be steel—iron, a bar of iron! I would thunder in the world, and on all the fiends that are in it, with a Thor's club! I would do—I don't rightly know what! I have quarreled with every body, and have ended with growing desperate against myself, and that which made me. I don't believe that it was our Lord, at least not alone—somebody else was with him in the plot. I suspect also that I have not been regularly and properly christened, the heathenish mind is so very powerful within me sometimes—and I shall just examine our honorable Dr. Lund on the subject, when he comes here to marry Engel and Uno. And then—to christen a poor, sinful human creature to *virtue*! that is indeed to tempt our Lord and—the Evil One also, and to give folks such claims on one's excellence. Well, I have taken care that they should not do this with me. I suspect also that marriage has been invented to make many people unhappy. We have now two weddings in prospect in our family; the one seems to me

like an actual misfortune, and the other—why, yes, it may be a happiness for some, but to me it is a misfortune, because it takes from me the friend of my childhood and from home its most cheerful sunshine. And already is Engel half severed from us in soul and heart. Besides, of her No. 1, every body else has become No. 2, and I have become almost null. Yes, I cry sometimes about it, when nobody sees me, because—Mrs. Nebuchadnezzar does not like to look dejected, and turns up her nose at No. 1, who, if he do not gain too great an influence over Engel, shall find favor in my eyes, because he is a very excellent and good man, although I have not perfect confidence in his principles. Ho! ho! on Friday afternoon the wedding is to take place. We wished to have had merely a slight entertainment, but uncle Herkules says that he does not understand such "kickahaws," but will have a regular supper, with proper meat, and a justifiable number of guests; so now we have sent out our invitations. After supper Uno immediately sets off with Engel to his estate, which is seven miles from the city. That will be in the English fashion; and it may be as good as any other, as she is to go soon from the house. Whom now shall I have to talk with at night when I go to bed? and to cry and laugh with on all occasions? No, that will not do now; I shall drown my paper with my tears. I must think and talk of something else. But then another wedding stares me in the face, and drives me mad; and if I were a man I know very well what I should do with "*le coupable monseer Sigurd*."

"Can you show me either a God or a devil?" was said, as I have heard, by a blind man who was reckoned foolish (but who, I think, was very wise!), and who continually stood silently looking up to heaven, even at night. Yes, *good or evil*, that is an honest and a clear game. But nowadays every thing runs together, and has a little of every thing. From this comes confusion and uncertainty. And here in the family, where people wish to be so Christian, and so reasonable, things are turned on the one side and on the other, and people stand choosing and deliberating between worthy and unworthy, and so they never come to a decision. It is so with *Monseer Sigurd*. I, for my part, don't like him, and I tell him so openly, even to his face. I think that a bold, open enmity is better than an uncertain, lukewarm friendship. That is the old pagan in me, you think of a certainty. That may very well be the case, my Seraphim, but—I can not help it. I say with uncle Herkules, "Friend or enemy! then it is clear." But nowadays every thing runs into another, and that I don't like. My adage is, "every thing or nothing."

Later.

I have calmed myself and become a little

more sober over a game at chess with uncle Herkules, and over mixing (and tasting) his toddy, and looking at him and hearing him. Uncle was this evening particularly mild and agreeable, and went into his "peaceful reminiscences," and in them he always introduces ladies, and I think it is more amusing to hear of them than his warlike experiences. This evening the subject of his conversation was our aunt at Skåne, that little extraordinary gentlewoman whom uncle declares that I resemble both in eyes and spirit. She learned in her youth to be a wicked young lady, probably like the undersigned, and knew nothing more amusing than to have some tricks in hand which set people a staring, or laughing, or else frightened them sadly. She had the most magnificent long light hair that any body can imagine; and no little renown did this beautiful hair get among the relations, and no little was said about—how, when she was a bride, this hair would become her, plaited like a crown upon her head. But when, on the morning of her wedding, they came to dress this beautiful hair—because she was to be married in the forenoon at church—and when they took off her nightcap—behold, there fell the beautiful golden plaits of hair to the ground with the cap; and there the bride sat with her head round as a turnip, and with her hair cut short, and she was ready to die with laughter, to see the consternation of those who saw it, and how they could hardly refrain from screaming in horror.

The bridegroom, however, laughed with the bride at the joke, and they two were a happy couple, although she continued many of her peculiarities which were not altogether womanly. Thus, she always wore men's clothes, and was fond of manly occupations, such as hunting, riding, turning on a lathe, and even occasionally smoking a pipe. But with all this, the odd little lady was so truly gentle, and kind, and cheerful, that she made every body happy around her, so that every body cordially liked her, and became attached to her. Uncle Herkules went to live with her when he was twelve years old, after the death of his parents, and was brought up on her estate, together with her six sons. These young gentlemen lived together in a large parlor, called "the lion's den," and there was merriment and noise enough; still, from their very earliest youth they all assembled to family prayers, morning and evening. The little countess was the very best of mothers to these lads, alike prudent and kind, and nothing pleased her better than to get up a hunting-party, or some sort of amusement which would entertain them. They were, at the same time, happy and merry young men, and never thought of doing any thing which was wicked or unjust.

As a widow she lived splendidly on her large, magnificent estate, often drove out; when she used black horses in her carriage, she was attended by a black dog, and when white horses by a white dog. After she had cut off her hair on her wedding-day, she always wore a curled and finely-powdered gentleman's wig. She commonly wore a white cravat, white waistcoat, and a coat with rounded laps, which hung over the petticoats. A fine and delicately white frilled shirt, wristbands, and boots, completed the costume, to which belonged a little man's hat, with a broad brim, which sat rather on one side of the head. The little, little old woman in this dress, with her upright carriage, her elevated head, her nose as if snuffing the wind—like the undersigned—and her handsome countenance, looked really beautiful, and commanded the respect of all. She was looked up to and beloved by her children and her dependents, and was always called by the latter "Sir Countess." She loved hunting and fishing even to her old age, and when she was seventy years old shot a roebuck in her own park.

Among her household she was always cheerful and kind, and amused herself greatly by giving them riddles to guess, in particular to one of her women, who always forgot the solution of the riddle.

"Who gave the first kiss in Rome?" was one of her most frequently-repeated riddles, and the answer that was returned always was, "Oh! how should I know?—it was, perhaps, the Pope!"

And with that the little countess would laugh immoderately.

"Yes, she was a dear little old woman!" exclaimed uncle every now and then, while he was describing her excellent qualities and her oddities, and his eyes, as he said this, beamed warmly, inspiring warmth in others.

It is a great pity, my sweet Ina, that you have not seen uncle in his most beautiful moments; I assure you that if you had, you would be a little bit in love with him; yes, and then we should become rivals. But look you, my Seraphim, it is not worth while being too seraphim-like and too angelically good with him. People must have a little spirit in them, and let him see it, now and then, into the bargain. For my part, I don't know how I should keep up my temper if it were not for him, and if I had not him to stand by me, and did not hear Thor's hammer thunder through the house.

Good night, my eyebright, my lily of the valley; promise me to drink chalybeate water in the morning, and to read Kalmodin's Mirror for Women at night, instead of novels, till you drop asleep; and I promise you that you shall have a little bulletin from

me every day, which shall tell you all our vivacity and folly here at home till the wedding is over, and I can go myself to you, and serve it all up a second time, and make an onslaught upon your paleness, and aunt Perpetua's dishes. And this I tell you, that if you do not become for one day red as a rose, both on cheek and in temper, I do not think it worth while to be well-behaved.

I will not, however, still suspect our Lord's management, but will believe that one of these days he will take fate into his own hand, and then—yes, then every thing will go on bravely, and you will become my little sister-in-law! I, however, shall always remain, as now,

Your faithful  
WICKED ONE.

#### Bulletin No. II.

*Monday.* Gloomy prospects! Mrs. Blandin, the cook, whom we usually employ on extraordinary occasions, can not come this time; she was engaged beforehand to our neighbor, Grocer Pepparkorn, whose eldest daughter, Olympia Corona Napoleona Ly-sandra Pepparkorn, is to be married on the same day as Engel, and on which occasion a great feast is made.

Infatuated by Miss Iceland's creed "people can do whatever they will," and to pacify Hedvig, and to avoid having a strange cook in the house, I have foolhardily undertaken the management of the kitchen for that day, that is to say, as head of that department, and I foresee that all will go wrong. In the mean time I read incessantly Margareta Nylander and Cajsa Varg, and have continually in my head these and other such words, "take a pound," while aunt Queen Bee and Hedvig lay their wise heads together and determine on dishes.

We have all a great deal to do in the house; I mean the ladies, for the gentlemen do nothing—but give trouble.

"*Le coupable*" comes here like a jealous Turk after his beauty, who is now helping us to sew, and to get Engel's things ready, and has quite lost his good temper. He is horrible! I consider him as descended directly from Saturn, who ate up his own children out of love to himself. If he makes Gerda unhappy, then—let him take care of himself; as far as I am concerned, he is not safe of his life.

Our "Prince Hamlet" looks mysterious, and I am continually expecting that some misfortune will happen, that he will either kill himself or Sigurd, and perhaps all of us! his keepers and his guards, it seems to me, are beginning to look more uneasy—I have a black sea of thoughts within my soul. Ah! my eyebright, what a deal of darkness there is in the world. And if I had not some stars which I could look up to and which always shine bright, then—

Adieu, my very dearest! I have not time to write a longer Jeremiad to-day.

P.S.—I have got a pimple in the middle of my forehead and two on my chin. Beautiful ornaments for a bridesmaid! I was certainly born under an unlucky star! I am a sacrifice to fate. In case not—

#### Bulletin No. III.

*Tuesday.*—Hurrah! every thing grows light; every thing improves; and I congratulate myself and the whole world! King Ahasuerus of haughty memory could not have felt greater pleasure when he saw the beautiful Esther than I, when this morning I saw, in her frightful bad-weather costume, Miss Esther Sara Sjöberg, that sun among housekeepers, who was all in all in my parents' house, managed the housekeeping and gave us lessons in French—though I never properly could make clear to myself how rightly to use "la" and "le;" whether it was her fault or mine I do not know—who taught me my first legends and songs—she whom I believed to be at fifty miles distance, but who now—the good soul—was come to overlook Engel's bridal, and to assist us at it! I knew well that Hedvig had written to her about it, but none of us believed that she would come. But now she *was* come, and as she stood there with her round, respectable countenance, beaming with good will; her broad, excellent figure, that looked as if it could carry Atlas upon its shoulders, we sisters were so delighted that we began to dance a regularly tempestuous dance around her, while she at the same time laughed and cried for joy over us. After this I became again a supernumerary, have placed myself as a volunteer under Jamsell Sara's command, and—do whatever I like, and defy Mrs. Blandin and "le coupable," and the pimples, and the whole world, to put down my courage. Now every thing will go on bravely, either in one way or another, that I am sure of.

Uncle Urbanus threatens us with a poem in honor of the solemnity; Dalerin the joiner with a similar one. I have also had a little poetical stream of my own, but it has dried up in the prospect of the great flood.

Every body who is invited "will have the honor of coming!" Let them come; let them come! They shall be received with a warm welcome.

I send you herewith a sample of our excellent housekeeper's gingerbread, and a sketch of her portrait.

#### Bulletin, No. IV.

*Wednesday.*—Every thing still goes on well. But it becomes more and more plain that the Pepparkorns and we are rivals, and that mother Pepparkorn and father Pepparkorn, and Olympia Corona Napoleona Ly-sandra Pepparkorn have vowed to tread us

into the dust with their state and grandeur. Mrs. Blandin, our former cook, whom they have taken from us, comes in here from time to time and has consultations with our house-keeper, giving her on these occasions—as I fancy, by particular desire—various notions of the preparations which are making for the Pepparkorn's wedding—and carrying back with her—as I suppose, to them— notions about the preparations for the solemnity here, which are very much more unexpensive. In particular very great is the difference in the wardrobes of the brides. Thirty new dresses, “the one silk dress more beautiful than the other,” says Mrs. Blandin, has Lysandra had made for herself; collars which cost fourteen rix-dollars a piece; pocket-handkerchiefs which cost twenty rix-dollars each, and so on. The furniture accordingly; nothing can be too grand; “the dearer the better.” And the wedding dinner! and all the wines; it makes me dizzy in my head! If Mrs. Blandin was to know that Engel has had only three new gowns, how she would clasp her hands together, and would lose, I believe, all respect for our family. I did, however, let out before her—as the greatest secret, of course—what I will now tell you—that when uncle Herkules, the other day, presented Engel with a two hundred rix-dollar bill, “to make herself grand with,” as he said, she threw her arms round his neck, and asked him whether she might do with this money as she liked; to which uncle said “yes.” Whereupon Engel employed the greater part of it in perfectly clothing ten poor young girls who last year were confirmed at the same time with herself, and retained only a small portion to “make herself grand with,” according to uncle's wishes. I told Mrs. Blandin that I thought this application of the money was more beautiful than all Lysandra's grand furniture and dresses; and I had not at all, in so saying, a countenance of Christian humility: I can believe that I looked much more like Mrs. Nebuchadnezzar. Mrs. Blandin looked rather blank as she went out. It did me good to send a little peppercorn to Pepparkorn's. Much good may it do them.

*Bulletin, No. V.*

*Thursday morning.*—The peppercorn sticks in my throat, or has risen there, and rather burns my conscience, and lets me know that it is not so pretty nor yet so respectable to try to out rival the blessed Pepparkorns, as I did yesterday with my bragging. But what is done is done, and what is written is written, and I will not seem to you to be better than I am.

Ha, ho! to-morrow!—to-morrow I shall hardly find time to write to you; but the day after I shall do so at length. My pimples are better, thanks to white alum;

but—I fancy that the world is heavy! Stand by me, even if I should never become rational and——

Virtuosa, or  
Woman in her perfection

*Bulletin, No. VI.*

*Saturday morning.*—Every thing is now topsy-turvy in my head and in my heart, therefore if what I am going to tell you comes topsy-turvy on the paper, do you your best to get it in order, my Seraphim.

Where shall I begin?

It was six o'clock, I believe when the bride stood ready dressed, surrounded by her bridesmaids and two marshals, with large branch candlesticks, which were lighted, while she showed herself to the people. The people were legion, and were very inquisitive, but said that they never had seen a more beautiful bride, or one more like “an angel.”

And so she looked—as pious as a child, and bright and happy when she stood by Uno's side before the silver-haired Dr. Lund, who married them. He performed the ceremony so worthily and so beautifully; I felt myself quite good and pious. Uno was pale and serious, but Engel—her color, her glance, her whole being remained unchanged; she looked like an angel of light!

After the ceremony, Dr. Lund made a short, warm-hearted address to the young pair, about how “they should give a home to the Saviour in their house.” Any body must have been a pagan who had not been affected by it! I looked at Uno; there he sat and concealed his eyes with his hands, and I then saw a large bright tear roll down his pale cheeks. I felt myself more nearly akin to him than ever before.

An hour before the marriage Hedvig and he had some conversation together, and I heard her say,—“Let them be to you holy, Uno! take care not to disturb them!”

To which he replied with a reproachful, and yet at the same time, beautiful look, “Are you so little acquainted with me?”

Only the nearest relations and friends were present at the marriage. When it was over, the other guests arrived. Uncle Herkules would have invited all the world, if Hedvig had not made him satisfied with half, probably about fifty people. There were, of course, too many for our small rooms, which thus became hot and close, and felt all the more so, as the company was any thing but lively and talkative. I have often heard it said that weddings are generally wearisome, but have never rightly known why until now. Now I believe it. And many causes contributed to make none of us cheerful, neither Hedvig, nor Augustin, nor Gerda; Ivar looked as Erik the Fourteenth must have looked just before he committed the Sture murder, and “*le coupable*”

looked like a regular Christiørn the Tyrant. Bror declared that I looked like the confusion of Babel, and I thought that he had somewhat the appearance of a Swedish Corydon; in a word, we were all, more or less, out of tune, and there occurred such infinite pauses in the conversation—you know how such feel in company! We grew more lively when supper-time came. But even here, at the great table, we could not be merry. Uncle Herkules tried all he could to enliven us and himself, and he proposed toasts, but people always relapsed again into the old silence, and uncle was not in a merry mood himself,—and one heard nothing but a clatter of knives and forks. But "*hast du mic's gesehen!*" with the countenance of a royal herald, up rose uncle Urbanus—long live uncle Urbanus!—and begged the attention of the company to a most curious and remarkable wedding-poem, which he had found among his collection; whereupon he read the following:—

The Epithalamium of the well-born Matthias Ulf (wolf), and Miss Adelf Get (she-goat) of Näsgård, in the parish of Adela Vedho, in the northern province of Vysbo, who were solemnly married by Mr. Björn (bear) Gudmundson: an. 1640.

A Wolf he set himself to think one day  
How he could make a young *She-goat* his prey.  
Sweet were the words which he to her addressed,  
Ere he got hold of her, the cunning beast!  
He asked the *Parent-goats*, as well he might,  
Whether a *Wolf* would cause her sore afflict:  
If not, he would make free on her to call:  
He did not mean offense—oh, none at all!  
The *Buck*, the *Wolf*, the young *She-goat* they meet,  
And now the *Wolf* comes walking on two feet:  
Right glad was he, both heart and soul, to know  
That he had now got hold of such a *Doe*.

The *Goat* she bleats, the *Wolf* he barks, the sinner,  
Yet she fears not lest she should be his dinner;  
For they have sworn, as true companions may,  
To be good friends unto their dying day;  
And thus the *Wolf* by no dire fury prest,  
May clasp the young *She-goat* unto his breast  
A *Fox* was marshal on the wedding morn,  
An *Owlet* did the youthful bride adorn:  
The old *Goat* gave the young *She-goat* away;  
A *Gadfly* was the herald, trim and gay.  
The *Dragon* and his little ones were there,  
And of the wedding-banquet had their share;  
The *Black-cock* also, with his plumage bright,  
Was heard to crow there till the morning-light.  
The ancient *Buck* was bidden to the feast:  
The well-fed *Hog* was there, a welcome guest.

All came who would, both high and low of station,  
All came to offer warm congratulation.  
More came than were invited, welcome then,  
Noble and peasant, and good clergymen.  
A *Bear* he married them, and shortly after,  
There was a deal of merriment and laughter.  
Of their descendants what may be the sum,  
That may be reckoned up in time to come!  
All this is true, and not an idle chime,  
And worthy to be writ in runic-rhyme.

Scarcely was this Epithalamium read, before there was a universal burst of laughter, and on every side noise and merriment among the company, and many of them who had names of animals or vegetables, began

to call on each other: *Swineshead* nodded to *Orhead*; *Ram* butted with *Buck*; *Eagle* drank, to *Dove*; *Fox* jingled glass with *Cuckoo*; Mrs. *Pike* was the best of friends over a glass of water with Mrs. *Goose*; and I almost think that young Mr. *Garden* made a declaration of love to Miss *Rose*. And last of all, everybody joined in a toast to uncle Urbanus *Myrtleleaf*, who, happy as a god, stood smiling to himself and the whole world as he said—

"Ay, ay—ay, ay! Is it not remarkable?—Eh?—thanks most humbly!—thanks most humbly!—Eh?—ay, ay!"

And it was remarkable how now, all at once, every body became merry and talkative; yes, indeed, so much so, that they hardly allowed themselves to hear uncle Urbanus's own poem in honor of the solemnity, in which there was a great deal about "delighting" and "inviting." Still less would they listen to Carpenter Dalerin's, which Bror undertook to read himself, and in which I remarked the following lines:—

Little Venus tries to lure,  
Because it is in *his* nature:

As well as this to the bridal pair: \*

He is so rich; she is so true;  
And both to love pay homage due.

After supper, I took an opportunity of complimenting uncle Urbanus on his wedding-poem; and as we were both of us very merry and a little affected, he desired and obtained—a kiss.

I made a discovery at table. It was that "the rough diamond" can look quite passable and quite agreeable, when he is trimmed up and smartened like better folks, which is but seldom. He has really some resemblance to uncle Herkules. (But he will never be so handsome.) I told him after supper that I began to have hopes that, after all, he would do credit to his name and his family. The good-for-nothing fellow immediately combed down his hair over his forehead with his five fingers, and assumed altogether the look of a poor and miserable creature, just like a broken-down, half-starved fellow. I begin to hate him. He does every thing he can to vex me. Well, well!

Miss Iceland was also with us, heaven help us! Augustin was especially attentive to her; and I observed that she thawed under the warmth of his beams, and there was fire in her eyes, so that I began to think about Hecla and Krabbla and their flames beneath the mantle of snow, and upon the old proverb, "fire kindles fire!"

Take care of yourself brother Augustin! and take care of yourself, Miss Iceicle! because, before I press her to my breast as a sister-in-law—

But I have-esteem for Miss Iceland. She has had the courage to make two models of

her Fate of "consummation," or "perfection." I think it is called, because she did not think it perfect or successful, and that is respectable. They say that she cast aside even her third attempt. It is a difficult thing this "perfection." But now, if Augustin and the Island-lady sit and talk (as they often do) about northern mythology, and northern art, and northern spirit, and other northern things (which freeze me and make me yawn), till they kindle fire in one another. . . . I have nothing more to say, but feel murderously inclined—and return again to the wedding.

I took the opportunity of examining Dr. Lund with regard to my christening. He laughed, and declared that, as far as himself was concerned, it was all right, but that I screamed like an evil spirit during the whole ceremony. That is indeed sad! I felt it to be so, and to comfort myself, I took a glass of punch, and drank to every body, and said to them—wonderful things I believe; I do not remember clearly, because I became a little queer in my head; and when Dr. Lund took my hand, and danced a *Nerika polska* with me—it was all over with me. I only remember that I found myself in close combat with *Jarl Herkules*, and almost in a fray with uncle *Urbanus*, who wanted to part us, and that uncle *Herkules* came and took me away, and was angry; and then—I saw nothing more, not even the lanterns glimmering round the carriage, when, in the night and darkness, Engel was carried away from me. I was altogether in a state of confusion.

Next morning, with a clear head, I asked Bror—

"Bror, if that had happened to a sweetheart of yours which happened to me last night—would you have had nothing more to do with her?"

"No!" replied he, smiling, "but I should have told her to go to bed!"

Most edifying! and in particular—most romantic! Ho! ho! my *Seraphim*! Do you think that I shall ever make a figure as a heroine in a novel? ever become a pattern of a "perfect woman?" Ho! ho! I feel myself very humble to-day—now and then.

Dejected also. Engel is away. Ah, my little *she-goat*, art thou now in the *wolf's* claws? How will it be in the long run? My forebodings are all out on the Black Sea.

I am out of sorts, and have sprained my foot. I am also alone. *Hedvig* is gone to *Ivar*. May she only come home alive! *Augustin*, *Bror*, *Gerda*, and all are away. And I have had a rat in my conscience ever since last evening. I must go and see uncle *Herkules*, and hear *Thor's* hammer, to get a little spirit into myself again. After that I shall let *Esther Sara Sjöberg* entertain me with old legends about "ragouts and bridal-meats."

And then I shall think about the whole family being invited next Sunday to *Ekane*, to *Engel's*, and then I shall think about you, my *Seraphim*, and have Heaven before my eyes, and—

Lastly, in the morning you will see before your affectionate eyes the author of these remarkable letters, your

Virtuous-wicked  
GOTHILDA.

## SPRING DAYS.

*Spring Days!* How delightful that sounds! We think of warm winds; the song of the lark, cowslips in the green grass, and so on. But it is with the spring, here in the middle of Sweden, as it is with exhilaration in our society; it is difficult to bring it forth, and very easy to come of itself. *Tegnér* complains—

That in the north the spring-time  
Has snow-flakes in its hair.

And *Elias Fries* resembles it to "a continually returning ague." Even the larks, the exulting heralds of spring, are silent in April—and sometimes in May—relapses into cold weather occur; the northern winds prevail as in winter, and the meadows are covered with sleety snow; or else a bleak, chilly grayness prevails, more unpleasant sometimes than thirty degrees of cold. We call this the "gray spring." It was this which prevailed in Stockholm for some days after *Engel's* marriage. A penetrating, chill, gray fog enveloped the earth, and made every thing cold and uncomfortable. But there was one district in Stockholm which had, during this, its own cheerful life. This was the district around *Norrström*, below the royal palace. It was now the time when the *Mälar*, swollen by spring floods, pours its waters with violence into the salt lake, and rushes broad and foaming through the arches of the north bridges a long way down the shore of *Blasieholm*. Then is the season for smelt-fishing, and on this evening there might be seen a number of smelt-fishers, mostly ragged youths, some younger and some older, with red frost-bitten noses and hands, some standing upon the quays, some sitting in boats made fast to the shore, or out in the stream, and with large nets brim full of these small well-tasted fish; and it was amusing to see the little silver shoals glittering in the nets as they were turned out in baskets and tubs, and to see the faces of the half-frozen lads as glad as sunshine because this evening the riches of the smelt-fishing were open to them, and there would be a feast in many a poor man's house. There were, however, very few spectators there; the bad weather kept the promenaders within doors. One well-dressed young man only walked up and down the

quay, without seeming to take notice of any thing around him. That which he saw in the outer world was only what he saw within him, a gray bleakness, divested of all sunshine, all beauty—desolate space.

Poor Ivar! The certainty which he had so long waited for, so long doubted of, so long feared, had this day become his own. She whom he had worshiped had deserted him, had set off with another, his dreaded rival—all was over! Ivar had known this since morning, and since that hour had he gone, gone the whole day, he himself knew not whither. His mind was disordered. It appeared to him as if he were seeking for himself. His chest seemed oppressed and contracted; he could scarcely breathe. Now and then a bitter tear wandered down his cheek, but it afforded him no alleviation.

Sometimes he said to himself, "I will go to Hedvig; I will lay my head in her lap; she shall weep over me; then indeed will these iron bonds be unloosed—then I shall be able to breathe—then I perhaps shall be better!"

But yet he did not go; a strange fascination kept him beside the foaming deep; because there was something in this life which resembled her—whom he had loved, whom he still loved, and who attracted him powerfully. She had desolated his heart, his early welfare—for Ivar had deeply involved himself in debt on her account; if he could now have died in her embrace, it would have been well for him—well as for Mark Antony in the treacherous arms of Cleopatra, as Holofernes beneath the sword of Judith, as King Ague by the murderous hands of his bride; so thought he. To die by beloved hands would be easy; but thus to be deserted, plundered, cast aside—to have to drag about with him these fragments of life—it was of all bitter things the most bitter, the most unendurable. It was madness to think of.

The noise and the glad tumult of the billows spoke to him of forgetfulness, of refreshment, of deliverance. The whirlpool beneath his feet called to the whirlpool within his brain; and every time that Ivar came to the steps which led down to the river near the opera-house, he stood still, he went down the steps, watched the white foaming billows heave themselves up toward him, kiss his feet enticingly, foamingly, as if to draw him down to them. Oh, how they drew him! But then he seemed to hear, as if from the shore, a tender, anxious voice, exclaiming, "Ivar! Ivar! think of thy brothers and sisters!" It was Hedvig's voice; and Ivar turned from the seductive deep, and begun again to walk, walk!

Beggars, men and women, miserable objects, which are seen, alas! too frequently in the streets of Stockholm, approached the well-dressed wanderer and asked his charity,

and Ivar, always weak toward the necessities, gave all that he had about him. It was not much.

It began to grow dusk. A light shone in a window on the Blasieholm. It reminded Ivar of that which Hedvig perhaps had lighted waiting for him, because he had promised to see her that evening. The little light seemed like a friendly hand beckoning him to her; and now an anxious yearning toward that affectionate sister, and toward his home, took possession of him. Just, however, as he turned himself hastily on his way thither, he came in contact with a gentleman, who exclaimed—

"No: but look, brother Ivar! That is very agreeable! You are taking a little walk, brother, for the sake of exercise, I see. I will go with you. The weather is not of the best kind, but——"

"I beg pardon! I am in haste!" murmured Ivar, and endeavored to pass.

"Who'd have expected this! Shall we go together? Yes, with all my heart; we shall get all the better exercise; that will be very amusing!" said Director Urbanus, as he linked his arm firmly into that of Ivar, and began to walk with him, talking all the time.

"Yes, as was said, the weather is not the best, but I have made a rule never to let any sort of weather prevent me from taking my daily walk. I take one in the morning, and one in the afternoon. The first gives me a good appetite for my dinner and after my last I sleep like an angel. For my part, I regard it as a duty toward myself and others to take care of my health, and to live properly and according to rule, both for soul and body. Those are my thoughts. Eh?

"And I believe it would be a happy thing, if our youth, nowadays, would think more about living by rule instead of rushing into every possible pleasure, which destroys health, and substance, and peace of mind. I assure you, brother, that I know a young, lusty fellow who seized upon pleasure in his youth, and who now, in consequence, lies in the Danvic.\* Eh? Yes, ay, ay! There he lies among other fools; I knew him very well in his younger days; he was a wild blade, and never would listen to a reasonable word—and now he has become so careful of himself; and he fancies that he is a flower, and will sit with his feet in water lest he should wither! What do you think, brother? Hi, hi, hi, hi!"

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" laughed Ivar, hoarsely.

"Yes, is it not comical? But do you know, brother Ivar, you have such a queer laugh sometimes. You laugh as if you did not laugh. It makes me think about the laugh in the Swedish folks' legends, about

\* A lunatic asylum at Stockholm.—TRANSL.

which I lately read in Dybeck's Runa. Do you like that journal brother? Eh? It is very interesting; and so are the folks' legends about which I have been speaking. According to them, one of the most dangerous spirits in the Swedish forests is the laugh. It is a wicked and mischievous spirit, which has a pleasure in decoying, and beguiling, and mocking human beings. If any one finds a treasure and rejoices over it, then 'the laugh laughs, and away vanishes the treasure nobody knows how or where.' And hence comes the proverb, 'the Treasure and the Laugh.'

"In winter-time it comes sometimes out of a thick wood, and takes its place upon the carriage of the traveler who is driving through, and then they lose their way, and the carriage becomes so heavy that the horses are all in a sweat. It never fails, however, but that the laugh 'runs off,' as it is said, that it slides to the ground, uttering a melancholy laugh, and vanishes. It possesses also the faculty of imitating human beings, so that at nightfall, when any body is traveling through the woods, they will hear their own voices, or their own singing so well imitated, that it seems to them as if they themselves were speaking or singing. Is it not curious? Eh?"

"It shows itself sometimes to people, and then most frequently it is like a beautiful woman who smiles and beckons. But if any body approaches her, she bursts into derisive laughter, and vanishes, turning her back as she goes, which looks like a rotten stump. Is it not extraordinary? Eh?"

But while uncle Urbanus was thus talking, all the more painful and intolerable feelings and thoughts, as it were, collected in Ivar's soul. A sort of demoniac frenzy toward his own folly, toward the beautiful, perfidious woman who had deceived him, and whose scornful laugh he seemed now to hear over his sufferings, and lastly toward his poor, deluded self, took possession of his soul. Little accustomed to control himself, he felt in the agony of this moment only a frenzied desire to free himself from his torments, which seemed to him scourging furies. His thoughts were bewildered; madness took possession of his soul, and with a wild laugh he tore himself free, knocking down uncle Urbanus, and rushing on without consideration whither, like a tempest through the descending night. People saw him with astonishment as he went by, but the shades of night and the mist soon concealed him from the inquiring glance, and the unhappy man sprang on—

Uncle Urbanus, however, lay in Queen's-street, and cried out like somebody attacked by robbers.

Hedvig went home and waited for Ivar—Augustin was from home, for a few days, on business connected with his office. Uncle

Herkules was gone with Gôthilda to the opera. Hedvig was alone, and longed for Ivar's arrival. She had set all things in such beautiful order for his coming. Her lamp burned brightly and quietly. The scent of the gilly-flowers made the air of the room fragrant, and upon glass plates were heaped up particularly nice preserves and cakes, of which Ivar was very fond, and which sometimes dissipated his troubles. This may sound childish and absurd, but there is indeed, reasonable ground for it, as the child always continues to live in the man. By means of unabating little attentions, Hedvig endeavored to entice her brother again to his home, and to let him feel that a sister's love would be more tender, more considerate than that of a mistress. "If she deserts him—if this illusion, with all its golden dreams, vanishes," thought Hedvig, "he shall not fall upon the rocks, nor into the abyss; he shall feel that he has a soft arm to rest his head upon; that there is still light, and love, and hope for him in the world—no, he shall not be lost."

Hedvig felt assured—her loving heart was very cheerful this evening; she was more than usually happy. The visit to Ekarna—the impression of Uno's and Engel's happiness, and their heavenly and heartfelt attachment, had left a sunbeam in her soul: she thought of Augustin, and the thought of him was at once strengthening and delightful; she had a presentiment of how rich her devotion to, and admiration of, this brother, might make her life—and within her heart she kept a memory of another friend, far away, yet very near to her. Hedvig felt herself as happy as the angels are whose existence is love and adoration. And when she thought of "the children of her disquietude," as she called Gerda and Ivar—still her thoughts continued to be hopeful and rose-colored. And now, this very night—she had good words to speak to Ivar, she longed for him to come—she wondered why he delayed, and she walked backward and forward in the room, to and from the window, looking out into the uncertain moonlight, and following with her eyes the figure of every man who, wrapped in a cloak, approached the house where she dwelt.

It was already nine o'clock, and yet no Ivar! At length she heard the front door open. It is he! thought Hedvig, and went out to meet him. But it was not Ivar, it was Gerda whom Hedvig saw before her, but Gerda so pale, so determined, with such a bitter expression of suffering in her countenance, that Hedvig was afraid.

She removed the wet over-garment without Gerda seeming to observe it—she conducted her in, clasped her cold hands in her warm ones, kissed her pale cheeks; Gerda seemed both body and soul changed into ice. Beneath Hedvig's warm glance and caresses, however, she seemed at length to relax,

and a flood of tears eased her oppressed heart, and Gerda was able to reply to Hedvig's anxious inquiries.

"Oh, Hedvig," said she, "I could not bear it any longer—I must talk with you. It must now be ended one way or another; now all must be told. I can not any longer endure her society and his injustice. Hedvig! for four days mamma has not spoken to me, and Sigurd—oh, he does not do right, he does not behave well either to himself or to me. You know, Hedvig, that our journey was arranged for the end of this month: I had still fourteen days to remain with you—and now, to-day, they have determined that it shall be at the end of this week; Sigurd has announced it to me so coldly and decidedly, and has told me to be ready. I know that poor Ivar, and my affection and anxiety for him, are the reason of this new punishment. But they give me, by this mode of proceeding, courage to oppose them. For the first time, for a long period, have I asked a favor from Sigurd: I begged him not to hasten this journey, at this moment, when Ivar's mind seemed to be more uneasy, and more disordered every day—I besought him most earnestly—No!—I besought of him, with tears, that he would concede this once, for my sake.—No!—I besought him almost on my knees—yes, Hedvig, I bowed my knee before him, and besought of him, as I have hitherto besought of God; but—'No,' and again, 'No!' was the only answer that I received. At this moment something within me raised itself up—dangerously, and I felt that my soul separated itself from his. Tell me, Hedvig; am I proud—am I arrogant, as they assert? Ah, I would lie at your feet, or at Augustin's, and kiss them. I would serve you as a maid-servant. Before you, I am so gentle, so submissive. But this man has awakened serpents in my breast. The most hateful of all feelings; hatred, has every day, more and more, its home in my heart. I know that I will not, can not, ought not to endure a man who can decide thus, and can thus command. But now, the hour is come, now it must be done:—Sigurd has strained the bow to the uttermost, and in three days I must be—either a slave or free."

"Free! free!" exclaimed Hedvig, with energy, "free to-day, at this moment! You are now in the house of your brothers and sisters, do not leave it any more. Write hence to Sigurd, or let me write, and say—or let Augustin go to him, and—"

"No, no! Hedvig, that will not do. It will look like cowardice in me. He would say that I have fled, that I have complained;—no! I must see him—still have some talk with him. I have often been unjust to him; I will justify myself before him even when—we must separate. But oh! that I knew—that I was certain how I ought to do it!"

"You still love him?" said Hedvig, looking sorrowfully at her sister, whose heart she wished to read.

"Would it be so dark, so bitter to me if I did not do so?" replied Gerda, while bitter tears flowed down her pale cheeks: "and remember—this man has been my benefactor, Hedvig, for many years—I can never forget that; and I know that this separation will be very painful to him—"

"Do it in love, Gerda!" said Hedvig, "for it must be done. It is better to part in love than to live in strife, and in the end—in hatred. Go, then, down into the depths of your own heart, and speak to him thence, and tell him candidly and tenderly at once how it is, and how it must be."

Gerda leaned her forehead against her sister's shoulder, and clasped her in both her arms, as she softly repeated—

"Part in love!—part in love! Go down into the depths of my own heart!" and with these words she clasped her sister all the more tenderly, as if she would seek from her sincere womanly nature, so full of the spirit of truth and goodness, support and nourishment for her own soul; and gently withdrawing herself from her sister's bosom, Gerda sank down at her knees.

"And if I come," said she, glancing with anxiety up to Hedvig, "is it certain that I shall not be a burden to you, my brothers and sisters, in the home of my childhood? My little income, Hedvig, my inheritance from my father—I was able formerly to give it up to you, because I had then sufficient, but now—"

"No!" interrupted Hedvig, "if you say another word of that sort, Gerda—I shall be angry. We have indeed quite enough to live economically all together; and what need is there of more than that, when people are attached to each other? Ah, my dear child! leave a love which only commands and oppresses, for one which would make you free! Yes, if I thus earnestly beg of you to resign the wealth which you might possess, for our necessitous life, it is because I know, know of a certainty, that we all shall become enriched thereby; for I believe that a dinner of potatoes and herring with your own family, with peace and freedom, would please you better than all the great dinners and suppers at G—; that you would dwell with a more cheerful heart in my little room up here, than in Sigurd's great house; it is for this reason that I am thus bold, I, you see!—"

Gerda smiled through her tears and said, "Ah, you divine, bold Hedvig! If I only knew—"

The conversation of the sisters was here interrupted by a stranger's voice, which was heard to say in the hall—

"For Jesus' name's sake, I beg that I may speak with her!"

"It is uncle Urbanus!" said Hedvig, astonished; "what can he want? Are you going, Gerda?"

"Yes, I do not wish to be seen here by strangers; and I must now return, that they may not seek for me. I will go down the little staircase."

"Yes, but Maja shall accompany you with the lantern. Go into Augustin's room, and I will send her to you with your things. But I really must soon hear from you! You will soon come again!"

"Yes, yes, very soon!"

Scarcely was Gerda out before Director Urbanus entered, and Hedvig immediately had a presentiment, from his disordered appearance, that some misfortune had occurred.

"Ivar!" was her first thought and her first question. And it was precisely about Ivar that Director Urbanus wished to talk, but he did not get on, for he was naturally circumstantial, and he wished to prepare Hedvig for the catastrophe, and therefore poor Hedvig was kept in a painful state of excitement before he arrived at it, and ended with saying—

"I believe of a truth he is gone mad! else he would not have behaved in that way to me."

"But whither is he gone? Which way did he take?" exclaimed Hedvig, with the greatest anxiety.

"Where?—yes, indeed! how should I know? I only know that I——"

"Ah, my God! but we must hasten after him, seek for him!"

"Seek for him!" repeated uncle Urbanus; "you might as well seek for a tempest; where is one to seek for him?"

"In the whole city, in—the whole world," said Hedvig; "in the whole world will I seek for him till I have found him! O, my poor Ivar! Dear uncle, go immediately, go to Ivar's lodgings, and ask whether he, perhaps, has returned there!—I dare not just now go out, lest he should come here. But go, uncle, if you love me!"

"Yes, good heavens! I will go, I will run—but—I shall never catch him!"

The last words were said in an under-tone within his great-coat, which uncle Urbanus put on again, as urged by Hedvig's anxiety and prayer, he hastened on his way.

Hedvig then called Stolt, whom she sent to the houses of Hortense and David, to inquire whether Ivar was there: but no one was at home at either of these places.

Immediately after ten o'clock, General Herkules came home with Gøthilda, who was prepared to dance a part of the ballet before Hedvig, and to act Donna Anna, but who was completely sobered by the news which met her at home,

No one in all the family went to bed that night, which was spent in dispatching mes-

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sengers in vain, and in vain expectation. Hedvig's anguish and anxiety were indescribable.

When day came, they began to search through the city in all directions. Bror, David, uncle Urbanus, General Herkules even, wandered about seeking for him. Hedvig went almost incessantly between Ivar's lodging and her own home, to inquire whether he was not yet come.

Even aunt Queen Bee was in motion, and Master Jarl put on his seven-mile boots, and marched from one end of the city to the other.

When evening came, Ivar was not yet found, and they had not yet met with the least trace of him. All those who had been seeking for him were thoroughly tired, and at a late hour they assembled together to take counsel, aunt Queen Bee with them. One only of the party felt no fatigue—that was Hedvig. It was with some surprise that she saw the others prepare themselves to go to rest. She could not understand how Ivar's friends could think of taking rest when he probably was wandering about insane, and every hour might be his last. She, for her part, would still continue to seek him.

They represented to Hedvig how fruitless such an attempt would be at night, when they had not the slightest clew to guide them, and that by so doing she would only waste her strength in vain; that it was better for every one to spare themselves till the following day, when they might all recommence the search with renewed energy. It was more than probable that Ivar was not in Stockholm; that he was gone into the country, and that on the following day they might hear from him, in case he did not himself make his appearance, which was by no means improbable, as every body knew his irregular habits and way of life, and that on many former occasions he had been away for the day and night, nobody knew where. The departure of Hortense from Stockholm made it also very probable that he was not to be found in the city, as he was perhaps endeavoring to overtake her. The *summa summarum* of all being, that any further inquiries that night were pure folly; and would serve to no purpose at all; and so on; for which aunt Queen Bee had many unanswerable arguments.

Besides, where were they to seek further for Ivar at night?

All this was true, was right, reasonable, undeniable, and Hedvig at length was silent. But it happens sometimes, and perhaps frequently, that when reason, and prudence, and calculation have exhausted all their wisdom, and wearied themselves with seeking to the bottom of things, a something then begins to move, which silently arises, bursts forth, and overturning all the profound labors

of prudence, goes on in its own course. It is a mean thing, often despised, ridiculed, compelled to silence in company; is called foolish, and—it often is so—we call it *feeling*.

When the feelings are warm with love, they become not unfrequently inspiration; genius,—its presentiment divination.

When all had retired for the night, Hedvig called Maja, and said to her in a determined but cheerful voice—

“Maja, dress yourself, you shall accompany me.”

Göthilda looked at Hedvig with astonishment, and said—

“You will go out then into the pitch-black night, and into this storm? What are you going to do?”

Hedvig merely replied, as if she were thinking—

“Yes, yes, I shall go;” and continued to make preparations for going out; put on her black silk hood edged with lace, and trimmed a little dark lantern, which she apparently intended to take with her.

Göthilda followed her for a moment with her eyes, and then, stepping resolutely forward, said—

“Hedvig, I shall go with you.”

“No, you shall not do so,” said Hedvig, embracing her; “you must stay at home and rest yourself, and be ready in case Ivar should come here during the night, or any message should be sent from him. What I am now about to do is perhaps folly, and I do not wish that any one should share it with me; still I must attend to the idea—the foreboding that I have. Maja alone shall go with me. You will go with me, Maja, will you not? Is it not so?” continued Hedvig, addressing her, who now entered the room, dressed in her large red-plaided woollen shawl, and with her three-cornered piece of linen on her head.

“Yes, sweet young lady, if it were to the end of the world. Hi, hi, hi, hi!” replied Maja, as if struck and amused by her own bold idea.

“You are pale, Hedvig, but your eyes flash fire,” said Göthilda, ready to cry, as Hedvig, in taking leave of her, kissed her coral lips,—“Ah! take care of yourself.”

“Do not be afraid for me,” replied Hedvig, smiling and nodding to her sister.

As she left the house she took the arm of her attendant, because the street was covered with ice and slippery, and went with her to the nearest stand of hackney-coaches; took one, promised the driver a good fee, and bade him drive to Solna wood.

They reached it after a drive of half an hour, and Hedvig desired the coachman to stop and to wait for her there. A good sum for drink-money, as well as a promise of higher payment, induced him to do this, and, after some astonishment and shaking of the head, and looking after the two women who wan-

dered into the wood, he settled himself with northern phlegm to sleep, while the snow covered his gray cloak with a white mantle.

Hedvig had lighted her lantern, and by the help of it she pressed into the wood. It was a miserable night; the wind howled and whistled through empty space, and the sleety snow lashed the faces of the wanderers. It was cold and dark. In the sister's heart, however, there burned a little flaming light, which neither wind nor sleet could extinguish. It was a presentiment—one of those extraordinary forewarnings which sometimes pass through deeply sensitive and affectionate natures, and which whispered to her that in this wood she should find her brother. This feeling led her to visit the spot where she had once sate with Ivar, when he had felt life lighter; and where they had seen and talked with the Laplanders. Hedvig was not certain, however, that she could find it again, and the wandering in the wood through snow and pools of water was extremely difficult in the dark, stormy night. Those who know how dangerous are the streets of Stockholm and the surrounding country, for solitary wanderers at this season of the year, and how, not long since, many persons found there a bloody death, will not lightly esteem Hedvig's courage in this undertaking. The thought of this, however, occupied her so entirely and completely that she thought not of danger to herself.

While she was thus wandering, supported and assisted by the faithful servant, she called aloud Ivar's name repeatedly. Once she fancied that she perceived an answer; she stood still and listened, but then heard only a scream of ravens and crows, which seemed to have some assembly in the neighborhood. She went on in the direction in which she heard it, and as she advanced she seemed to recognize the place she was seeking. The cry of the birds of prey increased, she saw them flapping their wings among the leafless branches above her head, with screams and hoarse laughing sounds.

“Stop, Maja,” said Hedvig; “here is something.”

She took the lantern and threw the light upon the surrounding objects. At once she saw an arm raise itself as if from the bosom of the earth, and beckon her, and instantly she knew his wounded countenance, and heard a voice exclaim—

“Hence, away with thy disgusting witchcraft! I know thee.”

It was the voice of Ivar. She went now, with a heart trembling between fear and gladness, toward the uplifted arm, which continued to throw toward her pieces of moss and earth. By the light of the lantern, she now saw Ivar sitting half-upright, fearfully bloody, at the foot of that stone bench on which they had formerly sate.

His appearance was wild, and like that of a maniac.

"Ivar, Ivar! It is I, Hedvig! Do you no longer know me?" said Hedvig, and fell upon her knees beside him without fear, and embraced him in her arms. He fell down faint and powerless.

"Hedvig!" said he, "ah, is it you? I fancied that it was—did you hear *the laugh* in the wood, Hedvig?—it was here just now with its servants; they scented blood, and thought of having a feast, and laughed and made a noise—because I am dead, Hedvig. You see that I am dead—but I have not killed myself—don't believe that. Such a sorrow as that I could not, would not give you. She—*the laugh* has killed me. Are you come here to shroud me?"

"I am come to awaken you, my beloved Ivar, and to lead you home. Are you not thirsty?"

"Yes, I am—thirsty."

Hedvig took some of the newly-fallen, pure snow, and put it between his lips; she laid some also on his head; she bathed his temples with cold snow-water, and washed away with her wetted handkerchief the blood from his face and neck. While doing this, she was convinced that Ivar had ruptured a blood-vessel, and had become faint in consequence. She warmed his cold hands at her heart, and when Ivar, with the expression of a good child, allowed Hedvig to do with him what she liked, and said repeatedly, "Ah, how nice that feels!" new hope and new joy awoke in Hedvig's breast.

Without returning to consciousness, Ivar permitted Hedvig to do whatever she pleased; he allowed her to raise him up, and then went, supported by her and Maja, through the wood to the carriage; this walk was, however, difficult in the highest degree, so exhausted and bewildered was he. The birds of prey also continued, as they went along, to fly round them and scream. When the carriage began to move, Ivar fainted, and when at length Hedvig arrived with him at home, she knew not whether she sustained a living or a dead man in her arms.

But Ivar lived; and when General Herkules had opened a vein in his arm with a lancet, and had thus caused him to lose a considerable quantity of blood, he revived, opened his eyes, looked around him, and recognized all who surrounded him.

And Hedvig—how happy was Hedvig!

The physician who was called in during the night prescribed composing medicines and much rest, and gave them good hope of his recovery.

Ivar was laid in Augustin's room, and Hedvig watched by him through the whole remainder of the night. He slumbered, but the lightest sounds awakened him, when he lifted up his head and cast wild glances around him. When, however, he encoun-

tered Hedvig's mild and calm eyes, he said—

"Ah, you are there, then all is right?" and again slumbered. In the morning he slept soundly for several hours. When he awoke, he seemed to be conscious, but complained of a violent headache, and appeared to be deeply dejected.

The physician, on his morning visit, shook his head, and feared brain-fever.

With the first beams of the morning-sun, Gerda stood in the chamber. None of the family had seen her during the preceding day, and had carefully concealed from her their uneasiness and fear for Ivar.

It was not until he was again found that she was made acquainted with what had taken place, and now she was come to him full of disquiet, of hope, of pain and joy, full of feeling and thought—full of life.

She went to her brother's bed, fell on her knees at his pillow, and kissed him. He threw his arms around her neck, pressed his face close to hers, and loud and violent sobbing announced to the others that the severe bond of suffering had burst, and that the brother who was sick both in soul and body, would soon find an alleviation.

After this outbreak of feeling, Ivar seemed to breathe more freely.

"Gerda, and all of you, my brothers and sisters," said he in a weak voice, "you are too good to me. I am not worthy—I will be grateful—do you have hope for me—rejoice in me—but—I can do neither. The world and life are shut against me!"

"Oh, no, do not say so, my Ivar!" exclaimed Gerda, still upon her knees by his bed, and with his hand clasped in hers—"do not say so. The world is great, and life is great also, and glorious; but, Ivar, we must begin to live anew. You and I have both been bound and unhappy—the moment is now come when we must release ourselves, and begin a new path through life. We must travel, Ivar; we must go out into the world together, and as artists win our bread and win for ourselves new joy and life. We must go out into the world, and breathe over it in song, all the freshness and poetry, which lives in our woods and dales, and in the hearts of our people. O! my Ivar, we must refresh ourselves with the sounds of our own songs and with our in-born friendship for each other, and with the goodness of God. For God will be with us, Ivar, if we in earnestness and love seek to raise ourselves through the gifts which we have received from Him. Wake up, rise up, my brother. You have no time to be ill—no time to think of the future, because—it is spring. Do you see, it is morning—the night is past—the day is new—rise up, my beloved brother—rise!"

"My beautiful Valkyria!" said Hedvig, half aloud, in delight at her sister's words.

"Yes, yes! I will—I must!" said Ivar, as, like some one in delirium, he raised himself up and stared toward the morning sun, whose rays streamed into the chamber, and upon the beaming Gerda, whose countenance was lit up by the fire of inspiration. He seemed half intoxicated by the old and the new influence, and could not rightly compose himself.

Gerda then drew his attention upon herself, by describing to him the condition of her own soul, and her connection with Sigurd, and her determination now to break off with him, and to live merely for her family, and that future which she, by her own power, and through her own means, would form for herself.

"I have longed for it very much," continued she; "but never till now have had the courage to take this step. Now you, Ivar, have given me a courageous heart. For what I now do, I do no longer merely for my own sake, but for yours. I care for your happiness while I am caring for my own. That makes me strong and assured! We shall become children anew, Ivar! Do you not remember that as children we traveled together and discovered unknown islands, and lived there as king and queen? Now we will realize the dreams of our childhood.

"We will voyage across the great sea together, and let it waft its freshness into our souls;—we will see new lands and new people;—we shall become so much to each other, when we two are alone together in the great, strange world. And, somewhere or other, we will have a little home of our own, where we will rest after our day's work, and talk about our home in our native land, where our brothers and sisters are together. And we will sing about them out in the world, among foreign people, Ivar! We will sing about family-life and family-love in the north, so that people shall clap their hands and shout '*da capo*!' Ah! Ivar, I know that we shall begin to live *da capo*, and that a better and a happier life—tell me that you know, that you believe it also!"

"Yes, I believe it!" exclaimed Ivar, as he threw both his arms around her—"yes, I know it. O, you talk so cheerfully!—you can charm away evil spirits, I believe! I know not how it is, but—I feel myself changed. All weight—all torment is gone!—my head is relieved—there is new life within my veins! The sea!—did you say?—oh yes, the sea is unfathomable as the depth of God's goodness—on the sea we will—"

"Stop there, my dears! there has been enough of sailing for to-day!" sounded here the strong voice of General Herkules. "Tomorrow we will talk farther of the matter, and take sound sense into the council. But I am well pleased with you, my children!—it is very good! By all means! people should

have something to do; people should not allow any thing to knock them down, so that they can not rise up again, and get through in one way or another. Now then! It may so happen in the world that the battle is lost a few times. It has happened to myself. It has happened to the best of us; it happened to great King Charles. But did he remain cast down for that?

"When he lay wounded on the field of Pultowa, and his officers—my father was one of them—gathered round him like lions to face the enemy, and the enemy's fire raged all around him—it had a bad look out for him then, a very bad look out! One of the lieutenants—he was the honorable Gjerta—dismounted from his horse, and gave it to the king, and seated himself, severely wounded as he was, under a hedge to wait for death; but look you, just then came a squire from the castle with the king's old war-horse, *Brandklippare*, and the king was lifted on, and then looked around him, first of all to see if there were any hope of conquering; but when he saw his people stretched on the earth, and the whole field filled with the victorious foe, he gave the sign for retreat. But, do you believe that he fled like a man that was afraid? No, but slowly and with music playing, withdrew he with his little band. And this inspired such a fear-some respect for him in the minds of the Russians, that they did not dare to seize upon him, or to disturb his retreat. It was not until he was quite out of sight that their courage rose again!

"And when he lay captive at Bender, was he then vanquished? The best domestic regulations for negotiation and commerce which we have had since the time of Gustavus Adolphus have come from Bender from the land of Charles XII. And when, after so many misfortunes, he returned to his kingdom—solitary, without army, without money, was he without courage or resources for all that? Never was he stronger, or more full of resources. He arranged the internal government of his kingdom; he was supported by his scientific knowledge; and he organized anew his army. —fetch me if the king and the whole realm did not stand on as sound a footing as if no defeat, no misfortune, had ever happened. They stood ready for peace or war, for life or death.

"And you see, my children," and the tears sprang into the beaming eyes of the old soldier, "it is for this reason that King Charles is so dear to me, because he was greater than his fate, because he grew in adversity; and therefore all hearts grew by contemplating him. Yes, children, and now my old heart rejoices over you, because I see that you are of his people, you also!"

Many a time before this had the family

listened to the old man's fervent narratives, but never had heard him as now.

And how is it that these narratives of former heroic deeds, the achievements of warriors, operate so refreshingly, so vividly upon us, the children of peace? Is it not because we also must combat, because we all must, sooner or later, either within or without us, have to endure a battle; that we all have to conduct a Narva or a Pultowa? This is the condition of life; it is its nobility, and we must all become heroes.

### THE BETROTHED.

THE change which Gerda had occasioned in Ivar was strengthened by Augustin, who came home later in the day.

A conversation which he had with Ivar on his pecuniary circumstances, and his promise to bring these in order, was in the highest degree beneficial to Ivar, and strengthened his belief in his ability to raise himself and his desire to do it, if it were merely to show his gratitude for the affection of his brothers and sisters. The physical exhaustion which was the consequence of his violent although short illness, was welcome to him at this moment, and on the bed where he reposed, surrounded by the affectionate attentions of his family, the thoughts and images which Gerda had awakened, floated through his mind; the sea, the great, swelling sea, the immeasurable—and that future of freedom and song—Ivar breathed anew in it. Nevertheless, it would have had but little power over him had not a new image arisen before his burning fancy, and stepped between him and the former enchantress, overshadowing it;—this was the pure, beaming image of his beautiful sister. She came again and again to his thoughts as he had just seen her. And the most lively admiration took possession of his soul.

But Gerda was still bound; was yet not free from the bond that fettered her. But the moment approached when it must be loosened, if loosened it ever could be. The day before that on which she was to set off, she determined upon for this purpose. Now, or—never, must she speak—resolve. She was no longer uncertain. The thought of Ivar and his future, had made her certain and determined. But her heart, for the moment, still trembled.

Sigurd was gone out to a large dinner-party on this day, and would not return till late in the evening. Gerda resolved to sit up for his return. Through the whole of the day she was incessantly busy for Mrs. Juliana, in packing up her things, putting her caps and bonnets in order, and packing them safely for the journey, in paying bills, and many other things which she, with her usual cleverness, attended to; and she was

glad by these means to divert her own uneasy thoughts from the approaching morrow.

Mrs. Juliana, wearied by the day's fatigue, went early to bed.

"Now do you also go to bed," said she to Gerda. "that you may be up early in the morning. Bear in mind that we must set off precisely at ten o'clock."

"The tears sprung into Gerda's eyes when she went to bid her good night, and an inexpressible desire and longing came over her to throw herself in her foster-mother's bosom, and—tell her all. But when she felt her own warm embrace feebly and coldly returned in a manner which seemed to say, "now do not let us have any scenes," and received upon her forehead the customary chilly and chilling evening kiss—her heart sunk again in her breast, she pressed her warm lips upon the hand which thrust her away, and left the room hastily.

She went into the parlor to wait there for Sigurd. The air seemed to her close and oppressive. She opened a window, and the breezes of spring came in fresh and inspiritingly, caressing her forehead and cheek. A swallow flew twittering past; the clouds were driven hastily across the heavens by the winds, and the brightness of the sun-set shone upon them here and there—shone and was dimmed; in the city's great beehive the murmur was still full of life;—it was a restless life out there. It was responsive to that which agitated Gerda's breast.

By degrees, however, it became calmer. The solemn importance of the occasion became more and more clear and momentous before her. She endeavored to prepare herself, so as to be equal to it. She did not know clearly what she should say to Sigurd, nor how she should say it; she knew only in what spirit she would speak to him; she repeated to herself Hedvig's words, and she went into the very depths of her own nature, into the most secret recesses of her being, and to Him who speaks there, to seek for counsel and right strength.

Still she trembled, when she heard Sigurd's steps—those well-known steps!—in the passage. But this emotion was transitory.

"You still up?" said Sigurd as he came in, and seemed a little astonished. "My mother is in bed. Is she already asleep?"

"Not yet, I believe."

"I shall go in and bid her good night."

Sigurd went into his mother's room, and came out a few minutes after.

"And now let us say good night to one another, my little sweetheart," said he: "I have still some writing to do to-night. Do not oversleep yourself in the morning, because we must be up early. Give me a kiss! But what?—your hand is as cold as marble, and you are pale!—Are you ill?"

"No! But I have something to say to you to-night, Sigurd!"

"Well, what is it, then?" said he, impatiently. "Speak quickly, for I am short of time. No?—What is it, then?"

"Sit down, Sigurd. Grant me your patience for a moment; it is the last time I shall try it—"

"Only don't let it be long. Have you got your things in readiness? Remember that we must set off in the morning precisely at ten o'clock."

"Yes, you will set off, Sigurd, but I—shall not go with you. I shall remain here—with my family."

"Aha! Does the wind blow from that quarter? I thought so. But, my little friend, let me escape any farther altercation on the subject. I do not desire to hear the perpetual whimpering about Ivar! He is out of danger; you yourself have told me so. There is actually nothing which can rationally prevent your setting off. And any thing unreasonable, you know—is no affair of mine. Besides, you know that my determination is tolerably steadfast, and is not accustomed to be turned about by any child-hood or woman's nonsense!"

"I know, Sigurd, that your determination is steadfast; that you do not waver. Nor will I endeavor to persuade you. I would merely say to you to-night—farewell; and would thank you for the time when you loved me, and for the good-will you showed to me. I would restore what I can no longer retain. You leave the city to-morrow, and I return to my family, to the home of my childhood. We separate. There is your ring, Sigurd. It was with delight that I placed it on my finger; with sorrow it is that I remove it. But it must be done!"

There was a mournful, quiet determination in Gerda's voice and demeanor, which was very unlike her. Sigurd had often seen in her towering defiance, burning indignation; he was accustomed to these, and to see them go over and change. But this was something new; it sounded—it felt—strange. A cold shudder passed over Sigurd.

He looked at the young woman with an inquiring glance. But her glance opposed his, calm, strong, solemn, but very sorrowful. There was a something in it which penetrated Sigurd's breast, and touched his heart, as if with the finger of death. He looked away, and then again he looked at her; on her pale countenance, on the determined, deep glance. For the first time, Sigurd seemed to have met in her an equal, whose being he could not understand, and against which he could not contend. An increasing astonishment in his countenance seemed to express the question of his soul, and involuntarily he uttered,

"What is this?—Is it serious?"

Gerda laid her marble-cold hand upon his.

"Yes, it is serious," said she, as before. "We must part, Sigurd; but gladly would I that we should part as friends. And, believe me, Sigurd, I am attached to you still, though I say to you farewell!" Her voice trembled.

She leaned her forehead for a moment against his shoulder. Then she rose up, and remained calmly standing before him. His sensations were extraordinary. He still felt the pressure of that marble-cold hand upon his, and it seemed as if an icy coldness went from it up into his breast. There was a buzzing in his ears; his heart beat violently, while he felt that some great change was about to take place between himself and her whom he had governed so long.

"I do not understand what you mean," said he, in almost a stammering voice. "What is the cause of all this! But this you know very well, that I desire your true happiness—your real well-being; and I think that no childish displeasure ought to make you doubt it. What is it that you reproach me with?—what is it that you desire of me?"

"Nothing, Sigurd, nothing; only to be free! It is no caprice, no accident, which separates us. It is the necessity of the thing; it is the dissimilarity between our two natures. More than this I will not say to you. I will not embitter this moment by reproaches. You have believed that you have done right for yourself and for me—but if I should, with the excited feelings that you daily awaken in me, become your wife—woe both to you and to me! Our lives would become miserable. I have felt hatred and bitterness toward you growing in my heart! Thus it ought not to be! No; I would still love you, as a friend, as a benefactor; and therefore we must part before it becomes too late. It can not be otherwise, Sigurd; I have proved it for many years; and have become clear on the subject only within a short time. I highly esteem—I am attached to you; but—we must part!"

Sigurd's head had sunk while Gerda thus spoke. Mild and gentle as her voice was to him, it sounded like the thunder of doom. When she had ended he looked up, and she appeared to him beautiful as she stood there, in her stern gravity, with glances that quietly seemed to flash fire; never had she appeared to him more beautiful—more worthy to be desired.

Love, anger, jealousy, rage, penetrated him, and his eye flashed, as he said in bitter ness—

"You are really rash, Gerda—this is very easy to you;—it is a light matter to you to break faith and promises; and, as a matter of course, it troubles you very little how much I may suffer. It is a small affair for you to give up him who has devoted his life to you for these many years, because you

have already, perhaps, given yourself to another; and the whole of this courageous demonstration, and all these great words, may, perhaps, at the bottom merely say, 'I am in love with David.'

"Oh, no," replied Gerda, seriously, but without the slightest anger; "that they will not say; and you do not at the bottom believe it yourself. No, Sigurd; you I have loved, and shall never love any one as I love you. And, if it can alleviate the bitter feelings which you experience, know then, that I have not rent asunder this bond without suffering severely myself; that I, even at this moment, love you above any other man. And yet, yet—yet, Sigurd, we must part.—It is as sure as the judgment of heaven above you and me. But never shall I again be happy as I have hitherto been—neither shall I ever marry. Solitary shall I go on my way—let it be whatever God pleases. Never shall I forget you; never be joyous; never be really easy until I know that you are happy again, and that you can think of me without bitterness. Oh, that I could efface that which you now feel; that I could receive your forgiveness before I go—a little word of kindness—of consolation—of hope, that we may one day meet again, and extend to each other our hands as friends. My friend—my teacher—Sigurd!—Give me a friendly look—it is too bitter to part thus;—a heavy debt will, notwithstanding, rest upon me—the debt of being ungrateful to my benefactor!"

She wept.

Sigurd had clearly understood, by Gerda's words, and her whole behavior, that there was now no return, no reconciliation to be thought of; but his pride rose up, and would not allow her to see how deeply he was wounded; and a nobler feeling also stifled in him the expression of anger and pain. The noble womanliness in her manner and behavior awoke the noble manliness in him—for it existed there, however much it might be held in subjection by ruder powers; in this moment of struggle and suffering it came forth. Sigurd rose up and said—

"Be calm. I forgive you. And, as you feel it necessary for the happiness of your life to separate from me, it is my duty to feel the same. That which I may have to bear in consequence of it, I will bear. You are free. To-morrow I will myself conduct you to your family. May you find in them better friends than I and my mother have been to you."

These words cut Gerda deeper to the heart than the bitterest reproaches would have done. She wept silently but painfully. Sigurd, evidently proud and cold, walked up and down the room. Did he enjoy Gerda's tears? Did he expect some change in her thoughts and resolution? Neither of them said a word for a long, long time.

At length Gerda rose up, and said softly—"Good night, Sigurd."

He stood still and looked at her with darkly inquiring glances.

She went nearer to him and offered him her hand. "Good night!" repeated she, with almost a beseeching glance.

He did not move, but continued gloomily to gaze at her.

They stood thus silent for a moment.

Perhaps at this moment each waited for the other; perhaps Sigurd believed that now the long power of habit and womanly weakness would throw the young girl into his arms, and therefore he stood stiffly and proudly against her, as he so often had done before.

"Well, then—for the last time," whispered Gerda, "forgive!—Farewell!" and she clasped him in her arms and impressed a kiss upon his lips, and—was gone. The kiss seemed to take away his life. He gasped for breath.

"Was that the last?—is it past—past forever?" Thus spoke a mournful sound within Sigurd's soul; life was darkened before him, and the world seemed as if it would fall to ruins. It became desolate and cold within him and around him. He went into his chamber. It became night.

"Is it really possible?—is it not a dream?" said Sigurd, shuddering from time to time, during that long night. "Have I actually been the cause of this? Have I chased spring out of my world? Have I killed the life in my life?" But his pride sustained him, and prevented him from seeking for a reconciliation, which he regarded as in vain.

"To-morrow, to-morrow, I shall be with my brothers and sisters!" thought the sorrowing and violently-excited Gerda, and she placed a light in her window, and thus gave the preconcerted signal to Augustin, who was waiting in the street, and which was to say, "It is done! To-morrow I shall come to you."

After this she sat down to write a letter to her foster-mother, and many a painful tear mingled itself with the words on the paper. Gerda heard through this night an incessantly-moving, restless step, and her heart trembled at the sound. It was a long, wearisome night; it seemed as if it would never end.

But even it passed over.

Some hours after this, Gerda found herself in the home of her family. Sigurd and his mother had, themselves, conducted her thither, but with that silent displeasure, that proud rage which is so humiliating to him who has to endure it.

Gerda, therefore, was in despair.

"Oh! I must once more go to them!" exclaimed she, with tears of anguish; "must once more see them; once more speak to them, soften, conciliate them! Once more

beseech of them—throw myself at their feet, and beseech of them their forgiveness!"

"No! now you stay here!" said Augustin, firmly, as he withheld her. "No further attempt now. It would serve no purpose. And you need not any further humiliate yourself. I will not allow it. But do not weep so, Gerda! Do not imagine that all is ruined—that all is lost! Time heals many wounds. The snow must fall over certain impressions and feelings before they can be forgotten. Let the snow fall. In time the spring comes. Wait for it; and—come now and talk with Ivar, and help us to enliven him, both soul and body. He longs for you. You will become his best physician."

Augustin's words were as medicine to Gerda's soul; and the occupation which the restless but warm-hearted Ivar occasioned her was beneficial to her; beneficial also was the familiar, peaceful circle of the family home.

"Shall I ever again be cheerful? Shall I ever again be able to laugh heartily?" Gerda had questioned of herself in the first anguish after the separation, and in the pang of conscience which hitherto she had not anticipated.

At night, however, when she took Engel's place in Göthilda's chamber, and heard Maja's laugh and Göthilda's merry chatter, and saw herself the object of Hedvig's affectionate attentions, the peaceful feeling of home diffused a wonderful joy over her mind. She knew that every thing which she had done was necessary and right; she permitted herself to enjoy the delight of the present moment, and the thoughts of the future came like the beautiful singing birds, which foretold to Columbus his approach to the new world; they came fresh and full of life, bearing upon their wings the words—

"Reconciliation! Renovation!"

### RENOVATION.

"CONFIDE to God that which thou hast from him, oh! thou soul weary of wandering. Confide to the truth that which is from the truth within thee, and thou shalt lose nothing, and thou shalt again blossom forth from thy blight and shalt become healed of all thy infirmities, and that which thou hast lost shall be compensated to thee and renewed, and shall be inwardly united to thee, and it shall no more remove from thee, but shall perpetually remain and continue with thee, as God perpetually is and remains to be!"

Gerda read the above to Ivar out of an old book written many hundred years ago, called "The Confessions of Augustin." The words gave rise to much talk and thought between the brother and sister.

Renovation is an old subject, an old chapter in the history of the human race, old,

and eternally new as life itself. The apple of Iduna—which was said to have power to renew the youth even of the gods—the cup of renovation from which the Christian drinks to-day new life—bear witness to it.

There are very few people who have not wished some time or other during their lives that they could begin afresh—that they could, as it were, be born into a new life-sphere both inwardly and outwardly; that they might take leave of the old night, and call up anew the rosy tints of morning on their life's horizon.

And in all ages have people made the attempt to do so by a great many ways and means.

They have made pilgrimages to the holy tomb, and later to old Rome. They wish to make an end of the past, and to begin anew to hope and to live.

In our days people betake themselves westward, to the new world. The little light which shone for the first discoverers in the night, and announced to them the longed-for shore; shining nowadays to the children of Europe from the shores of America, shines encouragingly through many a one's night.

Freedom in religion; labor in the young, prolific soil; that rich promise of good which now presents itself in so many forms—that is the light! That it is which entices us to leave our huts to build new ones there, and there—to begin anew.

"To begin anew!—but could we not do this with every new day, with every new sun?" inquire "the quiet in the land."

Calm and strong souls! much may be done by a human being with a pure will and amid a quiet life. But with certain deeper changes in that inner life, and for many a stormy soul, an outward change is almost a necessary means of an inward renovation. There is a power in old places, habits, impressions, connections—as dangerously fascinating as intoxicating liquors; as crippling as heavy fetters, from which no one can free himself—but by flight. But, far removed from them, with a new earth beneath our feet, with new stars above our head, new objects around us, new impressions, new thoughts have birth, and it is much easier for the soul to exert and raise itself. These outward removals are remedies in the hand of Providence for men. They do not supply the good desire, but they support it.

The brother and sister talked of all this between themselves, and it became clear to them, and to the whole family circle, that the remedy for both would be fresh activity under new circumstances, and that rest in the family-home was not to be to them any thing else than the rest which the bird of passage takes on the branches of the tree, to invigorate its wings for a new and a longer flight. For Ivar, however, it was not rest. His native land seemed to burn his feet. In

his state of feverish excitement and disquiet, he only longed to be away—far, far away!

A chance circumstance, one of those which occur now and then, and which resemble fate, or the guidance of a higher hand, occurred at this moment, which at once determined the plans of the brother and sister. We have seen their impulse toward the land of the Pilgrim Fathers. Now it happened that a sea-captain, a friend of Bror's, was just about to set sail to Boston, in North America, with the swift-sailing brig Freja; his wife accompanied him, and both of these people were of that kind which one would gladly have for traveling companions through life. Better conductors and friends Ivar and Gerda could not meet with, and on being spoken to by Bror, they expressed the utmost readiness to receive the young passengers, as well as to assist them by every means in their power on their arrival in that foreign land.

Ivar and Gerda embraced, with actual delight, the thought of this voyage to the new world, as well as of making their public appearance together by means of the songs of their native land, which they with certainty believed would take greatly with the people of the new world.

This plan, however, was received with opposition, and a deal of hesitation by the family.

Hedvig folded her hands in her lap, became quite pale, and said, full of anxiety—"So far off! ah! how then can I help you?"

"You have helped us on our feet again!" replied the two, gratefully smiling; now we must be able to help ourselves."

Augustin shook his head. The brother and sister were too young, he thought, to undertake alone such a journey, and such a career. He feared this adventure for Gerda.

"Ivar will be my best protector!" said Gerda; you will see, Augustin, how prudent and good it will make him. And the genius of America will protect me—it is, we know it well, a noble knight who honors and protects every pure-hearted woman! There, more than every other place in the world, shall I find myself safe."

Uncle Herkules set himself in direct opposition, grew angry, and scolded.

"It is folly, pure folly!" said he. "Let Ivar travel. He may need it, it will do him good; especially if he served in a man-of-war, and had a clever captain over him—it would do our young chap some good to taste a little discipline. But Gerda! Gerda, what should she do there? she had a deal better stop at home, and give us some music here, and it would be better than going and crowing before the world, which has *lirumlarum* enough as it is. I like Gerda—she is a handsome girl! She is worthy of something better than quavering and crowing before the world for money. And to be accompanied

by that mad-cap Ivar! and that in America, where folks are all downright fools together!—if it won't all go to the devil—I know nothing. But I will have no hand in this miserable business; I give no consent of mine; I take my finger out of the pie, and wash my hands of the affair!"

And with this uncle Herkules went down into his workshop, and thundered with Thor's hammer.

One person, however (in case the expression is not too strong for the occasion), wore a positively adverse and clouded aspect with regard to this great journey, and that was—the money.

Augustin had no doubt but that the musical brother and sister—and especially Gerda, with her great talent—would be successful in the path which they had chosen, but, in order to accomplish this it was necessary to have—money: money for the voyage, and for the first commencement; money to enable them to travel farther; money to meet any unforeseen, adverse circumstances and difficulties; in a word, there required a sum of money, which no one could see any means of raising.

Augustin, and Bror also, had reduced themselves as low as possible, and had even borrowed money, to put Ivar's affairs in order. It was no joke to borrow an additional sum, neither was it advisable, under existing circumstances; and that which the sisters themselves were possessed of would not go far, even if Hedvig laid her gold spoon in the balance—which was what Ivar would not hear spoken of, neither that his sisters should make any sacrifice for his sake. He would himself borrow the money, which he hoped some day to be able to pay back. But every body who stands in need of borrowing knows very well that a loan is sometimes very difficult to be obtained, especially when people's circumstances are in a bad state. Uncle Herkules had money; the sisters knew that; but uncle Herkules would not hear a word about this journey, because he grew angry only to think of it. And the family knew very well that he held the reins in his own hands, and that you could not get him to do more than he would.

But Gøthilda had also her own thoughts in her head, and had from the very beginning declared herself in favor of the journey; regarded it as "a very prudent step," and as one which unquestionably would be successful to her brother and sister. Now, however, when it seemed likely to be stranded upon a variety of difficulties, and when she saw the anxiety of her brother and sister, she set her head to work to "get the thing afloat."

One fine day she began to bring out all the old bonnets and cast-off garments belonging to herself and her sisters, to sell by auction, to which she would invite all the

family and acquaintance of the family. The bringing forth and appearance of these old scarecrows, and Gøthilda's remarks upon them, made the family almost kill themselves with laughter. In the mean time, as it became apparent that the result of the auction would be a deal of merriment with but little money, Gøthilda was seized by another bright idea, and this was—to put herself up to auction. She said nothing, however, of this to her sisters; thought over and arranged the matter with herself, and then walked down on the morrow to General Herkules. Hopp and Hej, the general's two dogs, which were always posted in his ante-room, started up and gave her a clamorous welcome; and after mutual demonstrations of friendship, the three all went into the general's apartment.

He was at this moment in his innermost room, in his chamber. There, in the alcove above the general's bed, hung the portrait of his mother, a mild, noble, womanly picture. He himself now stood in a portion of the room which Gøthilda called his "Pantheon." There opposite to each other, were placed two wooden chiffoniers, not unlike altars. Above the one was hung the portrait of his father, and upon the other altar lay his old "Charles the Twelfth's Bible" in a worn buckskin cover; his weapons, a brace of pistols, upon a silver waiter; the tools with which he worked when he was a prisoner in Solikamski, together with several relics from that old time. Above the other altar, looked down, between two blood-stained banners, the gloomy countenance of a warrior, who, with a threatening, fiery glance, seemed to watch over the remains of fallen warriors during the last Finnish war, which were here assembled. And upon the altar was inscribed by the general's own hand, the following words:—

**"TO THE COMRADES FALLEN IN BATTLE."**

"They have not fought and died in vain; their bold blood is the seed of future achievements."

It was here that General Herkules was standing. He had carried his father's Bible, in which he every morning read a portion, to its place between the tools of war and peace. And he was just now about to wipe off the dust from the old pistols.

"Nay, is it you, my little witch, my little dainty-foot!" exclaimed he, mildly and kindly, as Gøthilda entered. And he began to take up the old things, first one and then another, and to relate anecdotes connected with their history, and which were not altogether new to Gøthilda. She listened to them, however, as long and as sympathizingly as her patience and her already fermenting plans would allow. At length she said—

"And now, dear uncle, we must leave these old stories for a moment, and go to something new. Because I have something bran new to say to uncle."

"Oh, the deuce!" said the general good-humoredly, "what have you a-brewing, my little Mrs. Leapfrog? It must be indeed something very extraordinary. You must, I believe, be thinking of going to America, to show yourself for money. Ha! ha! ha! The deuce take me, but that would be a very pretty show. Well, have I guessed right?"

"Not exactly dear uncle. But—I am intending here in Sweden to put myself up for auction, and to sell myself to somebody who can and who will give a good price for me."

"What! the deuce!—what are you talking about?"

"I will obtain money for Ivar and Gerda to travel with, and as I can not get it in any other way, I am determined to sell myself."

"Is the girl gone raging mad? And who, the deuce, do you think will buy you?"

"And," continued Gøthilda, with the greatest firmness and seriousness, "as I, however, like you better than any other man of my acquaintance, I first like to know whether you will have me as life-property, and pay me for the bargain a thousand rix-dollars immediately!"

"Are you altogether gone stark staring mad? I think that you have lost your wits!

And if I will not have you?"

"Well, then—I shall ask uncle Urbanus whether he will marry me and pay down two thousand rix-dollars—because I shall make him pay dearer—but he will take me, that you will see; he will not refuse me, that I know!"

General Herkules stood quite confounded, and looked at the young girl, who seemed to be most perfectly serious in her proposal. That Director Urbanus had a little sneaking kindness for Gøthilda, and entertained some matrimonial thoughts regarding her, had been for some time suspected by the family, and had greatly amused them; General Herkules, therefore, did not doubt for a moment but that he would accept Gøthilda's proposal.

"Confound the girl!" said he, "if one could put any faith in your—if one thought you were serious with your folly!"

"The d— take me, if I am not!" said Gøthilda.

"Don't swear, girl!—because then the fiend will fetch you. I believe you will make a fool of me. Can you desire to have for a husband an old selfish fool like uncle Urbanus?"

"No, but I must have the money, and if I can not get it any other way, I shall take him into the bargain. It would not be dis-

agreeable in any way to belong to him, and to be mistress of his house—and then I should invite you, uncle, to dinner.”

“Confound it! no, the deuce take me if I will come, or will see you either, Mrs. Urbanus Myrtenblad! How could any body get such ideas, and how could any one—bring them out?—how can any body be so destitute of brains?—how can they—it is too mad!”

“People may do any thing that they will!” exclaimed Gøthilda, and with that began to weep, and as she sobbed she continued, “and if they have to do with a barbarian, there is no other course than to become a sacrifice!”

“What stupidity is this that you are talking!” said the general, really angry; “never did I hear any thing like it, and never could I have believed that my little witty Rattlepate could have been such a—be silent now, Gøthilda, and be reasonable. Come hither!—be a good child, and do not let us talk any more about the stupid folly. A pretty story!—the deuce is it!”

“Then uncle will not have me, will not give me the thousand rix-dollars?”

“No, the d— fetch me if I will!”

“Farewell, then, uncle—I shall go to uncle Urbanus!”

“That you shall not do!—Confound it!—Are you not ashamed, girl?”

“No, not at all. I know what I mean to do, and I will do what I mean. And if I do not go myself, I know that uncle Urbanus will come this evening. And then!”

The general looked at her for a moment, and then said—

“You are, I believe, capable of doing as you say. Yes, that you really are. But rather than that Urbanus had you, I would rather—have you myself, and yet it costs more than you are worth.”

“Then uncle will have me!” exclaimed Gøthilda, beside herself for joy.

“Yes, then, yes—there is the money-chest, girl; take what you wish for. Less than Urbanus will I not pay for you. You may take two thousand!—such a crazy creature! never did I hear of such a thing!”

“Now I am yours, uncle, in life and death!” exclaimed Gøthilda, throwing herself into his arms, and crying and laughing at the same time.

“But, now, do you know that I have a right to give you away, if I like to do so?” said the general.

“That may be!” returned Gøthilda, “only I shall take uncle with me! because ‘no man can serve two masters,’ as the Bible says, and I will serve no man on the earth excepting you, uncle; but for you, uncle, I would go through fire and water, and every thing that was bad!”

And with this she embraced and kissed him, and sprang away to her sisters, full of exultation, with the much-wished-for sum of money.

The general grumbled and swore horribly at “that devilish young girl,” at himself, at “that great piece of folly,” as he called the journey. In the mean time, he became, to a certain degree, reconciled to himself, when he perceived the heartfelt gratitude of the family to him for what he had done. And, over and above, he proposed to make a new lock to Gerda's traveling trunk. Still he continued to call the journey “that piece of folly,” and he looked sometimes at Gøthilda with a certain cunning mien which seemed to say, “You shall not have done that for nothing.” But Gøthilda held her head aloft and looked very tranquil.

Her brothers and sisters regarded Gøthilda with a sort of astonishment, on account of her clever but strange manoeuvre, and Gøthilda laughed at herself with them, but assured them that she was perfectly serious in what she had done, and we, for our part, have no difficulty in believing her. For the rest, Gøthilda looked upon herself as a phenomenon among women, and her family were inclined to be of the same opinion.

From this time, that is to say, from uncle Hercules's change of opinion, the journey went on with a fair wind. All the family were put in a state of activity by it; and Hedvig dissipated her uneasiness by getting her brother's and sister's wardrobes in order, and in providing every thing which they could possibly need to take with them into a foreign country.

Ivar and Gerda passed the days in a sort of intoxication of music, and plans and descriptions of the journey. Memoranda and maps seemed to grow up around them. Ivar recovered his spirits evidently.

“I can once more see that heaven is blue; that the earth bears flowers, and that the grass is green,” said he.

Often has been sung the delightful growth of a happy love in a human heart, but I have never yet heard praised the delightful departure of an unhappy passion wherefrom, and yet it equally deserves commendation. When a glowing summer day declines, and the evening comes with coolness, dew, the evening song of birds, and the ascending of gentle stars upon a pure heaven—certainly it is beautiful and glorious! and the conquest of an unhappy passion is often the moment for the ascent of true freedom in the hitherto fettered soul. No longer captive to one single object, it casts its glance over the infinite kingdom of life, spreads abroad its wings, and has joyful presentiments of a new “let there be light” in its own existence.

### A LITTLE HERE AND THERE, BEFORE THE JOURNEY.

"Do you know, Göthilda," said Bror, one day to her, "I think that they make too little of us here at home. We reckon as nothing beside the other two—and that is merely because we are modest and rational, and don't make any disturbance, or get up any tragedies about our inner condition, or our adversities. And yet there may be occasion of this, if people would only take them up; the deuce take me, am not I very much to be pitied?"

"You pitied!" repeated Göthilda, lifting up her eyes, and gazing at her brother's round, pleasant, merry physiognomy, and perceiving with astonishment that tears stood in his eyes.

"Yes, yes," continued he, "I am actually to be pitied, and so are the others too. Those dear, good girls, the Woltmans—you can not conceive, Göthilda, what a life they lead at home, and—I with them, because I like them, and I would gladly make it a little easier and more cheerful for them; but I myself sometimes am quite depressed with the gloomy atmosphere of the house. And this makes me sometimes so cross with old Woltman, that it is all I can do to prevent myself from breaking out upon him. If it were not for the girls' sakes, I could never have held out. And yet he has good qualities; he is a right-minded, truth-loving, honorable man, as people say; but he is in a high degree avaricious, and has one of the very worst of tempers. One never sees him but in an ill-humor, and one never hears him speak a friendly word. People can not be cheerful, because that makes him angry; and besides that, he goes about constantly finding fault and grumbling through the house at what "goes on," and at what is "broken," so that he puts an end to all pleasure. That is the way he goes on with his daughters, although when they and I are together, we amuse ourselves a little now and then. But if the father comes in, nobody can stir, unless they wish to be scolded, and to have angry looks thrown at them. And the very worst of all is——"

But here Bror suddenly checked himself, crimsoned, was silent, and merely said after a moment's reflection—

"Yes, Heaven knows how it will go on."

"What? what?" asked Göthilda, dreadfully inquisitive; "what will go on? What is that very worst?"

"I will tell you—another time, said Bror; "but now tell me, my little sister, why you look so dark and so threatening sometimes, as if you had something very gloomy on your mind—what can it be?"

"I will tell you—another time," replied Göthilda, a little affronted. "One must in

any case fight alone against the Evil One, and nobody can help one in this combat."

"Against the Evil One!" exclaimed Bror, and looked astonished in his turn, and made a gesture of comic terror.

"Yes, yes," said Göthilda, gravely; "it is nothing to laugh at; but I will say nothing." And with these words she sprang out of the room, leaving Bror to guess what she meant, and herself guessing and wondering what could be the meaning of Bror's "very worst of all."

Ivar and Gerda talked about the future, and now and then cast searching glances back to the past, that they might settle their reckoning therewith.

"I have one request to make from you, my brother and sister," said Ivar to Hedvig and Augustin, a few days before the one fixed upon for the commencement of the voyage; "it has reference to a matter which I have upon my conscience, which just now has come into my memory, and which I reproach myself for having forgotten. But I have gone about as if in a cloud of selfish cares and concerns—I have been very foolish." Ivar was silent for a moment, and then continued—

"When, some years ago, I broke my leg at Upsala, I lodged with a gardener's widow, who lived, with her children, upon the income of a little garden, as well as by boarding and lodging students. She was a very agreeable old woman, and she paid as much attention to me, all the time I lay ill, as an actual mother could have done. I wish you had seen her, how really handsome she was, with her bright, gentle countenance, her quiet demeanor, and her pious heart, and her experience of life, from which the most cultivated might have learned something. She had three children; the eldest daughter, a lively, cheerful, and clever girl of about twenty, and two younger children, a son and a daughter, about thirteen or fourteen. Little Karin—so was the girl called—waited on me, and was an uncommonly sweet, intellectual, and thoughtful child. It amused me to give her and her brother (a promising young lad, with great ability for drawing) instruction in different things. The girl was in particular desirous of acquiring knowledge; she had great delight in reading and writing, and wrote verses, which were not bad. She used to bring me up my coffee in a morning, and always brought with her a bouquet of fresh flowers and fruit from the garden. I know not how it happened," continued Ivar, with tears in his eyes, "that this idyl in my life should just now come into my memory so fresh and bright, like a dewy flower; but it is indeed because the dew then lay on my own life, and the tempest had not then gone over it. This family became actually dear to me, and it was delightful to see the understanding which existed between the mother

and children, and how, spite of their narrow circumstances, a certain elegance prevailed in their dwelling, and in their manner of life and action.

"After I left Upsala—I sent annually a little sum of money to the mother, to assist the boy, who wished to study, and to buy books for little Karin. I acknowledge, however, that for the last year I have neglected to do this—nay, I had almost forgotten those dear children, who yet deserved to be kept in remembrance. Dear Augustin! will you inquire after this family, and how the boy gets on, and, if it be necessary, supply him with that aid which I have hitherto neglected?—and you, Hedvig, will you take some notice of little Karin—let her have some work to do for you, and a few books? I assure you that you will like her—if I live, and things go well with me, I will soon repay to you this debt, and—if I do not—let it be one more among the many debts which I now owe to you."

Ivar's hands, which he extended to his brother and sister, were cordially grasped by them, and they cheerfully gave him the promise he wished. On this, he gave them still further information regarding the Ollonberge, for such was the name of the gardener's family.

"Ah!" continued he, "what great and beautiful plans I had at the time I became acquainted with them, for the improvement of my fellow-beings and myself;—how did I desire to elevate every thing and every body! But what a failure all this has been!"

"The seed which falls to the earth may in its own time become a large tree!" said Hedvig, smiling, full of consolation.

"God bless you for those beautiful words, my angel sister!" said Ivar; "yes, I believe that it may be so. I feel it—it is not all over with me yet; and that which has been, and that which now is before me—may become the passage to—a higher point of view."

"My ideas! exactly my own ideas!" exclaimed Augustin, as, smiling, he gave his brother a slap on the shoulder, and rose up. "I am not sure, brother dear, that you have not stolen them from me: but be easy, I shall not take you before the magistrate. I make you a present of them—I make you a present of them! Only adhere to them firmly."

The day before they set out on their journey was come; but storm and contrary wind had prevailed through the whole of it. The swift-sailing brig was obliged to wait in port. Toward evening, the wind somewhat abated. The captain of the brig expected it would change during the night, when it would become favorable, and he would immediately set sail.

It was now already late. The brothers and sisters had, for the last time for long, eaten their evening meal together.

The whole family was now assembled, excepting the new-married pair; they had, shortly after their marriage, made a journey to visit Uno's relations in the south of Sweden; after which they proposed taking a longer journey abroad.

At ten o'clock, Ivar and Gerda were to go on board, accompanied to the shore by their friends. David and Master Jarl were among the number.

The wind howled, and the rain beat against the window. Every one in the room was silent and gloomy. Thoughts of misfortune, like lofty billows, arose in the minds of many. Hedvig's glance sought that of Augustin, as if to ask counsel and consolation; but Augustin avoided meeting it, and walked up and down the room. All the more the storm increased without, and deeper grew the silence within the room.

No longer able to conceal her distress, Hedvig at length exclaimed—

"Brother and sister! there is yet time! you can give up this dreadful voyage. Listen to the storm without! and see—here it is calm. Think on all the dangers abroad! Think of our anxiety here at home. Think that we here could live happily together, or near to one another. Ah! consider well whether you can not give up this journey, and remain quiet in your own country, in your own home—with us!"

"No, no, we must travel!" replied Ivar and Gerda, with one voice.

Hedvig concealed her face in her hands and, against her will, an hysterical sob of anguish forced its way from her breast.

Gerda sprang up, beside herself, and threw herself at Hedvig's feet, embracing her knees, and weeping. Ivar did the same. They heaped upon Hedvig the most affectionate names, and prayed her to compose herself. Every thing was in a state of painful excitement.

The old count stood up.

"My children!" said he, in a strong, solemn voice, "let us pray!"

Every one was silent; every heart and every hand was uplifted; every eye was turned upon the old man, who, with clasped hands, prayed in a loud and cheerful voice:

"Almighty Lord God! thou who rulest over the storm and over the hearts of men, hear us! Look down upon these children and their foolish undertaking. Let the end of it be prosperous! And, let it be as it may, do thou give them thy blessing! Take them, Father, in thy powerful hand, and be to them safety in the storm. Conduct them safely to that foreign land across the sea, and conduct them home again in safety to their family, and to the old man who now prays for them. Let them shrink not in the hour of trial; and let thy Spirit, both in fair and adverse wind, and tempest, and in fair weather, on land or on the water, call to

them that thou art the true haven, the true pilot, and that with thee no one is fatherless!" Hear us, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen!"

"Amen!" was repeated by the whole family circle, with strong and tranquilized hearts.

"Amen!" repeated a strange voice, which hastily drew all eyes toward the door. And there, with the black cap drawn over his silver hair, his fine countenance, with roses on the cheek and animation in the eye, and heartfelt kindness in expression, stood little Dr. Lund, the teacher of the young people, "the dear father" of all.

He was immediately surrounded by them.

"Children," said the amiable old man, with grave kindness of tone, "I am come to see you! it was only yesterday that I heard by chance what was going on in this house, and I set off directly to see you, you two vagabonds, before you set off on your long voyage, and to express the thoughts of my heart. Do you hear! Was it right of you to forget your old friend in this way, and to let him sit there like a cipher that was good for nothing? Well! well! reasons? I thank you! I understand! 'not trouble,' 'not disturb,' aye, aye, it sounds very fine. But do you think that I am become so extremely old, that the heart begins to dry up in my breast? Confess, like good children, that you forgot me, and that was all the business. But see, you won't escape me for all that; and I am now come to accompany you a few steps on the way, and to give you something which shall accompany you much further. I know very well, children, that you, yourselves, have thought of taking with you the best of guides, but still it can do no harm if you take one also from an old friend, as the best gift and the best keep-sake which he can leave with you."

And with that he took out of his breast pocket a Bible, expensively bound, and gave it to the brother and sister, shaking hands with them heartily.

"If I were young," continued he with animation, "I would go with you to see the New World, and to make myself acquainted with all those sects and parties, and make a long list of them. Ye—e—e yes! things are not altogether right among the gentry over there! That I can see from here; and I would have preached to them—that I would! in particular about their being quarrelsome one with another. But look you, there is one thing I like them for, and that is the esteem which they have for the Scriptures! I have read in Tocqueville that even the American emigrant who builds his cabin in the wilderness—the poor cabin which hardly keeps out the wind and rain—always takes with him his Bible, his ax, and the newspapers. Look! that is all one needs on earth. It is provision for the inner man

and the outward man, at the same time; and to see that, I would gladly sail across the sea. But, ah! I am old, and gray, I have only come up here to say farewell to you! New God bless you, children—sooner or later we shall meet again, and talk with one another about that new world, but that will be only—in the other world!"

Gerda bent gratefully over the hand of the beloved teacher, but he withdrew it, took her head between his two hands, and kissed her forehead.

A messenger came from the captain of the brig with the intelligence that the wind had become favorable, and that he intended, in about an hour, to set sail.

Soon after this, Ivar and Gerda, accompanied by their friends, were walking toward the harbor.

The rain had ceased—the heavens were clear; the wind was still strong, but it was a mild and fresh spring-wind. The stars looked forth from between the flying clouds, and Gøthilda, who, I know not how, had picked up some astrological phrases, saw good omens in the positions of the planetary signs. Every body's spirits cleared up a little. The wind and the weather have a remarkable influence upon us, sometimes.

David walked beside Gerda, a little apart from the rest.

"You take a long journey," said he, in a voice which was neither mild nor firm—"you will, I have no doubt, obtain success and laurels in that foreign country, a long way from us; but more faithful, more devoted friends than those whom you have here, will you never find—do not forget them in that foreign land!"

"Could I ever be able to forget my best friends, my brothers and sisters?" replied Gerda.

"But you have, perhaps, friends who love you more, more fervently than your brothers and sisters," returned David. He paused for a moment, and then continued, "I know some one who might have much to say on that subject, but whose tongue—whose hope is bound by the feeling that—he is not worthy of the object whom he loves; that he has nothing to offer but a heart full of admiration and devotion!"

Gerda's heart became warm as she heard these words, but she answered, resolutely, though kindly—

"Ah! it is beautiful to believe ourselves loved, especially by those whom we ourselves love and value. It is beautiful to live for one another here, in the world, as friends; and I do not know why men and women can not live more for each other in this way than they do. Pure friendship ought to make us happier with one another than any other feeling. I have experienced another feeling, which made me very unhappy, and from henceforth I will have nothing more to

do with it. I will only live for friendship, and the fresh cheerful feelings which arise from it. Think on me as on a friend who heartily sympathizes in your weal and woe, who will rejoice to see you again, and to see you happy."

With this she gave her hand to David as if to take leave of him, and then, parting from him, joined herself to her brothers and sisters.

"Friendly and cool," thought the young man, and that cool friendliness wounded him deeply. "It is all one!" said he, talking to himself, "yet I like her, nevertheless!" and that fresh spring-wind in the human breast, the feeling of entire unselfishness and unpretending devotion, raised and strengthened his soul in that moment, and long afterward.

They were now in the harbor. The brig Freja already lay out in the bay; and lights gleamed from her through the darkness, and the waves splashed merrily round her sides, and the wind sung in her rigging. A boat waited on the shore, to take the brother and sister on board.

"Farewell! farewell!" said the deeply-agitated Ivar. "Oh, my brothers and sisters! and you, Hedvig, if I return, as I hope to do, a better and a happier man, it will be through you and for your sake."

The last words of love, the last broken parting salutation was spoken. The brothers and sisters separated. Hedvig and Augustin, however, accompanied them on board.

"Take care of her, take care of her!" besought Hedvig, as she laid Gerda's hand in that of the good-tempered captain's wife, "she is so young, and now, so solitary!"

Shortly after this the brig hoisted sail, and the Freja flew dancing over the waves before the roaring wind. It looked fresh and beautiful.

The brothers, and sisters, and their friends,

stood upon the shore and looked after the white, flying sails; but the darkness and the wind soon hid them from their sight, and now storm-clouds covered the heavens; again, violent gusts of wind were heard, and heavy drops of rain fell.

"As they have brewed, so must they bake!" grumbled General Herkules, half aloud, and looked so dangerous, thought Bror, that he did not dare to come within six ells of him.

Göthilda scolded Master Jari, who would say something in derision of astrology, to enliven her—of course.

Hedvig walked silently between Augustin and Dr. Lund, who spoke cheerfully and consolingly to her. He saw how much she needed it, and great was the value that he set upon this sister-soul.

Through the whole night, and for eight-and-forty hours, the storm continued, and great was the disquiet in the Dalberg family. After that, satisfactory and consolatory letters were received from the voyagers, and the weather became calm and beautiful.

In the home it was now also calm, calmer than it had been for a long time. But Hedvig, sister Hedvig, seemed changed, and when Augustin, whose observant eye this could not escape, said one day—

"Now, we ought to be contented; Hedvig, and amuse and enliven ourselves a little. Will you not go to the new theater this evening to see Torslow, and Mrs. Erikson?" Hedvig replied, "Don't be uneasy, Augustin, but I am not able to do it. I fear—I believe that I am about to have some serious illness."

Hedvig's anticipations were right. She had long borne the sorrows and disquietudes of others; long had exerted herself beyond her strength for her beloved ones, forgetful of herself; they now were saved, and she herself gave way.

It is often so.

## NEW PAGE AND NEW SCENE.

OH! all ye silent, holy healing powers of nature and the human heart; unseen, unknown fountains of another Nile which swell the eternal flood of goodness and mercy, fructifying the desert fields of life—secret benefactors! how beautiful to have known you, to *know* you; how pleasant to be able to talk to you, to be allowed, like a bird in God's spring, to sing about this, its liberating breeze, its sun, its odor of flowers!

And this I am able to do to-day.

A year and somewhat more had passed since that moment when the brothers and sisters stood upon the shore, and with heavy hearts had said farewell to the brother and sister on the sea, and sorrowfully had returned into their comparatively empty and silent home in the city, where Hedvig was soon laid on a bed of sickness, which she did not leave for many weeks.

When we again see them it is in the country, beneath a bright blue sky and green trees, in a little open carriage, which rolls easily along the legendary shore of the Mälar Lake.

In the carriage sat Hedvig and Augustin, Bror and Göthilda. By their side rides General Herkules, upon his black steed, at a magnificent gallop.

Hedvig was very pale, and looked weak, and her kind eyes shone brighter than common, while they gazed upon the glittering waves and green trees, and the nodding grass, and the flowers by the wayside, and then again upon her brother and sister, who seemed to have some private understanding with winds, and waves, and grass, and flowers, in order to induce them to revive and welcome most kindly the dear and still feeble sister, and to show themselves to her in their most beautiful guise, and they seemed to have promised to do so. And a dark cloud in the west disappeared at the same time, driven away by Göthilda's dark glances.

Augustin looks diplomatic. It is he who has invited his brother and sisters to take their drive, but has kept its purpose a mystery; and now Bror and Göthilda sit and wonder and guess, while Augustin exhibits an impenetrable mien, which is yet, however, now and then lighted up by a treacherous smile, betraying thus much, that the drive has a somewhat unusual, and—not disagreeable object. Uncle Herkules, Göthilda suspects, knows something more of it than the others, because he is quite in an unusual state of excitement, and makes hostile demonstrations against every old cow, and frightens every little pig which he meets on the way half out of his senses. And when the carriage stopped, because Augustin wished to point out some prospect to Hedvig, he rode up to the carriage, and let

Göthilda pat Svartklipper's nose, feed him with bread, and treat herself with some span new names, derived from I know not what dictionary, but not that of the Swedish Academy.

I will, in the mean time, lift up a little corner of the curtain which Augustin has let down before his friends; but, first of all, we will take a little flight, that is to say, I and my reader—N.B. If the latter will accompany me.

Many people have remarked it, and we have remarked it, that the Swedes have a very decided love for country life. As soon as a Swedish man or woman finds himself or herself in easy circumstances, or has any property left them, he or she looks after "a place in the country"—great or small, according to circumstances—where he may enjoy his life, during his days of rest, or likewise live the whole year and ever during his lifetime. And, as if in sympathy with the disposition of its children, Sweden, perhaps, more than any other country, gives occasion for this enjoyment, and affords every where such situations. "The Swedish landscape," as the Countess Ida Hahn-Hahn has observed, "is beauty in detail." Every where throughout this country may be found a large picture in a small one; every where a pretty and picturesque compendium of that which constitutes a beautiful landscape in water and land, mountain and valley, wood and plain. And every where, on the shores of rivers and lakes, at the feet of wood-crowned mountains, may be seen, looking forth, well-built country houses. It is true that there also are often seen proud castles and low, gray cottages, but the rural dwellings to which we refer—the habitations of the middle-class—are quite the most general, and look, as they are seen peeping from amid green leafy woods, which mirror themselves in the clear waters, very pretty and inviting. "There is something comfortable, familiar in it," said a noble Swedish artist, who, after a quarter of a century's sojourn in Italy, returned to his fatherland, and compared the landscape of the two countries. Every such country dwelling resembles a beautiful idyl.

Idyls! We know that there are people who esteem them very lightly. But have they understood them? Every where on the face of the earth, in nature, in history, do the pastoral and the heroic life go hand in hand, and from the earliest days of the world until its latest, flourishes upon life's agitated waters, or in its parched desert, an island, a verdant oasis, in which are fresh, sweet springs of water, shadowy palm-trees, and eternally blossoming young roses. In its shadow stood the cradle of mankind, and its best and holiest joys always blossom there—yesterday, to-day, to-morrow! The joy of parents—the love of brothers and sis

ters—that other love: the first kiss—the last repose in the beams of the evening sun! This idyl is family-life. And eternally shall the lamb maintain its place, among the figures of the golden age, beside the eagle and the lion.

We know very well that there are in actual life very wearisome idyls—idyls to make us yawn—idyls to weep over—idyls, in a word, to be prayed against in the litany. We ourselves have written of such, and, which is worse, have experienced them also. These, however, bear the same relation to the true, as—any thing else which is false does to the true, as the world of shadows, or Tartarus, to the Elysian fields; and between these, human beings have, earlier or later, their free choice.

But we return to our family party. Hedvig partook in a high degree of her countrymen's taste for nature, and for rural life; and during her many years' constant city life, she had silently longed, yes, on many a spring and summer day had actually pined, to get out into the country. To live familiarly with nature, as with a dear friend, a sister or brother—to see the flowers bloom one after another, and the butterflies flutter over them—to sit, during the warm summer days, beneath green trees, and to hear the birds twitter and the billows break upon the shore—to see the dew upon the grass, the crimson light of evening—to see the mists steal over the slumbering earth—to feel the freshness of the morning—to see the happy creatures enjoying life in a fresh and peaceful landscape; yes, even those rural occupations which employ and refresh human life in the country—all these were thoughts and images which Hedvig would not and did not dare to think of, because they seemed to her too beautiful, too captivating; because she knew that the circumstances of the household did not allow her such a happiness, and she would not utter a wish, which could only excite in Augustin's mind the regret that he could not satisfy it. She therefore was silent; and when the captivating images arose and visioned before her fancy a charming landscape, she chased them away, and, as it were, roused herself with other thoughts and occupations, which could employ the moment and the day.

Augustin read the depths of her soul, and when, after Hedvig's illness, she continued to suffer from nervous weakness and dejection, and when her own earnest endeavors, and the arrival of a new spring had not changed her condition, and the physician looked at his wit's end, Augustin never rested, but rode out with the general round the city, and looked and sought about till he found that—which we shall very soon see.

The carriage rolled on, and uncle Herkules galloped; the cloud sunk, the sun and the waves shone brightly. Augustin smiled;

Bror and Gôthilda guessed and wondered in company as to what could be the object of the drive, and the probable mystery which veiled it, and said many of those prodigiously stupid things which, among friends and members of a family, excite more hearty laughter than the most select wit can do.

The carriage now thundered over a bridge, and immediately afterward fragrant birches gave forth their odor, and "Now we are there!" exclaimed Augustin, as the carriage drew up before a light-red two-storied wooden house, upon the roof of which green grass grew, and butterflies fluttered around the large yellow stars of the stonecrop; it was an idyl on the roof.

Augustin sprang out of the carriage and received Hedvig in his arms. She was rather pale, as if from delightful emotion.

"Now look around you, Hedvig!" said he, "because this is yours."

It was a beautiful June day, at midsummer. The lilacs were in full bloom, and large bushes of lilac, and white lilacs, surrounded the pretty dwelling—the dwelling with the idyl on the roof, toward which Augustin conducted Hedvig. Their fragrance was delightful.

"Ah, Augustin! What is this?" said the excited and overjoyed Hedvig; "it is like a fairy-tale, so beautiful, so charming!"

"And I fancy that some good genius has got something ready for us to eat, within," said Augustin, as they entered, through the open glass door, into a spacious parlor, where a table was spread with fruit and flowers, and brown earthenware bowls of curds. The good genius, however, stood at the door, glancing in stealthily, and setting out her chest and drawing in her chin, and laughing in her sleeve, with moist and flashing eyes, and—we hope that our reader recognizes her as the faithful sympathizer in Hedvig's sorrow; her nurse during sickness, and the sympathizer in her joy, and the preparatrix (if we may coin this new word), who had cleaned the whole dwelling, set every thing in order, spread the table, gathered the flowers, and prepared every thing for the reception of the new proprietress, our respectable and clever Maja.

And now Augustin laid before Hedvig the contract which made her for five years the manager and ruler of little Birch Island; and acquainted her at the same time with the advancement and increase of salary which placed him, by help of uncle Herkules, in the condition to afford her and himself this increase to the happiness of life.

And then bending his knee, in joke, he delivered to her the contract, and said,

"Your highness will be pleased to regard me as your prime minister; and to accept General Herkules as your commander-in-chief. He promises to defend your feathered subjects from hawks and foxes, and to

provide you with prey both from the dominion of the wood and the water. He will settle himself down here as your defender. Göthilda becomes your principal lady of the household; and Bror and I shall come over every Sunday in order to receive your commands, and to provide now and then an assistant corps, to clear away from the garden and the larder all superfluous provisions."

Hedvig's tears fell silently during this harangue, and when it was ended she could only throw her arms around her brother's neck and kiss him with heartfelt affection. And in the same way she kissed them all afterward. She had no words to speak. Her heart was too full. "It was too feeling-full," thought Maja, as she stood looking on, and cried and laughed, and came at length forward, and offered her hand to Hedvig, and turned away her face and laughed, and then set off, like a tempest, to look after the asparagus and potatoes which Hannah was to boil for supper.

Bror reminded them of a collation, which General Herkules swore was the first rational word that had been spoken all the evening, and Hedvig began to exert herself as the hostess. The brothers and sister, however, declared that, in consequence of her newly-acquired dignity, she must fold her hands on her lap, and allow herself to be waited upon by the others; in accordance with which principle, Bror, wherever she went, followed her with an armed chair and her large covered basket, and Göthilda with footstools and cushions. Hedvig was obliged, with laughter, to drive away her attendant spirits; and Göthilda prophesied from this violence much mischief to the future prosperity of the kingdom. In this way the state of mind became considerably less "feeling-full;" and that was good for Hedvig. Augustin quartered the oranges; uncle Herkules produced two bottles of bishop, and enacted the butler. Hedvig was obliged to answer to the toast as the queen of Birch Island.

After they had refreshed themselves, they went to look around the place. Augustin gave Hedvig his arm, while the others, with General Herkules, scampered off with renewed power around mountain and meadow. For there was a high mountain upon the island—a high, proper, and very remarkable granite mountain, upon which was still to be seen the ruins of a castle where a remarkable lady of the Folkunga\* dynasty had resided—one of those magnificent ladies which the history of every country can show, among which in that of Sweden, Christina Gyllenstjerna holds so noble and so distinguished a

place. This mountain was called Dunder Berg, or the Thunder Mountain, because in the fourteenth century a thundering war had been carried on against the people of Estland, and the lady of the castle, who fought against them boldly and victoriously, was called the Lady of the Dunder Berg. And it was said that people now often saw at night a white female shape, with helmet and spear, stand upon the mountain, and look over the plain; and this they said was the lady of the Dunder Berg, but that she was not dangerous excepting to the enemy; and that she was, even when she was alive, a mild tempered woman, although as strong as a man in the hour of danger. Göthilda determined to take her as her pattern.

While uncle Herkules, with his young companions, clambered up the mountain, Augustin conducted Hedvig along the shore, and let her calmly enjoy the beauty of nature and of the evening hour. The pine-trees and the birches, which in picturesque groups constituted the principal wood of the island, sighed softly to the evening breezes, which seemed to whisper to them "good night," before they themselves went to rest among the shadows of evening. The sun sunk brilliantly below the waters of the Malar Lake; the fishes struck out circles in the clear mirror of the water; the bells which the cows carried were heard from the meadows, and the grasshopper sang its song in the tall grass; the lilies of the valley and the lilacs, wafted their odor; bats fluttered softly through the calm air; cheerful sounds of men and animals were heard now and then across land and water, speaking of a quiet, festive, natural life.

Hedvig had never experienced any thing like it.

"How beautiful it is! How glorious it is!" said she, again and again. "And is it indeed true that so much that is beautiful may be found on the earth? And is it indeed possible that I—shall so often—so constantly enjoy it? Oh, Augustin! I feel myself very unworthy. Have I really permission to become so rich—so happy, while so many, many live in darkness and poverty?"

"And this world's riches ought, and should be possessed by all!"

"Yes; ought, should! I think so too!" said Augustin; "and it casts a gloom over the mind, when we think how far we are from this general good. But the sunny side of the present time shows, however, some tendency to improve this. And we, Hedvig, may, even in our little sphere, be able to do something toward it. Only, first of all, my beloved sister, become healthy, strong, and happy, and we will then think and talk together about the means of making other people happy as well as ourselves. At present, however, your first duty toward

\* This dynasty reigned in Sweden from 1250 to 1264; its founder was Folke Filbyter, a rich and powerful nobleman. Estland is one of the present Russian provinces of the Baltic. Estland, Liffland, and Curland belonged formerly to Sweden.

your neighbor—which is before all others—to those who are nearest to you—is, that you take care of your health. Look there—under the alders by the shore is an excellent bath—that shall be your pool of Bethesda; there you shall every day gain new strength!”

And now Augustin continued to lay out plans for Hedvig's immediate adoption, during which he reconciled her to her own happiness by glances at the future, and the hope that it also might be extended to others—Ivar and Gerda, Uno and Engel, the whole family circle; and lastly, all mankind came into the picture, which Augustin, with a free hand, and vivid, playful fancy, sketched out.

While the brother and sister thus embraced the human race in their hearts, the evening heaven drew a girdle of flame around the vernal green earth, and the dew began to fall. Uncle Herkules, with his volunteers, returned from their visit to the lady of the Dunder Berg, and begged for supper, because the lady up yonder had made her visitors both thirsty and hungry, and she was a confoundedly stingy old woman, who entertained them only with stones and briars!

They all returned to the house; and just as they entered into the garden-parlor, Stolt, in his own tall person, placed upon the table a dish of splendid asparagus, and Maja stood in the door-way with one of steaming potatoes. With these dishes, new-laid eggs, and curds, the cream of which was just in its most delicate state, they made an excellent meal.

But its very best dish, its best wine, was yet to come. For there are many occasions in our life in which our Lord, like a good housekeeper, pleases himself by heaping up our festive board with unexpected gifts, and leaves the best wine till the last. They were still at the table, when the sound of horses' feet was heard without, and very soon after the kind David hastily entered, quite warm, and gay, and earnest, with letters and newspapers from America.

It was now a long time since any such had been received from the traveling relatives, and as yet they had not been altogether of a joyful character. Adverse circumstances of various kinds had tried the young seekers after happiness, and had exercised their courage and perseverance. They had not, however, given way, but had kept their hope, and now hope had changed itself into reality, and this post communicated the tidings. But before the letters were opened, David besought that he might read something aloud from an enormous American newspaper, and from this *something* we will communicate a few short extracts, because all readers can not feel the same interest in the whole as the family did.

“Within the last few weeks,” said the American paper, which was already six weeks old when it reached Sweden, “every body here has been talking of a young Scandinavian brother and sister who have sung the songs of their native land in our city. This Swedish brother and sister awoke, as well by their songs as by their own individual character, an interest and an admiration often amounting to rapture.”

Now followed a description of their persons and their musical skill, which we do not think it necessary to give.

“But that which can not be described,” continued the American paper, “and yet which perhaps is most peculiarly attractive in the young artists' appearance, is the fresh cordiality, the affectionate spirit, which characterize their manners and their songs.

“These melodies of theirs go to our heart, before we know the words. They come to us like fresh breezes out of their northern pine-forests, where the *linea*\* blossoms at the base of the primitive mountains, and seems to bear deep legendary memories, and the most beautiful idyls of life upon their wings. These melodies are not the offspring of art and science. They are derived from Nature's own breast, out of the people's own, genuine, loving, foreboding life, and bear the stamp of an inspiration, which, in its original power, purifies and elevates the heart of the civilized world.

“The words of these songs, the young artists say, are often composed by themselves. And it has been remarked, that they never have for their subject love, in its more confined signification, in its transitory revelation as passion or languishment. That which they sing, which they enthusiastically extol, is freedom; love of the human race and of country; family affection; friendship; fidelity; in one word, every pure, lofty, and holy affection on the earth. It is piety, in the highest signification of the word, which they glorify, and which is the inspiration of their songs. And never have more beautiful flowers sprung from a nobler soil.

“Such a song as theirs we should expect from the children of the far north, where, from the earliest times, states and families were free and holy societies; where the word *we*, in the Swedish tongue, signified at the same time a sacred room and a dwelling house; where the pillars that supported the seat of the parents of a family were adorned with images of the gods.

“But these songs from the old world are not strangers in the new. By no means. They are at home among us; because here also are family ties sacred; and those songs which, with the power of melody, strengthen

\* *Linea Borealis*, so called after Linnaeus.

the foundation-pillars of society, meet, therefore, among us, also, with so warm a sympathy, and revive the feelings of our relationship to the Scandinavian people. In conclusion, we can not deny ourselves the pleasure of presenting here a little poem sung by the brother and sister, to an altogether fresh and heart-touching melody, and with a cordiality of expression which makes us think some dear reality is the foundation for it, and which was encored at the concert of yesterday. At our request, we have been kindly furnished with a copy, to present it to our readers.

#### "THE SISTER."

On life's pathway calm and silent,  
Heedless that the world should gaze;  
Strong in love, in love untiring,  
On she goes nor seeketh praise.

She is not a wife nor mother:  
She bears not a lofty name;  
And the world's high seats of honor  
As her own she doth not claim.

But saw ye within her bosom  
As she goes in stillness on,—  
For her brethren's joy and sorrow  
Nobler heart there beateth none.

Proud men boast of all their greatness,  
Of their honor, pomp and show;  
She asks but to be consoled—  
She will only good bestow.

And as on she goes in meekness,  
Fruits of her good works appear;  
And she looks around to question  
If she can not dry some tear.

If she can not ease some burden;  
Can not give some toiler rest;  
Can not light some spark of gladness  
In some mourner's weary breast.

She is glad that no man calls her  
His within the wide world's space,  
That to all she may be kindred,  
All within her heart embrace.

Many a wanderer, life-bewildered,  
Hath she led from out the maze,  
Then returned to household duties,  
Where is no reward nor praise.

But say! is not her lot the brightest  
On the earth, with soul serene,  
Like the snowy-pinioned angels,  
Doing good, by all unseen?

Yet! if by her virtues kindled  
Who she is you fain would hear,  
Know you that it is—a sister;  
That it is *our* sister dear!"

It is difficult—and it is not difficult, under all circumstances—to imagine the feelings of our brothers and sisters during the reading of this, and Hedvig's in particular, during the last stanza when the eyes of all were directed to her, and after which every one embraced her, repeating the last words, "that it is our sister dear."

For the rest, have you seen persons, while they were listening to some relation, become pale, and shiver as if they were cold, while their eyes flashed warm and tearful, and the breast heaved and sunk to the beating of the heart—if you have, you know how the brothers and sisters looked

as they stood listening, nay, drinking in with their ears and all their senses, the glad, the happy tidings.

And now the letters were opened, which strengthened them still more, and breathed love and hope and the most heartfelt gladness and gratitude.

Ivar and Gerda were prepared to set out on a long and triumphant career; and proposed not to return to their native land until they had earned sufficient means for a life of affluence.

"If things go on, as it now seems as if they would," wrote Gerda, "we shall return to you in three years."

Ivar sent over a check for money to pay off the debt which had been incurred for the journey, and he hoped soon to be able to send more.

It was late when Hedvig went to rest in her new, excellent chamber, with its view over the lake, and upon the blooming lilacs. And when she lay down, two of those singing birds which fill the summer nights of Sweden with their cheerful warbling, began to sing in the bushes outside her window with their full, joyous, caressing tones. Hedvig thought of Ivar and Gerda, of their words and their songs; she thought of the goodness of God and of human beings, and as an angel in the blessed land sleeps, wearied with love and joy, softly fanned by the wings of sister-angels, so slumbered Hedvig. Her sleep, however, was a light trance in which the consciousness is not lost. It resembled the transparent dusk which spread itself without over the flowery meadows. The remembrance of the evening just spent and the thoughts of the morrow, passed through her soul; her heart swelled softly with a feeling of indescribable satisfaction, which, like a magnetic stream, stole through her limbs with repose, and the invigoration of health. The midnight passed on calm and bright—as is a midsummer night in the north with its light bridge of shadow between the crimson of evening and the crimson of morning; its silent angels strewing dew and poppies over the earth;—and the little birds outside Hedvig's window they sang, sang, sang deliciously through the whole of the night.

Thus rested Hedvig the first night at the Birch Island. And Augustin, the good, warm-hearted brother, think you that his rest was less pleasant?—

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Many blessed nights and pleasant days succeeded these calm, beautiful days of summer, during which Hedvig was renovated, both body and soul, and during which, in the quiet, familiar intercourse with nature, she awoke to a feeling of the serenity and happiness of existence, such as she had never before experienced, nay, such as she

could scarcely have believed possible on earth. Neither did she long any more to sleep away the time and the years: she will awake; will be right wakeful and lively in order to live strongly—to work and to enjoy.

There are two ways of living with nature. The one is universally known and practiced. People walk among the green fields with their heads high in the air and talk about the weather; they gather flowers, smell them, throw them away; they take their meals in the open air—often with a great deal of trouble to those who have to arrange and tire themselves to death with the necessary preparations for the "*fêtes champêtres*;"—may go out on the water; fish, hunt, sing; look about them, enjoy themselves, yawn—do I not know? And—people economize; they sow, they reap, they rear calves, shear their sheep; fatten pigs; feed chickens; bleach linen; gather berries; dry vegetables; pickle meat; make preserves, and such like. And all this is good. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* I myself have done the same.

But still there is another mode of living with nature, too little known and too little practiced for the happiness of mankind. And it was this in particular which now made Hedvig, as it were, begin a new life.

Her spirit was, like all true northern spirits, of an inquiring and investigating kind. She liked to seek to the origin, to the fountain-head, to the innermost of everything. And in her intercourse with nature, this desire of investigation became a source of delight to her. From this cause there was now a new and unexpected point of union between herself and Augustin; and subjects for common activity and enjoyment. They studied together the life and changes of the vegetable and insect kingdom; and every plant, every flower, every little winged or creeping creature around them, must reveal to them its name, its life, and the history of its development. To see the great in the small became to them a daily delight. The remarkable analogies which they discovered between the life of nature and human life, the little and the great, led them to a still deeper understanding of connection between the two, and to anticipations of the great harmonies of life, those which are and those which shall be when discords cease. Hedvig had a peculiar turn of mind toward this view of life, and she often surprised Augustin by her glances into these depths, while he enlightened her on the subject of the practical sciences.

In this way there arose between the brother and sister a still more inward conviction of reciprocal feeling. They became more and more every thing to each other; and still more happy with each other, while they increasingly became that which human beings

ought to be on earth—an intelligent link between nature and its Creator. And not intelligent only. The delight of this brother and sister would have been incomplete without warm gratitude to the Giver. The joy of adoration is to the intelligent the highest feeling of happiness.

General Herkules was in the country, completely in his "*esse*." He hunted, fished, planted, laid out new walks with Hedvig—taught Gøthilda to ride, and rode about himself and made acquaintance with the country and the country people, who often left their occupations in harvest-field and meadow, to go on the high-road, and have a moment's talk with "the old gentleman on the black horse," who was so knowing and so cheerful.

Gøthilda, who found in the house-keeping business in the country a proper field for her activity, became, through these employments, good-humored; improved in person and complexion; was evidently altered for the better, nay, had become really handsome—"in the arabesque style," Bror maintained. Her greatest delight was in the domestic animals; to look after them, to see them fed, and to tame them. There was in particular a little colony of fourteen young pigs, leaping young things, joyful with the excess of life—every one of them with a curl in its tail!—And you can not believe what lively, amusing animals they are.

When the cadets came out on a Sunday, there was "*frisches Leben*," on Birch Island. Then was there scampering over mountain and hill, both by land and water; then was there foraging among the gooseberry-bushes—then a raising of intrenchments on Dunder Berg; then a skirmishing, both with little pigs, and human beings, and then—laughter!—General Herkules himself became a boy with "the boys" (Gøthilda reckoned among them), who, however, never failed in proper respect.

In the meantime, the young gentlemen at Carlberg, mounted with prodigious strides from class into another—with actual giant strides.

Uno and Engel—whose estate lay exactly across the lake, probably a mile and half from Birch Island—Hedvig frequently saw them after their return home, and always saw them affectionate, kind, doing good, and amiable in every way. But Engel was not as gay as she had been formerly; and yet nothing evidently was wanting to her happiness. The joy of a mother had also fallen to her share, and nobody saw her little boy without exclaiming, "What a sweet child!" and "how like his mother he is!" or "how like his father he is!" or also, "how like he is both to father and mother!"

Good tidings continued to come across the sea from the brother and sister in America. In a word, every thing went on happily and well for our family. An almost cloudless

heaven vaulted the days of Hedvig and Augustin, and in the sketches of their quiet and happy life we have given the principal features of their life for more than four years. Yet—one feature is still wanting.

There is a time in our life when we are almost exclusively occupied by individual endeavors and suffering; when we merely labor for ourselves and those who are nearest to us. Another time also comes when we have in some measure accomplished this, and are in a state of peace, or at least of quietness. It is then the time when the thinking and the good man looks observantly around him into social life, and sees how he can labor in the best way for the great, neglected family-circle there, and make it a participator in the good things which he has obtained.

We have long since seen the inward tendency of Hedvig and Augustin in this direction.

The time was now come when they could put some of their plans in operation. An unexpected legacy increased their property, and they could now still better gratify their desire to assist others, and to make them happy.

Were they rewarded for this? did they not become involved, by the needs of others, beyond their own means? would they not for this, sacrifice much of their own quiet and comfort—much of their faith in mankind, their hope in the ultimate success of what is good?

We have seen writers praise the *bliss* of “playing at Providence,” toward our unfortunate fellow-creatures, and heard them represent the pure happiness, delight and joy of so doing. But do not believe them, young, warm-hearted, human beings. If thou goest out into the world with this belief, thou wilt find thyself deceived. Rather believe honest Claudius, when he says that, “he who honestly goes out to help his fellow-creatures, must often submit to be himself a man of sorrow.” Believe this, and—go notwithstanding.

Upon this path people have generally three stations. In the first place they start forth warmly and blindly, like a steam-engine, impelled forward by the youthful fire of the heart, and believing that all will succeed, and that every human being will aid, because all, and especially all the poor, are in reality excellent—that every thing that is evil will be overcome, through the power of good, and that man himself has the power to do all good.

The next is different. They no longer believe all this; they have stumbled upon obstinacy, weakness, stupidity, unreasonableness, unwillingness to aid, of many kinds, they have been mistaken in their own, as well as in other people's power;—they have had bitter experiences; and in the first place they have felt painful astonishment, afterward anger, perhaps hatred; and lastly,

weariness. Yes, at this station there is a way-mark called *weariness* (a sorrowful word), and many people stop there.

Many are there, however, who nevertheless travel on afresh; show their courage, their patience as one who never wears out, and with a “God with us!” go forth anew to combat, to conquer, to accomplish their course.

We admire, we deify the world-conquering heroes and geniuses. But there is something greater than conquering the world. It is to keep ourselves pure amid the impurity of the world; amid the daily combats with enemies in our own breast, and enemies without; to go on conquering, ascending, free, giving freedom, and—yet remaining humble. Silent, unknown, unseeing conquerors, whom the world knows not, but of whom it is written that the angels of heaven rejoice.

This is great, divine—perhaps impossible for the children of men. But to approach it, is possible.

And those who honestly endeavor to do so, earnestly labor for this purpose, they—with all their faults—deserve to be called the children of God.

Augustin and Hedvig did this.

We have said that four years rolled on in calmness and joy in the Dalberg family. But as any one traveling through a beautiful though monotonous tract of country would stand still now and then to observe any unusual object, so must we beseech the reader to grant us his attention to some points in the four happy years upon which we intend to direct our telescope. We assure him that they are really every one of them romantic points, and every one of them to be met with in the living-life of every-day existence.

### First Point.

One fine day Bror stood before Götthilda, and said quite abruptly—

“I am going—to England.”

The before-mentioned Egyptian darkness was very visible in Götthilda's eyes, as they opened themselves wide—very wide, as she said with astonishment—

“No!—really!”

“Really.”

“In earnest?”

“The most serious earnest.”

“But why?”

“Because I have done—a stupid thing, and must try to mend it.”

“A stupid thing? You, Bror? I can not believe that.”

“Ay, ay, though, it is so. I have let myself be made a fool of by that great folly—love.”

“Ah! then we have ‘the very worst of all!’”

"Yes, and love has fooled me into making a declaration of love."

"Seraphina, Seraphina Woltman!" interrupted Göthilda, and clapped her hands.

"Yes, but, Göthilda, it is only to you that I have told this. And nobody else in the world must—yet awhile—know about it."

"Oh! you know that I am as silent as an Egyptian catacomb."

"I know it. And therefore I tell you all this, and because you must talk with Seraphina, and be her friend while I am away. Yes—I am very fond of her, and have long liked her, the angel-good girl. But it was only within the last few weeks that I became rightly acquainted with my own feelings toward her. I have often puzzled myself about them, and fancied that it was only warm sympathy, friendship. but——"

"And she—was she indeed without feeling?—I know what she felt, Bror. I have read her heart on that subject long since. She was very fond of you."

"Ah! I hardly ventured to think so. But so it is; that good, pure heart is actually—mine. And I assure you, Göthilda, that I never could believe that any woman could fancy me. I don't understand it."

"And I, my brother, assure you that I understand it perfectly. Well, but, so far, I see nothing horrible in this story, nothing to quit your country for."

"That now comes. One day, when my heart was full to overflowing at the sight of that good, dear girl's patience with her father and her aunt, the secret burst out, and I told her all that I felt toward her. Her answer made me as happy as a fool, or rather as a wise man. Because the affection of such a good girl is the highest happiness a man can wish for himself. But old Woltman had heard us. He came out; and there was a scene:—Heaven have mercy! He upbraided me with my poverty, with my feelings towards his daughter, which he considered a piece of folly. I endeavored to preserve myself calm, and to reply without anger, as was right I should do. He softened down, and said a few coldly polite things. We separated without having properly made a declaration of either war or peace; but since that moment my position in the family has become actually intolerable. Seraphina and I are watched and spied after perpetually by the old man and his sister, and I never see Seraphina without her eyes being red with crying. In consequence of this, I have taken my determination, I have given notice to quit Woltman, but have offered to manage for him an important affair with a large English house, with which I am intending to enter into connection. Old Woltman received my proposal very well, and seemed quite pleased to get rid of me in such a respectable way."

"I mentioned the affair to-day to uncle

Herkules, who immediately proposed for me to take young Jarl with me!"

"*Le diamant brute!*" exclaimed Göthilda, "and what is he to do in foreign countries?"

"Study architecture, to which he will devote himself, and the knowledge of which is very small in this country," replied Bror. "Uncle maintains, besides, that the lad is getting quite spoiled with the home education he receives here with his adopted mother, and that he must go into the world, if he is to turn out good for any thing. Uncle has offered him a very liberal supply of money for his journey and his maintenance abroad for three years. And I shall, at the beginning, be with him, like a sort of Mentor to the young Telemachus. And that I will very willingly be, because I like the lad, and shall find it very entertaining to have him for a traveling companion. And thus we have arranged the whole affair, but——"

"And all that without telling me; without asking my permission!" exclaimed Göthilda.

"I beg your offended honor graciously to pardon. I came just now to solicit——"

"And if I forbid!"

"Yes, then indeed I must run away rather than you should do so. Seriously Göthilda, I can not any longer remain here in this difficulty; I must endeavor to obtain for myself a fair position in life; and, one way or another, sufficient property, so that I may some day offer Seraphina a life free from care, a comfortable home, and for this a chance is offered to me through this English house of business. Perhaps, in a few years I may be able to return! The old fellow may keep his money to himself. I can do without his gold, and provide for myself by my own hand."

"King David was a little man," remarked Göthilda; "Napoleon was a little man; Sweden's Engelbrekt, and Charles XII., and King Sverre of Norway, were also little fellows; and many other good men, I fancy. And I do not at all doubt but that my little brother will get on and become a great man, in his own way,

"But—but"—and here the expression of fun in Göthilda's countenance gave place to one beyond all measure tragic—"but don't you think that it is rather wrong to leave me in this way? Have you only feelings and thoughts for Seraphina?" Göthilda wept.

"You have Augustin, and you have Hedvig here—and you have me also, although I am at a little distance from you," said Bror, consolingly, while he embraced her—"and afterward I shall come again."

"Yes, to be married, and perhaps to desert me for ever!" exclaimed Göthilda.—

"Ah, that detestable love! I hate it from the bottom of my heart. Never did it bring any thing but trouble and misfortune into the world, and takes from me all my dearest friends. I wish that it were hanged!"

Bror laughed at Gôthilda's desperation, and then, taking her hand tenderly—

"But before I set off, I must have one thing cleared up; I must know what it is that my Gôthilda has had on her mind for some time, for something I am sure there is—that I can see."

"Yes—*something* there is!" said Gôthilda, as she bowed down her face to her hands, and her temples became crimson, and the veins swelled with the ascending blood.

"But what is it, Gôthilda? What is it, my own little sister? I will know it!" said her brother caressingly.

"Ah! I can never—never tell it to you!"

"You must! Else I shall believe that my poor little Gôthilda suffers from an—unhappy love."

"Unhappy love!" exclaimed Gôthilda, and proudly raised her head, and shook the dark curls from her forehead, while her eyes flashed. "Ah, you love-filled—nay, love-crazed men, I will call you—you can not think that there is any other misfortune, any other suffering, than 'unhappy love!' Love!—pretty love it is that I have! No, Bror, that which causes my unhappiness—that which causes my sorrow, is—hatred. I hate—I hate so burningly, so terrifically, so horribly, so immeasurably, so to the death, to—"

She stopped, and Bror, almost terrified at her expression, stepped back, and then burst forth with astonishment—

"But whom, whom then, in heaven's name, whom do you hate?"

"The Emperor of Russia!"

"Are you mad, Gôthilda?"

"No; I am both sane and rational, and it is not worth while for you to look at me in such a consternation. I am sane, and I know what I am saying and what I mean. I hate the Emperor of Russia and all his people; and I wish them all the evil in the world for the evil that they did to Sweden. And never, never will I marry a Russian subject. No, never! I will die first!"

"But you are gone stark mad, Gôthilda. Who thinks of marrying you to a Russian subject?"

"Ay—uncle. I have discovered—no matter how—that he has the intention of marrying me to Jarl Hœrkules. But Jarl I hate, because he is a Russian subject, and always takes the part of the Russians and the Russian Emperor against me. And I believe him capable of marrying me only that he may carry me off to Siberia, and there tease me to death. Now uncle is, as we know, very resolute; and I have given him the power to decide my fate. But I am resolved also—at least in this affair. And you will see, Bror, that some great misfortune will come out of this history. It will never end well!"

It was impossible for Bror to avoid smiling at Gôthilda's hatred, and at her gloomy prophecies; and he joked about the "hor-

rible intended tragedy," till Gôthilda, offended at first, was in the end obliged to laugh with him; and yet she said—

"Yes, yes, you may laugh! perhaps a day will come when you and we all of us shall cry at the intended tragedy."

Bror, however, only laughed, and said, "Be quiet, and forget it. When that time comes, we shall know how to act;" with many more "composing-powder maxims," as Gôthilda called them, and which were nevertheless wholesome to her effervescing-powder temperament.

A few days after this, Bror came, with his traveling companion, to take leave. The traveling companion made his worst journeyman-bow to Gôthilda, and the leave-taking between the two was both sweet and sour.

Gôthilda presented him with a traveling bag, "in order," said she, "that when you shall have wandered round the world as a journeyman, you may have something to cram into your knapsack. Take it for old acquaintance sake."

"And when I return as master," said Jarl, "shall I come and renew my acquaintance with you, and admire you, and let you admire me? I think that we may both of us have changed by that time."

"Yes, that could do no harm, at least for some people," said Gôthilda.

"Precisely as I think," said Jarl, with a significant smile, as he shook her by the hand. And in this accordant state of mind they separated.

The traveling companions set off, and Hedvig and Augustin did their best to console and to enliven Gôthilda for the loss of her very dearest brother.

The same also did uncle Urbanus Myrtenblad, but that we will reserve for our observation under the

### Second Point.

Uncle Urbanus came now much more frequently than was needful for Gôthilda to guess his charades, or for him to accompany her on the piano with his flute; or for him to read to her some extracts from the long letters which he wrote to some of the distinguished men of Sweden—the reader ought to bear in mind that uncle Urbanus had the uncommon good fortune of being acquainted with them all, and of agreeing with them all in their views and modes of thinking—respecting which letters these distinguished men had written back, and said, "You can never imagine to yourself what such a letter," and so on, yes, the reader knows already. Sometimes, also, he merely came to enliven her with his conversation; and somewhat to divert her mind from herself and certain melancholy meditations, which uncle Urbanus having observed, could find no better means of doing than by endeavoring to turn her attention upon himself, his merits, his good

qualities, his happiness:—with, now and then, a little hint about his having his “bonnes fortunes,” having had the happiness to please this, and this, and this young lady, and then followed, small-talk, and hand-kissings, and tender glances, and little approaches, which all the more began to annoy Göthilda, when she saw her brothers and sister smile at them significantly, and uncle Herkules began to turn his large, strong eyes in that direction with the most malicious merriment in the world. She had a great quarrel one day on this subject with the old general, in which she alternately laughed and cried, but which did not produce any other effect than that his provoking looks and mien were aggravated by a pretended mysteriousness, as if he would say—

“I see it all, but I shall not take notice of it, that I promise you; I shall not trouble you—not talk about it;”—and so on.

“I wish there could be an end of this stupid story!” thought Göthilda, and began to ponder on the problem which every good young girl, in similar circumstances, is anxious to solve: namely, how she shall dismiss a lover without wounding or dismissing a friend.

“And,” thought Göthilda, “he has nevertheless been very kind toward me, uncle Urbanus, and he is very good; and I do not wish that he should desert me as all the others have done!”

And Göthilda sighed over her gloomy fate, and then decided on her plan of action in consequence of an inspiration, which she thought particularly lucky, and which was obtained from an old funeral oration over the late Mrs. Ulrika Eleonora Myrtenblad, and began to study it with great zeal.

“I wish it was come to an end, and that it was settled,” said Director Urbanus to himself. At the same time, looking at himself in the glass on the right side and on the left; smiling to himself, nodding and saying, “Ay, ay, ay!” And brushing his hat till it shone as brightly as his own face, he set off to pay a morning visit to Göthilda Dalberg.

Göthilda stood just then at the window, watering her own myrtle, which she always declared had a melancholy and unhappy look. (Göthilda considered herself, it was clear, unfortunate in this life.)

“Why, see the myrtle!” exclaimed uncle Urbanus, as he entered, “a young girl who waters her myrtle—that is a sign that she soon intends to weave her bridal crown! Eh? Eh? he, he, he, he! Eh?”

“Now it is coming,” thought Göthilda; and she became quite warm.

“And,” continued director Urbanus, “it occurs now so much better as—hem—as I have just now a little proposition to make. I have—a little charade for Göthilda to guess to-day in these morning hours. Have I your permission?”

“Ah! uncle, I am so stupid this morning, I can guess and understand nothing.”

“Not one single word—love?”

“Least of all. That word; that business I don’t understand, and I will not understand it, because—”

“But if I undertake to explain it, my little dearest—if I teach—”

“Ah, uncle, I am so incapable of learning. But, nevertheless, tell me how you taught it to my aunt Myrtenblad. How you must have loved her—and what an excellent and kind wife she must have been—the late aunt Lona Myrtenblad!”

“Oh yes, excellent! But it was not about that—”

“And her departure, her death—how affecting it must have been! How attached she must have been to you!”

“Oh, it was adoration, adoration! I was her idol, her god. It was almost—almost too much.”

“Do you know, uncle, when a man has been so happy, and has been so beloved by such a partner, I think he ought to be forever faithful to her—even to her memory—and never let another drive her image from his heart. He should always have her and her love in his thoughts.”

“Yes, certainly—yes, certainly, but—but—”

“And he should never,” continued Göthilda, with increasing enthusiasm, “never should he think about marrying again, never risk the taking of another wife, because I would lay ten to one that she would become a Xantippe to her husband, and he would be under petticoat government, which would be altogether dreadful.”

“Oh! Heaven defend, Heaven defend us from such an one! No, a man knows what he is about—a man knows what he is about; and I—”

“Ah! uncle, he outwits himself, you may believe me. Yes, if the late Mrs. Myrtenblad were born again, and—I am certain that you would be glad if the late Mrs. Myrtenblad could come again and offer you her hand.”

“Eh? ay, ay, ay—hem!—ah!—that is to say—”

“And she—she spoke in her last moments so beautifully, and prayed you to think of her, and to live so that you two could again be united in a better world.”

“Ay, ay—ay, ay—entirely. But—but it is now so long since, and, my little cousin Göthilda, I think that we might now talk about something a little more entertaining.”

“Ah! what can be more entertaining, and more instructive, than to talk about the late aunt Lona, and her departure from this world? It makes one begin to think about one’s own, and to prepare oneself, which is so needful, as we become older every day, and the great day approaches nearer and

nearer. It would be well to be prepared and ready to die, as aunt Lona was."

And now Gôthilda began to make an oration over the late deceased (the text was obtained from the funeral sermon of which we have spoken), and of the happiness of being re-united with her, which made Director Urbanus gasp for breath; put him into a sweat of agony, and caused him to snatch at his cloak and hat, and make a hasty retreat, altogether thrown back in his wooing, and half frenzied at the thought of a reunion with "the deceased person," with whom, during her lifetime, he had not exactly been in the kingdom of heaven.

But he never sped any farther in his wooing. For every time he attempted to introduce the subject, Gôthilda introduced the late Mrs. Ulrika Eleonora Myrtenblad, her last hours, and her last words, etc. And in the end, it instilled such a horror into Director Urbanus, that he did not go to the house for some time; and when he returned thither, there was nothing he seemed to fear so much as by some dangerous word, such as "love," "marriage," or such like, to call up the dreaded apparition of Mrs. Ulrika Eleonora Myrtenblad. And Gôthilda now again became to him the merry and friendly little cousin, and he was once more the welcome, good and beloved old uncle, and—every thing fell into its old course.

The large intelligent eyes of General Herkules still looked insignificantly, and that vexed Gôthilda considerably; besides which he now and then treated her with the proverb—"You will be so long about choosing the clover leaf till you take the nettle" instead."

Besides which he sometimes significantly repeated the well-known words of the stern Queen Christina (the wife of Charles IX), to Ebba Brahe.

"The one thou wilt: the other thou shalt,  
So there will be sorrow in either case."

"Yes, I am to be a sacrifice in one way or another, that is certain," thought Gôthilda, and wept silently over her terrible approaching fate.

But do not thou weep, thou kind young reader, because Gôthilda often forgot her tears altogether amid her present cheerful and active occupations. And amid these, it became more and more perceptible that she had a great inclination toward the "strong women" of the Bible.

Augustin called his two sisters Martha and Mary. But the dearest to him was Mary.

### *Third Point.*

#### AN EPISODE.

A great deal in our lives is episodic; many things indeed only seem to be so, and are connected by invisible threads with the most important destiny of our lives.

One day, one of the many calm, beautiful days which our family spent at the Birch Island, Augustin received a letter which evidently grieved him.

They were just then sitting at dinner.

Hannah was waiting at table as well as Corporal Stolt; she moved about cleverly and actively, while Stolt, who seemed more than ever to stand merely as a guard of honor behind the general's chair, commanded his assistant corps by glances and silent movements with the hand, and only now and then performed actual duty, or, "for his own pleasure's sake," did some little act of service to Hedvig or Gôthilda. We must, in passing, mention that a short time after the conversation in which Stolt had so gently and so worthily repulsed Hannah's ungarded and impertinent attack, she had come of her own accord to him and asked him "to teach her to wait at table, which it was always a good thing to know how to do, and which might be useful sooner or later." Stolt consented graciously, and had soon both advantage and pleasure in his recruit; and saw with satisfaction her movements according to his will, however little he might make known.

Hedvig soon observed the cloud on her brother's countenance, and looked at him anxiously with inquiring glances.

Augustin said in reply to her looks, that it was about Ivar's Ollonberg family. It appeared to be very difficult to find them out. And that was all the more to be regretted as they appeared to be in want of relief. "B. in Upsala," said he, "who promised me information of them, writes to me that this family, after having suffered greatly from their house being broken into and robbed, sold all that they possessed to pay the rent of that little farm. After that they removed from the place, as was said, to Stockholm, but where, nobody could tell. The family seemed to have lived very much to themselves, and to have no relations in the place. The old woman—the mother—had had a paralytic stroke from the shock of the robbery, and had, since that time, been bed-ridden. The miscreant who committed the robbery—a man by the name of Spets—had been taken into custody with the very money upon him which he had stolen, and the amount of the rent for one whole year, was thus retained for these poor people—when they could be found. What misery had in this case arisen through the misdeeds of a villain!"

A hasty movement in the room caused Augustin to turn round, and all eyes were fixed upon Hannah, who had become pale as a corpse at Augustin's words, listened trembling, and at last sank insensible on the floor.

Augustin and Stolt carried her into another room, and by means of cold water and strong smelling-salts she was recalled to con-

sorrowfulness. When she again opened her eyes and saw her master and mistress surrounding her, and watching her with tender sympathy, she became violently excited, hid her face in her hands, burst into a flood of tears, seemed to be distressed by the presence of Augustin and Hedvig, and repeated many times, sobbing loudly—

"I am unworthy! I am unworthy! I have done so much, so much wickedness!"

The sisters, who believed that Augustin's narrative had awoken in the girl painful recollections of her former fault, spoke gentle and consolatory words to her, but as these seemed still more to agitate her, they left her to the care of Maja.

Afterward this faithful servant talked with Hedvig, and said:—

"Yes, do you know, Miss Hedvig, I have been thinking of speaking to you about the girl, because there has been something very strange about her of late. She has, as it were, been sometimes melancholy, and seemed to ponder and meditate by herself, and to read in the New Testament which you gave her, and cry sometimes. But this I must say, that she has been of late much more handy and ready to learn in every way. And, Miss Hedvig—I must say candidly that there was need of it. For you see, it is in this way with poor creatures that fall into evil courses, and have been long in bad company, their very wishes to do right are not good for much, and they have no strength to stand firm and to resist temptation when it comes. For there is such a great levity in them. But then, it stands to reason, that when they come to live among good people, and to have good examples set them, and not to see or to hear any thing but what is good and right, that there should be a change in them, and that they should begin to think more seriously and to wish to do what is right. But then there must be time for that. And do you know, Miss Hedvig—yes, I must say it candidly, though I now like Hannah so much, and hope every thing that is good of her, yet, I say I would not advise any body to take such a girl into their house, if they have not really good-will and time to look after her, and to be like a mother to her. But it is not because such may not become good people, ay, and better too than many other folks who never got into misfortune; I only say that they should not take up such matters as these without due thought. For it has many difficulties. And afterward, dear Miss—they should always be very kind and good themselves, that they may be able to improve others. So that they ought to keep a very strict watch on themselves. And many a night have I laid awake and prayed to God that he would help me, and teach me the right way with the girl. For you see, I never would reproach her with her first fault, or talk to her about it!

No, never! But when I saw her about to fall again, even in little things—because, Miss Hedvig, it is very true, quite remarkable that proverb which says:—

"Begin with a pin and end with a silver dish."

"And then I was obliged to warn her. And, Miss Hedvig!—it is very difficult so to manage our words as that they shall not give pain. And if the girl had not been so fond of the family, and of me too—for I must say that that assisted her good wishes—I don't know how it might have gone with her in the long-run; for she was very much spoiled. But, you see, now it is all well enough, because there is a real change in her. And she, who sometime ago was all for finery and would have whatever she saw, has now become careful and managing, and regularly lays by a little of the wages you give her. And I have told her that I shall beg of you to get her a savings'-bank book, such as I have, that she may put in some of her wages, and increase it every year. Because that is very nice, Miss Hedvig; and then—nobody knows what they may want in their old days, when they can not live in service any longer. For you see, if one lived with such a good family that one should never think of leaving them all one's days, yet one can not be sure that they will always live."

Hedvig remarked that Maja had somewhat of that belief in the earthly immortality of women-servants, which is not unusual with those of this excellent class—(and we would inform our readers here, once for all, that we admire women-servants, at least Swedish women-servants)—and which causes them to believe that all human beings may die rather than themselves. But Hedvig allowed Maja to hold her opinion, assented to what she said, and turned the conversation again to Hannah and her present condition.

"Yes," said Maja, "there is some cause for this melancholy, and I really believe that the poor girl has something heavy upon her conscience, and that it will not be better until she has confided it to somebody. And that I have told her; and I have begged of her to speak and tell her master and mistress what she has on her heart. And you'll see whether she will not do it when she has become a little calmer, poor child; because now she only cries and wrings her hands."

And that very evening, when Augustin and Hedvig were enjoying their sacred leisure moments, Hannah stood before them pale and trembling.

She stood there like a criminal, bowed down by the weight of a heavy conscience; and when Augustin went up to her, and fixed his mild but grave glance inquiringly upon her, she sank down at his feet.

Augustin said, as by a hasty inspiration,

"Hannah! do you know this Ollonberg family?"

"Yes," said Hannah, bursting afresh into tears.

"And you—you were concerned in the house-robbery?"

"No! oh no, not that. But I was nevertheless, perhaps, the cause of it."

"Rise up, Hannah, and tell us every thing. You know us very well! Were you in service with the Ollonbergs when this robbery occurred?"

"No, but my mother had been acquainted with the old lady, and she and the girls were kind to me, and the youngest, who was one of God's own angels, gave me fruit and flowers out of their garden. But when I came to Stockholm, I became acquainted with bad people—the man named Spets, and I said before him, that the Ollonbergs had money, because I knew it."

"And did you do so from a wicked intention?" said Augustin, whose voice and glance involuntarily became severe.

"No, God knows that I did not do it with any wicked intention, but only out of giddiness, one day, when we were talking about such of our acquaintance as had money. But yet my heart was not altogether pure either, that I must confess now. Because some time afterward, when Spets gave me a large sum of money to hide, of which I was to have a part, the thought occurred to me that this money might be the Ollonbergs'; but I drove this thought away, and did not ask Spets where the money was from. I was then so wicked, that I did not care what other people suffered so that I was but well off. But of late, the thought of the Ollonbergs and their money has often come to me, and tormented me, and kept me awake at night, and regularly grieved my heart like an evil worm. And now—to-day at table—when I heard what was in the letter, I understood all the evil that I had done, and became very miserable."

"And now, now I will beg something of you, and that is to find out these Ollonbergs! I will go, I will seek, I will seek in every lane, in every corner of Stockholm, till I find them—yes, if they were hidden in the depths of the earth. Because, after this, I can neither have rest day nor night before I have found them, and begged their pardon, and given them all that I have, and can get hereafter, till they have their own again. If only master and mistress will forgive me and not cast me off."

It is not difficult to imagine what was the answer of the brother and sister. And that they were kind and affectionate toward the sincerely repentant is—still easier to be imagined.

Hannah was now actually changed to the very depths of her nature. For a long time the dew and the sunlight of that good home

had fallen upon the soil of her soul, as it seemed, to little purpose. But the moment came when the icy covering melted; and when the good seed budded and shot forth with strength from beneath the clod. At the proverb says—

"What is buried in snow  
Comes up in the thaw."

"Now, I know what repentance is, Mr. Stolt!" said Hannah one day to him, bitterly weeping. And she confessed to him all that was amiss with her. The hard soldier was much affected by what he heard. He said not a severe word, but merely in a very gentle tone—"Poor child!"

When Hannah, one cold autumn evening, during storm and sleet, was preparing to go out upon some trace which she had discovered of those for whom she sought, Stolt stood at the gate with a large umbrella, ready to give her his company.

"I shall go with you," said he, "because it is not well for a young girl to be going by herself about the streets of Stockholm, in an evening, and into those confounded Stockholm lanes; there are so many wicked people about—and besides it snows so!"

"You are very good, Mr. Stolt, but you shall not give yourself so much trouble," replied Hannah—"I am not afraid. I know not how it is, but ever since I have been so unhappy, and have had this repentance in my heart—I seem as if I was afraid of nothing any longer."

"But I may be afraid for you for all that," replied Stolt.

These words caused such a glow in Hannah's heart, that she scarcely felt the storm and the snow, but walked on lightly, and with more cheerful courage, by the side of her protector.

And many a time did Corporal Stolt go in this way by the side of the young girl, through the dusk of the winter days, and bad luck to them who dared to be impudent to her. This happened once in the case of a sailor, and he received a box on the ear, which knocked him down backwards. Whether he got up again, I know not.

But day after day, week after week, month after month went on, and Hannah had not found those for whom she so zealously sought. Augustin had put an advertisement in the papers, inquiring after the family of Ollonburg; but no answer had been received to it.

Hannah's zeal, in the mean time, did not cool. It seemed rather to increase—she was indefatigable. Stolt began to regard her with a sort of esteem, and Maja remarked that the epigrams which Stolt used to launch out against women, entirely ceased after this time.

Maja, Stolt, and Hannah, resembled from henceforth a clover leaf. The two elder

ones took part with the younger, as if her affair was theirs, and Hannah's soul, from this time, lay open before them. With a child-like devotion she attached herself in particular to the honorable but rough soldier, who was now her warm defender, and who sustained her courage. Now and then it sank, and then she said—

"I can't help feeling as if I should go, and go, and go, and yet never find, or else that I should come—too late."

But she went, nevertheless.

## THE YOUNG GIRL AND THE ROSE.

### CONTINUATION OF THE EPISODE.

WE now remove to a dwelling very unlike that of the Dalbergs. It is in one of the remote suburbs of Stockholm. We enter into one room; it is tolerably large, but very naked, desolate, and cold. The gray-yellow, lime-washed walls are marked with green mouldy spots, which are fed and which grow by the damp. Half-frozen drops of moisture may be seen even upon the panels and doors. It is a desolate, miserable room; still even there are traces of order and care, and there is one little part of the room, where beauty has made for itself a little dwelling, has built for itself an altar. In the recess of the window stands a little chest of drawers of stained birch; it was really a baby chest of drawers, so polished was it, so decorated and elegant. Several books lay upon it, and two small plaster of Paris figures of Tegnér and Thorwaldsen stood there. Above these, however, raised itself a beautiful, green, vigorous rose-tree, which was now bearing—now, in the midst of winter, in the midst of the cold—a full-blown, wonderfully beautiful rose, which seemed to look into the room. It was only a monthly rose, but it was one of rare beauty and perfection of growth. Neither fault nor failing could be discovered in it. And, besides this, there was something so vigorous in its appearance, and in its manner of growing. Every evening it closed its leaves as if to sleep, and every morning it spread them, as if to diffuse its fragrance, and to smile; and it had already done so for several days, and seemed still to be as young and fresh as ever. It was an enchanted flower, really not like common roses.

Thus also thought a young girl—she might be seventeen years old—who stood before the rose, and looked at it, and loved it within her heart; and every morning, when it opened its leaves, she kissed them, and said, "Good morning!" And every evening, when they prepared themselves to sleep, she kissed them, and said, "Good night!" And the rose nodded then so sweetly, and gave its greeting in fragrance. The

young girl and the rose seemed really to understand one another; nor was that extraordinary, for the girl was also a rose among her own kind, a very beautiful rose; but she was pale, and the lips which kissed the red rose had the white rose's faint blush color. It was a lovely sight to see the young girl and the rose together in that poor room, in those indigent circumstances.

The girl sat, and sewed the long day through; sewed, sewed, as if for dear life, for low wages.

At this time, also, had she been sitting to sew the whole day till it began to grow dark, and till a feeling of dizziness in her head, and of stiffness in one hand, made her leave off.

She let her work fall; pressed her hands to her aching eyes, and thought—

"I shall become blind, if I go on in this way."

And then—

"I am very unhappy!"

And while she thus sate, with her hands pressed against her poor eyes, she seemed to herself to see pale female figures coming from all sides, from all quarters of Stockholm; some were young, others were old; many were crippled: all of them were silent, and resembled shadows in the light. All of them had those weak, red, dim eyes, which looked sorrowfully upon her, and, as they passed by her, they nodded and said—

"It is with us as with thee; we are the poor seamstresses, thy sisters."

"So many!" thought the young girl, and wept because of the many poor that there are in the world.

When, however she took her hands from her eyes, and saw her rose, and went up to look at it, it did her eyes good, and she felt no longer unhappy.

Something now moved in the bed by the wall, and sighed.

The girl sprang toward it.

"Mother, here am I!" said she.

"My eyes—light!" stammered a weak voice. "Dear Karin! lift my head—higher; so! Lo—o—uise—"

"She is not yet come home, mother dear; but she will certainly soon come."

"E—Eli!"

"He too is away, mother dear, and seeks for work."

"Yes, work—not beg!"

"No, mother, Eli will never beg."

The door now opened, and a fresh, cheerful voice exclaimed,

"Here am I myself, and no other, as the late Madame Westermann used to say. Good evening, dear child; how is mother?"

"Ah, Louisa, how long you have been!" was Karin's answer, as she hastened up to her sister, embraced her, and helped her off with her snowy cloak.

"Yes, but you may believe that I too have had my adventures. Ah! what fools

human creatures are!" and Louisa began heartily to laugh.

"And have you got any work for yourself and for me?" asked Karin, anxiously.

"No, not to-day; but I hope I shall to-morrow. I shall go to a few places of which I have been told; but to-day I have, after all, got something for you, which you shall see—you shall see. But, good heavens! It is so pitch dark in here, and so icy cold, too. Why has not my little darling lighted a fire for herself and mother? Your fingers and the tip of your nose are like icicles! Good Lord! what is one to do with you? No, you shall not be frozen to death before my face. In an instant I'll light a fire."

"But, Louisa, it is our last firewood; we have none for to-morrow."

"We must make some shift for to-morrow. With the day comes the help! The day is never without its aid. In some way or other I shall get firewood for to-morrow. Either Eli will bring money, or I shall find a treasure, or else the prophet Elias will come himself in his chariot with a load of firewood. I believe every thing rather than that we should be frozen to death; for God will not permit that, I know very well. Yes, some time or other, there will be an end to the sufferings of the Ollonberg family!"

The broken voice from the bed now raised itself, and stammered forth—

"No complaining—no begging, my children! Work! help yourselves as long as—you can! after—helps—God. Pray—work!—"

"Ah, yes, good heavens! mother dear, we will work willingly, and will pray to our Lord. But our Lord is as if rather hard of hearing sometimes. God forgive my sins! and men are just as much so when the question is about work. One could sooner get an alms nowadays if one would; for you see, beggars are bold."

This was said half to herself, and not to be heard at the bed, by Louisa, a young woman of about twenty-seven, with a somewhat common, round, and rather scorbutic countenance; a nose of an opposite character to the Roman, kind and lively gray eyes, and a mouth with fresh white teeth, which was continually ready to laugh, and that in the most cordial and agreeable manner.

The mother, who lay in bed, had been paralytic for two years, was rather deaf, and had difficulty in speaking, in consequence of paralysis of the tongue. The upright and strong mind could express itself now only in a few broken sentences, as we have just heard.

Louisa kindled the fire, and talked while she was so doing.

"It has been most dreadfully cold to-day. I am of the opinion of the priest who said,

'If, in this cold weather, they preached to the people about the fire in hell, then every body would leap into it!' and, therefore, he preached and said, that hell was ice-cold. And I can very well imagine to-day how it looked. What a scene it was in the streets to-day! All the windows covered with ice; every body as blue in the face as ghosts; and the hair stood upon the horses like icicles. And when people met they complained about the cold, and here and there they were talking about frozen hands and feet, and noses, and ears. And—what do you think? An old milk-woman came to-day into the market, frozen dead, sitting in her cart; yes, actually turned to ice! Only think now, when the people came in their innocence all about her, and asked, 'How much do you want for your milk, little madam? What is the price of your cream?' And she sits there silent as a post, and they ask her again, and peep into her face, and then they see that they have been talking to the dead! Hu! then! It is horrible!"

"But look! now we shall see merrily! Look how it flames, and blazes, and crackles. Piff! puff! Charles XIIth's cannons! I promise that! We shall do grandly! Illumination and fireworks one of these days. Ah! what merry fuel pine firewood is! I only wish that poor Eli were here and could warm himself at our hearth. Ah! how it blazes and warms us, and how beautiful you look in the light, just like an angel of God! Ah! my little doll! my little princess! if I could but see you sitting as you ought to sit, and looking as you ought to look; if every thing were as it ought to be—if I could but see you happy! yes, then I would gladly go as a char-woman round the world, and scour floors, and wash, and carry water and firewood all my days! only that I once in the year would see you sitting on a lofty throne, and see your little white teeth shining as they do when you laugh, and your sweet eyes beaming upon me in gladness! Yes—you try now, but—it won't do; but think if I could help you! Think if I could charm forth that angelic smile! Attend! Look only what I have got here for you, direct from Paradise?"

And with this Louisa brought out of her pocket a large, beautiful, rosy apple, and turned it about, and let the blaze of the fire light up every side of it, while her own countenance shone and beamed with delight as she gave the apple to her sister.

"And you may very well believe," continued Louisa, "that I got that for my eluquence! Respect my talent, I beseech you! Nobody knows what it can do for me!—Yes, I was so vexed this evening to have to come home without bringing any thing besides my increase of experience of the world and of mankind, such as one gains when one goes to seek for service from advertisements; and

I was unwilling to go home, and wandered here and there without any object, till a horror came over me lest the police should take me up for a vagabond, and put me in prison as a person of bad character; yes, indeed, that has been done to people nearly as respectable as myself! so I made me an errand to go to a green-grocer's shop, to a young woman with whom I was a little acquainted, and I went in and asked for—*asparagus!*"

Louisa now burst into a fit of laughter at the recollection of her own effrontery in asking for asparagus in February, and then continued—

"The woman, as you may think, looked very much astonished, and said, that she 'could not possibly have asparagus before the next month, from Ulriksdahl's hot-house.' It was all that I could do to keep from laughing, and so we fell into conversation, and I told her about some of my adventures in the course of the day, so that she herself was obliged heartily to laugh with me; and she said, 'Ah! that Louisa with her good temper and her everlasting cheerfulness!' and that 'it did one good and warmed one to laugh a little!' and then she gave me the large, beautiful apple which I had from the first set my mind on bringing home to you; and then she asked if she should order the asparagus for me, and how much it should be; and I said that I must consider about it; and that I might not burst out a-laughing, I was obliged to hold down my head and hurry out of the shop. The young woman fancied, certainly, that my nose bled. But I now hastened home, and was so glad in my soul that I had that handsome, rosy apple for you, because I remembered how fond you were of fruit—I felt actually as if it *grew* in my pocket as I went home. But, heaven help me, child, I believe you are standing there and crying over the apple! yes, actually! large, bright tears! Ah! I, unfortunate sea-gull! What have I now done? The better I mean it, the worse it becomes. It is not worth while my trying. I think I shall jump into the Norrström!"\*

"Forgive me, forgive me, Louisa! it was not that I am tired; it was only stupidity in me; but that is over now. You see, that paradise-apple, as you called it, reminded me of our former paradise, our little garden at Upsala, and about the times when Mr. Ivar was with us, and every thing was so happy, so delightful! It came to my mind, how pleased he was with the flowers which I used to bring him, and how he kissed the fruit before he ate it, because it was so beautiful, he said, and how good and how kind he was. Oh, Louisa, and him we shall never see again, nor our sister either. Every thing is quite otherwise now, Louisa; all

our goodness is gone forever. Things look very dark for us now."

Little Karin wept bitterly on her sister's bosom. Louisa wept with her, for Louisa was in an unusual degree given to weeping with those who weep, when—N.B. She could not induce them to laugh, which she preferred.

She now comforted her young sister in every possible way; assured her that "the sufferings of the Ollonberg family should come to an end," and that very soon; she knew it herself, because, "when need is the greatest, help is the nearest."

And when, at that very moment, somebody knocked loudly at the entrance door, Louisa sprang up, exclaiming—

"See, here it comes. What did I say? Talk of the wolf, and he'll!"

The door was slightly opened, and a man's voice said, "To Miss Ollonberg."

A parcel was left in Louisa's hand, and the door was again shut.

"What have we here?" exclaimed Louisa, as with haste and curiosity she broke open the parcel before the fire. "God bless me, child! Here is something; but if it is from our Lord or from the foul fiend that knows—"

And Louisa's astonished eyes stared, and the blaze of the fire lit up a bank-bill for a hundred rix-dollars, which was folded in a large piece of green silk. A letter also lay in the parcel directed to "Karin."

Karin took it with a trembling hand, tore it open, cast a hasty glance at its contents, and then threw it impatiently from her, as she exclaimed—

"Don't touch it, Louisa—don't touch it. It is from Count L——"

"From him! Ah, Lord! then we should take care of ourselves. But I must, of necessity, look what he has written. The paper will not burn my fingers, at all events. What can he, indeed, have to say?"

"Very dearest!"—yes, yes, he has not such very bad taste!—hem—hem—"silk dresses every day—your own house—carriage—income for life—if you will." Is he not ashamed of himself, a married man?"

"You hear, Karin, he promises to make you rich; to give you your own house; to assist all your family, if you will. Well, what answer do you give?"

"Can you ask? Rather die. Rather be starved to death!"

"You are my little princess; you are like 'little Karin' in the song; and you ought to sit in my lady's bower! God forgive me, but I hardly know if I could do as you do. I would sell—my soul and my happiness, I think, rather than see mother and you die of starvation. But who would have me?" And Louisa wept aloud.

"But you would see me and mother die of grief, if you could thus degrade yourself, Louisa," said the younger sister, energetic-

\* Norrström, the lake upon which Stockholm is situated.

sly. "No, no; we must all of us die one day; but let us die honorably."

"Yes, that is easier said than done," said Louisa, "but you are always right, that you are. No, I shall really go and take back this trash, and throw it in the fellow's face. Ah, the money, how beautiful it looks! It would help us out of all our wants—mother, Eli, and you, and——"

"Don't look at it—don't look at it, Louisa! think what it would cost."

"Ah, yes, that is true. I will run directly and throw it——"

"No, not this evening, Louisa. It is too late, and he is, perhaps, not at home. It says in the letter, 'an answer desired to-morrow.'"

"Yes, yes; he will give us time for consideration. But he shall have his answer, the seducer! But what can we now do with this wretched stuff?"

"Take it, dear Louisa, and put it all together, and lay it under mother's bed, just as the foot of the bed. There, I will help you. There!"

And with her little feet she pushed the parcel under the bed.

"And now—now we will just do as if it had never come. Let me give you a kiss, my own Louisa, and let us now think about getting a little supper for mother and Eli."

"Supper?—Yes, if I could take out my eyes and make a fricassee of them; because I don't know how to get any other supper. I would do it, only I could not see very well how to do it without them. And Louisa began to laugh amid her tears.

"Yes, I know a way, Louisa," said the younger sister. "You shall keep your eyes, but—my little *statuettes* there—we will take them to the snuff-shop, just across the street; the mistress of the shop will buy them both; I know it, because she asked me about it some time ago. And then we will buy us with them a little coffee for mother—and, Louisa, if we could manage a pancake for Eli. He is so fond of pancakes."

Louisa lifted up her hands and eyes. "Your little *statuettes*—those which you had from Mr. Ivar! your beloved Thorwaldsen and Tegnér!—will you let them go to the snuff-shop, to—Ah! my little Karin, can you stand that? Are you in earnest?"

"Yes—yes, Louisa! Yes, to be sure; but we must make haste."

A feverish vivacity animated her eyes, and kindled her cheeks.

"What—what do you mean?" said Louisa; "I believe you are thinking of going there yourself, now, in this wolf-like cold weather, and in the darkness, when all the wolves are abroad. No, that is not to be thought of. You shall not put the tip of your nose out of doors this cold night; but I shall go. Well, then, give me here

the great men. Can any body fancy that Tegnér and Thorwaldsen are now going together to a snuff-shop, to buy a quarter of a pound of coffee, ditto of sugar, an ounce of butter, one egg, and a quart of milk."

"And a three-stiver tallow candle," added Karin, laughing; "bring me that, dear Louisa, if you can, that I may sit up an hour to sew to-night, to finish the pillows, and carry them to the baroness to-morrow, and get the money for them, and perhaps some more work, as she promised. I am just in a sewing humor this evening. I feel as if I could get on famously."

Want is not always a destructive, suffocating weight. It is frequently, and especially to lively spirits, like pressure upon springs of water, which causes them to leap up in strong and lively jets. So was it with the young girl before us. But—too much is too much.

The unheard-of event happened; Tegnér and Thorwaldsen went to the snuff-shop to buy a three-stiver tallow candle and the other things.

And they did buy them. God bless the light they obtained. They sent home to the poor dwelling the candle, and the coffee, and the sugar, and the ingredients for the pancakes.

While Louisa was away, however, little Karin pressed a couple of books to her heart, and said—

"I have you still remaining from him! And thou!" and she looked at the rose-bush, for it had stood in his room; "and he was fond of thee!" and with this she kissed the slumbering rose, which nodded upon its stalk. The leaves shone in the fire-light.

"Here I am with all the glorious things," exclaimed Louisa, as she returned; "open wide the doors. Thorwaldsen and Tegnér have sent you this, and such a many compliments; and they are very well upon their packets of snuff. And, thank God, we shall have a little left to buy something more with."

And Louisa bustled about, roasted the coffee, ground it, boiled it. "Ah! how deliciously it smelled!"—baked the pancake. "Never had any body seen or tasted such a pancake."

And Karin sat and sewed, and laughed at Louisa's delight; when the coffee, however, was ready, she went up to the bed to give her mother some to drink.

The mother, whose life for the most part was spent in sleep, had now woke up, and moaned softly to herself.

But when Karin put the warm, beloved beverage to her lips, she smiled, and said—

"So good!"

Good-hearted daughters! do you not believe that Karin was happy in her self-sacrifice?

And now Karin also must eat some of that

remarkable pancake. She, however, will only have a little piece, and drink half a cup of coffee to it. It was "more than sufficient" for her. Louisa must keep the remainder for Eli. Poor Eli, the good lad; he used at night to steal so silently, so very silently into his chamber, that his sisters might believe he had got work, and had had his meals there, and not be troubled about him. And thus he went hungry to bed.

"But this evening he will have miscalculated," said Louisa, "and I shall put this pancake on his pillow, so that he must lay his ear on the pancake when he lays down his head. How astonished he will be!"

Louisa laughed heartily.

"Louisa, will you do me a pleasure?" asked Karin.

"Will I do it? Yes, so willingly, that the will of all the world shall be like chaff before the wind in comparison to my willingness. But what is it?"

"That apple; you have really given it to me, Louisa? It is really mine?"

"Yes, God bless you! certainly it is yours; and I only long to see your little teeth bite into it quite murderously."

"But, Louisa, I should like to give it to Eli. Sweet Louisa, will you agree?"

"Yes, what is it that you will not give Eli? Your very life, I believe. And it will go on, till, in the end, you will take the meat out of your mouth to give him. Now don't look so distressed; do as you like, and lay the apple on the pancake. He will fancy that it is his birthday, the lad, and his head will be quite turned."

"Thanks, dear Louisa," exclaimed Karin; "you can not think how nice the apple tastes."

Louisa went out with the plate to set it in her brother's room.

When she returned, Karin was sitting and sewing industriously.

"Ah, good Heavens! exclaimed Louisa, "there you sit, and spoil your blessed eyes. And what a poor, miserable wretch am I, that can not see to do fine sewing, but take stitches as long as Lunkentus's strides. That is too miserable."

"Well, then, lie down and go to sleep, dear Louisa," said Karin; "you may well want to rest yourself after the exertions of the day, and strengthen yourself for what has to be done to-morrow. Because you must go early with the parcel; and if you are very quick, you shall take my six pillows to the baroness, and get the money for them. I am almost certain that I shall finish them to-night. I have a sewing fit on me, and it will be all the greater when I hear that you are asleep."

"But you won't sit up long!" besought Louisa, whose eyes were ready to close with sleep and weariness. "You will soon come to bed!"

"Yes, yes, very soon. Only I must finish this seam."

The wearied Louisa was soon asleep. The calm breathing of her and her mother was pleasant music to the good young girl. The needle flew more industriously in her hand. The events of the evening, and the warm beverage which she had enjoyed, gave a feverish excitement to her powers. She sewed, sewed till past midnight, till past the first hour of the morning. Then, all at once, she felt that strange dizziness, which she had experienced the evening before; the aching in her eyes; the cramp in her hands. Now, however, her work was finished. She could lay it all together in a napkin, and put out the light. She was not able, however, to undress, but threw herself down, half stiff with cold and weariness, upon the bed beside her sleeping sister.

All was now dark and silent in the poor room. Silent and dark, and cold and damp as the grave.

Still do you not see a little light burning there, in this dwelling of poverty? A little bright flame?

Beneath the mother's bed, at the foot, lies the seductive gold; the seductive words; despised, rejected, trampled under foot of innocence.

She may, perhaps, die, the young creature, die of want, together with all those who are dear to her. But she did not hesitate; she hesitated not. Rather would she die than sell her innocence.

It is the holy flame of virtue which burns in the dark dwelling of poverty. The world sees it not. The world sleeps.

But there is *One* who wakes, and who sees.

The gray light of the February morning stole in through the frozen window, when Louisa rose up, softly, that she might not wake her sleeping sister, and, taking with her the two parcels, she went out of the room.

A moment after she was gone, a youth entered just as softly; he might be about nineteen—with pale countenance, delicate limbs and features, and large, animated eyes, animated by a fire which would become beneficial or destructive to society—according as it was kept.

It was Eli.

The young brother seated himself to observe the sleeping sister, with an expression of touching, almost of painful tenderness. And as he contemplated the lovely countenance of the being whom he loved more than any thing else, and saw the evident ravages which want and excessive labor had made there, and thought of the fate which seemed to await this young, amiable girl, his feelings became embittered, his eyes wild, his hands clenched convulsively, and

his heart rose tumultuously against the laws of society; against such suffering, and against the legislators who permitted it.

Karin opened her eyes, and looked at him. But she closed them hastily again, and murmured to herself:

"It was a dream!—only a dream. But it was a frightful dream!"

"And what then, did my little sister dream?" asked Eli, as he threw himself on his knees by her bed.

She looked again at him, at first uncertainly, uneasily, and then joyfully.

"Ah, it is you!" exclaimed she, and threw her arms round his neck. "It was about you that I dreamed. But you did not look in this way. You looked so dreadful—I was afraid. Oh, Eli! promise me that, happen what may, you will not do any thing that is wicked, either to yourself or to any body else."

But he made no reply. When, however, she continued to beg of him, "promise me that!" he said in conclusion—

"Pray to God for me, Karin! I can bear any thing; I can endure any thing, excepting to see you thus!" He could not go on, and hiding his head in the bed-cover, he sobbed.

She passed her hand caressingly over his head, and said:

"There is no danger for me, Eli! I am very well. You shall see that I am, if I can only see you calm."

He lifted up his head, looked at her, and said:

"Can you smile as you used to do?"

She smiled at him—so beautifully; but, she could not help it, in the midst of the smile, something sorrowful crossed her mind, and interrupted the smile, giving instead a quivering expression of pain, and the brother hastily covered his eyes, as he thought—

"No, she can not smile any longer. It is all over!"

The reader has certainly recognized already in this young brother and sister, Ivar's *protégés*. Four years had passed since the time when he interested himself about them, and had given to them presentiments of the riches and beauty of life, in which he himself believed. They resembled bees, which an early spring sun has enticed out of the hive; they fly about blindly, believing that they shall find the meadows green, and the earth full of flowers; but they find them, instead, covered with snow; they fly around for a moment, settle down wearied, become benumbed, and—are frozen to death.

And this, likewise, is the history of many young people.

This, perhaps, might not have been the fate of the young brother and sister, whom we see here, had not the crime of one man brought their family to ruin. The

forgetfulness of another rendered their fate still harder—and things go rapidly backward with the poor when they once begin to descend.

The family had now been some little time in Stockholm, whither they removed in the hope of being better paid for their work. It was in the middle of the severe winter of 18—. There had been bad harvests in the country; provisions were dear. Every body was economizing, reducing their expenses, and abridging the cost of labor. The creditable poor, who wished to work, and would not beg, suffered severely. The cold was intense, and continued long. Abundant offerings and abundant alms flowed from the treasures of the affluent to the habitations of the poor. (Because to be willingly indigent is not Swedish, and the cold can freeze every thing excepting the Swedish heart.) The Ollonberg family, however, were strangers in Stockholm, and unknown; and incessantly was the magnanimous exhortation of the mother sounded in the ears of her children—"No complaints, no begging, my children!"

With such lessons people may very well die, but they do not sink—spiritually.

The young brother and sister were leaning their heads together, in silent sorrow, the one over the other, when the cheerful voice of Louisa sounded in the room.

"There, then, now it is done!" exclaimed she, not very loud, however, on account of the sleeping mother. "Now he has had his parcel again, and that with befitting thanks. But so angry, and so offended as he was. He called me 'fool' and 'ninny,' and 'goose,' and God knows what; and said that I did not understand what was best for myself; and when I went out, he made a long nose at me. But I could only laugh at that, for he who had the long nose was himself, and nobody else."

"Yes, Eli, you shall, some time or other, know all about this affair."

"And now I've got some money for you, little Karin; money for the pillows; though, God have mercy on us! not so much as we hoped for, because the baronesses beat me down in the price, and said that she could get the needlework done at a lower rate in the house of correction. That I believe, that I do: for the people there have both house-room and fuel, and food, all for nothing. But we—"

"And you have not brought me any more work?" exclaimed Karin, as she raised herself with terror in the bed. And yet the baronesses promised—"

"Yes, but now she says that she shall let her sewing go to the 'institution,' as they call the house of correction, at the lower price. Is it not a sin and a shame to take the bit of bread in that way out of the mouths of honest people, who would perish

of hunger and cold rather than do any thing that is wicked, and to give to that sort of people, because they can do it at a little less price. I was really ashamed for the baroness—baroness though she was. But I said nothing, because it, in part, is not proper for a poor needy creature to say any thing to rich folks, and, in part, because I was rather glad that you should escape having to sit and ruin your eyes over that confounded fine sewing."

"But, Louisa, consider; how are we to live? that was our only means! Take that from us, and there is an end of us too!" exclaimed Karin, as she clasped her hands together, almost in despair.

"Merciful father! There is not an end yet!" exclaimed Louisa, in horror. "We have money enough yet to pay for one quarter's rent, and a measure of firewood. We have, also, a little coffee left; and, look here, three French loaves! I bought each of us one; so that to-day we shall have enough, and to-morrow too, I hope. Eli, take one of the loaves, and—but wherever is he gone? He runs away from the breakfast which he would have been invited to; and I wanted to ask him about the supper, and what the pancake said to his ear. Well, now, I will get my things together and make breakfast."

"No work! and mother, and Eli!" thought Karin, as dispirited she fell back on the bed. Hitherto her work had nearly entirely supported them. Now she was without any. The future became more and more dark. She thought of her mother, of her brother; and it seemed as if a thick mist came before her eyes—a weight as of lead lay upon her soul and her body.

"She will be a deal better when she has got a little warm coffee within her;" thought Louisa, as she cast an uneasy glance at her pale sister, and blew up the fire, and ground the coffee, and boiled it.

"Look here, my little darling; drink and become cheerful;" said Louisa, as, somewhat untidy in person, but most kind in manner, she stood before Karin, with a smoking cup of coffee in her hand. Karin lay with closed eyes and colorless lips. "What? you will not have it! not able to take it! not able to take the coffee? What in all the world then will be able to cheer you up, my little heart?"

"A little hope!" whispered the young girl, and two large tears rolled hastily down her delicate, pale cheeks.

"A little hope!" repeated Louisa, and set down the coffee-cup, and clasped her hands and looked up to Heaven. The words seemed to wring her heart, and she asked, "how can I obtain a little hope for her?" She could not see the heavens for the ice upon the window panes; and soon the courageous, cheerful Louisa felt her-

self without consolation, for a moment, and thought, "there is no hope; but see! the ice melts! see, a large drop runs down the window-pane. The ice indeed weeps for us! and God, who permits the ice to melt, he can also excite the human heart to pity!"

And, once more possessed of a little hope, Louisa again took the coffee-cup, and carried it to her mother's bed.

"Coffee, mother!" exclaimed she, "warm, good coffee; mother will not say no to the coffee-tears, that I know! What? Not mother, either? but what is this? Mother lies with her eyes wide open, and breathes so strangely! Merciful Lord! Karin!"

Louisa's exclamation of terror brought Karin, like lightning, to her side. It was soon evident that the mother was laboring with death.

All stupor and want of spirit were now gone from Karin. The nearest neighbors in the entry, Mrs. Larsen and Mrs. Edelman, and Furubom, the porter, and Furubom's wife, all came in great excitement to get vinegar, palsy-drops, the poor man's doctor, &c. &c., and full of curiosity and readiness to help, as is commonly the case in such circumstances, all standing together in the chamber of the dying, and staring upon her, and whispering among themselves.

"My advice is," said Furubom, the porter, who was a consequential man, "my advice is, that she should be bled, for her ailment proceeds from the blood. I understand it, for I have been in service with many great gentlemen, and have helped them through many sicknesses. And every body who has become well acquainted with me has had more confidence in me than in the doctors. For, in the doctor's art, they go more by learning than by certain looks. Looks are the most to be depended upon. And, as I said, I have cured many great gentlemen, and followed many great gentlemen to their graves. And, therefore, people ought to follow my advice, because I have had experience."

"Yes, yes," said Furubom's wife, who had only one eye, and who was his *vis-à-vis*, "I say nothing, more than ay-ay!" This "ay-ay," however, seemed in the highest degree to make her husband's wisdom doubtful, and the one-seeing eye stared significantly.

"And I say neither ay nor nay," said Mrs. Larsen, with great volubility of tongue; "But I say, that let people say what they will, and do what they will, there will be a corpse here in this house; yes, that I say, and that I said a week ago, when I saw a great token in the candle. And last night, when I heard a dog howling at the corner of the street, just by this house, then thinks I, there'll be a corpse in this house. We shall see, thought I, whether some old lady down here does not die! and with that I

sneezed, and that is a sign that never fails. Well, well; since she is dead, we shall see what ways the girls will take. I say nothing, not I, but I can see enough of men-folks who come running here early and late with parcels. Ay—ay! I say nothing, not I, but I can think for all that, that I can, that that young huzzy need not think herself too good to walk with my Laura in the Hummelgard. But pride goes before a fall."

"Yes!" said Mrs. Edelman, "she has always been lofty in her mind, this old one here, and to take her down from her lofty thoughts would have been about as easy as to take down the seven stars. But she is now lying there because of it. Why should people wish to set themselves up as better than they are; and when people are poor it is best to behave like poor folks. That was what Mrs. Sjögren said, and as she knew me, she said to me, 'Mrs. Edelman, you, who are such a noble-minded and compassionate person, ought to go to the clergyman of the parish and get something for these poor folks, or else put an advertisement in the papers;' for she knew, Mrs. Sjögren, that I had done it before, out of kindness for people who did not deserve it. And I talked about it to this here old lady, but she said; 'No thank you, Mrs. Edelman, dear!' said she, 'I do not wish that any body should put themselves to any trouble for my sake. And there are many people who are poorer and more unfortunate than we are,' says she, 'and I will not go in their way;' that was what she said, and I could see plain enough, that she was too proud in her mind. But you see, it does no good here in this world, for—"

At this moment the sick woman moved in her bed, and said, in a voice stronger than common:

"No complaints—no begging, my children!" She raised her thin hands, and labored as if to bring out something more. But she had power only to utter one single syllable, but that she spoke strongly and fully, and it was—"God!" Then sank the uplifted hands; the head fell back toward the pillow, and the old and respectable woman was dead. The strong spirit had released itself from its habitation of clay.

The daughters kneeled by the mother's bed.

"No, my mother, I will not complain," said the younger, silently in her soul, "I will—follow thee, my mother!"

And then, raising herself, she kissed her mother's pale, but beautiful countenance, and said to her:

"Strong I can not be, but in my weakness I will endeavor to be as thou wilt."

And she did endeavor, poor young creature. It was affecting to see how she endeavored to keep up her spirits, even after her mother, the beloved mother, was laid in

her grave. In order to pay for the interment, she was obliged to sell her little birch-wood chest of drawers. The rose-bush had now to stand upon a broken table.

She again obtained a little needlework, and sewed industriously, although her eyes ached, and the slender fingers twisted together for very weakness. One day, however, she had a more violent attack of that former giddiness, and she fell fainting from her chair. When this was past, she was no longer able to work. Her strength was altogether gone.

She, however, lay calmly in bed.

"I shall now die!" she thought, "and the sooner the better. When I am gone, Louise and Eli will manage more easily, and in the mean time I will not consume what they need. I shall soon need nothing more. I shall go to my mother."

Of the food, therefore, which her brother and sister offered her, she took the smallest possible portion, under the pretense that she was not able to take more, and it was not long before she could not bear that which they could obtain for her. She continued quiet and patient. Every day, however, her eyes grew larger, and their hollows became deeper and darker. A delicate, bright crimson—the flowers of the grave—at times lighted up her cheek. But she never complained.

The young brother saw his sister waste away, and could not help her. Of all the pain of earth none is so hard to bear as that of seeing a beloved being suffering undeservedly, and slowly dying. Bitterness of heart people believe is a great misfortune; bitterness against God is the greatest which can befall a human being.

The young brother looked on his sister, and his eyes became wild. They had continually that expression at which Karin had been frightened when she saw it first. A dark fire burned in the depths of his soul, and fed dark, black thoughts.

It was otherwise with Karin. There is a period in sickness similar to hers which is not painful. Karin had entered into this. And in proportion as she became weaker for want of food, and quietly had laid herself down, and given herself up to the embrace of death, a wonderful delight came over her. When she closed her eyes, she seemed to see beautiful, enchanting gardens, where white birds flew among the green branches, and butterflies fluttered over the brilliant flowers. And there she seemed to be, and plucked the flowers and fruits to give away. And there also she seemed to see bright and friendly shapes gleaming forth from the leafy alleys; she seemed to recognize among them her mother and one other also—

She again made verses, and more beautiful than formerly; and as she lay fettered

by the weakness of the body, the soul sang like a bird, songs of pure gladness and liberty. Thus was it often with her. But not always. Darker moments came, when the powers of life raised themselves up strongly in her young being, and demanded their own; at such times she felt many an anguish, and death then seemed dark.

On these occasions, she would beseech of her brother to read aloud to her in the Gospels.

This Bible she had inherited from her mother, and it was very dear to her; next to the volume which she had received from Ivar, "The Legends of the Swedish People," and which lay upon the little table beside her pillow. It was from this book that she had first gained a knowledge of the poetical life of her own people, their fantasies and their histories, and from this fountain had her spirit derived its earliest inspirations, and seen the beautiful crimson of morning arise over life.

The rose-tree stood also beside her on the table. The wonderful flower was now withered; but the little plant itself stood fresh and green. It did her good to look at it.

Louisa now took in washing, and stood at her wash-tub in a great wash-house from morning till evening. This maintained the family, and was a great blessing.

Eli spent the greater part of his time with his sick sister; and she knew how to draw him away from his despairing thoughts by occupation. She induced him to paint a picture of the room in which they lived; to represent herself as she lay in bed, with the rose-tree and all. And—delightful to say!—in the midst of their misery the brother and sister were often made quite happy by this work. It cheered the sister to see her brother's ability; to see how one object after another came out, "so like, so natural!" as she said. "Oh, Eli, you would become a great painter, if—" and then came a painful convulsion of the heart and interrupted her. And Eli—when he was animated by work, felt a power foreign to himself; a creative genius open his eyes, and guide his hand, and then he, too, had his visions, visions of beautiful regions in which the genius of art beckoned to him. He *felt*, that he *might grow, ripen*, and become something. But then, when he looked deeper into the beloved sister's countenance, and remarked the progress which death was making in it, a vulture seemed to fix its sharp talons into his heart. And then he would start up, and rush out into the streets and lanes; abhorring the light, and abhorring his fellow creatures, who walked or drove by in splendor, laughing, talking, and indifferent about him who went with a bleeding heart and trembling knees. And thus, with every succeeding day grew a deeper hatred toward his more fortunate fellow-creatures

Ah! young man, hate them not. Rather pity them that they are so blind, and can not see into the heart; that they have a difficulty in distinguishing between the worthy and the unworthy; and that they are so often deceived.

Believe me! There are many, nay, a great many, among those whom thou believest to be so indifferent, so thoughtless, who would share with thee their last farthing, if they knew in what condition thou wast—nay, who would deprive themselves of necessities, and in so doing leap for joy, and thank God with tears of gladness, that they were enabled to alleviate the great, the actual want of a really good and pure-hearted human being.

But they know not—can not see—that is the fault; that and *theirs*, who destroy faith in human virtue.

One evening, after one of these days of violent outbreak, Eli came home. Poor lad! He had thought, "If I could but get her a little wine, perhaps she could take it, and—come to herself!" And for the first time he held out his hand to beg. In reply it was said to him; "you are really a young man! are you not ashamed? go and get work."

Eli withdrew the outstretched hand, and struck it hard against his breast. Through the whole winter he had been seeking for work—he was a painter's apprentice—but he could not obtain it.

He hastened home. As he entered his sister's room he heard a low moaning. He sprang to her bed-side. Karin was still nearer death. Her body was agitated by a violent tremor of the nerves.

He was beside himself.

"Will you die and leave me?" exclaimed he, in despair.

"I will go home—to my mother!" she replied. "It will soon be all over. Eli, light the little bit of candle which is left, and read to me out of the Bible.—Will you?"

"No!" continued he with more violence. "No, I will not read in the Bible—I don't believe what it says. There is no God, no good God who has compassion on his children like a father. If there were, we should not suffer as we do—you would not die of hunger—No, there is no God!"

"O Eli! Eli! do not say so, think of the numbers of people who suffer as we do, suffer and die. What right have we to complain?"

"Are these numbers of people a proof of God's goodness?" asked the brother bitterly.

"Think of him who died in torments on the cross, and who rose up out of the grave that he might say to his disciples: there is a life beyond this present life—a better home, 'where there are many mansions,' and 'I go to prepare one for you.' Think of him, my beloved Eli. Read to me about him—"

"I can think only of you!" exclaimed Eli, in wild despair; "only that you lie and die of want, of misery, and that I can not save you. O my God, if thou exist, if thou hear me, if thou be a *father* to us, let her not die now, my Father! not die thus! When she is gone, my good angel will be gone; and I shall abhor the world and mankind, and this because thou hast made them—I shall abhor the happy, the rich, and avenge her death upon them. I shall become wicked and hardened."

"Silence! sin not, God is near;" said a voice all at once, as solemn and as gentle as if it were an angel who was come there with a message from the Lord.

Amazement and terror overcame the youth. It was dusk in the room, but still they could discern in the departing daylight, that a tall and handsome man was standing there. His countenance and his hair seemed beaming with light.

The over-excited youth fell on his knees.

"If thou art an angel of the Lord," said he, "save her, and—destroy me, if thou wilt!"

"I am merely a human being," replied the mild voice, "but, perhaps, God may permit me to save you."

A light flashed hastily in his hand; it came from a small lantern, and by its light he looked round the room.

When the light fell upon the young girl, who was half sitting up in bed, and who resembled much more a corpse than a living being, he seemed to be painfully disturbed. He went to her, took her hand, and spoke in a tender and affectionate manner, calling her at the same time by her name.

The girl would not answer. She could only gaze up to the beautiful countenance which was illumined by the light, and which was bending over her; she could only listen to the voice—where had she heard it before? Where before had she seen that expression in a human countenance?—It seemed to her so distant and yet so near!—She could not sustain its influence. It rang in her ears.—she sank down upon the bed. She believed that she should die.

"She has not eaten half a roll!" said Eli.

"Wait a moment!—I will be here again immediately!" said the stranger, and vanished from the room.

"Oh, do not die! live only one little, little moment longer! Live merely one moment!" besought Eli, beside himself, and kissed his sister's cold hands and cheeks. "Do not die!"

She died not. She lived till the return of the stranger. With him came a lady, not young, not old, not handsome, but who looked like a living personification of mercy.

They brought with them a basket containing wine and provisions.

When Augustin placed some wine and wa-

ter at Karin's lips, she drank it; she swallowed also biscuit dipped in the wine.

"She eats, she drinks! she will then live!" exclaimed Eli, and danced in the room, and kissed Hedvig's and Augustin's clothes, and was, as it were, mad with joy.

When he was a little calmer, Augustin laid his hand upon his shoulder, and said, gently—

"Remember this, remember never to murmur! Never to lose your faith!"

The boy could not reply. He bowed himself, weeping, over the hand of Augustin.

Augustin raised the penitent, and clasped him to his breast. He conceived an affection for the youth.

Outside the door stood Hannah, trembling and weeping; she did not dare to go into the room.

And yet it was she who was the means of sending relief thither. This very afternoon, being out on one of her usual excursions of inquiry, she met Eli, and thought that she recognized him. But he went hastily past her; she sprang after him, seized his arm, and looked up in his face, as she said—

"For God's sake, tell me—your name—"

Her bewildered look made the youth believe that she was insane, and he tore himself away from her without a reply. She, however, followed him from street to street, from lane to lane, to the house where he lodged, and where he entered. She hastened in after him, and soon learned from Mrs. Larsen and Mrs. Edelman all that she wished to know. She had found them whom she had sought for so long, and now hastened home to her master and mistress, but with the deadly anxiety in her heart lest, after all, perhaps she had come too late.

That which followed is already known to our readers. And certainly they can more easily imagine than we describe, how cheerfully this evening the fire lit up this poor home, lit up the countenances where hope once more diffused its most beautiful beams; how busy Louisa was among the provisions; how she laughed; how she cried; how she chattered, and said the most insanely foolish and yet affecting things, so that she herself was obliged both to laugh and cry at them.

And Mrs. Larsen, and Mrs. Edelman, and Furubom, the porter, and Furubom's wife, how they peeped, and how they listened, and how knowing, and wise, and consequential they were, the one more than the other. But, most of all, Furubom's wife, because she merely said "ay! ay! I say nothing more, not I!" and all the while her one seeing gray eye looked like an abyss of knowledge and wisdom. And Mrs. Larsen's tongue leaped certainly twelve miles off and on, in her calculations and her predictions this evening.

How cheerful Augustin was this evening, and how merry, and amiable, and delightful

in every way, because he was so pleased to have found Ivar's family, which he called, "a gift from our Lord," "a lucky thing," a real "*bonne fortune*."

Yes, if thou hadst seen him; dear lady-reader, thou hadst assuredly fallen in love with him, and, therefore, it is a good thing that thou didst not see him—excepting through my weak telescope.

Hedvig enjoyed Augustin's pleasure, but—she sighed a little immediately afterward. She knew how frequently her brother's cheerful anticipations had been deceived; and this very day she had had some partly ludicrous, partly sorrowful experience of how, with one portion of mankind, benefits and kind actions only serve to call forth sad and unreasonable pretensions. She mentioned this in part to Augustin.

Augustin laughed—he was too happy this evening to vex himself, and said—

"Yes, so it may be, and it is sad enough! but you will see, Hedvig, that this family is quite of a different disposition. We shall have to set down these people in the good list, among those whom it is an honor, and a delight to have any thing to do with. And it is our own fault, Hedvig, that we have had such painful experience. We have spread ourselves out too wide, investigated too little, been too easy—especially I—and have given at random. We will now concentrate ourselves more, and Ivar's family shall be the center from which we will begin. Shall it not be so? you would, indeed, wish that this young girl were nursed here, under your superintendence? She must be removed into a wholesome air, and under the care of physicians. And Hannah deserves the consolation of nursing her, and assisting in her recovery. To-morrow we will take a carriage and go for her, we two.

"The boy can remain where he is at present, but I shall try to get him as a pupil into the Academy of Painting. He has really unusual talent. You saw the picture, certainly—the painting which he has made of his sister and the room? And he can have his meals here at home with us. And that Louisa, with her warm heart and cheerful temper, is indeed an actual treasure—really a valuable one! We must have her, by all means, in the house; and as she will not wish or desire any thing better than to be the servant of us all, I think that we might take her into the family as a sort of house-keeper. Or, what do you say, Hedvig? When Ivar and Gerda come home, the family will be large, and you will require an assistant."

"Ah! you good, dear Augustin!" said Hedvig, laughing, as she embraced him, "if you could only help the whole world, there would be no want in it!"

As he had said, Augustin and Hedvig

took a carriage, and brought home with them the young sick girl; but she was so weak, that they almost feared she would die by the way; and for a long time even in their home, and under their protection, it seemed doubtful whether life would in good earnest return, and overcome death.

She had, however, near her, both by day and by night, a servant and a guardian, such as could not easily be met with, and not at all for money, and this was Hannah.

In the end, life was the conqueror. Karin was declared to be out of danger!

"Now I believe that God has forgiven me!" said Hannah, weeping for joy, when Karin for the first time had driven out with Hedvig, and smiled, and smiled, and looked like a rose on her return.

"And now I see that there is a good heart in you, girl," said Stolt. "Forgive me for once being so angry with you, believing you were 'without feeling.'"

"Ah! forgive me, Stolt," said Hannah, "that I was formerly so giddy and stupid, even toward you, who now are so very, very good to me!"

"It is extraordinary how that girl has changed, and how agreeable she is now!" said Stolt to Maja, one evening, when they were eating sweet stir-about together, which Hannah had boiled.

"And waits at table, does she, so that it is a pleasure to see her. I need not any longer give myself the least trouble."

"Yes, so say I," chimed in Maja; "she has always been a clever girl at her work; and she does not burn the stir-about either. Hi, hi, hi, hi! It is she who has boiled the stir-about, Stolt. Well, the man that gets her for a wife will not do amiss. Hi, hi, hi, hi!"

"No, but! And if I were not so old, then—"

"God forbid! you are really a very splendid fellow still, Stolt. Hi, hi, hi, hi! And not so old either; only two or three-and-sixty, I should fancy."

"Two or three-and-sixty!" repeated Stolt, abruptly; "not quite fifty-three!"

"No, you don't say so!" exclaimed Maja; "well, then, you are just at the very age to be married."

"Yes, but—women are women, nevertheless; and I can not fancy that any woman would like me."

"And why not? This I know of a certainty—that you look—really very agreeable; and if you would be a little polite and civil—"

"I can not be otherwise than I am," said Stolt, proudly. "Every one has his humor, as the late Glad was accustomed to say; and mine has never been polite and cheerful, especially since Glad was separated from me."

"But think, if a woman, a young girl I

mean, should take a fancy to you, such as you are?" said Maja.

"That would raise my esteem for her," said Stolt; "and—good stir-about she cooks, that is certain."

"And when one gets old, Stolt," continued Maja, "it must be very pleasant—I mean for the man—to have his own home, and his own wife, who can cook him good stir-about for his supper, and be company for him—what say you, Stolt?"

Stolt made no reply, but heaved a deep sigh, and for that time the conversation was discontinued.

Göthilda was at first not very well inclined toward the new-comer. She wondered very much what sort of a person she was; whether she was a "Marmæll Nothing," as so many others are; what she would become, and whether "any thing" could be made out of her. And afterward, what she should call her. At first she called her "Ivar's legacy."

"Ivar's legacy" sat silent and industrious over her needle, in the home of the Dalbergs, as soon as her strength had returned. But she laughed so merrily and so beautifully at Göthilda's sallies of wit and nonsense; looked with such grateful, beaming eyes at Hedvig and Augustin, answered so charmingly, and so properly, to what was said to her, and was so surpassingly agreeable, that by degrees her position in the house was altogether changed. She left her office of seamstress to become the pupil of Hedvig, of Augustin, and even of Göthilda, who taught her to sing and to draw; and thus "Ivar's legacy" acquired, unobservedly, the names of "Göthilda's foster-sister," "Hedvig's girl," "The daughter of the house," every body's "little Karin."

Amidst the sunshine of this family affection, and the comfort of this home, the young girl became developed, and bloomed forth into loveliness both of soul and body.

"She is Engel the Second!" declared Göthilda, especially since she had acquired from Louisa the knowledge of certain features of Karin's life, which greatly raised her in Göthilda's esteem, and uncle Herkules obtained leave "to like her a little, if uncle likes me—only I must have the first place, of course."

"That I do, the deuce take me!" said the general. "One can't have too many of this sort in the house!"

It was lucky in this "*bonne fortune*," that General Herkules was so fully satisfied with the adoption of these sisters and brother in the family.

To help respectable people, who would willingly help themselves, was just what he liked. He took Eli immediately under his protection, and set him to paint his two rooms, in compartments of his own composition, as well as all his old furniture, which

could be painted; and for this he paid him good wages.

Göthilda, in the mean time, sang the old song for Karin—

"And little Karin she served within the young king's court;

whereupon Göthilda always thought that Karin's color brightened, and she became very beautiful.

"You are right, Augustin," said Hédvig, at length. "'Ivar's legacy' is actually a '*bonne fortune*.' I begin to be as fond of the girl as if she were my own child."

"Now it seems as if the sufferings of the Ollonberg family should come to an end!" exclaimed Louisa, when, to her delight, amidst laughter and tears, she seated herself by the kitchen chimney, in the house of the Dalbergs, in the capacity of cook, the only honor and dignity which she would receive; and saw by the blaze of the fire, and the joyful beams of hope, little Karin sitting on the throne of happiness, and Eli driving away toward immortality in the heavenly charity of art, and the sufferings of *all* the Ollonberg family happily at an end.

And here also is this episode at an end

But we immediately begin a new one, because we feel ourselves called upon to see how things go on at—

## EKARNE.

A FINE estate, a loving married pair who live in Idyllic solitude and peace, seem to many a type of the highest earthly felicity, a portion of paradise. And it may be so. But it may also be otherwise. Solitude is a severe test. It calls forth the feelings, it deepens them. Happiness or suffering ascends under its influence to the highest, inmost extent. There is no avoiding, no dissipating, no fleeing from its impressions. They remain, enter into, penetrate, and, unobservedly but irresistibly, change the human being, the home!

Domestic life—that innermost sanctuary of the people—is also a solitude, full of deep mysteries. Therefore the word "holy" is with justice placed over its entrance. There exists within it an undisturbed solitude in which one human being stands alone with another in a relationship which demands that they should become *one*, if they would become happy.

Place this solitude in an outward seclusion, and then it will reveal its power of introducing into life heaven or hell. It can not, it ought not to be otherwise.

The day of heavy sighs is not passed; and it will not have passed until the last day of the world. But if thou wouldst inquire where they are heaved most heavily, the

answer would be, in the most secluded and the most exclusive home.

Holy, dear, beloved solitude! do I complain of thee? No! because I believe that there are many more whom thou deliverest from bonds than thou makest captive; and thy companionship was more beneficial to me than that of any other friend in the world. But one thing seems to me certain, and that is, that no person should dare to live in deep solitude with another human being, so long as there exist any extreme differences between the very foundation of their characters and modes of thought; for these will not fail of becoming disturbing causes.

Ekarne was a beautiful estate. Uno and Engel removed there as a loving and happy couple. And they were happy there. Moments of unspeakable happiness and beauty blossomed forth for this amiable and loving pair. But—something was wanting, nevertheless. There was an impediment to the perfect union of the wedded couple, which, at first, was darkly felt and covered over by the flowers of love, but which by degrees presented itself more and more, and appeared the more frequently, the more distinct. It was that gulf, which had once before threatened to separate them. But now, as then, they turned away their heads, and, stretching their arms across to each other, filled it with flowers. Still it appeared again and again, and Engel's youthful gayety declined more and more. For some time she had suffered from moments of actual melancholy. She then sought for solitude, mostly in the open air, where she was most secure of being undisturbed. Ekarne lay at a considerable distance from the shore of the Mälar lake, in a wild, romantic region. The house stood at the edge of a beautiful and extensive park. A lake called the Deep Lake, lay here surrounded by lofty and almost perpendicular cliffs, here and there diversified by groups of fine trees and openings into valleys. Uno had laid out a footpath along the broken cliffs by the side of the lake, and which ascended by easy steps across the hill to some grottoes and caves in the rocks, which nature and art had united to form. In this path there was one particular spot where a mountain ash and a birch-tree, sown by birds, had sprung up in the fissures of the rocks and leaned against each other, so as to form an archway; there Engel was accustomed to sit, looking out over the lake in the mysterious depths of which, (unfathomable, as was said), she loved to send down her glances. Uno had caused a bench to be placed there, and called the spot "Engel's rest."

One day Engel sat here. It was a day at the beginning of the spring. There was a mist in the air which partially concealed every object; but the air was mild, soft, and full of that inexpressible delight which bursts forth in the northern winter with

the first anticipations of spring, when it is felt that

"— the earth love-warm,  
Rests in the arms of spring."

The snow-drifts melted in the wood; black-cocks played among the fir-trees; the rook called his mate. The branches of the trees grew ruddy, and their buds swelled in the moist and mild atmosphere. At intervals, a playful wind arose and invited the waves of the Deep Lake to a dance, and touched the harps of the woods and the cliffs. The heart of nature seemed to swell with the feeling of an approaching festivity.

The young lady of Ekarne saw and heard all this. But her heart did not swell in harmony with nature; it was, on the contrary, unusually oppressed, and, as it were, heavy with unwept tears. There are moments when irresistibly anxious forebodings take hold upon us. Hundreds of such are blown away like chaff before the wind. But some there are which have a mysterious origin. There was, at this moment, a mist in Engel's soul, as well as in nature, through which every object shone forth indistinctly and darkly. She gave it no name; nay, she would not think of it, but she felt darkly that *something* was arising between her and her husband, which threatened to overcloud their lives—it might possibly be—separate them. Yet no! this last thought was not, could not be hers. And yet there lay so sorrowful a feeling which separation could only give birth to in the depth of her soul, and oppressed it. By degrees her tears began to flow. These relieved her.

She hastily dried them, however, as she heard a step approaching and recognized Uno's. He was talking cheerfully; it was with their little boy.

Uno had come out to seek for his wife. When he found her, he reproached her tenderly with having fatigued herself with climbing this hill, especially at this time. "I believe that I must become a tyrant and fasten you in," said he, jokingly.

Engel smiled at him, but he saw that she had been weeping. He inquired tenderly and seriously after the cause of this, because Uno knew that Engel was not one of those ladies who are given to weeping, and whose tears fall for nothing. But Engel wished not to tell the cause of her tears.

Uno undertook to guess, and suggested several causes, at some of which Engel could not help laughing. At length she said:

"Ah, no! don't seek for the cause in any fault of yours; you are the best—the kindest—you are only too good for me. But yet—"

"Yet! What is it? Now it must come out, Engel, or else I shall be angry."

"Yet I sometimes feel myself so—lonely. Now it is out. Uno, forgive me."

He kissed her, but her tears flowed afresh.

"Lonely!" repeated Uno, and looked inquiringly at her.

"Yes, lonely in my deepest, most inward, and, as I think, best feelings and thoughts. No, do not look so serious, Uno, for then I shall be unhappy. You see, my beloved husband, it is just because I would not vex you, would not give you a single moment's displeasure, that I come here by myself when I am sorrowful."

"And which then are the deep and good feelings which you are obliged to conceal from me?" inquired Uno, not without asperity.

"You know them, Uno," said Engel, as before: "I have often wished to go to the communion table; but I have not been urgent on the subject because you do not feel as I do. Neither have I spoken of it for a long time, because I saw that you do not like to hear of it. Now, however, I long more than ever to go. It is so long since I have been there—and an hour will soon arrive which will be a question of life or death for me. I long before it comes, to unite myself more inwardly to the eternal life. I wish to partake of the Lord's Supper——"

"Well, and who hinders you?" asked Uno, somewhat roughly. "If you wish to go—go."

"Alone?" and Engel looked at him with such a touching glance that he was involuntarily affected by it. He looked down, and bending forward he struck the little pebbles with his cane, so that they leaped from the rocky path into the lake. Engel continued:

"The other day, when I was in the church, I saw wives with their husbands, going side by side to the communion table. I felt that they were very happy, Uno. It looked very beautiful."

Uno replied with a mild but grave voice:

"Do you wish me to act merely for the looks' sake, without an inward conviction?"

"No, ah, no! but—I merely lament, Uno, that it is so; that we, in many things, are different. It grieves me. I can not help it."

A moment of deep silence succeeded.

When Engel again looked up, she saw Uno's looks riveted upon her with an expression of unutterable tenderness. At length he said:

"Unite yourself with your family in those convictions and usages which you love in common with them. And afterward—return to me, and be happy with him who, beyond any thing in the world, wishes to see you happy. Come, my sweet girl! do not let splenetic fancies, which young ladies often have, and so unnecessarily, darken my Engel's clear eye and brow. Look around you in this great temple, where a thousand voices speak of life and happiness—breathe that air which fills every thing with newborn power; listen to the voices in wood, in lake, and air; how every thing breathes,

awakes, and moves, that it may love, live, and enjoy! Do you not hear also, beloved one, under your heart, the promise of a new spring, for our home, for our happiness? Oh! thus let your spirit, your life, become one with the great existence around you! Forget the petty troubles of the moment, and lose yourself in that all-vivifying, nourishing, renewing!—"

A weak cry and a splash into the lake at their feet, here interrupted Uno's delightful conversation.

Engel sprang up. "The boy!" exclaimed she, and looked wildly around her. The child had vanished. Engel sprang forward to the hand-rail on the path, which led along the cliff to the lake. Uno would have withheld her, but she escaped from his arms, and in one moment had thrown herself over the rail into the water, out of which she saw her child stretch forth his small, helpless hands. It was the work of a moment.

The boy wanted to see where the stones had gone which his father had caused to fly into the lake, and he had crept under the rail, that he might the better reach the place, and had fallen down the perpendicular cliff. He was just about to sink, when he was rescued by his mother's arm.

It was now evening. Hedvig and Augustin were at Ekarna. Very dissimilar was this evening to the morning of the same day. Engel had indeed saved her sinking child, and Uno had succeeded in rescuing both mother and child from the embrace of the deep lake. But it had, nevertheless, done its work. That was past remedy; the beautiful, beloved young wife and mother must now—die. She felt it, she knew it also, since she had again awoke from severe suffering to consciousness. She was perfectly free from pain, but had not now, many moments to live. These she devoted almost exclusively to her unfortunate husband. Words of inexpressible love; words of consolation, and hope, and gratitude came from her pale lips. But Uno heard them not. He understood nothing of that which went forward. He had as yet not seen any one die; and that his wife, his young, life-enjoying Engel should die, was what he could not believe. He could not comprehend it.

But in that moment when she, after having spoken some words to Hedvig and Augustin, once more turned her glance to Uno, uttered his name, and then closed her eyes, ceased to breathe, and was as one dead—at this moment, a wild, frenzied pain overpowered him. He threw himself upon her, raised her in his arms, kissed her, and called her by her name. "Engel! my wife! Mother! awake!" cried he.

And she—awoke.

She opened her beautiful eyes slowly, and fixed upon him a sorrowful, almost reproachful glance.

And mournfully said she to him :

" Ah, wherefore have you awakened me ? I slept so calmly—dreamed so delightfully ; and now I feel that must again bear much suffering."

She again closed her eyes, and when, after a moment's space she opened them again, their glance was wild and bewildered.

" Why is it so dark here ?" cried she ; " why do you bar out God's daylight ? Uno, beloved Uno ! is it you thrust me out into this eternal darkness ? What have I done to you, my beloved husband ? Forgive me, poor child !—it was done out of ignorance. Allow me to go where I long to go. Not into the deep—it is so cold, so dark there, Uno ! Have mercy. Hedvig, save me—save. Nay, silence !—let it be. Nobody shall come between him and me. Where he is, there will I be—although he will not let me sleep any more."

In this wild, delirious state lived Engel for eight days and nights—when she died. But within all that time she enjoyed no glimpse of light, and no rest. Her soul's light was altogether gone, and her personal beauty also. No one could have recognized her—it was a sorrowful sight.

When the long death-struggle was at length over, and death had again taken his prey, no voice was then raised to call the departed to life.

Her unfortunate husband now sat, as then, by her bedside ; but— It is said that, in ancient days, the unhappy beings who gazed upon the head of Medusa, became suddenly changed to stone with horror. Something of this kind seemed to have taken place with Uno. One thought, one feeling—dark as the eternal night—had fixed itself in his heart, in his brain, and stared from his tearless glance.

" Go to him, Hedvig," said Augustin.

" Talk to him—embrace him ! We must break this state of mind."

" Let us both go," said Hedvig.

They both went. They clasped their unfortunate brother-in-law in their arms—their tears wetted his cheeks. He seemed not to remark it.

Augustin took the beautiful sleeping boy in his arms, and carried him to his father.

He thrust him violently from him.

" Take him away !" exclaimed he ; " he was the cause of it," and he turned away from him and shuddered.

Some days later, when Engel was buried, her husband was seen to totter out, pale and gloomy. A few hours afterward, Augustin found him extended on her grave, in wordless, tearless sorrow. He led him away home. Uno seemed not to be quite con-

scious, or rather he knew nothing of that which occurred within himself. He spoke to no one ; answered either monosyllabically, or not at all, when he was addressed : he seemed insensible to all consolation, all tenderness, all hope. Sometimes he sat with closed eyes for a long time together, and when he again opened them, there was in them an expression of such deep, such boundless suffering, that Hedvig was obliged to turn away from him and weep.

One day they took to him a bouquet of beautiful flowers, out of his hot-house. As the first moment, he snatched them with a species of gladness, but immediately afterward threw them hastily away from him, and rushed out with a cry of agony, and shut himself in his own chamber ; nor was it possible again to induce him to leave it. This sorrow altogether assumed the character of misanthropy. He never went out, let his beard and nails grow, and very soon looked terrific.

Thus went on one week after another. An old faithful servant was the only human being he could endure near him, and the brothers and sisters confided to him the guardianship of the unfortunate brother-in-law.

Uno's unmarried sister, Bertha, a woman physically weak, but of a strong mind, who had hitherto lived with her married sister, was now called upon to become a mother to Uno's child, and to watch over it while near to him, and to await the moment when the father's feelings should awaken, and possibly again conduct him to life and society.

Friends, physicians, clergymen, attempted for a time all that friendship and science—all that reason and religion could do—to alleviate Uno's sorrow ; but he seemed not to hear what was said to him—he seemed merely tormented and distressed by it. By degrees people desisted from their attempts, and gave him up as an incurable patient.

Hedvig and Augustin, however, left him not ; although the physicians had declared that there was but little probability of his recovery, and that the only change which might be expected in his condition, was the change from this silent melancholy to raving madness.

But the brother and sister did not lose hope—did not lose the belief that it might become otherwise with their beloved Uno, and continued to visit him several times in the week ; or, if he would not see them, he was seen by his sister Bertha, who attentively watched over the father and child—the child which, under her care, bloomed forth as beautifully, as gayly, and as frisk as if no sorrow with black wings had hovered beside his cradle. Bertha gave the brother and sister exact information as to all that concerned Uno. They wished to take advantage of the slightest change in his condi-

tion. But, ah! from day to day it continued the same, excepting that his sleeplessness seemed to increase; and when Bertha sometimes listened at his door, she heard rapid, unequal steps, and a sound as if hands were wrung in despair.

General Herkules said, grumblingly—

"I don't understand this young generation—the men of these days. But all this proceeds from these modern theories. In former days, when a man had to bear sorrow, or when misfortune came over him, he shut himself into his chamber, and read his Bible, and received strength and consolation from its word; and then he dried his tears, and went out into the world again—and was a friend with his friends, attended to his vocation as formerly, and bore his griefs before God in patience. Great King Charles behaved in that way. When he, by mischance, shot his friend, General Hard, in the breast, so that he died, he lamented him in the depths of his soul; nay, he often shut himself up in his tent, and prayed to God, and wept: and the same did he also, when, during the Russian campaign, he received the tidings of his beloved sister's death. But he was not the less generous and good-hearted for that; nor was he less brave against the enemy, or less cordial toward his friends; and never once did he disturb a human soul with his complaints. Now, on the contrary, people trouble heaven and earth with their misfortunes, as if they could not bear them themselves, and as if there were neither God nor heaven. But this is all the consequence of their confounded modern theories."

And General Herkules was vexed, shook his head, and let Thor's hammer thunder so loudly, that it resounded through the house, and he sang the while—

"The good old times to me are dear,

The times of Charles now left behind," etc.

But we will continue with the present, and talk about—

### UNO.

THE spring was come with its garlands and its songs; summer had followed after with its ears of corn; its fullness of beauty and of life. But the recluse of Ekarne knew it not, had not seen it. He sat altogether in his darkness.

The Dalbergs, with uncle Herkules, had removed to the Birch Island, and made thence visits to Ekarne. Across, the lake it was but about a couple of miles there.

One day Augustin returned thence.

"Uno has spoken!" said he to Hedvig. "But I know not, nevertheless, what to think of his condition, or what is to be done with him. I felt myself so unusually cheerful to-day when I went to him, I had determined, that let it cost what it would, I would talk to him, would endeavor to force

myself to his reason, would arouse, or at all events shake his powers of mind. I took him quite unawares: reproached him with his excessive grief; talked with him about that evidence which the human conscience, human knowledge, in all ages have borne to a life after death, to the individual resurrection, and thus endeavored to lead him to that light, which Christian revelation affords us as a perfecting, a strengthening, of the loftiest anticipations of human reason. I made an attack even upon his heart; I touched the painful wound. I asked him if he did not believe that Engel would suffer from his sorrow, if even her heaven would not be darkened by it? I reminded him of the presentiment of this connection between loving souls, which is expressed in that beautiful old pagan poem of Helge and Sigrun, how he, "the dead," complains that his breast is frozen by "the dew of sorrow," penetrated by the tears, which she, the wife that remained behind, sheds. I, myself, became quite affected by that beautiful poem. I became so fervent in my earnestness, that an immortal being should not allow one dark, passing moment to swallow up, to darken a whole life; to let death overshadow love, which is the one strong power, and which, indeed, conquers death. Yes, I can not understand how I should not move, and affect Uno! Still he listened to me silently, indifferently, coldly. And when I ceased to speak he said, "I thank you! I understand your good intentions, but—not your words. There is, as it were, coagulated blood in my heart, and in my brain, which prevents me from feeling and thinking about any thing excepting my misery. Thanks, Augustin! but—it is not worth while. Human beings can not help me. There needs something stronger than they. Death is a strong man. He alone can release or—calm forever, and—I do not understand why I still live." After this he relapsed again into silence, and I saw that my presence only distressed him. "What shall we do, Hedvig? How shall we be able to help this unhappy man? Do you consider whether you can think of any means, any course?"

"Ah, no," said Hedvig, "I can not. But—that which is impossible for man may be possible to God."

And in this hope her calm soul rested, and Augustin's roused itself anew; and both of them continued to make use of every means which could be thought of.

One morning—it was about midsummer—Hedvig drove to Ekarne. Thoughts of her unhappy brother-in-law dulled her senses toward the beauties of nature which surrounded her. The woody islands, which lay like islands of bliss on the mirror-bright bosom of the Mälar Lake, over which light mists were driven and in which water-birds bathed themselves, were all merely seen by

Hedvig as if through crape. She was completely dejected this morning. Her sensitive soul was brought into deep sympathy with every species of suffering as well as of joy. But now the former was the nearest to her.

She found Bertha in the apartment which led into the one occupied by her brother. She was restless and excited.

"I fear," said she, "that something unusual is about to happen. I have heard Uno moving and walking about violently."

"Do you think that I might go in?" inquired Hedvig.

"I scarcely know. I feel myself to-day so unusually apprehensive. The physician, who was here to-day, dreads the worst, and he begged me to keep the child carefully from—its father. Ah, Hedvig!"

"I must, nevertheless, attempt to go in—to talk with him." And pale, but resolute, Hedvig went toward the door of Uno's room.

But at that very moment it opened, and Hedvig, in terror, drew back a step or two, for it was Uno himself who stood there before her. Uno, with his wild, disordered hair and long beard; it was the former unhappy man, and yet not quite the same; for the gloomy, dead expression in the hollow eyes had now given place to a fire—was it indeed that of joy? or was it of madness? There beamed forth from them a light which was not like any earthly joy, and which diffused, as it were, a brightness over the emaciated countenance.

When Uno came out into the strong daylight, he staggered, and shaded his eyes with his hands. In a little while he dropped them.

"Is it not Hedvig? Is it not my sister Bertha?" said he, in a voice which sounded strange in Hedvig's ears.

"Yes, Uno!" said Hedvig, going up to him and taking his hand, and looking at him with her mild, clear eyes.

He embraced her; he embraced Bertha, and said:

"Thanks, you beloved ones! I have given you uneasiness. Forgive me! Fear nothing more. I am well—all is well."

He went out from them and into another room. He seemed to be seeking for something. He then came into the room where his child lay and slept in his little bed. The nurse sat beside him at her sewing and sang:

"The squirrel went into the meadow and worked  
With four of his little men-servants."

The father fell upon his knee beside the child's bed, looked upon it for a long time and kissed its cheek, which was wetted with his tears.

After that he went to the window. It stood open. A bird sang in the lilac tree outside. Uno listened and smiled. He looked out over the landscape and perceived

that it was summer. He went again out of the room; went through the hall and down the steps. He walked silently and without looking around him. Hedvig and Bertha followed him, full of anxiety, hesitating between hope and fear as they looked one on the other with questioning, uneasy glances.

When he had gone down the steps outside the house, into the open air, Uno stood for a moment, breathed deeply many times, extended his arms, and uttered a cry—a cry of the utmost delight—and rushed out into the park.

The sun shone over the green, dewy fields; the birches whispered and diffused their fragrance; the larks sang in the sky; the heavens, blue and lofty, vaulted the flowery earth; the freshness of the morning breathed through the air; every flower opened itself; nature seemed to celebrate its resurrection; and the inexpressible joy of a human being united itself thereto. Uno's steps became quicker; invisible wings seemed to carry him along; and as he went onward he embraced the trees; kissed the leaves; kissed the flowers; clasped the cliff to his breast, and seemed to talk with birds, trees, flowers, to every thing in nature; saying—

"Praise and thanks be to Him! she lives! she lives! Every thing shall live. Sing! sing! rejoice!"

It was as if he had united himself to all life, all existence, ascending in love, in adoration.

And the birds sang and rejoiced; the trees bowed themselves; the flowers diffused their odors as if in obedience to his words.

"It is too much. I can not *outlive* it!" said he. "Oh, this love; this bliss!" He lifted his hands to heaven, and threw himself down upon the earth as if he would embrace it.

A torrent of tears relieved him, and calmed his violently-excited state.

Then it was that Hedvig and Bertha found him.

He laid his head on Hedvig's knee, and there he wept.

"Do not be uneasy," said he to them; "every thing is well. She lives. Thank God! Be calm. I shall also be calm."

The two sisters sat quietly on the sun-warmed grass, watching over the brother with tears of silent gladness; for they now understood that he would soon be well. Above them the lark warbled his ascending songs; the flowers wafted abroad their fragrance; the breezes fluttered around them and they felt that the spirit of God was there, was in that which was now occurring.

Uno became altogether quieter; he seemed to sink into a slumber, but at intervals a thrill of joy passed through him, and he spoke the name of his wife.

Here they were joined by the old servant,

who, with indescribable anxiety, had missed, and now sought for his master.

With him and his sisters Uno returned home. That state of enthusiastic excitement was over, but happiness still abode in his breast; his voice was weak; his eyes were bright, but with a calm and steady brightness.

It was not long before Uno's outward appearance became the same as it had been previously to his misfortune. But those who were most intimate with him could remark that some great, inward change had taken place in him.

What had been the cause of it he never mentioned. He avoided, even with Augustin and Hedvig, speaking of it, and seemed to wish to keep this secret entirely to himself, as a precious treasure which should not be exposed to the light of day. If, however, on this subject he continued to be reserved, he showed himself all the more open, all the more cordial and conceding on every other. He willingly talked with them about Engel, and always as though she were a living and happy being whom he should some time see again. He willingly talked with them on many subjects, which formerly had been banished from their conversation. His beautiful child became his dearest delight.

His dependents received from him a more fatherly care than before. But this did not entirely bear reference, as formerly, to the advancement of their outward condition. He became careful about the cultivation of their souls. Among other institutions for the advancement of this object, he established on his estate a circulating library, which he furnished with good, useful, and, at the same time, entertaining books and journals.

Little Dr. Lund, whom we already know, became now a constant guest at Ekarnø, and Uno studied and read with him daily. This learned and amiable man belonged to that portion of the clergy of the Evangelical-Lutheran church which, attached to it in many important particulars, yet in others go beyond its point of view. He had deeply and independently made himself acquainted with, and searched into, the Holy Scriptures, and had found that no other church, no other form of religion on earth, had been able fully to establish and diffuse that light over heaven and earth: that kingdom of grace and happiness, over all spheres of existence which are comprehended in these writings. He was one of those who believed the time to be at hand when this light should dawn; when a higher, a more universal church should arise on earth, and he rejoiced in the light of a spiritual heaven, in which he saw prefigured the advent of that new day.

He communicated to Uno the light that he had found. Uno had seen a light, even

he, which had miraculously opened his eyes, and had given to him new clearness with regard to life and death. They understood one another, these two men, and had great joy in so doing.

In this new and happy faith, however, which Uno had received, he saw that the path of doubt had not been without advantage to him. *Honest, serious* doubt, never is. Through its shadows had he arrived at light, which he, excepting for this, never would have sought and never found. Uno now felt that not merely a new day, but a new life's career had spread itself before him.

In the park at Ekarnø, by "Engel's rest," on the shore of the deep lake, Uno caused a lofty cliff to be hewn into a monument to Engel's memory, and ornamented with emblems of immortality. Here, upon the stone bench that commanded a view over the lake, he loved to sit alone, or with his friend, and here sate they many a beautiful evening, and conversed together on the doctor's favorite subject—immortality, and the state of the soul after death. This amiable scholar was full of beautiful ideas and speculations on the subject, and no one could hear him without his mind becoming animated and his heart warmed, although many of his hypotheses appeared somewhat bold, and Götthilda would remark doubtfully—

"But, dear father, where do we find that writt'n?"

But the dear father stood very firmly on his ground, demonstrated his argument so fervently, was so kind, and at the same time so merry, that no one could help being heartily attached to him, although they might not perfectly hold with him in opinion. In great measure, however, every one must hold with him, and, in great measure, heaven seemed to come nearer to earth during these celestial conversations.

And Götthilda, who still could never "forgive our Lord" (it was her own expression), for the death of Engel, felt herself, after these conversations, reconciled to it, and in the end—almost—inclined to die herself.

But Götthilda loved life too well—that is to say, earthly life, and now seemed to have a great deal to do. And we can not do otherwise than be of her opinion; for, independently of there being much in her own soul which was unfinished and in a state of disorder, with which she must occupy herself, she foresaw various occurrences in her own family—and we foresee more than she knows of—which will demand all sorts of preparation and arrangement, as well as a great deal of sympathy. And Götthilda could not conceive—neither can we—how, in all these, they would be able to do without Götthilda.

We will now proceed to one of these occurrences, to—

## THE GREAT BROTHER-AND-SISTER-MEETING.

It was nearly five years since the day when Ivar and Gerda had gone across the sea to a foreign land.

They now were expected back, and Bror with them, from England.

Already had the telegraph at Stockholm announced that the Gauthiod had passed the castle of Delard.

Augustin just then came home, quite warm, and bringing the news of this. By five o'clock this afternoon, they would—that is to say, Ivar and Gerda, would be in the harbor of Stockholm, “would be here at home.”

It was not yet five o'clock in the afternoon, and hark!—cannon shot thunders from the broadside of the ship.

“There we have them! There they are!”

And uncle Herkules, and Göthilda, and Augustin, and David, and Stolt, set off altogether, march, march, down to the harbor.

Sister Hedvig, however, stayed quietly at home. She will there receive her brother and sister, her beloved. She is not solitary. Who do we believe that she is, that young girl in the white dress, who is kneeling before sister Hedvig, while she places a beautiful living rose, with its green leaves, in her rich, light plaited hair—who looks so affectionately sweet as she gazes up to the motherly friend, and blushes and smiles, while the other, with motherly delight—we might almost say pride—looks down at her. Do you recognize her?

I hardly think you do. It is difficult to recognize the pale, half-prostrated being who, three years since, entered the family of the Dalbergs, in this blooming and healthy young girl, whom we see here.

But I assure you that it is one and the same. And the rose-tree which then removed with her, now stands there also before her. It is from it that the rose is gathered which now shines so beautifully in her hair. And the tree stands, nevertheless, full of buds.

If you will not believe me that it is the same girl, yet you must believe it when you see the loving eyes, which every now and then glance into the room to look at the young girl, and which are full of tears—difficult to say whether of laughter or weeping, and probably of both, because those eyes are Louisa's the housekeeper's (for she has risen in rank), who is busy in the hall, setting out the table with all sorts of good things, and who, from time to time, delights her eyes with peeping in at the parlor-door, and smiling and nodding.

Little Karin—for it is actually she—knows who is coming, whom she shall shortly en-

counter, and, therefore, she blushes, and smiles, while her heart beats restlessly. That poor heart! it always comes into play when young girls are in question, and always does it suffer.

The girl and the rose, in the mean time, constitute a very pretty picture. And when Hedvig noticed them, she could not help smiling, and again she smiled when she thought how astonished a certain person would be, and then she smiled a third time, and that at herself, and the thoughts—romantic thoughts, we acknowledge—which peeped up and basked in the sunshine of her soul. But she said nothing, not a syllable. And the young girl was silent also. But she kissed the kind hands which had placed the rose in her hair, and wept and smiled. It is a silent conversation. But it becomes otherwise. Noise; sound of footsteps; leaping up the steps, in at the door; cries of welcome; one name shouted on another; embraces; kisses; tears of joy; protestations of joy, playful, affectionate, foolish. Ivar and Gerda, they who have come from afar, they who have been long absent, are once more on their native soil, in the home of their brothers and sisters.

And Bror is there, also.

“Home! home!” How it sounds, how it feels to those who have been away for a long, long time.

Many things have to be asked—many things to be said, to be talked about. Many changes have taken place. They will come out by degrees, when the first tumult has subsided.

Engel is gone! that the absent ones knew already. She has left a vacancy. Angels are always long regretted. But about Engel the second, they know nothing. They at home had carefully withheld all knowledge of this.

Aunt Queen Bee was gone to her fathers. Aunt Queen Bee! Ah! many regretted, aunt Queen Bee. But nobody so much as uncle Herkules. And where, indeed, is young Jarl? Still on his travels, maintained by uncle Herkules.

The millionaire is also dead. Who grieved for him? Not I. That I know of a certainty. Bror showed me the betrothal ring on his finger; and then congratulations were shouted. I congratulate you! I congratulate you! the lucky fellow to get a sweet wife and a million! I should be very much pleased with only half.

“The home has become beautified!” said Ivar to Hedvig, beside whom he was sitting, as he fixed his eyes upon a young girl with a rose in her hair—the reader and I know who it is—who stood beside the table, busy in helping to refreshments. “Who is that Iduna-figure?”

“Let me introduce you to her,” said Hedvig, smiling from the bottom of her

heart, as she rose up and went from her brother to the Iduna-figure and said :

"Little Karin, my brother Ivar, your former teacher and friend, wishes to renew his acquaintance with you."

"What?—who?—how?" stammered Ivar, so astonished, so confounded, so almost thrown off his guard, that America certainly would never have applauded his songs if he had not been more self-possessed. That a girl should be able to do that which the whole of America could not do—make a young man lose his command of himself!

But surprise can do strange things.

"And little Karin—she spilled the fruit and the milk on the cloth: she blushed, she turned pale, looked up to Ivar with deep-blue, silently-speaking eyes, looked down again, did precisely what every young girl would have done in her situation.

Hedvig continued, "she is called now *the daughter of the house, the child of all*. We are all of us father and mother to her. And I must confess that there is not a better child in the world. But, as her foster-father, Ivar, you must also assist in her bringing up, and must consider what you can teach her. Music, for example, she has an uncommon talent for—"

Hedvig was called away at this moment. She was obliged to leave the two.

Ivar had difficulty in recovering himself from the surprise he felt at finding the gardener's thin daughter, in this nobly and beautifully developed young woman. And whether it was that he was thinking about his fatherly character, or whether he was pondering upon what he should teach the young daughter of the house, certain it is that he became almost dumb beside her. And this, his dumbness, operated in producing the same in the young girl, and caused her afterward to shed painful tears.

And when Ivar, later in the evening, spoke about the women of America, about their virtues, beauty and agreeableness, she felt herself so completely a nobody, such a "Mamsel Nothing," that she would have liked to vanish out of the world.

What Ivar, however, thought of her, we shall not say for some time.

Ivar was himself not much less changed, even outwardly, than the young girl, but in another way. Hers was the harmonious change from the bud to the flower. He had passed through storm, and the violent struggle between two opposing natures, through the painful severing from a beloved illusion, and the awakening to a new life.

But the scar which remains after the endurance of painful suffering may become a brilliant characteristic of the healthy soul, and thus was it in Ivar's case.

What part the influence of his home, or the genius of the New World, or the noble young woman whose protector he became—

an office which always ennobles a man—had in this change I will not determine; enough to say that it was there, great, brilliant, and beautiful. "The savage" had vanished. And if the enthusiastic, intellectual youth was somewhat subdued in him, there was instead a man, grave and mild, in whose countenance, paler, but more significant than formerly, was all the more clearly to be seen that heavenly genius, the features of which Lagertha had seen long ago. And how beautifully did it shine forth now in that expression of countenance with which Ivar regarded his brothers and sisters, in that voice with which he spoke to them.

And Gerda, good young lady reader. If I should now tell thee that she had lost one of her front teeth; that all her beautiful hair had fallen off, and that she now wore a wig, that she had lost the beauty of her smooth skin, and was in every way much plainer in person—thou would'st assuredly never forgive me, and therefore—and also because it would have been quite an abominable falsehood—I do not say so. The pure truth is that Gerda had become considerably handsomer than formerly, that she had grown in every way excepting in length and breadth, and that was not requisite; and quite in accordance with the nature of things, for she had lived in affluence, and her life had been active and happy; she had felt her soul expand, become greater and better, in one word, grow. From such a cause the countenance always becomes beautified. The expression as of a noble independence elevated the pleasure of her existence. The unequal-tempered, capricious girl had entirely disappeared in the gentle and nobly independent young woman.

I hope, my lady-reader, that thou art satisfied.

If, for the rest, I could but make you rightly see how uncle Herkules went on;—how he swore, and was abusive, in his joy at seeing Gerda and Ivar well and happily returned from "that great piece of folly;" and now that he has all his youth again assembled around him, how he clapped, and squeezed, and swung round with Ivar, "Vidfamne," with the "Valkyria," and with Bror, and with all the others too; how affectionately and joyfully Hedvig looked on all;—how Augustin smiled and talked;—how Bror and Gøthilda joked;—how Louise and Maja sprang one round the other, and were at the same time out of breath;—how all "great ones and little things" in the house trooped forth, to contribute to the entertainment—even the favorite cups, favorite dishes, favorite phrases, etc. etc.; and how all this was received, and what an animated scene was this home of the brothers and sisters this evening! Yes, if I could make you see this, it would be charming both for you and me. But I can not do it, and that is quite a

pity. But you shall help me with your excellent power of imagination—you shall fancy it all to yourselves.

One of Gerda's first private questions from her elder sister was with respect to Sigurd. But things had not gone well with Sigurd—an unlucky star seemed to have pursued him of late. Shortly after Gerda's separation from him, he became involved in a lawsuit regarding that property which had come to him, by which, owing to the ill-will and low-cunning of his adversary, he had been brought into many difficulties. Sigurd came out of the affair with honor, but with the loss of the greater part of his property. This he bore like a man, and afterward merely worked all the harder, in order once more to place himself and his mother in easy circumstances. One day he was hastily summoned to his mother, who was now the only being in the world whom he appeared to love. She had had a paralytic stroke, and could no longer speak when Sigurd entered the room.

She only took his hand, grasped it firmly, and—then died. After she was dead, it was with difficulty that the living hand could be separated from that of the dead. And this living hand was alive no longer!—it had become paralyzed. It was the right hand.

It was now about a year since this had happened, and spite of all the means with which science is acquainted for the relief of similar paralysis, it had only increased—had extended to the whole arm, and even down the body, so that it became difficult for Sigurd to walk. For the last few months, he had been in Stockholm, to try if any benefit could be obtained from gymnastic exercises, but hitherto without any visible effect. He bore his misfortune without complaint, but his temper had become gloomy and misanthropic. The oppressive state of inactivity in which he lived contributed to its gloom. Augustin had called upon him a few times, but his visits had not been received.

Such was the information which Gerda received of her former betrothed. Sigurd unfortunate, ill, and lonely! Tears flowed forth from Gerda's eyes at these thoughts, and a warm sentiment rose in her breast;—it said, "Go to him!"

### SIGURD AND GERDA.

GERDA had not observed it; she had not observed that when she stepped on shore, on her native land, greeted and surrounded by relations and friends, that a hired carriage was standing near this rejoicing group; and that at its window appeared a sorrowful countenance, half hidden by the wide cloak-collar, but whose gloomily-flashing eyes were riveted upon her, the blooming, beaming girl,

with an expression which would have darkened those beaming looks had she perceived it. But she was occupied by love and joy; and the figure, which gazed so darkly upon her, did not wish to be seen;—that was evident.

It was the same which on the following day sat alone in a gloomy room, in a dark lane, in Stockholm. He had not slept through the night; he had alternately lain down, and alternately walked about, tormented by anguish of soul and body. This might be seen in his wearied and mournful countenance. Wrapped in his dressing-gown, he now sat, sunk in an arm-chair, with his head bowed over the arm, which, as if withered, hung in a black scarf upon his breast. The picture of yesterday arose before his sight. He again saw that beautiful, vigorous young woman (whom he had at one time called his own), blooming with happiness, with conscious strength and goodness. He followed her in thought into the circle of her family; saw those beaming glances—heard those rejoicing voices—saw those beloved beings form for each other a world of kindness and joy. And he looked around himself. Every thing empty, dead, joyless! Persecuted by fate—misunderstood by mankind—deserted by his friends—here sat he solitary. But it might have been otherwise, that he knew—many things might have been otherwise, that he felt; that he knew of himself, and this was the most painful of all. But—"It is my own fault," said he, sternly, to himself, and permitted no complaint to come forth, but hardened himself against his fate.

And as he sat there, sleep came over him, and in the sleep a dream.

He dreamed that he found himself combating on a field of battle. He stood alone against a superior enemy; he felt himself wounded, but still fought on unvanquished.

He then heard a rushing through the air, and looking up, he saw coming, upon her winged horse, the Virgin of Death, the "Valkyria," she who carries away the combatants to Odin. He saw her, with her black hair streaming in the wind, beneath her helmet—pale, but beautiful, with grave but flashing eyes. Those glances he had seen once before.

A spear was in her hand;—she hurled it from her, and it whistled through the air. Was it her lightning glance, or was it the spear which penetrated his heart? Enough—he felt himself struck. An icy coldness paralyzed his limbs, and lay like a weight of lead upon his breast. He sank down.

"I shall die!" thought he; and turned toward Death a firm brow of defiance, because thus should the bitterness of death be received. Then again he heard the rushing in the air, and she stood quite near to him—she whom he had seen before. There she

stood, beautiful and terrible, and bending over him—she kissed him. That kiss took away his breath; and yet he lived!—wonderful!—lived through a mystic relationship to her, whose cold touch had sent ice into his blood, and who now took him as a child in her arms, and held him clasped to her breast. He felt himself borne with her upon the winged steed, through the paths of space; he felt a freer air rushing around him—he seemed to himself to hear the joyful tumult from the “lofty halls”—from the Halls of Odin, where life is an eternal combat, and the combat a daily victory.

And through the veil of her closed eyelids, he seemed to know her glance, which with magic power had overcome him. A desire to awake then came over him, a desire to see more clearly that beautiful countenance which he now saw as through a mist, to return to life, to himself. He struggled with the death-dream, and he—awoke!

He actually awoke. But he believed himself to be still dreaming; because she, indeed, still stood there—the “Valkyria,” with that beautiful pale countenance bending over him, she stood actually there! But was this indeed the Virgin of death—the terrible, the cold? No, it was a living maiden, warm and affectionate. He saw her eyes beam with love—he felt her tears fall upon his brow. That dew was life-giving. His eyes opened. He recognized her! He spoke her name:

“Gerda!—is that you?”

“Yes, Sigurd!” and she looked at him deeply and sorrowfully, and said:

“Sigurd, you have suffered a great deal!”

He replied not. He turned away from her, closed up his soul!

She continued, cheerfully:

“I returned yesterday to Sweden. I then learned that you had suffered a great loss—your mother. I came to you to—how is your arm, Sigurd? It is paralyzed, I have been told. Let me see it. No—you will not refuse me. It is on your mother’s behalf, in her place, that I am here.”

“Your mother!” At that name, which was sacred to the son, he was subdued. He became as a child in spirit. He let Gerda do with him what she would; and in that dear, affectionate determination, which now inspired her being, she was irresistible.

She loosened the black scarf; she took off the dressing-gown.

The paralyzed arm fell as if dead in her lap.

She took it, however, between her hands; pressed it against her burning cheek, wetted it with tears, rubbed it with her beautiful hands warm with life, so that the will, the sentiments which fired the heart, flowed from the tips of the fingers, and through them to the dead limb. She breathed upon it, and—kissed it.

And this—it felt. Its pulse throbbed—a feeling of life streamed through the veins!

Old Ling! if thou hadst seen that the strong will of love here accomplished, in five minutes, that which thy gymnastics could not accomplish in five months! then—yes, then thou wouldst have said:

“The gymnastics of love are the first in the world; but next to these, come mine.”

Sigurd had intended to have been proud and reserved toward Gerda; but, at the sight, at the feeling of this tenderness, this life of love, all the bands which confined his soul were loosened, and the frozen, bitter spirit dissolved in pensive joy! And when that new feeling, which thrilled through his heart, was also communicated to his body, when he felt his arm thrill beneath Gerda’s hand, when he felt the blood flow through the benumbed veins, and when he saw her on her knees before him, so humble and so powerful, all at once he exclaimed:

“Miraculous girl!—thou givest to me new life!”

And so it was. Yes! Denier of miracles; yes, she did so. And that which was begun by the gymnastics of love, was followed up by the widow of Ling (now Branting), until the effect was completed, the paralyzed arm was restored to its full powers.

Greater, however, was the miracle which was wrought in the inner life. That began also at the same moment, but was perfected during the days, weeks, months, in which Sigurd still was a sufferer, and while Gerda was his daily companion—his reader—his secretary—and, beyond all, his sympathizing, affectionate friend.

And the woman, who had formerly set herself up in defiance of Sigurd’s commands, who never could induce herself to act in compliance with his desires, was now attentive to his slightest wishes; she endeavored to read in his looks those which his lips refused to utter.

But the truth is, that Sigurd was now quite a different man to what he had been formerly.

The connection between the two was a wonderful, a mysterious one. They never by a word touched upon the past. They were parted as betrothed; and yet they were now nearer to each other than they were at the time when they were united by this bond. Their souls were now united;—they felt, thought, and conversed together, as they never had done before. Not that they always and on all subjects agreed. Impossible and not entertaining, either. They now often thought differently; but their voices, and their modes of speaking, sounded very unlike what they used to do; and the effect also which was produced, was very unlike that which was produced when they were raised by the spirits of command and defiance.

What might not come out of all this in time?

We shall see in a while. Now we will return to—

### THE BROTHER AND SISTER HOME.

It was an active, merry, restless, strange life which prevailed there. There were now together young, powerful human beings, who upon different paths had developed their different talents, and who, by means of them, had attained to clearness and stability even in the outward life. They had arrived at a certain station in their life's career, and now a pause occurred, or rather a moment of rest. Most of them felt that something new must now take place, a higher, a more perfect development of life. This in a particular manner had reference to Ivar and Gerda. The professional life which they had hitherto led was not sufficient for them; therefore, either their professional talents were not sufficiently great to satisfy this, or this was not sufficiently large alone to satisfy their souls. They longed for something else, for something more.

And all the brothers and sisters, and their friends, became, as it were, infected by this longing. But the word, the originating thought, was still wanting to them.

They were all together every day, in particular every evening, these warm, struggling souls. There were they all alive with news from foreign lands, thoughts about mankind, the times, life, both the inward and the outward; then did heart and brain open their chambers and give and receive new light. Drop fell to drop; fire kindled fire.

And the household gods of home guarded and watched it, while all the winds of the world blew up the flames.

Beloved reader! That wind which caresses thy brow, or which whistles at thy window, is indeed the child of the same great wind which roars around the globe and which journeys over all the lands of the earth. Thou hearest in its voice, a voice of the universe.

So is it also with the wind of the spirit—and more so than ever in our days, when steam is united to mind and loosens its fettered wings for an altogether freer flight round the world. And dost thou not hear how it speaks from coast to coast, from land to land, from city to city? Dost thou not hear feeling awake to feeling, thought reply to thought, tone vibrate to tone, and the little islands echo back the accords of the great hemispheres? Dost thou not hear the spheres rush on in altogether purer harmonies, in more inward melodies, altogether more powerful and loftier? Dost thou not hear it?—then bewail thyself. For thine ear is not pure, and thou art deprived of a great enjoyment.

But if thou dost hear it—and knowest of a certainty that thou dost—then must thou also hear, at this time, a certain melody, a certain song which goes through every other, and in which peoples, remotely separated peoples, sing harmoniously together.

It is the song of union, of fraternization on earth, of a great brother-and-sister-life, in which all mankind shall recognize each other as children of the same father-house, born to divide with each other the same inheritance of goodness and joy.

Yes, in this great recognition mankind will be united. It is caused by the spirit of Christianity.

Societies are formed, both small and great, to carry out into life what this spirit desires. Weak human beings give to each other their hands, and thereby they become stronger. The electric stream of the power of God's love more rapidly penetrates them all.

It was a spark of this fire; it was a wind from that wind of which we have just spoken which one day moved among the members of our family circle and united them in one will and for one purpose.

One evening, when Ivar and Gerda had just been speaking of their visit to the celebrated American Manufactory of Lowell, and all had listened with the warmest, the most joyful interest, Augustin all at once sprang up and exclaimed—

"Listen, my friends? We are now many of us, and we ask, what shall we do? what shall we undertake? Why should we not unite ourselves and establish a Swedish Lowell? a community on Swedish ground, with Swedish customs, in which we might endeavor to elevate the work-people to the highest possible improvement, freedom, and happiness, and where every one of us might give his talent to the common weal?"

That was the word—that was the thought—that was the point of union of which there had been an undefined presentiment, and for which all had sought. All at once it was felt by the whole family circle, and as the brooks roar with the unbinding of the fetters of spring, and rush forward to carry their waters to the river, so now hastened gladly brothers and sisters, and friends, with their consent, their gifts and powers to aid in the new work.

This tendency was not, however, *new* to the greater part of the brothers and sisters. We have long since seen in Hedvig, in Augustin, in Ivar and Gerda, in Uno, and in every one of them in their own way, that lovely tendency which leads man out of his own private *I*, and his own individual circle, to diffuse generally the good and the happiness which he has himself obtained.

They were all of them in this way children of the very best spirit of the age. Augustin's proposal had merely opened the way by which good desires would make them—

selves available; had shown a central point, a definite object around which they could gather.

In the light of enthusiasm this now grew and became more and more beautiful and significant. Patriotism and Christian sentiments give birth to great thoughts, to beautiful institutions.

Ivar was again a fanatic—but this time in the light of a corrected understanding, for that Utopia which was the most beautiful dream of his youth. Gerda sang aloud in joy because she should be able to introduce singing into the life of the people; she divided already the work-people into choruses—the boys' and the girls' choruses—and taught them beautiful, ennobling songs.

Hedvig sat with her deep, loving eyes full of tears, and her heart full of maternal thoughts. She already clasped all the children of the young community in her embrace. Bror undertook to establish a library; he would the very next morning hasten away to three book-auctions to begin the collection.

There is a peculiar kind of joy which a person feels in great and good undertakings in which he is a participator. We do not believe that there is a nobler or a better on earth. It is a joy which elevates his consciousness, and strengthens all his powers. That spirit of the life of the community which permeates his individual life; that sentiment that has united him in thought and action with the noblest interests of the age, give to his existence a higher importance and a greater purpose. Now he knows himself to be one of God's instruments on earth, and more joyfully and more freely he lifts up his eyes to Him.

Sweden has more than once seen spring forth from its bosom, associations, the offspring of a noble thought. That so-called Gothic Association is of this kind, and we all know what beautiful fruits it has borne.

Its object was to regenerate and develop the arts of the fatherland. And it did so. That brother-and-sister unity which is now founded, will form that perfect association, and through and with this, develop the perfect human being.

Will it succeed? The result of it is uncertain. But it is beautiful to attempt that which is great. And we are not without good anticipations; because we see in the association good desires; good heads, and large capital, which is a capital thing in carrying out great ideas.

We see little Bror—thanks, little Bror—with his young bride, stand with their mill-ion ready to employ it in the common enterprise.

We see Mina, the millionaire's second daughter, animated by the same spirit, stand ready with her portion. The young girl has had a clear insight into the blessing of wealth.

We see, in the end, many other persons, out of our family circle, induced to take part in this enterprise, with heart, head, or capital.

Because all enterprise founded upon noble and true principles, has the power of attracting human beings. The noble-minded hear in them a heavenly voice. And they follow it. Others follow with the stream; and thus it grows.

A little deliberative society was formed, to bring into shape the proposal for this new association. The whole conduct and management of the business were confided to Augustin. Even uncle Herkules went to the assembly—for even he was warm for its plans—although some of the members entertained doubts as to the harmony which would subsist between him and the others.

But at the beginning all went on well. All was life and gladness, and brisk activity in the circle of family and friends. And the following winter promised to be lively and active also, for during this time the great plans were to be concerted in readiness for the following spring, when, with the first song of the lark, they were to be carried into operation.

Göthilda merely wondered whether or not "the architect" would come home in time to assist in the buildings. And for the rest, she confined her participation in the general movement, to the "wonder how it would go on." The spirit of community was weak in her. This she acknowledged, with her nose turned up, and smiling and joking lips.

Very much more lively was this spirit in the rest of the family circle. But while it governs them, and while during these winter months a whole new Flora of feelings, thoughts, views, and institutions bloom forth, and life goes forward rapidly, we see a couple of small, private matters going backward, or turned upside down, which we must pay attention to.

1.—We see young Mina, now the heiress of a large fortune, surrounded by a large troop of lovers, who very much resemble the lovers of the late Mrs. Penelope, of Ithaca. And the whole world talks about it, and the whole world expects that she will take that step, make that choice which people, ever since the Jewish dispensation have accustomed themselves to regard as the only one capable of giving happiness to man, and especially to woman; in a word, that the young girl will get married.

But the young girl, who was gifted with a strong mind and a kind heart, had early seen life from any thing but a cheerful point of view, and she had made her own serious reflections on the condition of the world, on life and happiness. And now, when the great troop of lovers rushed all at once toward the heiress, she—retreated backward,

made a courtesy, thanked them, but declared, as to that matter, that she wished to remain unmarried.

Her serious proposal was this; that she would become a sister in the association, probably like sister Hedvig, and live happily, simply by employing her talents and her property in making others happy. The cordial and friendly relationship into which she had now entered with many amiable persons, and the views which opened before her for her future life, made her, in the mean time, earnestly and inwardly happy.

The world talked a deal about the strange choice she had made. But whether it was a step forward, or a step backward, which she had taken, they were divided in opinion. And—

What thinks the reader?

But the second is, beyond all question, a turning upside-down of affairs. It is quite a turning upside-down, that Ivar should become the pupil of his former pupil! Yes, but so it is, nevertheless.

Every thing that he thought, every thing that he wrote, of and for the new association, he must involuntarily tell and read to little Karin, and it is extraordinary how he listened to every thought, nay, to every feeling which she had on the subject. But yet it is not a wonder. Little Karin had herself grown up out of the poor working class. She knows its position, its sufferings, its temptations, and needs. She has the deepest sympathies therewith, and that and her naturally correct and fine tact, enable her to throw light on these subjects which can direct even the learned in their principles.

Augustin also listened as attentively as Ivar to the thoughts of the young girl, in particular, as they referred to the condition of young women without money in Sweden, and especially in Stockholm, what it is, and what it ought to be.

It was also to this class—which in this Swedish scheme, as well as that at Lowell, would constitute a great portion of the work-people—that the brothers and sisters turned their attention independently, and to which they would give an especial guardianship. One day Augustin said: "Yes; and if we should never carry out our plans so extensively, that people could walk in our manufactory—as President Jackson did in Lowell—three English miles and a half among rows of young girls in silk-stockings and with parasols, yet still we may come to see that no person shall sink into a bond-slave, but shall elevate himself every day in the week; that no young Swedish woman, the future mother, educator, and fellow-citizen, shall feel herself to be a mean, despised, and despicable being."

Many also of the institutions at Lowell, for the intellectual and moral advancement

of the young workwomen, were to be introduced into the Swedish association.

And how happy did this prospect for her poor sisters make little Karin!

We will not conceal the fact, that amidst the upside-down-turned relationship which took place between the former teacher and his pupil, we can see a little malicious divinity, who laughingly shakes his wings above them, because he can see that right through this, the interests of the society, and the interests of all the factory-girls, there is another also which has become important to the young couple, and which, in time, may lead them to—


And he, the ill-natured one, has had from ancient times, a delight in quizzing and confounding people.

Sister Hedvig, however, was much pleased to see the increasing and beautiful affection of the two young couple. They were, indeed, her children.

It was during this cheerful and gay movement; amidst these growing anticipations, that, all at once, there arose upon the vernally-bright heaven—

#### A DARK CLOUD.

HEDVIG had been awake, several nights, with a dull sound, which she seemed to hear in the house; and, with a disquiet of mind, which was inexplicable to herself, she lay and listened to the sound of footsteps pacing about, and which she thought she could perceive to be near at hand, although their sound was always soft, and nearly always regular, so much so, indeed, that she often could believe they were not human footsteps, but strokes of a hammer, which worked during the night. Her heart, however, seemed compelled involuntarily to beat more violently at this sound, and uneasy thoughts were excited by it.

Hedvig thought of Augustin, and that for some time he had not been quite like himself. Not that he was less kind, less affectionate, or friendly; but he was less gay, and more abstracted. He often was sunk in thought, which did not appear to be cheerful; and when he observed that Hedvig's glance rested inquiringly upon him, he would assume a hasty liveliness, which was not quite natural to him. He had also avoided, for some days, being alone in the evenings with Hedvig, which otherwise was so great a pleasure to him. He assigned as the cause, "having a deal to write," and went early to his own room. Hedvig had indeed endeavored to attribute it to  thought that was required for the colony and the new association, as did Göthilda; but still she felt clearly that this occupation of mind was guiltless of the melancholy in her brother's silence, because these thoughts had always enlivened him, and made him happy. There must be some other cause.

One night, Hedvig heard the footsteps more distinctly, more decidedly than common, and it appeared to her that they were in the general sitting-room, which was below her chamber, and near to which was Augustin's room.

Impelled by an irresistible anxiety, Hedvig arose, lighted a candle, dressed herself, and went down the little staircase which led from her room to the lower story. She listened at the sitting-room door, but she no longer heard any step within; every thing was silent. She softly opened the door, and entered.

It was all dark within—dark and silent. A watch only was ticking, and that showed the hour of midnight.

Hedvig looked attentively round the room, with a peculiar feeling of somebody having lately been there. She thought that she could perceive that the books upon the table, near the sofa, lay differently to what they did in the evening. One volume lay open. Hedvig looked into it. It was a portion of Atterbom's "Swedish Seers and Bards," and it was open at the beautiful sketch of the Life of Frese. Some passages were underlined, and Hedvig read—

"My thoughts stood at the goal from which no one can return. I then considered with myself, whether, in contemplating my own death, I could find pleasure. And, behold! it seemed to me that from the frost of death would proceed the food and sweetness of the strong. I perceived that the bitterness of death could change all my sorrow into joy. This I locked up in my heart as a treasure greater than all the riches of the world!"

In another place, the following words were underdrawn:—

"I will praise thee, my God, my hope, with the lips of light or darkness."

And again, in another place:—

"Let God manifest himself, that the afflicted may meet where an eternity makes them again young and happy!"

"Oh, my God! what does this mean?" thought Hedvig, while an anxious foreboding of some approaching misfortune oppressed her heart; "and who has here during the depth of the night sought consolation?"

At that moment her eye fell upon a blank paper book. She knew it well: it was Augustin's diary, in which he was accustomed to write a few words every evening. It now lay open upon the table, and beside it stood the ink-stand, with the pen in it, which seemed to show that he had just been writing. Hedvig's eyes were involuntarily riveted upon some lines which seemed still moist, and she read the following:—

"I have spoken with M——. He leaves me no doubt as to my condition—as to what I have to expect and to fear. Thus far and no longer!—

"It has come on singularly; unperceived—like a thief in the night. And now it is there, and must be met—*must!*"

"I have scarcely been willing to believe it. I have thought that it must be other wise, must pass over; but the long continuance of the suffering, and M——'s word, have convinced me.

"It is hard for me. It is difficult to me. I will acknowledge it, because it is so. I was too happy—I was too much attached to earthly life, with my beloved, my friends, and those plans for the future, which would be the means of happiness to so many!!!—And now—now, all at once, an end—an end!—An end! Nay, good God! Not an end; that I do not believe. But still—farewell to so much, to so many—and—

"My Hedvig—my beloved Hedvig!"

Hedvig could not read any farther. A dimness came over her sight, a cold sweat bathed her forehead, and her knees trembled.

"Where is he?" asked she half aloud. "I must see him—must know!"

And as she looked up, and was about to rise, behold!—there stood Augustin, and extended his arms toward her.

He stood there like an angel of consolation and love, ready to take the bitterness from the cup which she had to drink.

And how affectionately and mercifully he now informed the trembling Hedvig of his condition and of his danger, with, at the same time, a possibility of his being restored—a possibility in which, however, he himself did not believe.

Augustin's malady was of that terrible kind, which remains for a long time deeply concealed, and which steals upon the constitution without any forewarning, and which, when it exhibits itself, is considered fatal, as nothing besides a painful operation can save life.

Such was Augustin's condition; but, when he saw the terrible effect which this communication produced upon Hedvig, he endeavored only to soften the danger and recall hope.

"I have," said he, "frightened myself by not communicating this matter to you, and by allowing it to weigh only on me. You have spoiled me, Hedvig, by always bearing half of every thing that was oppressive to me. And now, I know, that after I have talked about it to you, it will seem to me much less dangerous; and it will, in the end, not be so at all. But, should it become otherwise, should it be the will of God to separate us for a little time, promise me, my Hedvig, to help me to bear it, to support me with your heavenly mind; raise up your too worldly brother! We know, indeed, Hedvig, after all, that we shall always have each other—that we shall always continue to be united. This is a divine joy and a certainty which nothing can take away from

us. And this I know, Hedvig, that if I can but see you cheerfully and courageously meet whatever may happen, that I also shall meet it with cheerfulness."

Thus talked he nobly and kindly; and Hedvig, she wept much and painfully, but the admiration and love which her brother caused her at this moment to feel, was to her so delightful and so invigorating, that her heart had power to lift itself above misfortune. She will deserve his confidence; she will become to him what he wishes her to be. She dried her tears, kissed him, and said:

"I will endeavor."

"Thanks," said he, with a cheerful look, and kissed her hand. "If you only knew how good and strengthening this is to me! Ah! I feel myself quite light and cheerful again. I feel that you were given to me as 'a help' in life. God bless you! And now away with dejection and gloomy thoughts; now fresh to life again, and to our plans for the future. Now I shall work right zealously for them, and we shall divide pleasure and pain as we did formerly. We have still two or three months, Hedvig, before the question of my life comes in operation; before M—— can help me, and till then we shall have important work to do."

From this moment, Augustin devoted himself with more lively activity than formerly to the carrying out of the work which he had proposed. And Hedvig now sate by his side, during the hours of the night when he was not able to sleep, and made the labor easier and more cheerful. And while Augustin felt the progress of the malady would destroy his earthly frame, he felt, with a certain sublime joy, how his spirit emancipated itself, and was able, during the decline of the temporal being, to labor for eternal purposes. And while his body became weaker, his soul became stronger and greater.

As Augustin's illness soon made it difficult for him to go out, the friends of the association assembled in his room, and here it was that the consultations took place.

And here there was life, life! There often was no one in this assembly who bore it in mind that he who conducted it, he whose living thoughts and living words animated and held all together, bore in himself the seed of an approaching and painful death. Yes! One there was, however, who never, almost never forgot it; there she sate, with her brother, at her frame or her needlework, and listened to the others, and even occasionally took part in the conversation. One there was, whose warmest feelings were thrilled through by this thought, as by an ice-wind; it was a loving soul—and you know who it was.

A great deal was brought forward during these conversations; many, many thoughts and proposals, enough to fill large magazines.

Preserve me from having to give an account of them all! Some few grains, however, fallen out of the sheaves of thought, have I picked up—and the reader may either pass them by or glean them up according to his pleasure. I present them now as

## SUNDRIES.

AUGUSTIN had a little difficulty sometimes to keep the balance equal between two of his friends. The one would give too much, and the other altogether too little:

To the first Augustin said—

"Softly! Nothing for nothing! We would gladly provide our work-people with every good thing; but they must themselves obtain them. We will, therefore, place them in a condition to acquire them by their industry and good behavior. To deny ourselves, to give up, does no harm in the beginning. Nay, it is beneficial. Have not most of us begun with it? I remember very well how I many a time, at the University, went out at dinner time, and wandered about the streets, to dissipate the hunger which I had not the means of satisfying; and how many an act of self-denial, my young comrades and I were obliged to submit to. But we knew that we were laboring for preferment, and for a certain after-advantage. This supported temper and courage, and enabled us cheerfully to bear the renunciation, which was, at the same time, a good teacher. Nay, we should not be frigid with our work-people, but should give them the best that we have for ourselves; a position in life in which they can, from year to year,—nay, from month to month—make an advance onward; in which they can improve themselves, lay up something for their children, and prepare for themselves a calm old age. But we must firmly establish the principle—to every one according to his merits.

"Yes, this must become the law.

"But in order that justice may here become perfect, we must judge of the merit and reward it according to the Gospel. And here allow me, my friends, to read you a portion of the Gospel, which I confess was formerly a stumbling-stone to me. Now it is a source of pleasure, because I believe myself to understand its deeper meaning. And this is applicable also to our proposed scheme."

And Augustin read aloud the following from the Gospel of St. Matthew, chap. 20.

"For the Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a man that is an householder, which went out early in the morning to hire laborers into his vineyard.

"And when he had agreed with the laborers for a penny a day, he sent them into his vineyard.

"And he went out about the third hour.

and saw others standing idle in the market-place.

"And he said unto them : Go ye also into the vineyard, and whatsoever is right I will give you. And they went their way.

"Again he went out about the sixth and ninth hour, and did likewise.

"And about the eleventh hour he went out and found others standing idle, and saith unto them, why stand ye here all the day idle ?

"And they said unto him, Because no man hath hired us. He saith unto them, Go ye also into the vineyard, and whatsoever is right that shall ye receive.

"So when even was come the Lord of the vineyard saith unto his steward, call the laborers and give them their hire, beginning from the first unto the last.

"And when they came that were hired about the eleventh hour, they received every man a penny.

"But when the first came, they supposed that they should have received more ; and they likewise received every man a penny.

"But when they had received it, they murmured against the good man of the house,

"Saying, these last have but wrought but one hour, and thou hast made them equal unto us, which have borne the burden and the heat of the day.

"But he answered one of them and said, Friend, I do thee no wrong ; didst not thou agree with me for a penny ?

"Take thine and go thy way : I will give unto this last even as unto thee.

"Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own ? Is thine eye evil because I am good ?"

"And now," continued Augustin, "I will apply this to our enterprise in this way.

"Merit shall be estimated not merely from the consideration of *advantage*. The honest endeavor, the good-will must also have its rank, and its value ought to be reckoned as merit.

"And in this way we enter into the kingdom of heavenly justice.

"You see, my friends, I am so arrogant that I claim for us in our society that we should take the place of the great husbandman—should represent God the Father ! And this would be an unpardonably bold word, were it not spoken with a heart in the dust ! In short, we must, beside the usual money-reward of labor, introduce a new one, a reward for industry and good conduct.

"From this, at the close of every month or quarter of a year shall be advanced the *wages of merit*, equally great for the unskillful workman as for him who is the most dextrous, when it is merely proved that the former as well as the latter did *what he was able to do*, when honestly commanded to work.

"I know that many land-owners and oth-

ers, who have servants in their employment, act toward them in this way. And I wish merely that what is done accidentally and imperfectly elsewhere should become a principle in our association, and that moral-wages of merit should be given to its members. And thus in this small way the great husbandman's will might be done as in heaven so on earth.

"And that this heavenly justice added to worldly prudence would, in the long run, conduce to our greatest worldly advantage, it is not difficult to foresee."

To the other—the one whose views were contracted—Augustin said :

"We are very careful about our own enjoyments ; we consider it of the highest importance that every day should have some moments of refreshment and pleasure. And it ought to be so, because it is conformable with our nature and our needs. And I maintain that our Lord desires that it should be so ; his wish is to see us all happy and cheerful. Has he not made the communion of love as the very heart of his church ? Nothing is more certain to me than that Christianity is a doctrine of happiness, as well as a doctrine of wisdom for this life, and the one which is to come ; that it gives a blessing as well to our work as to our repose, and will that water should be turned to wine. And when we thus act toward those who are dependent upon us, give them opportunities for that enjoyment which we wish for ourselves, we only fulfill our duty as Christians. Even the heathen acknowledged this duty, and had days—for example, the Roman Saturnalia—when liberty was given to all their slaves, and even to their animals, to enjoy the festival of life. But it was merely for a few days. We will infuse into the chalice of every day some drops of the enjoyment of existence, and give pure pleasure to the members of the association.

"The work which we have in hand is, in reality, nothing but that we meditate, in an amicable spirit, a change in society, which, sooner or later, in *its despite*, will be brought about. And in doing this we benefit ourselves, quite as much as those whom we seek to benefit. Do not let us, therefore, call it doing good. Let us call it doing *what is right*. Let us call it pure, human pleasure.

"And as a means of pleasure in our society, we must have entertaining societies, with dances, music, games ; and we must be there ourselves also ; we must take part in them ourselves."

"Take part in them ourselves ?" Many people thought this would not answer.

"But this would be precisely the thing," said Augustin, "which would be important and highly advantageous. That personal,

cordial relationship between the more cultivated classes, and those which are less so—a relationship which ought to extend to all classes of society—is precisely that which is peculiarly beneficial, and the best lever of society. And since *the Highest* descended to us, in order to raise us to himself, that is, to the highest movement-power of society; descending on purpose to elevate; He has shown us the way. For the rest," continued Augustin, with his beautiful smile, "it is, after *this* condescension, almost ridiculous to talk about condescension among human beings."

Lectures were also, as a matter of course, to be given in the society. Lectures belong to the arrangements of the day. A good arrangement, I think, most certainly. And Ivar, Uno, and David, they would all of them read lectures in the lecture-room.

When little Dr. Lund inquired, "What were to be the subjects on which they would lecture?" and was told, in reply, a number of different subjects, he exclaimed with animation—

"I could not have thought it! You will lecture on every thing except the most important of all—that is to say, Theology. And in particular it is of the very highest importance nowadays to endeavor to make it popular and comprehensible to the unlearned. It is high time that the reason of Christianity found its way to the reason of the people, that it may counterbalance all that unreason or half-reason, which endeavors to confound it, and in order to teach them how they may acquit themselves in the questions which will arise, and to be able to defend their holy belief against the attacks of infidelity and doubt.

"It makes me angry, yes, both angry and grieved, when I hear people who otherwise mean well toward their fellow-creatures and Christianity, preach against reason as an enemy to faith and revelation.

"Is it not to set them down as something irrational—to set enmity between the reason of God and the reason of man? Just as if the latter were not the offspring of the former, created to conceive and to comprehend, and comprehending, to adore its highest revelation on earth.

"Nay, I say; take reason, and understanding, and science, to help you, and when you, by their aid, have endeavored to conceive and to understand the height, and breadth, and depth of God's wonderful revelation, so that you can see its whole connection—behold! as is quite right, man stands there as a child in the presence of the great and good father, believing and adoring; believing precisely because he understands; believing even where he does not *fully* understand, because he now, for the first time, properly understands the Divine; because he now knows in whom and

what he believes. Yes, first of all enter into the child-like spirit, and with this we then enter into the kingdom of heaven. Is it not so, sister Hedvig?"

"Right! right!" said Hedvig, with beaming eyes. "But talk about this to the many; do you, yourself, give the lecture you speak of."

"Ah! how gladly would I do so, if I only could!" replied the old man warmly. "But I am not capable of it. I am old; my voice is weak and broken; and an old school-fox like me can scarcely express himself in a sufficiently *popular manner*. The old scholastic phrases lie continually on my lips and in my way; and I might say the very best things, and the people would believe, nevertheless, that I was talking Arabic, and wished to lead them into some new paganism. No, take in preference another teacher. The limits between learned and unlearned, priest and layman, exist no longer as formerly, and I know a few of my young friends here who, far better than I, could accomplish the important work of making Theology, or Christian Philosophy, popular. Uno—a great blessing has been conferred on you. Go, and communicate its fruit to your brethren!"

As regarded the internal administrative regulations of the Association, Augustin laid the highest importance upon the establishment of a savings' bank, to the prudent management of which he devoted particular attention. For this purpose, he adopted the most celebrated economic calculations of the time, which a prudent and benevolent guardianship of the wealthy might apply for the benefit of the indigent in the Association.

For the rest, Augustin satisfied himself with connecting the prosperity of the work-man with that of the institution for which he worked. The first ought, as a matter of course, be bound up with the latter.

They talked about dwelling-houses. Augustin wished not to have any great Phalanstrian establishments. "Where they have been erected they have not answered," said he; "and least of all would they answer with us in Sweden. Because in the Swedish disposition exists the desire for each man to have his own. There is for him no comfort except in his own home, and upon his own spot of ground. I will, for our work-people, erect small dwelling-houses for two, or, at most, four families under each roof. Every family ought to have two rooms and a kitchen. I know that this will be more expensive than a common kitchen and a large common dwelling-house. But we should gain in the comfort and fidelity of our work-people what we expended in money. And the advantage which we look for is not mere-

of that of sordid interest. These dwellings shall be of wood, simple but tasteful, with variety in their design, and roofed with red tile. By every dwelling we will plant a few trees, and, if possible, let every household have a little garden, or at least an inclosure where they can sow and plant something. I know how these little pieces of their own ground attach men to the places which possess them.

"I wish very much that we could obtain one thing for our work-people, and that is a large park where they could have an opportunity of enjoying life in the open air, and the innocent pleasures which would thence accrue—where they would, during spring and summer, be able to recreate themselves every holiday with the freshness of rural life and the beauties of nature. For autumn and winter evenings we have the great hall of the school-house, where they would assemble and where we must also take care to have beautiful works of art which may develop the sense of beauty, and where reading and music may agreeably employ, give pleasure, and, at the same time, ennoble."

One arrangement within the Association which was warmly advocated by the brothers and sisters, was the establishment of a *Tribunal of Peace*, a union of that which is public in Norway and of the patriarchal great village-law in Dalecarlia. Before this all quarrels and lesser offenses committed within the Association should be brought, and, if possible, adjusted or reconciled. The work-people themselves should every year elect the members of this court, and each one should possess the right of voting and sitting in it.

"And we should endeavor so to regulate ourselves," said Augustin, "that no prison or house of correction should be enriched from our Association!"

"And one of the first laws which our court of justice shall inculcate and be observant of," exclaimed Uno, "shall have reference to the treatment of domestic animals. England and France have established fines and punishment for the ill-treatment of animals. Why should the Swedes be behind these people in humanity?"

"No! let it not be said of us, that we thoughtlessly abandoned to the heedless or the cruel those of our workers who are *dumb*, and who are deprived of the power of demanding their own rights, or of presenting their complaints. No! let us ourselves become their spokesmen, and not permit that the most hard-working and the most faithful of our servants should suffer an injustice. Not so! we will have around us happy human beings and happy animals!"

The motion was unanimously and warmly adopted. And Göthilda informed of this by Bror, promised purposely for this paragraph

in the Legislative Book of the Association to design a vignette, representing the Holy Family, with the *ass*, which should have a remarkably interesting physiognomy.

But Göthilda felt in this only half of that which was affecting and deep in the thought—which the popular sentiment\* and the genius of art long since appropriated to themselves—that the animals have their place by the manger of the Saviour, and that they belong to the picture of the Holy Family.

"Yes!" exclaimed Dr. Lund one day, "now I see nothing further to be done than to christen the new town which I see springing up with the red-tiled roofs and the green trees—and sister Hedvig shall do that; she who sits there and is silent, but who secretly has kindled all these operations by the fire of her love and her good-will—for all. Sister Hedvig shall give a name to the new town."

"Nay, nay!" said Hedvig, "that you yourself must do, my dear father, otherwise the christening will be good for nothing."

"Well, then," exclaimed the doctor with vivacity. "I baptize the new town by the old Swedish name of *Birka*! It is indeed on Birch Island that it will be situated, and we will plant birches beside the houses of the workmen. It was in that old *Birka* in this region, that Christianity was first preached. It is a grain of that seed which now is growing up in the old ground, with harvests for the seed time. No! not for time merely, for eternity. Not for earth merely, but for Heaven."

"Long live the new *Birka*."

There was a joyful murmur in the company. "Long live the new *Birka*, and Birch Island, and the birches and all of us together!"

"For we also are workers," said Ivar, "are workers every one according to his power. And the work of the head ought not, indeed, to be considered as meaner than that of the hand. Who here has labored for the whole Association like brother Augustin?"

"And, therefore, we must drink a toast, and get up a ball, and have a song at it," exclaimed Bror, "and we must invite uncle Herkules to it. He will not refuse to get up a ball with us; that will be for the christening of this young child, *Birka*."

General Herkules had otherwise already withdrawn his countenance from the assembly of the Association.

There had, as a part of the members had foreseen, very soon arisen differences between the old and the young, in their way of viewing affairs.

\* Thus, in Sweden, the peasants are accustomed to give their animals a feast at Christmas, to shine a light in their eyes, so that they may see "the star;" and then they say to them, "Now it is Christmas!"

General Herkules wished the well-being of the people, but he wished to effect it by being their continual guardian and dictator. He wished to govern it in a paternal manner, but—he would govern.

Augustin, as the head of the younger party, wished to prepare the people gradually for improvement, as well inward as outward; he desired to work through education, through influence and example, but for the rest, he desired to let the people—govern themselves.

"It will never do—it will go to the d—l!" exclaimed uncle Herkules.

"It will, it must succeed, and will go to Heaven!" answered Augustin, "so far, as independently good and thinking men belong to it." And he endeavored to prove his statement.

General Herkules replied with violence. Augustin answered and explained, but neither could move the other from his position. At length, the old count grew angry, struck his clenched fist upon the table, and said:—

"Go to the d—l as you like. I will not trouble myself about your schemes; I have told you the truth, and you will one day find it out. The d—l take all manufactories or republics. But we shall continue to be good friends for all that, Augustin! shall we not?"

And immediately across the gulf, or the boundary which divided them, they cordially gave their hands to each other.

Strong-minded characters do not allow differences of opinion to separate them. They might stand on the two opposite sides, and yet remain friends, and yet work together for the common good. And General Herkules showed this strong-mindedness when he afterward took upon himself the direction of the new Association Savings' Bank, and the management of this difficult and responsible concern.

"But then I know, at least, that I do good," said he. "I know that something is accomplished which is for the advantage and the use of all."

We now leave the assembly of consultation, to talk a little privately about—

### GENERAL HERKULES AND GOTHILDA.

LIFE is a state of warfare, and nobody knew this better than the old count. Many who, like him in the days of their strength, have boldly fought with the enemies of their country in grand armies, have to fight in their old age with a troop of dwarfs, who are called ailments, bad humor, sleeplessness, indigestion, and so on. Walter Scott calls this *the little war*. And for many a one it is more difficult than the great war.

"*Old age jokes with me sometimes*," said the great Oxenstjerna when he felt infirmi-

ties of old age seize upon him and would not be conquered by them, as the strong Thor with the feeble old woman Ella.\* Neither would our noble old hero. It was true, however, that for some time the strong body had begun somewhat to bend under the infirmities of years, and the temper had become more irritable and harder to please.

"It has been so uncommonly wearisome in the family of late," grumbled he sometimes. "No commotions, no 'stormy dance' does one see any longer; no Bellman does one hear nowadays. That confounded philanthropy has driven all merriment out of the house. And just for rationality and human love one can not any longer be comfortable or merry. We do nothing but sit and lay our heads together in committees and conclaves, and fancy that we are to renovate the world. Stupid talk! no! much rather would I go out into the woods and meadows and see how God has done it. And then I can see also that every hare has its time. But the d—l knows where the hares are gone to of late. I fancy, on my soul, that they too are holding philanthropic committees. They are learning to manage their affairs; considering whether it is advisable to make the wolves members of the association. The world is getting so wise and so humane that it is getting quite unbearable."

Another time he said to Hedvig, "My child, I am beginning to get old. I feel it. I get peevish, and bad-tempered. You will be tired of me. D—l take me if I am not tired of myself. I am good for nothing any longer down here. I would that our Lord would quickly order me above. Remember, Hedvig, that I will not have any pomp at my funeral. I will only lie on fresh pine twigs in my coffin, and old soldiers shall carry me to the grave."

A few days after this, however, the old man was again out in the open air, and came home cheerful with the first spring-flowers, which he presented to Hedvig.

"A glorious morning!" exclaimed he, "and there have we now spring again. People should go out into the world and not shut themselves up all in a crowd within doors, like Kettil o'Christen. Out into the world, people should go out into life! God is after all, most mighty, and rules over every thing, and governs every thing for the best."

And merrily thundered again Thor's hammer through the house, as if it would crush all the imps.

The general proposed at this time to build upon Birch Island a house for his servant Stolt, to which he was to remove after the general's death, with the old trophies of war. And he now busied himself with all the various matters which belonged to this arrangement.

\* Old age.

Göthilda, who was not altogether entertained by these philanthropic conclaves, occupied herself now more exclusively with the old man; found means of assisting him in his work, and amusing him continually with her fancies and her comic discoveries, called herself his "journeyman," and was his daily companion.

"You do not go away from me as the others do," said the general sometimes affectionately to the young girl. "You will remain with me, you will!"

"In life and in death!" replied Göthilda, energetically.

And the old man became with his new work and his merry "journeyman" once more young and cheerful, in spite of rheumatism and philanthropy.

And when Bror came with his proposition about the ball and the toast, he did not say no. Merely that he must be permitted to sing his own pleasant tune.

And to this it was not advisable to say no.

#### THOUGHTS OF DEATH.

"MAN is bound by a thousand threads to humanity, although he may not observe them until he is about to leave them; as the spider-web is not perceived until the frost is on it," says Von Unge, sorrowfully and truly, in his interesting book, "Walks in the Fatherland" (of which we could wish for a new edition).

Haast thou, however, observed, during a beautiful autumn morning, fine, glittering threads floating in the air, sprinkled with tears of dew, and lighted up by the sun? They are called "Mary's silken threads;" and they beam on such mornings like little rainbows, which attach themselves to the leaves and flowers of earth.

And when a beloved and esteemed human being is threatened with death, and is about to take his leave of this world, we then see beaming around him these silken threads, which are illumined by the tears and the sun of affection.

And that was now the case with Augustin. Now, for the first time, he discovered how much he had made himself beloved; and that from far and near the threads glimmered.

Lagertha Knutson had of late—since Augustin's illness—been a more frequent visitor at the house of the Dalbergs. Between herself, Augustin, and Hedvig, there had long since been formed a beautiful and cordial bond of friendship, founded on mutual esteem and admiration. It was a source of grief, therefore, to the brother and sister, that Lagertha, within a short time, must leave them, in consequence of letters which recalled her to her native country and her family.

One day, when she came, an extraordinary dejection was apparent in her usually so determined, serene, and even proud demeanor. Augustin, who received her alone, immediately observed it, and said, half jestingly, as he took her hand—

"What is amiss with Miss Iceland! Why so misty and dark? Where is the bright midnight sun?"

"It has set," replied Lagertha, as she endeavored to smile. It is so painful to me that I must leave you and Sweden, without having given you any pleasure. My great work remains incomplete—that I know. For some time I have been growing benumbed, unable to work as I wish to do. I shall not be able to complete the figure of the last of my Fates, 'Skuld.'"

"The Fate of the accomplished work!" exclaimed Augustin. "Ah, that is a pity! That beautiful group of the Fates! I had pleased myself so with the idea of seeing it complete! Oh, yes, Lagertha, it must be! Why should it not? And what is there that can become impossible to one who can do every thing that she will?"

"Those were presumptuous words," said Lagertha; "and they have been punished. No, I would, but I can not. Courage and serenity of mind are wanting in me."

"But will they not return? Will not they again awake? Think that they will—and how they might."

"They might do so; and I know how. A joy, a sunbeam—but they will not come, and he who prevents it is—you, Augustin Dalberg!"

"I?" exclaimed Augustin, disturbed, and looked at her inquiringly.

Lagertha turned her countenance half away, as she stood there before him; it was pale, and the eyes were filled with tears. She trembled, and upon her lips trembled the words, "You are in danger—are dying!" but they were not uttered.

Augustin, however, heard them in her soul, and, greatly affected, he seized her hand, and said—

"Lagertha!"

She looked up to him, and his warm, beaming glance met hers. A living spark flew from the one to the other; and this expressed what no words could fully utter.

Augustin was a man without self-love; but the consciousness of a noble and a proud woman's devotion made his heart beat warmer and with increased animation.

He drew her hand to his heart, and said, "But if I recover—if I again live for my beloved, for my friends, will not then your statue succeed?"

"Yes," exclaimed Lagertha; "yes, because then the expression will be that of a song of praise."

"Oh, Lagertha!" said Augustin, with affection, and pressed her hand to his brow

and to his lips, "make not life too dear to me! do not make it difficult for me to die. I must indeed wish to live, when such friends set such a value on my life. And," continued he, with his angelic smile, "I shall indeed become that which most of all I detest in a man—I shall become—vain! but"—continued he, with sudden and joyful impulse—"I have then a desire to be so to some purpose. Lagertha, if you love me, give me a proof of it. I have rejoiced so much over your great work—nay, I have been proud of it, as the product of northern art, and as a work of my friend! And now, you must not leave it imperfect Lagertha. You must successfully finish also the last, the most difficult of the Norna figures; I demand it in the name of our friendship. Noble, beloved Lagertha! I desire from you this delight!

"Completion! perfection! you will derive your strength for this statue from a thread of human life. Ah, away with it! Do you not feel in your own soul a higher image of completion than this? Did you not hear it in the songs of the swans in your native island? Did you not see it in the crown of the northern lights? Do you not feel it in that which is taking place this moment between yourself and me, in the relationship which this moment completes, and which eternity shall not dissolve? No, no, Lagertha, your statue of the Fate shall speak of completion and perfection even in death, and in defiance of it. Then shall be sung the praise of the spirit's victory over all weakness and all death! and therefore does this follow the combating Fate. Go, beloved Lagertha, accomplish your work. That which I desire, is desired also by the spirit of Scandinavia, which demands from you your own spirit. Perfect the work, and then come and let me rejoice with you. Let us rejoice over your work together."

There are moments in life when the human being has great power over his fellow. They are moments of inspiration when he utters that which no learning, no science, no art could utter, but with which he can only be inspired by the fire of divine feeling. And as "fire kindles fire" so can he communicate his own feelings, his own power, to the breast of another. And thence arises an independent flame.

Thus was it with Lagertha. Tenderness, astonishment, admiration, woke up the benumbed spirit of life—the thoughts which Augustin expressed were kindred to her own. They now arose out of their grave.

She returned home, animated by renewed will and in a few hours perfected that problem, which she during years had in vain endeavored to solve. And she saw that her work was good, and her soul exulted over it.

"It shall become his! my work shall adorn his work!" thought she, in the joyfulness of a proud humility. "And then—whether

he lives or dies—I shall in a while visit my native island, my cradle; shall behold the sea, the strong and the great; shall behold the northern lights form their crown in the night, and hear the song of the swans, and again become strong! But—was indeed—is indeed this feeling, which elevated my power—weakness?"

It is not a difficult thing for solitary, strong souls to liberate themselves from the bond of sorrow. That problem, that work of completion in life is the power which releases and lifts them up. It is otherwise with sister-souls on earth, whose life is to love, to share, to suffer, to bear, who live more in another, than in, or for themselves.

Is was otherwise for Hedvig than for Lagertha.

Hedvig had long put from herself the thought of Augustin's danger, the thought of the moment which should decide his fate and hers; she had endeavored to remove it from her, as a person in sleep endeavors to defend himself from an approaching, horrible specter. She will not believe that the noble, beloved brother, the joy and support of so many, her all on earth, should now, in the prime of life, be torn away from them. Now, however, as the time and the moment drew nearer when the question should be decided, when she saw the preparations made; when she saw every thing assume that character, as when some event was about to happen, she was at times seized upon by a feeling which resembled a panic dread. Her heart felt an anguish of death, she cast her eyes around her for help, and day after day she became paler.

"But could not her piety, her fear of God—?"

Dear child! talk about that when you have gone through a trial such as hers. That steadfast glance on high may preserve you from complainings, from murmurings, but not the soul from being "afflicted unto death," nor the body from sinking beneath the weight of the cross.

Hedvig's state of mind was also participated, more or less, by all in the house. In proportion as the dark cloud which rested over the head of Augustin approached nearer, sank lower down, did a mournful and anxious silence fall upon the family. Nobody was cheerful. All glances, betrayed disquiet. Uncle Herkules no longer sang at his work, and Gôthilda had no more any merry sallies of wit and fun.

Augustin himself was the calmest of all. He liked to see his brothers and sisters, and his friends around him, and to converse with them on all passing topics with cheerfulness and without reserve.

Sometimes he shut himself within his own room. And when, after a short time, he returned to his brothers and sisters, they could see in his eyes, and on his countenance,

a splendor which seemed not to be of this world.

And thus approached the appointed day and moment.

### VISIONS AND APPARITIONS.

It was evening—the evening before the dreaded day—the rain beat against the window, and the spring-tempest roared wildly. Before an open, crackling fire in Augustin's room, sat himself, Uno, and little Dr. Lund. The room looked most comfortably, and all the more so as, by the fire-light, they could see in the outer room sister Hedvig busied in the preparation of tea.

The three friends before the fire were talking confidentially. Dr. Lund's favorite topic was now the subject of discourse. And we know that he loved to place himself on the dark boundary between two worlds, and to search after the lights and the sounds which come from the unknown—over to us into that which is more familiar, to that in which we move and have our every day being.

Rational people wondered at this peculiarity in the wise and deeply learned man, and that he could be so irrational, etc. Others, again—people of genius—did not wonder.

He was this evening more than usually engaged in questions regarding the connection between the spirit-world and this.

Augustin said—

“That which appears to me singular and almost melancholy is, that among the many narratives which have come to us, from all times and all countries, about spiritual appearances, and such-like revelations, so very few are of a lofty and really spiritual character. Many of them are insignificant and trifling, or are some way connected with deeds of murder and revenge.”

“Yes, I must say,” exclaimed the little doctor, smiling, and pulling himself by the hair, “that many of the spirits which come again are only a sort of downy, misty spirits, just a sort of mongrel race which have their home neither in heaven nor hell. And it is certainly melancholy, as far as it is not exactly the contrary. There is perhaps a very excellent and edifying lesson which people may derive from this, namely:—that they should take care that they do not become misty or mongrel while they are here on earth, lest they should come again as such after death; and that the good and blessed spirits go into a region too high for them to feel any drawing toward the earth; and that they have a knowledge with regard to the fate of their beloved survivors which annuls the necessity of direct communication with them. Because, that they at all events work for them, and in the end operate upon them, is beyond all doubt. It is in accordance

with the ordinances of spiritual nature, and therefore there exist numberless historical proofs of it. But neither are there wanting immediate meetings of higher character between people who loved one another, and became separated by death. We see that under certain circumstances such revelations have been permitted. And here sits a man”—and he nodded at Uno, while he riveted upon him his vivacious and benevolent eyes—“here sits a man who could, I am sure, if he would, relate us something very remarkable on this subject. Dear Uno! you have sometimes hinted that a revelation was the cause of the happy change which passed through your mind. Will you not now relate to us what you experienced? I have long wished to know it, and longed to ask you about it; although I refrained from doing so because I saw that you did not like the subject to be touched upon.”

“And the same with myself,” said Augustin.

“And now, at this moment, it would be most welcome to me to have some light thrown on the subject of the relationship between friends separated by death, and to know whether they are able to communicate with each other, under unusual circumstances, as in your case.”

Uno was silent for a moment, as if considering—and at length said:

“To you, my friends, and to Hedvig, I can very well relate my experience; because with you I have not to fear that suspicion—that half-derision, with which the greater part of mankind would bear my story. It has been, and it is, the most valuable treasure of my life—and its highest delight, and no person can take it away from me; still I should feel it to be a profanation to reveal the sanctuary of my soul to an unworthy one. And therefore—but, once more, my hesitation has no reference to you.”

And with a low and almost inaudible voice Uno now related as follows.\*

“You all of you know what was my state of mind after Engel's death. You know, at least, that I was as if dead to life, and to all the pleasures of earth. I can not describe my inward unhappiness. One single form and horrible thought had taken possession of my soul, and tormented it night and day, like an ill spirit! My wife had died—died, unfortunately, through my means. And now, we were separated forever. The whole world was to me a dark grave, where death had his unhappy sacrifices; and, above and

\* Because this relation, together with the occurrence which gave rise to it, have their foundation in actual fact, they are introduced in these pages. We see no cause to exclude, from a description of every day life, any of those phenomena which take place in it, although they may take place as exceptions.

—AUTHOR.

around, I only saw a horrible, empty space—an infinite gulf, where brooded the eternal nothingness. But, no! I can not yet speak of that without dread. I do not understand how it was that I did not go mad! How long I sat in my darkness, I know not: but this I do know, that one day it became light—light forever! All at once, I saw—*her*, she who was my continual thought, and my sorrow! Her form became clear by degrees, and came, as it were, out of darkness; her beloved, beautiful countenance smiled as she looked at me, clearly, brightly—actually it was *she*; she stood there before me—but rather above me—beaming in youth and beauty, and so affectionately, with such inexpressible grace and tenderness. Oh! if you had seen—if you could imagine it; but you can not! Yes, it was *she*—my wife, my Engel, as in former days, only more beautiful and glorified; and I heard her say:

“Sorrow not, my beloved! sorrow not for me. I am happy. I am unspeakably happy!—but thy sorrow I could not bear; and, therefore, have I come to thee, although it has been difficult. And now, beloved, I shall not again come to thee: but thou shalt come to me, where I wait for thee, never to be separated more!—”

“After this she vanished from my sight, softly as she had come. I seemed to myself to hear the most delightful music; a bright light remained for a moment. But that felicity which sprang up in my soul, no words can now describe.

“Oh, my friends! the whole world, life, had changed before my sight. They ascended before me out of the grave, and that you know. *She*, my wife, have I never seen again, as then. But an unceasing certainty, an incessant joy, has arisen like a bright light in my breast; and I know that they will conduct me through life, through death, to her, to my partner, in our Father’s house!”

Not a sound was heard in the room after Uno ceased to speak. The flames of the fire were reflected in the beaming eyes, which were thankfully fixed upon them.

Toward the close of the relation, Göthilda had unobservedly entered the room. Uno’s low, mysterious voice, the words which she picked up, and which had reference to some supernatural occurrence, some spiritual appearance, all this produced in Göthilda an indescribable sadness, and with a shudder through both soul and body, she went out of the dimly-lighted room to order in candles.

In doing this, however, she had to pass through the hall, where she stopped all at once, as if riveted to the ground, and with difficulty prevented herself from uttering a cry of horror. There stood in the hall, in the deep twilight, a tall and silently dark

figure. And we must acknowledge, that our little heroic Göthilda was nothing less than bold when there was certain danger. In particular, she had an awe of ghosts which bordered on the ridiculous, all the more so, as she did not properly believe in them, and had never seen one. But the words of Uno’s narrative, which she had just heard had excited her imagination, and at the sight of the dark, silent, immovable figure in the hall, her first thought was, “a ghost.”

As soon as she was able to move her paralyzed limbs, she retired with speed, and rushing by another way into the kitchen, she frightened every body there by a hasty story about ghosts, fiends, robbers! and then went back with a light in her hand, followed by Louisa, who was full of curiosity, with Maja, Stolt, and Hannah, who kept near to her protector.

Göthilda, at the head of this troop, had recovered her courage, and went again to the door, which she partly opened; and, putting her head half through, she observed the dark figure, which stood immovably there, and upon which she threw the light of the candle. The figure bore a much stronger resemblance to a thief than a ghost, as it stood there, wrapped in a large cloak, and with a green morocco cap pulled down over its eyes. But yet it did not precisely resemble a thief, inasmuch as it stood so perfectly quiet and calm.

“Who are you? What do you want?” said Göthilda at length, who was now become much more courageous.

“My noble Mamsell,” replied the figure, “I am a poor traveling journeyman, going about in search of work, and would gladly be employed by my noble Mamsell!”

The voice which thus replied was gruff, and quite human. It seemed to Göthilda also that it was not altogether unknown to her. But she thought the figure very bold, and she replied:

“I have not any work to give you. Go down stairs, and inquire for General Herkules, perhaps he can give you information about some.”

“But I would much rather work for my noble Mamsell!” said the obstinate journeyman.

“I have told you that I have not any work for you!” said Göthilda.

“Well, then, give me a little supper!” said the young fellow in a much more insolent tone.

“Not that either, this evening,” said Göthilda; “perhaps another time, when you ask more politely.”

“Well, then, give me a drop to drink!” said the journeyman, in such a gruff voice, that Göthilda hastily stepped back, and revealed the troop that was behind her; and, at the sight of all the countenances which

now pressed in through the door, the journeyman burst out into a loud laugh, hastily threw off his cloak, took off the green cap, and stepped forward as a well-dressed, well-made young man, with a very weather-beaten, but gay and frank countenance. He extended his hand to Götthilda, and said:—

"Oh, give me your hand, and let me renew my acquaintance with Götthilda. Shall I not shake hands with you as a welcoming—well?"

When King Olof Tryggveson, of glorious memory, went *incognito* to visit his beautiful Queen Gyda—as we read in Heim's Kringla—threw off his "bad-weather cloak," and shewed himself in his actual, kingly person, he could scarcely have made a greater sensation than was caused at this moment by the same manœuvre of the so-called journeyman.

"Jarl Herkules!—the architect!" exclaimed Götthilda, astonished, terrified, glad, angry, kind, offended, amused, all in one.

And Jarl, the architect, now stood there, laughing so heartily; shook Götthilda's hand, kissed her cheek, and was so brotherly, friendly, pleasant and cordial, that it was purely impossible not to make much of him. Over and above this, *le diamant brute* had obtained a certain style of *diamant taille*, which Götthilda, even at the first moment, was perfectly aware of.

The return of the young relation was soon known to all the house, and he was quickly surrounded by his relations and friends.

"But I am not come alone," said he to them, "I have a comrade with me; who, no more than myself, I can assure you, will be satisfied without something to eat, and he has something in his knapsack which can do miracles. Yes, you will be surprised. He will be here in a moment—but see, here he is!"

And at the opening door appeared now a small, agreeable gure, whose countenance expressed kindness and animation in an uncommon degree.

"Ludovico!" exclaimed Hedvig, in a tone which thrilled through the hearer's soul and body. Hope and joy trembled in it.

And hope, inexpressible, heartfelt, trembling hope, lay in the glance with which Hedvig approached the one who now entered, grasped his hand between hers, as she said—

"You bring help; you bring with you the means of salvation?"

"Yes; by the blessing of God I do so! Yes, I hope so!" replied Ludovico.

Hedvig clasped her hands together; she trembled violently, and her eyes beamed almost wildly in that pale countenance. She was ready to faint. This happiness was too great, and had come too suddenly.

With the first knowledge which Hedvig

had of Augustin's malady, she had written to her absent friend. This letter reached him at Smyrna, busied in arranging and packing that rich treasure of life-preserving, medicinal plants which he had collected in the East, among which he had discovered many hitherto concealed and unknown powers.

There are human souls which I will call flower-souls. These have a peculiar gentleness, and a captivating beauty; harmless, credulous, in the most beautiful meaning of the word, they suck in the sun's beams; behold of all life's figures principally that, and endeavor only to return to the world that light, that goodness which they have obtained from it. They are sun-worshippers in the best sense. When such a human soul turns itself toward nature, and with that lovely glance searches into its depths, then those depths open themselves; then flowers diffuse their fragrance; then trees and herbs divulge the secrets of their life as they do to none besides. Because to this soul, patient and gentle amid its fervent inquiries, an inward deep relationship attracts them.

Ludovico—Professor Ludovico, gentlemen and ladies, had such a soul as this, and Flora was, at an early age, his beloved, his bride. She had loved him in return, and to his humane inquiries, after the means of remedying, without extreme pain, and of alleviating the pain which no art can remedy, she had given him many a gladdening response.

Now it had so fallen out—but some seeds fall to the earth from the birds of heaven—and they always produce individual happiness—it had so fallen out, that among the new beneficial remedies which Ludovico had discovered in the East, and had made available, was precisely one for that fearful malady which threatened Augustin's life.

We need not say how much Hedvig's letter had hastened his return to his native land. He burned with a desire to try the efficacy of his remedy while there was yet time; with a desire to save the brother of his beloved Hedvig. Such a desire as this has the impulsive power of steam.

Ludovico came; he saw; he—

There was yet time. The remedy could yet be tried; the benignant remedy which, without danger, and without severe suffering, could restore the beloved one to health and life. If it succeeded.

Augustin's two physicians were summoned and consulted with. The one dissuaded; condemned it as a "chimerical, charlatan, attempt." He advocated amputation. The other advised them to try the mild remedy before the severe one was resorted to. The first could not do any harm, and might possibly do good.

Augustin himself had, from the first moment, been determined to try Ludovico's

remedy. And if he had not himself had faith in it, he would have given it a trial for Hedvig's sake.

The trial was made, and—it succeeded. Within a few weeks its beneficial effects were seen. In the course of a couple of months, Augustin's condition was so much changed, that the time might be determined when his disease would be perfectly cured.

And as we sometimes see a dark threatening cloud raise itself in space, and by degrees become dissipated into the serene blue of heaven, so raised itself and vanished the danger which had threatened Augustin.

For a long time, however, his sleeplessness continued through the first hours of the night, and now, as formerly, Hedvig still sate up with her beloved brother. But how unlike the former were these nocturnal hours! How delightful was it to Hedvig to take to Augustin, every half-hour, the medicine which constituted a part of Ludovico's remedy; how delightful were her feelings and thoughts, as she sate there beside her brother, at her knitting or needlework, while he wrote, or while she assisted him in his labors. And for Augustin, how cheerfully, how joyfully, did his work now go on. Never before had he felt himself so lively, so clear, so powerful, as at this time.

One night he gave Hedvig his diary to read. He had just been writing in this—the same blue book in which, half a year before, Hedvig had read the tidings of his death.

She now read therein:

"With every succeeding day I find the return of health and strength. And blessed thoughts visit me.

"My late malady has merely left behind it one effect, that of gratitude even for suffering. When the ancients called misfortune '*the holy*,' from its power of improving the heart, they were right. I now find it to be so. And it is not merely an improver, it is also an elevator of the pleasure of life and of enjoyment.

"If there be one thought which I, in preference to all others, would impress upon the heart of every sufferer, it is this: 'that suffering is a great kingdom;' that it is a power which introduces the mind into the depths of life, and elevates the intensity of the feelings; that it is a power of development.

"And if the three men of whom the Scriptures speak, had not had to pass through the seven-fold heated furnace, they could not have lifted up that excellent song of thanksgiving, in which they call upon day and night, sun and stars, fire and frost, lightning and dew, mountain and herb, sea and river; all creatures and all men; all angels and all purified souls; all the unhappy and all the afflicted, to praise the Lord and

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his power, which is, and which works eternally—*his love!*

"I also have gone through a fiery furnace, and am saved. And now, my friends, my beloved Hedvig, teach me, help me rightly to give thanks."

### THE THANKSGIVING FEAST.

Is there a sentiment more delightful, more elevating, more subduing, more strengthening, more full of a bounding, joy-giving life, more truly heavenly, than that of warm gratitude?

The cherubim know it well, in that home where resounds an eternal song of praise. We also, upon our little, low earth, know it, feel it, when sorrows clear away, when the burden is lifted off, and every thing becomes pleasant and easy.

From the innermost of all history; through the course of eighteen centuries, shines out to us from beneath the shadows of the palms of Bethany an image of this. It was in a brother-and-sister-home, that the sublimest guest of earth loved to linger. One happy sister poured upon the head of the Saviour of her brother a balsamic unguent, the odor of which filled the whole house, from which death had been expelled. The most joyful sunbeams of life now rested upon it. Congratulating, grateful friends surrounded the happy one. A picture full of light!

And here, beneath the birch trees, by the Mälar Bay, we find such a one. Here also is a brother-and-sister-home; a brother who has been restored, a loving, happy sister, devoted, grateful friends. And joyfully murmured the birches around the brother-and-sister-home; joyfully murmured the wind and the blue waves; brightly beamed the sun, as if in sympathy with kind and happy human beings upon a beautiful September day.

For on the little Birch Island was celebrated to-day a festival in which several other festivals were combined, as when the little brooks of the spring all leap together into one great flood.

But how shall we manage to give an account of them all, the great as well as the lesser? We who would willingly do justice to them all. Patience, ye little brooks; patience, great flood; patience, kind readers; patience, my own warm blood!

But we must begin at the beginning; we must take the day by its beak, that is to say, early in the morning.

Why does Eli, the young lad, bound forth at sunrise into the garden; why does he throw himself down on the grass and kiss the flowers; why then spring up and look toward heaven as if he would bound into its embrace; why does he look around him with such bright and beaming glances on the

earth, where threads of "Mary's silk," glittering with dew and golden sun-light, softly float around and fix themselves to tree and bush as if they would weave a web for the queen of the fairies' wedding! Why does he drink the morning air, the sunlight, the fragrance of flowers as Brage might drink mead, and clasp together his hands and shout for joy, and behave like somebody out of his senses? I will tell you why. The youth is intoxicated, intoxicated with happiness! He is gone out to gather myrtle, and to pluck flowers for his young sister's wedding. Yes, so it is. Little Karin will this day be the bride of Ivar "Vidfamne."

Did you expect that?

The youth had not long believed it. But now it is so. And the thought of his sister's happiness, of the joyful prospect for his own future; the sense of the goodness of God and of man—it is too much. It knocks him down; it plucks him up; it overcomes him. He hardly thinks that he shall survive it. But he will, for all that. But perhaps it was Louisa that saved his life by going down into the garden herself, and mingling her tempestuous joy with his, and smoking him at the same time because he was such a long time in getting the myrtle.

There, up in the hall, sits Hedvig, with the faithful hand-maiden, Maja, and they are weaving garlands for the brides. Yes, because there is more than one on this occasion. Maja sang merry songs and talked about the festivity, and the beautiful weather, and the brides, and the bridal-crowns, and "Mr. Augustin," and the talking choked her, and the laughter as one knows—burst forth, while her eyes filled with tears, because, "you see, it is so feeling-full!"

Every thing is now quiet in the brother-and-sister-home; pleasant and low is the murmuring of birch-trees around. But, at some distance there is a stir. At some distance, there, upon the slopes of the hill; upon the wooded heights we see the wood cleared away; the timber felled; stone brought there in great quantities, and the building begun. And look! there stands a large erection on which the roof is already placed, and upon the roof-tree hangs a huge, huge garland of leaves, sunflowers and dahlias, which is seen at a great distance, and indicates that now, according to old Swedish custom, the work-people are to have a feast, with speeches, and toasts, and music, and dancing, in honor of the new house.

We see that the "New Birka" is now in full progress. Bror, little, magnificent, practical, clever Bror, urges it on like an old giant with six pair of arms. And it is the school-house which we now see building.

We have already mentioned three causes of festivity, three feasts in one feast; two weddings and one school-house. But there

is yet another deeper cause, the hidden veins of which swell warm from the heart filled with gratitude, and which in the outer festival seeks for an outlet. And, besides, we have still one which may be first mentioned!

In America there is annually celebrated what is called the Thanksgiving Festival. It occurs in the Autumn when the harvest is finished. The families then assemble to rejoice together, and to distribute the earth's best wealth amid praises of the giver.

"Oh, what beautiful Thanksgivings!" writes a lady from that distant land, "have I not spent in my father's house. How like was he to a patriarch as he stood there surrounded by his children! and with what smiling, joyful countenances stood we round the table of which he was the host, and entertained us with the best that the house possessed. When the meal was ended, we had songs and merry stories told. They were happy times."

Beautiful is this popular custom, and worthy to be adopted by all people. Beautiful, that after harvest time, when the earth has stripped herself of all her riches, that therewith her children might be fed, clothed and gladdened, such a feast should be celebrated as if for the completion of the year.

The idea of a festival similar to this entered into the design of the great feast which was this day celebrated on Birch Island; for it was now Autumn, it was September, and the harvests were already housed. The innermost cause, however, the principal object of this solemnity, was Augustin. It was his restoration to health and life which the brothers and sisters desired to celebrate. And, as he stood foremost in the affection of all, and foremost as leader of all the plans for the future, with which now so many persons had bound up their future hopes and joys, they had chosen his birthday as the uniting point for many other joyful solemnities.

Augustin knew himself to be the principal occasion of the festivity, but he had besought his brothers and sisters to keep this to themselves, and had promised to be on that account all the more active in the celebration of every thing which ought to be celebrated. And, as we have said, this was not a little. For a whole week had preparations already been made for the occasion.

Uncle Herkules had certain private business of his own upon Dunder Berg, with which no one was acquainted excepting Jarl Herkules, whom he took up with him as his adjutant. Göthilda joked uncle Herkules about his "meetings" with the lady of the Dunder Berg, and prophesied misfortune. Jarl assumed the most mysterious and the most solemnly important countenance when he met her in the course of the day.

But Gôthilda had herself too much to do this day for her either to be inquisitive or offended. There was to be a great feast, as you know, at Birch Island, both for gentle-folks and the work-people. And though there was not as much needed on this occasion, as for a Swedish wedding in the thirteenth century, and for which, as the chronicle relates, there were required seventy-four oxen, eighty sheep, one hundred and fifty geese, two hundred hens, eighty casks of salt meat, besides great quantities of fresh meat, game, and fish. Of spices: twelve pounds of ginger, seven of pepper, and the rest in proportion: one hundred tuns of ale and mead; twenty hogheads of wine, &c. And though our brothers and sisters entertained a proper contempt of every kind of excess in viands, and for many meats and drinks, yet it was not a little which would, in a respectable manner, fill two great tables, and satisfy two hundred stomachs. Therefore Gôthilda, Louisa, and Maja had enough to do to look after these affairs.

The motherly sister, Hedvig, who was preserved in peace from all these Martha's troubles, quietly took charge of her foster-daughters, and arranged the inner part of the solemnity.

So well was all arranged, that we will at once remove to the dinner-table. It is brilliant with flowers, and in the center stands a great ornamental dish of flowers and confectionary of Gôthilda's arrangement, which was to represent the pleasure-garden of happiness.

At the head of the table sits General Herkules, magnificent, in full uniform and adorned with all his orders, in the midst of which shines a northern star, set with diamonds. On each side of him sits a blooming young wife, in elegant attire. The one—she on his right hand—looks somewhat Chinese; so, at least, maintains Gôthilda. And she was, it is true, born in Canton, but of wealthy English parentage. This is the wife of Ludovico, who is come with him to Sweden. Good young lady-reader, your pardon! I know that you think it ought to have been otherwise. But, I can not help it. And sister Hedvig has taken a very great liking for the young wife, and has promised to make her acquainted with Swedish housekeeping, and Swedish customs. And Gôthilda is very much bent upon a *Chinese dinner*, which she has been promised by the young wife, shall, at an early day, be given to the whole family, a dinner with Chinese dishes, with Chinese cookery, and which shall be eaten in the Chinese manner, with Chinese chopsticks, and with Chinese music on gongs.

The young wife on the general's left side is very pretty, and has the very sweetest of little caps, trimmed with roses and rose-

colored ribbon on her head. She looks decidedly like a young Swedish wife. And I assure you, my good foreign friends, that that is something particularly charming. It is Bror's young wife, Seraphina. Young lady-reader! forgive me once more, that I did not say any thing about this wedding, but let it take place in silence. But I assure you that it was not all remarkable, but like many another wedding, which has nothing extraordinary about it.

The young wife looks, in the mean time, exceedingly happy, although somewhat bashful and embarrassed by the glances which uncle Herkules, from time to time, fixes upon her, as if he would try whether there is any spirit in her. Pale she certainly is not any longer. That is evident. She blushes like a rose, and rivals in tint the roses in her cap. In order to gain courage, she looks at her husband, whose self-possessed and friendly countenance has in it something heart-strengthening. And it was helpful to the young wife, for as uncle Herkules sat and looked at her, she began to find favor in his sight, and he thought that there might "probably be more in her than he had fancied;" and it came into his head to make an immediate trial of this. In order to do so, he took a glass of water and hastily emptied it over—yes, the clumsy old man! over the young wife's head, over the Paris-cap, the roses, and all. At this unexpected ordeal by water, the young wife looked instantly at her husband. He nodded to her, and smiled. And with a quick and happy inspiration, she took the water-bottle and poured it over uncle Herkules' own head, at which he was altogether delighted.

"Bravo!" he cried, sprang up, shook himself, lifted up the young wife, who likewise laughed and shook her wet head, kissed her on the forehead, and exclaimed—

"That was a deuced little body! Could one have believed it of her? The d—I take me! Here's to your health, Bror! You've got a proper one. My soul! she won't be put on. I have respect for her. You must take care of yourself, for there is some spirit in her, by Jove!"

And with that, the general spoke aloud to the whole company, and proposed a *skål* for the new-married pair. After this followed the *skål* for the new bridal pair, Ivar and Karin. She was very beautiful, the young bride, and looked very happy, when she returned thanks. Eli who sat just opposite to her could hardly control his emotion, Louisa could not do it at all, and therefore, she for half a minute merely put her head in at the door, saw "little Karin" sitting in the place of honor beside her delighted bridegroom, and then sprang overjoyed down into the kitchen, where her exaltation could only be allayed by whipping up a cream which threatened to boil over.

Among the guests at the wedding-table, we observe one who does not, so fully as the others, participate in the general joy. It is Gerda; it is true she rejoices, the kind, warm-hearted sister, but it appears as if her soul sometimes were absent, and as if the tears which now and then force themselves from her thoughtful eyes, are not tears of gladness. Where then may be her soul? Perhaps with the only one who is excluded from the family festival, less in consequence of lingering indisposition than from an attack of melancholy, which Gerda was not able to overcome. Did her soul flee from the gay and varied scene of the festival to his dark and silent room? Wonderful, but possible, and to me very probable.

Augustin and Hedvig remarked Gerda's absent look and communicated it to each other by a glance. Gerda in the mean time was roused out of her waking dream by being called upon to lead a song which had been written in honor of the occasion. And a genial and a gay song it was, that I can promise you, and was sung in chorus with full hearts and thundering voices.

After this, uncle Urbanus read a poem. It was an imitation of the Epithalamium of the sixteenth century which had been read on a similar occasion, and in which the names of most of the guests present, and in particular the principal persons, figured in a more or less happy manner. Uncle Herkules played a somewhat too ludicrous part, and how "Dalberg" and "Ollonberg" came "together" was beyond the comprehension of the hearers. However, that uncle Urbanus himself crowned the work in consequence of crowning the brides as Myrtenblad (myrtle-leaf) was quite clear to all, and was a stroke of genius which was very successful. And upon the whole the poem was very successful, and won great applause; although mostly from the author himself. And he cast from time to time intelligent and half-admonitory glances at the cadets in whom he must have foreboded a couple of secret critics, and who, as graduates, had not lost their former great passion for laughter. Uncle Urbanus was, as we know, hard of hearing, but he fancied, during the reading of his work, that he heard something which sounded like an "Iliad of Homer," and it seemed to him to sound unpleasantly.

Augustin somewhat hastened the conclusion of the dinner, which uncle Herkules would have been capable of extending until evening with his songs and his toasts—because he wished to give the company an intellectual entertainment as a dessert. And, therefore, as soon as they rose from the table, he led his guests out into the park, to a new erection in the Gothic style, which was surrounded with tall ash trees.

This was the Hall of the Norna, or Fates. Within this building, and lighted from

above, stood Lagertha's group of the Norns with the swans. Below these lay the fresh waters of a chalybeate spring. The beautiful group was mirrored in the crystal fountain and produced a very ennobling effect.

Augustin, who besides the guests, had assembled here a great proportion of the people of the new works, drew their attention to the different figures and expression of the Fates; upon the fervent, inspired life in Urda; the noble, powerful struggle in Verdandi, and lastly, the peace of victory in the completed life of the divine Skuld. The same features were recognizable in her, and the same countenance as in the other two Fates, but in Skuld they were seen glorified and filled with a higher sublimity.

Of all the figures of the three sisters this betrayed the loftiest inspiration. It seemed to be executed in some great and blissful moment, when the artist had wished to express her own exultation over the spirit's power of conquest. Augustin said that this conception of the Norna, or the Fates, was applicable to life, to the great, the small; to popular and individual life. He spoke of the Urda-fountain, which is situated at the heavenly root of the world, and the waters of which are so holy that he who plunges into their waves becomes pure, cleansed, and, as it were, renovated; and how this crown of the tree of the world becomes again verdant when refreshed by its waters. As he spoke, the more fervent, the more eloquent became his words.

Göthilda, however, interrupted him.

"Dear Augustin," besought she, softly, "let them now digest what you have given them as they may; and let them come to coffee and cigars, else you will talk yourself into a fever, and I am afraid that they will get cold or sleepy, or inattentive in some way. Come!"

Augustin, who understood his sister's anxiety on his account, kissed her brow and smiled, but continued to talk: And—thou wast wrong, Göthilda!—because nobody became cold, or sleepy, or thought about coffee and cigars until Augustin himself turned the thoughts of the company in that direction. Thank God, to-day were forgotten both coffee and cigars for the holy Norns's fountain!

Coffee was served in the Hall of the Norna; and Göthilda was the Coffee-Norna (as Bror called her), and distributed the Arabian beverage while she wondered whether the art of telling fortunes in the coffee-grounds had descended from these goddesses of Fate.

The cigars were smoked in the open air, in the alleys, and on the benches of the park.

It was propitiously beautiful weather this September day. If they had bespoken it for the occasion, it could not have been better. And it is incredible how the presence of the sun increases the delights of a festival, especially one which is three parts rural, as was

this. Add to this that the air was bland, and the wind as quiet as a good child. The table for the work-people was spread under the trees by the water-side, and was calculated for one hundred and fifty guests. For them it was intended to be a supper. And a tremendous supper was it to be. There were three tables, and one of them was for a wedding entertainment, adorned with garlands of leaves and flowers. For what bridal pair? That we shall soon see.

The sun descended, and then a cheerful and festal bridal-march was heard, and they saw the bridal company slowly advancing along the flower-strewn path toward an altar which had been erected in the open air, and beneath tall trees, through whose verdant and living arcade the blue heavens glanced forth.

This altar in the open air was by Dr. Lund's own direction, "Because," said he, "though the church is beautiful which has been raised by the hands of man in honor of God, still better is that which he himself has made, with its immense dome, and where sun and stars and all the angels can look down upon us!"

All thought as he did; and as it so happened that no envious clouds of earth dimmed the lofty and clear dome, it was as he and they all wished. The marriages were to take place in the open air beneath the lofty vault of heaven.

Dr. Lund himself now stood before the altar with the book of the church-service in his hand, with his silver-white locks trembling in the evening air, and his kind eyes and benevolent and expressive countenance turned toward the advancing company. Here now came each couple after the other. Ivar and "little Karin," and Stolt and Hannah. After these, bridesmen and maids, relations and friends.

And now, surrounded by loving and well-wishing people, caressed by a breeze, so delightful that it resembled the breath of a higher love, the two couples were joined in that divine union which the Swedish marriage ceremony speaks of in divinely consecrated words. And above the earthly verdure of the whispering leaf-woven canopy arched itself the heavens' eternal blue, and seemed to glance down a blessing.

After this, the minister was silent for a moment, during which he seemed to be collecting his thoughts. And then lifting up his clasped hands and his beaming, tearful eyes, he raised his voice before the assembly in a new address. And it became a thanksgiving.

A friend and pupil of Pestalozzi has told me, that in his out-of-door addresses he always took his subject from the day, or the occasion with which he knit up the eternal truths which he desired to proclaim. These he felt fervently himself, and therefore he

warmed his auditors. And hence the impression which he made, and the power which he had over the hearts of his hearers.

So also did the old, warm-hearted teacher before us. He spoke about the occasion of the festival; the beloved brother who was saved; of the affectionate hearts which here, in the name of heaven, had been united; of the associative social design which now stood before the eyes of all full of good promise, itself a work of good and sacred intention. And then he broke forth into fervent thanksgiving for the harvests of the earth and of heaven; for every good thought; for their accomplishment; for all power and goodness; for all sanctifying sorrow; all pure delight; for every thing, for every thing!

The new-married couples, nay, all the assembly present, he consecrated to a new union, to a life of noble courage; of combat against deceit, and falsehood, and injustice. He bade them become Vikings in the spiritual world, and to imitate the example of their ancestors, but in the paths of peace and with the sword of the spirit.

He threw a bright sunbeam glance upon the most beautiful endeavors of the age of which the new association was the offspring, and demonstrated that they were founded in the very spirit of Christianity; called down on the assembly the blessing of the All-powerful and the All-good, and closed with the prophetic words:

"Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall inherit the earth!"

The sun in its descent, glanced forth, like a large, divine eye, over the assembly at the concluding words of the venerable teacher. His silvery locks shone in its golden light, and profound and strong was the impression on all hearts. All petty thoughts and all petty affairs were forgotten in this moment by every one. They would willingly have lingered long in this state of fervent feeling, amidst these solemn and joyous thoughts.

But the time sped on; the sun had set, and the moon ascended amidst the rosy clouds of the east and began to shine. The lamps were lighted at the work-people's table, and dishes upon dishes, filled with meat, were carried out to the tables. The guests were speedily seated. Augustin himself sat at the head of the bridal table with Master Dalerin at the opposite end; and here neither poetry nor prose, neither toasts nor songs were wanting. Stolt sat proudly in the place of honor beside his Hannah, who looked pretty and modestly happy. At the head of the other tables were Ivar and Bror, that they might properly open the entertainment, and set the ale and mead cans in motion. They also had their assistants, who after a time took their places, so that later they might go whither their hearts drew them. At the commencement, their young wives were with

them; carried round the woad cane and filled for the guests. Göthilda was very active, both in filling and drinking with them.

Where was uncle Herkules, in the mean time? Up with the lady of the Dunder Berg with his adjutant and two officers of ordinance (the cadets). And just as Augustin had given the toast for the royal pair, Oscar and Josephina, and it was responded to with hurrahs and military music, behold! there ascended a rocket from the Dunder Berg, and rose like a white shining dove over the festive crowd on the shore, and immediately afterward the lady of the Dunder Berg began to talk, and talk with cannon, I beg you to understand!—four-and-twenty shots were fired from the Dunder Berg, which were replied to by threefold thundering echoes among the hills in the bay round about.

After this there ascended from the Dunder Berg great red and white flowers, by the light of which people could see not only the lady of the mountain but uncle Herkules himself, with his yellow belt à la Charles XII., and with Thor's hammer in his hand, together with his three young assistants, with crimson sashes and torches, upon the mountain among the ruins. Suns and crackers, and burning names were seen to ascend thence into the air, blazing and crackling. Every new explosion was answered by shouts from the shore.

It was a surprise to all to see this spectacle returned upon the water, where from little boats decorated with flags, which had rowed unobserved toward the island, shots were fired and fireworks displayed. It was the Svearne society, which having heard of the festivities about to be celebrated, now wished thus to testify their joyful participation in them. Other little boats put out from the shores around, with grown people and children, who were enticed out by the splendid spectacle, by the lights on the water and in the air, and by the calm and wonderfully beautiful evening.

Yes, wonderfully beautiful was this evening, and it became still more beautiful, if possible, as the night came on, the bright serene night. For when the noisy, spluttering fires were extinguished, there stood the moon high in heaven, high above the Dunder Berg, and smiled like a gentle, pleasant maternal countenance above the sports of her children, and the air was so delightful and calm, that the children of men breathed in it, as in an atmosphere of motherly love.

"I feel myself in particularly good tune this evening; in such a particularly cheerful state of mind!" said uncle Urbanus. And so they all felt. It was a moment when the beauty of nature and of the hour alone, fill the overflowing the cup of human enjoyment.

The greater part of the company had

during the display of the fire-works dispersed themselves through the park, and they might be seen wandering in separate groups, three and three, two and two, sometimes one and one, while all around them, foliage, air, water, softly glimmered and shone as if in silent, inward happiness.

My reader! shall we, thou and I, also take a walk in the park, in the moonlight? But first a word with thee in confidence.

Where can not love and romance find their way? "From Nova Zembla's rocks to the burned-up valleys of Ceylon," over all the world we see its traces, and hear its pleasant gossip about a cottage and a heart. And I have heard it related by trust-worthy people that in *Grålsmakergränd* (Quarrelers' lane) in the south of Stockholm, there was heard in the last December, during a stormy night, a melodious melody played upon a melodious flute, to which was sung a song to the same melody by a beautiful male voice; and this in the street below the window of a young girl in the *Grålsmakergränd*, in the south of Stockholm, during a cold, stormy December night.

Such things happen. But I can assure thee that I have been out during the most beautiful moonlight, in the most romantic regions, during the most beautiful evenings, and seen other people wandering out in them without any thing in any way romantic having happened either to them or to me, without having heard any other sighs than those of the wind in the trees, without seeing any other love glowing, than those of the moon and stars. And it is my private conviction that love, in the usual signification, haunts the world very much less than people in general believe, and that nowadays, people much oftener risk their lives to take a buffalo's hide\* or a bear's skin, than to obtain the hand of the most beautiful girl. Thus, although I concede that the romantic lives, and may be met with every where on earth, and proceeds from every thing, yet—let us now—my reader and myself—go and take a moonlight walk on Birch Island, and I request that whatever romantic adventure we may experience may be regarded rather as a miraculous occurrence than as one of an every-day character.

And now, forth into "the moonlight night!"

How the water glimmers; how enchantingly beautiful is the landscape with its mystic lights and shadows, with its leafy groves and open spaces, every thing, in the gentle brightness of the great lamp of night; thou mayst easily distinguish every object; thou wilt certainly not hear more about it.

Thou wilt probably prefer hearing what the brides say; they in their misty white veils wandering by their husbands' side, arm

\* See Wahlberg's "Travels in Africa."

in arm, down the quietest alleys. It is a pity that they whisper so softly, the loving ones, that I can not hear them. Perhaps, however, they say nothing with their lips. Perhaps it is sufficient for them that with full warm hearts, they wander hand in hand, side by side, in the bright and beautiful night, and silently converse with glances, with that unspeakable language which loving human beings know, and which they understand so well. Hist! let us not disturb them, the happy ones. One moment's fullness of pure bliss on earth is sacred.

Let us rather accompany that solitary one whose figure is so noble, whose carriage is so graceful, although she moves slowly, and as if full of thought. She removes herself from those who are happy, she separates herself from those who are conversing and laughing in company, and seeks the lonely, dark tracts, the part of the park, where grow the pine woods, where all is more silent and more gloomy.

It is Gerda. She thinks upon Sigurd. She is solitary, and feels herself very much so this evening, because all appear to be happy. Ivar thinks merely of his young wife, nor has any need of Gerda. And he who needs her is not here. The parting between herself and Sigurd was unfriendly. Circumstances had occurred between them which were to be expected in the relationship in which they stood to each other. The dark fire in his heart for her, which had never been extinguished, again burst forth, and she—did not return it, which had wounded him. Proudly, but not with severity had he withdrawn into himself. She, however, was severe, and had—left him. Yes, this had occurred two days before, and since that time she had not seen him. She was now sorry for what she had done; she repented of her hard-heartedness, and grieved over him. And rather a thousand times than to be here among their rejoicings, among their festivities, would she be with that solitary, gloomy man, who sits in darkness, making his room bright and his soul calm and joyful. But she is now far from him; he is perhaps now still further from her, because his soul may have become alienated, embittered. And Gerda seeks the shadows, while the sun and the stars ascend from the Dunder Berg.

Gerda, however, does not go alone into the shade of the pine woods. A manly figure has walked past her, then turned round and come toward her, as if he would recognize her, and not desirous of encountering the unknown person, who was closely enveloped in his cloak, in those desolate paths, she determined to turn round and seek for the rest of the company. She turned back, but lo! there stood the unknown again before her. Gerda stood still. At that moment ascended from the mountain a

blue-white, flaming Bengal light, which illumined with a clear brilliancy even this woody region.

In this light Sigurd and Gerda recognized each other. There they stood, looking as pale in the blueish light as if they had been apparitions. It was with painful delight that they recognized each other. They seemed to each other almost like the dead arisen from the land of shadows.

Gerda was the first to speak. The fountain of her womanly heart overflowed.

"Ah, Sigurd, is it you?" said she, and smiled beamingly, although her eyes were filled with tears.

"I was seeking for you," replied he: "I have been seeking for you long—and now I have found you." But he did not look happy.

"Thanks," said she, and extended to him her hand.

He did not give her his. He looked at her quietly and gloomily. They were again silent, and looked at each other in that white flaming light.

"You are pale, Gerda," said he, at length, and his voice was as gentle as a child's.

"Am I? That is, indeed, from this white fire—and—I have been thinking about you. But you are also pale, Sigurd!"

"I have come to bid you—farewell."

"Farewell! You will—"

"I shall set off early to-morrow morning, to my native place again."

"But you are not yet quite recovered! But it might be injurious to you all at once to change your—"

"Better that than to stay here after—better that the body suffer than the soul! My future is to me perfectly indifferent. It will be happy enough for me!"

"Ah, Sigurd! do not talk so! Why—why can not we live together as friends?"

He answered not. His glance rested upon her with a dark flame. The brilliant fires upon the mountain had become extinguished. But the beautiful night-lamp of heaven arose now above the wood, and lit up that dark region with its calm, illuminating beams.

Gerda continued, with still greater animation—

"Does not the brightness of God beam without us, and within us? Can not we be united in it, and thus united, work for his kingdom, and for that which is good and beautiful on earth? Can we not, as friends, extend to each other, our hands during a peaceful and confidential life of friendship, undisturbed by selfish feelings? When God created the human race in two halves—man and woman—he willed that, in becoming united, they should perfect life. The one half shall be the other's helper. But that heavy, that restraining bond, is not uncondi-

tionally necessary for it; for the great part, it is unnecessary. There is a higher marriage than the common one—a spiritual marriage. Oh, Sigurd! could we not give to each other our hands in this, and be happy together as brother and sister, as friends—as the angels of God in Heaven? You do not answer me, Sigurd."

"What shall I answer? Farewell, Gerda."

"And you will go?—You will not!"

"I wish to thank you; but—I can not do it—not, not now! Beg you to forgive—but neither can I do that. May God's best blessings rest upon you, Gerda!"

"Oh, no! You can not think of leaving me thus, Sigurd; not separate from me thus. I could not bear it!—Oh, no!"

"What will you, then? The day before yesterday you rejected me, Gerda."

"Oh! reject me now! Only be not weary. Reject me, Sigurd!"

And she clung fondly to him as she said—

"Reject me!"

And he rejected her not. He clasped her to his breast, closely, fervently, and wept. Both wept. Every bitter memory, every thing that was gray and dark, was washed away by the water of tears.

Their souls became serene and pure.

Holy fountain,  
Urda's fountain,  
Fountain of purification,  
Fountain of renovation,  
For all of us,  
In all of us,  
Let thy pure waves well forth!

The fires upon the mountain had burned out: but the gentle light of heaven rested over the two, who had much to forgive each other, and to whom it was needful that they should love much.

Sigurd was the first who raised himself from the deep embrace. He said—

"Thanks for these moments! It will be less bitter to me now. For the last time, Gerda, one kiss! Oh! that we must separate!"

"And why must we?"

"Because I love you too much!" exclaimed Sigurd, with passion. "Because I can not, and will not, live near you, if I may not clasp you to my breast in an earthly and heavenly manner, and call you *mine* in the meaning of men and angels—because you *fear* me. Oh! do not, do not, and then I might say to you, forget the past! There are, indeed, graves for the spiritual dead; they are found in the abysses of love. Let manly love atone for the offenses of manly arrogance. Oh, Gerda! my bride! give yourself to me as my equal. Let me teach you that the bond which you dread may become the wing of a lofty freedom. Let me—oh! let me love you as I now will, and now can do; and—fear—nothing! The

sword which formerly lay between us is now broken. You, yourself, have knit new bonds. But they ought not to be broken; let us not loosen them; let us complete them. Oh, my beloved! confide yourself to Him who can complete them—to Him whose hand has led us together at this moment—to Him who has designed that the closest union should lead to the highest freedom and the highest happiness. Or are you too proud to give me the means of reconciliation and atonement? Oh! be not so! Be noble, Gerda, as you always have been. Take the hand which was dead, and to which you gave animation, and let me conduct you to your brothers and sisters, and beseech of them to receive into their alliance your husband. Gerda—beloved! are you yet afraid of me?"

"Then did frost receive life from warmth," says the old Northern Legend of Creation. And the same thing happened here.

Gerda was not of a cold nature. That we who know her, knew well already. But there was a something which had frozen and stiffened within her—the result of Sigurd's former treatment; and something there was which now came forward, and gave new life from the beautiful fire which glowed through his whole being, and infused itself into hers. Whether she now thought much about her own happiness, her own satisfaction, I do not know; but—I do not believe it. I do not believe that she thought of herself at this moment; but she thought sufficiently, and felt something great and divine in now extending her hand to Sigurd, and saying, with candor and tenderness:

"No, Sigurd, I am no longer afraid of you. Let it be as you will!"

And she took his hand; that one which had been dead; and to which she had given life, and clasped it faithfully in her own.

And beautifully now stood they there, man and woman; no longer pale; eye to eye, hand to hand, as equals, as partners in the light of heaven.

And thus went they to their brothers and sisters.

The elder portions of the company had, in the mean time, sought within the house for an atmosphere less likely to produce colds and coughs than that out in the romantic moonlight. They now sat there—General Herkules with them—and yawned and experienced a little ennui, because their animal spirits had somewhat begun to abate. It was therefore a very welcome and enlivening sight, when the door opened, and a figure stood there in a fantastic dress, a blue short jacket, a yellow cap, and a tall staff in her hand, and which offered (the figure, that is to say), to tell the gentlefolks their fortunes.

The fortune-teller, who looked quite witch-

like, with a pair of large black eyes, and a countenance which was worthy of the Northern Wala, was received with great delight; and they hastened to lead her in, and offer her a seat at the table where she could lay out her cards.

The Sybil looked gravely round with her dark eyes, and did not allow herself to be disturbed by General Herkules' exclamation, "Nay, the d—! My little rattlepate! Such a witch!"

She shuffled her cards during a profound silence, blew upon them, muttering, at the same time some mystical words, and then laid them out very attentively, while the deepest silence still prevailed. When she began to speak, she described the fate of the new Association, and its originators, in something like the following words:—

"The Association will become a model association, will grow up and flourish in every way, as well in its many habitations as in its many inhabitants. Among the latter we remark the young Pepparkorns, who three months after the great wedding, had become bankrupt, and who here again make a beginning, in a new spirit and with better luck.

"Augustin and Hedvig's greatest trouble will be, that they must stand in the place of parents to all the little fellow-citizens and citizenesses who are born within the Association, because their fathers and mothers, consider that unless they do so, they can not become right good members of the Association. For the rest, the two live there as patriarchs among children and grandchildren. They are like the Judges and Judgesesses in Israel; and in their old age they will be seen visiting the dwellings of the work-people, or sitting in the shade of the birch-trees within their porch, and there saluted by the people to whom they give counsel. And the older they grow, the handsomer, the more cheerful do they become; yes, indeed, so much so, that all other countenances become bright in the reflection of theirs. They will attain to a great age and great wisdom.

"Ivar becomes an editor. He will publish a large newspaper, which will spread far and wide the doctrines and the modes of cultivation adopted by the Association. His wife is his fellow-laborer. In company they develop and apply, according to the Book of Wisdom, the important doctrine of educating, in community, all the members of the Association to a certain age; by which every one acquires something like a chance of success and advancement in the world, every one according to his talent. This is the communism which is advocated in the newspaper.

"All the factory-girls write in the *feuilleton*, which obtains an incredible number of readers, and especially of readeresses.

"Gerda instructs the members of the Association in melody and harmony. She will discover a new instrument, which will be

called the Concordium, and will play continually upon this, with her elected husband, so that both men and angels will admire.

"Bror and his *cara sposa* will people the world. The children will be very like father and mother, and aunts and uncles. And the people in the Association will say that there never can be too many of this excellent generation.

"Uno will become a clergyman in the Association, will preach powerfully both by precept and example, and will convert many heathens. His son, under the guidance of his father, and his excellent and exemplary aunt—the virtuous Göthilda—will undertake to remove into the Association a garden, which formerly lay in the land of Mesopotamia, called Paradise; and then will people see sheep and goats kissing, and the dog playing with the cat in the most cordial bond of friendship, and Adam's sons and Eve's daughters, who have not the least desire for the forbidden fruit.

"The Architect will very nearly kill his affectionate wife, while putting up a roof, which will fall down upon her, and which also will strike his leg. If they survive this danger, they will live many years, and very happily.

"Göthilda will strive boldly against her fate, but will fall finally a sacrifice to it, and will be deeply mourned and regretted by the friends, chickens, and little pigs of the Association. A monument will be erected to her with the inscription, '*Fate became her lot.*'

"David participates powerfully in the battle against the Goliaths and the Philistines of the age; obtains high rank within the Association, and lives long there happily, amicably, and peacefully.

"Mina, more fortunate than the late Mrs. Penelope of the Island of Ithaca, need not have any anxiety about her wooers, because not one of them will kill himself or will be killed by any insane Ulysses. She will be in all respects considerably happier than the Queen of Ithaca, because her pantry will never be empty, let her give out as much as she will. As the sister of the sisterless, she will enjoy great esteem and love in the Association, and will diffuse among them new doctrines about the blessings of wealth.

"Many weddings appear in the future. Baskets and broken hearts seem not to be heard of. Bror's seven sons go out as wooers, altogether like the Princes of Coburg, and meet with good luck. Uncle Urbanus and Master Dalerin have hardly time to prepare all the wedding poems and songs. Uncle Urbanus makes himself regularly famous by these, and will be talked about both in Europe and America.

"The Island-lady Lagertha will make a journey to visit the delightful home of her childhood in Iceland. Hecla and Krabbla are so pleased that they get up an explosion,

and throw out such a deal of fire and ashes as terrify our young lady, and make her set off again in haste and never go there again, but settle down in the new city of the Association, and beautify it with one statue of the gods after another. Hecla and Krabbla are so vexed at this that they will not speak nor move again before the Day of Judgment.

"The young Protectors of the Fatherland, No. 31 and 32, will march—"

Here the sybil was interrupted all at once by Bror, who whispered to her—

"Uncle Herkules, Gôthilda; you have entirely forgotten uncle's place in the Association."

"Yes, that is true," said Gôthilda, almost embarrassed; "but I forgot it only because the best comes last."

"Don't give yourself any trouble on my account, my good girl," said the general, who was particularly quick of hearing, and who now stood near; "I shall altogether take care of myself. Build and live as you like best in your new institution. I shall keep to my *Svecia Antika*, and shall choose my own place there."

As the general said this with cheerful good humor, he lifted up Dalberg's great work which lay on the table near the one of which Gôthilda laid her cards.

The place at which he opened exhibited the interior of a mausoleum, ornamented with banners, helmets, and arms.

The general's countenance assumed, at this, a grave expression, and a certain degree of astonishment came over every one who saw the open page and heard the general's words.

Gôthilda turned pale, and tears flowed from her eyes.

The general stood silent for a moment, and contemplated the page on which was represented the mausoleum, and his grave expression brightened to a quiet smile.

"Well, and why not," said he, "this place is as good as any other, yea—better than any other, when people have arrived at a good old age. Nay, not so my little Gôtha, my little journeyman!" continued he, affectionately, as he laid his hand over Gôthilda's eyes, which, tearful and warm as the dew of a summer night, were turned toward him; "nay, child! people should not shed tears over the old who die, but merely over the old who survive themselves. And I am not frightened at death; only at dying slowly, at a long sick-bed, with doctors and nurses. God preserve me from that!"

"No; it is good to die as great King Charles did, and beautiful too. He died bravely, died as he lived, fighting against foes, with cannon, intrenchments, and towers before him, ready to make the attack; alert, awake, and cheerful in the middle of a

cold winter night, with his breast to the danger, and his head erect. Then came the ball. And then he sank; it was the will of God. So died King Charles. So died also the other great one, our Gustavus Adolphus. So ought every brave soldier to die. People talk about time for preparation! But nobody rightly prepares himself for death who does not do it every day of his life. That is the duty of every one. Yea, children, if I were worthy of it, I would pray our Lord for a sudden death. No long sick-bed to torment myself and others, but that he would call me to himself, one, two, three! By all means—he might then command me when he would!"

"Brothers and sisters," said Gôthilda, as with suppressed emotion she drew back among them; "on Sunday week is uncle's birthday. We must then have an entertainment, a festival for him. We must regularly amuse him. We must hit upon some merry scheme. I have my own ideas—we will talk about them afterward. This hideous fortune-telling dress quite confuses me."

And she threw it off with impatience.

"There will be a regular high-tide of festivities!" said Bror. "First of all, to-day's feast, which may be called the mother-feast; then, there is the feast after the wedding, which our dear brother and sister, according to old custom, must give us, and which we must not give up; and then there's uncle Herkules' birthday, and then that Chinese dinner, Gôthilda's feast! Now, if we happily survive these, we may hope to live long and—"

Here Bror was interrupted by the strong voice of General Herkules, which was heard through the whole room, as he exclaimed in a lively and cheerful tone,

"But I have yet something to settle, before I have closed my account with the world. And I have just now a confounded grave piece of business to conclude—Gôthilda."

And with this he threw his strong glances, like eagles', down upon Gôthilda, who, spite of her known bravery and presence of mind, felt herself now seized upon by a power, which at this moment she was unable to resist. She had a presentiment of the approaching danger; turned pale, and felt her knees totter under the effect of that fate, which she felt would overcome her.

The general continued to fix his eyes upon her, while a delicate, almost imperceptible smile passed over his firm, determined lips. It seemed to say,

"Yes, yes! Now I have thee fast. Now we shall be quits. This will be enough for thee!"

After he had waited sufficiently long to turn all eyes in excited expectation upon himself, he continued:

"Göthilda! You have given me the right—you must remember it—to give you away to whomsoever I will. I assert at this moment my right, and give you, my sister's daughter, Göthilda Dalberg (Göthilda gasped for breath), in marriage to my brother's son, Jarl Herkules, who desires to have you for his wife, and whom I herewith declare to be my heir. Göthilda, give me your hand, without ceremony. This young man will have you; and I will marry you to this young man. Have I a right to do so, or not?"

"Yes, uncle, you have a right!" exclaimed Göthilda, resolutely, at length, as she came forward, and gave the general her hand. "But I have a right also in my life, and that—I will make an end of, if I am to be taken to Russia, a long way from you uncle, and all whom I love. Die I should very soon there, and that I may as well do at first as last. Well, then!—now, uncle, you can do as your conscience will allow!"

"My own d—h good girl!" exclaimed the general, as he lifted up Göthilda, and kissed her; "my witch, my little baggage, my Götha-princess, my rattle-pate! You are and shall be with me, in life and death! Satan's son! could you believe that I would send you to Siberia? No, the d—l and all his race! And that young chap there wouldn't have taken you, if he had been ten times my nephew, if he were not Swedish in soul and heart, and now a Swedish citizen, and my own lad, as you are my own lass. Now—what have you now got to say? Have you any thing to say, perhaps, against this young man who loves you, and wishes to have you, and whom I know that you like—yes, that you do! That I have seen. And what you have not done, that you can do. Depend upon me. I know the lad. He is a good fellow; and can be silent like a man. That I like in him; and it was at my desire that he was so long silent on the wishes of his heart. Well!—Now, if you have any thing to say against him, say it—sing it out!"

"No—not precisely; but—" stammered Göthilda, now somewhat perplexed.

"Wischli, waschli! Talk Swedish. Yes or no," interrupted the general.

"*Every thing or nothing*, Göthilda!" said Jarl Herkules, and he looked at her with such a cordial and merry countenance as was irresistible to Göthilda.

"Well, then, *every thing*!" exclaimed she; "let it be as uncle will."

And she extended her hand to Jarl, but we strongly suspect that the heart had already sprung half way before it, spite of the Emperor of Russia, and that hatred of which we already know; and in the gigantic palm of General Herkules was her hand united to that of Master Jarl, who grasped it with Herculean power, and held it firmly.

General Herkules looked round at the company, and, with a cheerful voice, challenged them.

"Is there any body here who has any thing to say against the betrothal of my niece, Göthilda Dalberg, with my nephew, Jarl Herkules?"

"His father ought, at all events, to have a word in the business," now said a voice, which sounded strange, and which could not have occasioned more surprise if it had come from heaven; and into the room stepped an old man, of a handsome exterior, with an upright carriage, fresh complexion, and gentle, though grave expression. He wore the dress of a civilian, but upon his black coat shone a gold medal of bravery, like the one which General Herkules wore. Immediately after him came, but stood in the doorway, a man about fifty, likewise wearing the dress of a civilian, with a pleasant, round, and very jovial countenance.

The elder of the two, who seemed to be the other's master, and who was accompanied by Augustin, advanced, with slow steps, up the room, with his eye fixed on General Herkules, who stood nearly in the middle of the room, and whose stately figure in his military dress, was moreover a very striking object. The general, on hearing the voice of the stranger, had hastily drawn himself up, and turning upon him his eyes, continued fixedly staring at him, while the other approached nearer.

When within a few steps of the general, he paused, offered him his hand, and said, in a voice of deep emotion:

"Do you no longer know me, brother Wolmar?"

The general turned pale, pale as if from fear. His eyes seemed as if they would start from their sockets, while they were fixedly riveted upon the other. He looked confounded, and an uncomfortable feeling oppressed every one who was witness of this scene. At length, the general raised his hand, and pressed it to his forehead; he then extended it toward his brother's breast. It was seen that he trembled.

"It was there!" said he, as if to himself, as he opened his shirt front, and revealed upon the naked breast a large and deep scar.

"It has grown up, Wolmar!" said he with the scar. "Do you know me now?"

"Yes," said General Herkules, now violently overcome by his brotherly feelings which had been concealed for thirty years.

"Old boy!—brother!—is it you!" exclaimed he, and clasping the new-comer in his arms, he kissed him with tears.

"Old boy!—brother!—God forgive thee and me!"

It was affecting—it was actually "feeling-full," as Maja would say, to see the two brothers thus.

"And you are come yourself," exclaimed the general, "thanks for that! Thanks, brother!"

"I wished indeed to be at my son's wedding," replied the brother. "It was not enough for me merely to send consent and congratulations. And so I would see you once more, Wolmar—would see whether you could always continue angry with me!"

"The deuce! That was true!" exclaimed the general, warmly. "I had nearly forgotten that! And now—the d—l knows what has become of that thorn which I had in my breast against you. I don't feel it now. But—the deuce take such subjects! why did you remind me? Now I remember it all! Yes, brother, how could you do so? how could you act so!"—

"I have acted according to my conscience and my convictions, Wolmar!" returned the other, calmly but firmly. "But," added he, with a sorrowful expression, "that you would not believe, that it cost me more than I could tell that you should be my enemy; and that you thus felt and thought; and that you would not listen to the letters that I wrote to you—in all this you have done wrong, Wolmar!"

"The deuce take me, if I don't begin to think so myself!" exclaimed the general, uneasily.

"Yes, you have done wrong!" continued the brother. "After I ceased to bear arms for Sweden, I never bore them more. I have lived as a peaceable citizen upon my paternal estate, cultivated the soil of Finland, and have sown the seeds of cultivation in Finnish hearts. I have been faithful to God and my fatherland, and have peace with my own conscience."

"Peace, then, my brother; peace in eternity between us!" exclaimed the general, with fervor, and shook his brother's hand. "And if I can not see things as you do in all respects and can not share all your convictions, yet I can honor them. I know that they proceed out of an honest heart. Man sees piecemeal, God sees the whole. He judges! Enough—but your son—him I shall keep! On that we are agreed: You have six besides him—is it not so? and girls also. Jarl remains, therefore, my son and my heir. He is a good lad, and will become a good man. And a very d—l is he for silence! He has been as silent to this girl here about his love, and to me about your coming, as a wall. But hark you now—the deuce, it was almost too much. And there is his sweetheart, Arthur! Göthilda, my own girl! A good girl, you may believe. There is spirit in her, and heart too. I give you leave to kiss her, brother."

He did so. And now came forward a young Master Herkules, and a young Miss Herkules, and yet a little Miss Herkules, who had accompanied their father to see

"that dear Sweden," and to be at brother Jarl's wedding, and who now represented the whole generation. General Herkules embraced and kissed them all, and took the youngest in his arms.

She was a sweet little girl of about seven years old, the delight of her father's heart. She looked both serious and glad—with bright, dark blue eyes—upon the gray-haired warrior; and then looking attentively at his order, took hold of his medal of bravery with one hand, and exclaimed, as she pointed to her father with the other, "Papa has a fellow to this!"

"You are right about that, my child!" said the general kissing the girl so fervently that she distorted her face, and then setting her down, he continued, while he laid his arm on his brother's shoulder:

"Do you remember, brother, when we got them? Do you remember the day at Kymmeneelf, 1789? As long as I live, I shall never forget that day. We were wearied by the day and the night's march. The enemy stood on the heights with their cannon; we down upon the plain among the morasses. But the king rode forth, and asked us whether we would fight this evening. And we all answered 'Yes!' And we fought. Hot was the fight, as hot as h—. But in a few hours we stood upon the heights, and the enemy fled across the plain! You and I, brother, had received some severe wounds. But we had gained possession of an ensign. We were young lads, then. Do you remember, brother, when we stood by the bloody banner, bleeding ourselves, with joy in our souls? 'Do you remember how King Gustavus rode up to us, and talked to us in the face of all? Then it was that we gained these, and our lieutenants' epaulets. Do you remember that evening, Arthur? Do you remember how the western heaven was bright with sunset-flame, and our hearts sang 'Te Deum' upon the battle-field? Did we then feel our wounds?"

"We were young then!" And the general looked upon his brother with bright and tearful glances. He was silent for a moment, and then resumed:

"Yes, it was then. It was a beautiful day, that first camp-festival. In such a state of mind as I was then, I have not been since, excepting many years afterward, on another—another greater day."

The general again paused for a moment, while some brilliant warlike memories seemed to arise before his sight. His eyes flashed, and all eyes were now fixed upon him, bright with expectation. It was so silent in the room, that the buzzing of a fly might have been heard. But no fly buzzed. General Herkules continued:

"It was in the great people's war. It was at Leipzig. It was the day when Ne-

poison was beaten by the nations whom he would subject, and who now had risen up to crush him. On that occasion, the Swedes and the Russians made common cause. "One for all, and all for one." That was our watchword. And the crown prince, Carl Johan, led on the Swedes. The command was given at day-break. I wish that you could have seen him, my friends, when he galloped along the line on his snow-white horse, as handsome and proud as a god of war, and looked upon us with glances which would have kindled fire in our breasts, had it not been there. But it was there. It was burning there as high as heaven. The cause of the people's freedom had called it forth. It was for that which we were combating. Heaven and earth! what a day that was when we stormed Leipzig! For three whole days did the fight continue, and now it was coming to an end. Half a million were drawn up for battle, headed by the most powerful monarchs and the greatest generals in the world. It was on the nineteenth of October. From early in the morning was heard the thundering of the cannon, and the city was attacked by force of arms. That went on till noon. We were then within the city. Napoleon fled, and blew up the Elster bridge, after crossing it in his flight, with a thundering crash that shook the earth. We, Swedes, were among the first who stormed the city; many of us had fallen; many were clad in bloody shirts for the cause of freedom; but we cheered and pressed on, and many of the enemy's best men fell by our hands. Those were hot hours. We knew that we lived. The 'storm-march,' the beating of drums, the sound of the bugle and firing were heard every where. Every where were we fighting or pursuing the enemy. At two o'clock there were no longer any French in the city, and now rode in peacefully as conquerors, the Emperors Francis and Alexander, the King of Prussia, and the Crown Prince of Sweden. Children! I had seen him when he sat upon the sheaves of straw at Gross-beeren, calm and assured as a god, while he issued his orders and dispatched his officers, and I then saw what a great general is. I had many times been near to him in the tumult of the fight, and admired his courage and presence of mind. I was now also near to him in the moment of conquest, and saw him calm, gentle, magnanimous and generous toward the conquered, and—I loved him. We stood upon the spot, where formerly Gustavus Adolphus had combated for the liberties of the people, and been saluted as victor. And so also were we saluted now.

"Nearly a hundred thousand dead and wounded lay upon the field of battle. But shouts of exultation, blessings, and tears of joy saluted us. The windows were thronged with rejoicing people. A thundering 'Viva'

filled the air. Yes—that was worth living for! The cause of justice, of freedom, and of the people had triumphed. And we had triumphed for them. The world was about to be renovated. A fresh life-stream seemed to flow through our breasts. The d—l take me if it were not so, although thousands of dead bodies lay around us, and death stood still before us. But it is a good thing to have lived through such moments—to have been an actor in such things. Thus something great is seen; and on such occasions it is also seen what is human greatness. We understand, we know that men are merely instruments—work-tools in the hands of Providence. We have seen the power of the great, we have also seen their fall. Yes, children, and we must all fall—to dust, to dust! But—God Almighty lives!"

Overcome by his feelings, the general abruptly paused, put his hand to his eyes, and brushed away the tears, so that they glittered in the air like diamonds in the sight of the others. Angry at his own emotion, the general stamped upon the floor, and exclaimed—

"Nay, it will never do, we have something else to think of to-day. Hurrah for fatherland, the king, and ourselves! Now let fiddles and bassoons sound for seven hundred thousand. Let us have a right good polska. Now children, set to in right earnest!"

And they did set to! Every body was in motion. General Herkules danced with young Miss Herkules. Ivar danced with his young bride. Bror danced with his young wife till his hair flew wildly in the air. Every gentleman danced with his lady. And in the adjoining room might be seen Corporal Stolt swinging round with Corporal Glad, the friend whom he had again found; while Maja, in the joy of her heart, danced round with Hannah, and Louisa hopped and swung about with both chairs and tables.

Thus danced they till after midnight. And thus was the festival danced to an end in the merriest and most satisfactory way in the world. And he who says otherwise—I should like to see!

Bowing, courtesying, smiling, congratulating, thanking, kissing, hand-shaking, so departed the guests. Arm-in-arm, cheerful and warm, marched Stolt with Glad to the new dwelling of the former. General Herkules took his brother with him; he had had a bed made for him beside his own. The brothers would now, as in the vernal green days of youth, sleep in the same chamber; they would talk about former times, and now in each other's opened and reconciled hearts they would again become young. But not all in this one night.

In the mean time every thing had become still and silent in the little Birch Island, and Augustin and Hedvig found themselves alone together in the festive hall.

"At last we two have met!" exclaimed Augustin, as he hastened to Hedvig, after accompanying the last departing guest to the gate, "now one may have a moment with you."

"But are you not very much tired, Augustin?" inquired Hedvig anxiously, as she took his hand.

"Tired? I?" repeated Augustin and smiled—that angelic smile. "Hm! I think that I could dance again before you. I feel so light, so gay, and I—love you so inexpressibly. And now we two will enjoy ourselves together. This day has been rich in many ways, and how well every thing goes on in every way. And how encouraging and hopeful every thing appears for us all; for our plans and undertakings. Of how much good achievement; of how many good beginnings has not the foundation been laid to-day. I only need one thing to make the accomplishment of all easy."

And Augustin's glance rested with affectionate inquiry upon Hedvig. Hers also upon him, as she said, "And that is?"

"It is to be fully certain that you also feel yourself entirely happy and satisfied. I have long wished to ask you about this, but I have hesitated, have feared. Yet now, Hedvig, I must know. Tell me, Hedvig, this your youth's beloved, this Ludovico—could you see him without any regret, without any pain, without to another?"

"Is it not any thing else? Oh, then, be happy, my Augustin!" exclaimed Hedvig, smiling. "Yes, Augustin, I can with truth say that I now see him without a lingering wish that it were otherwise than it is. On the contrary, I am glad and thankful that it is as it is—that Ludovico is happy with a beloved wife, and that I am freed from all temptation, all grief, which might have arisen had he returned unmarried, and with the same feelings for me as formerly. You see, Augustin, that my friendship for you, and the delight which I have in your society, have so entirely and completely extinguished all other feelings, excepting those which I have in common with you, for Ludovico, for our little and our great family circle. I desire, I wish for nothing higher than a life by your side as hitherto."

"Well, thank God!" exclaimed Augustin, and clasped his sister to his breast in the fullness of his heart. "Then our wishes accord in the very happiest way in the world. But how delightful it is, my sweet Hedvig, that you can love me so dearly. I shall be very fond of myself for that cause. Hedvig—between us also a completion takes place! Do you see the planet there, just above us? It is 'the family-house'—it is the *twins* which rest in each other's arms silently traveling through space with their beautiful double stars. The legend says, that the one shared with the other—the mortal—his immortal

spirit, and therefore that the gods translated them both to heaven. It is our planet, Hedvig! I remember an evening, long since, when we watched them, even as now, above us. But then we were sorrowful, uncertain regarding ourselves, regarding the future. And now! I think that we are as certain and as clear as those children of heavens above! And as much united!"

Hedvig had quietly laid her head on her brother's shoulder as he thus spoke, and he had laid his arm around her. She said nothing, but the fullness of heavenly peace lay upon her pure brow and in her clear eyes.

From the window where they stood they had a full view of the hills on which the dwellings of the work-people were erected. They were bathed in the light of the full moon. The heights shone brilliantly. The air also was as mild as a summer night, and the crickets sung in the dewy grass.

Augustin's glance rested upon the rising dwelling-houses, and he clasped still more affectionately the beloved sister as he said—

"For all! Hedvig, did you not wish it thus? And how glorious it is that the most beautiful happiness of life may be possessed by all! Freedom, certainly, a quiet sphere of operation, peace of mind, peace at home, and therefore—a friend in heaven, the highest and best! And a friend by our side on earth—a friend like you!"

## THE BIRTH-DAY.

A NEW festival was again in full bud at the little Birch Island. It was uncle Herkules' birthday. On this day he was to be treated with pure surprises and merry schemes, all of which were "Göthilda's ideas." On this day the bans were to be published in the church for Jarl and Göthilda; and early in morning the whole house was bright with garlands and crowns, and more cheerfully than common sounded the church-bells in the clear frosty air.

The floor of the garden-parlor was strewn with fragrant juniper-twigs, and already the breakfast-table stood spread out in profusion, with "wafers and biscuits and coffee remarkably good."

Early in the morning stole Göthilda and Karin, with a garland of fresh laurels, mingled with *immortelles*, to the door of the old man's chamber. Göthilda had chosen for her purpose the time when the general, after having read or worked for a couple of hours, commonly indulged himself with a little nap, sitting in his tall arm-chair. She pressed softly in at the door, and—yes, she was right—General Herkules sat at his work-table, leaning back in the tall gothic chair, and was slumbering soundly, with his head bent down to his breast. Upon this

table before him lay his Charles XII.'s Bible, open, and beside it lay Thor's hammer, and his hand rested on its handle.

Ivar's young wife and Gôthilda stole in and placed the chaplet upon the old man's head, cautiously, cautiously!—and then retired with stealthy footsteps, not a little delighted at the whole having succeeded so well and that the general had not waked.

They now joined their brothers and sisters and friends who were assembled in the outer room, where Augustin held in his hand a large drinking-horn, richly mounted with silver, which was a present from the brothers and sisters to uncle Herkules.

All now struck up that cheerful song which was so dear to him :

"Swedes in the old times drank from the horn!"

At the cheerful, beloved sound, the old count should have awoke and been pleased; that was the intention. But he awoke not.

Beautiful was it to see that old head, with the green laurel chaplet on his silver-white hair. The morning sun now threw its golden beams upon it. The flowers of the *immortelle* shone out like stars.

The song was sung to its close.

"It is remarkable that he does not awake! Shall we sing the song again?" said the brothers and sisters.

"The coffee is getting cold!" said Hedvig, a little troubled.

"Go and kiss him, Gôthilda!" said Augustin. "He will not be displeased at being woken in that way; that I promise you."

Gôthilda went up to him, and pressed her coral lips upon the old man's brow. But she shuddered as she did so. The brow felt so marvelously cold.

With the movement that Gôthilda made, the general's right hand fell down from the table, and the hammer with it, making a loud noise on the floor. The head sank on one side, so that it rested on Gôthilda's breast.

Gôthilda looked inquiringly upon the slumberer. And with that she began to tremble violently, and large tears fell from her eyes upon the old man's head.

The others approached nearer.

"Dead! dead!" was whispered sadly and anxiously through the family circle.

It was so. General Herkules would wake no more on earth.

"May we all be thus removed!" said Augustin, as he grasped the hand of the sleeper.

And all the children whom he had loved and had cherished, went up to him, and kissed him affectionately with tears.

But Gôthilda lay down at his knees and embraced them in violent and bitter grief.

"It is his birth-day, Gôthilda!" said Jarl Herkules as he raised her up; "his birth-day, in the highest and best sense of the

word. His last prayer is now fulfilled. He will bless us from his bright heaven, and we will gladden him with an earthly life!"

And he kissed away her tears.

General Herkules was buried according to the directions which he had given. In his coffin he was laid upon fresh, fragrant pine twigs; his hands clasped, as if in prayer. Fresh and green rested the laurel wreath upon his open brow. He was still beautiful in death. Old soldiers—poor Stokt among them—bore him to the grave. And around his grave stood a large family of brothers and sisters, and around them a crowd of people of the working class, men and women, with their children.

And the childless old man was attended and lamented like a father.

None sorrowed and lamented, however, like Gôthilda. Every thing which had been most dear to him, she took under her own charge—his riding horse, his dogs, his cloak, his old Bible, his war reminiscences and "Thor's hammer." It was her delight, in familiar moments, to talk about him with her brothers and sisters, to keep alive the remembrance of his peculiarities and adventures in the family circle when he was among them. Her husband has in him a great rival, and from time to time he hears :

"You are very agreeable, and I like you very much; but so agreeable as uncle Herkules will you never be!"

Gôthilda herself never became so perfectly agreeable and *good* as her name required; she never became a pattern of woman in her perfections. But she became, with all her imperfections, her tragic and comic fancies and whims, a very excellent, intrinsic, and amusing person, and, upon the whole, a great favorite in the Association, both of men and creatures. She became perfectly reconciled to her fate, although her husband continued to provoke her now and then, when she wished to make rather a magnificent appearance, by combing his hair down over his face, and looking very miserable. No greater occasions for her to sacrifice herself occurred.

What have we further to tell of the fate of the New Erections and the New Erectors? We refer to the wise predictions of the fortune-teller for this; because, strange to say, it was actually regulated according to these, to the utmost.

That which she forgot to add we now add here, with respect to Louisa and Eli.

Eli became a celebrated artist, seizing upon nature and truth. He never traveled to Rome, but obtained prizes in Rome, as the most faithful delineator of northern life. Louisa kept his house, and was happy in his and her dear little Karin's happiness; grew much stouter and better looking, in consequence of good living and good humor,

and now shines like a sun among house-keepers, and still relates, both laughing and crying at once, "the sufferings and the good fortunes of the Olssonberg family."

This sister and brother deserved also their good fortune, because they always continued to be attached to the Dalberg family by the noblest and—perhaps—the most rare of all virtues—gratitude.

And now, good friend and reader, I have not forgotten that I owe thee, and Gøthilda, and the whole family, still a feast—the Chinese dinner!—but to speak candidly, I do not feel any appetite for it, and I hope that you do not either; I believe that we now must separate for this time!

But I must yet say one word about our honest Maja and her fate, because the Sybil did not leave us any information about it.

*The faithful hand-maiden* she was, and continued to be called in the Dalberg family, through the whole of her life—and that extended above a hundred years—and never sought any other honor or dignity (I know not whether a higher can be found). She lived to experience great honor and joy from

her foster-child, and her masters and mistresses—our brothers and sisters—and from all their children, who had for her a particular affection. In her old age, Maja became rather too much given to boasting of the power of attraction she had with children. And true it is, that one almost always saw her surrounded by a whole troop of little children.

And we ought also to speak of her Hannah, and how excellent she became, and how proud and glad Corporal Stolt looked as he nursed his own little son on his arm, and of the verses which were so "full of feeling," with which the poetical Mister Dalerin celebrated his birth, in which both Mars and Venus figured, together with Cupid, and where our respectable and clever Maja appeared in a remarkable manner to be mixed up with Jupiter, the god of thunder, and how these verses were framed and glazed, and hung up above the cradle, surrounded with a garland of whortleberry twigs—but, kind, dear reader, I actually fear that this is becoming too "full of feeling!" too sentimental. And, therefore—farewell.

THE END.

THE  
M I D N I G H T S U N:

A Pilgrimage.

BY FREDRIKA BREMER,

AUTHORESS OF

"BROTHERS AND SISTERS," "THE NEIGHBORS," "THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTERS," "THE HOME,"  
"THE PARSONAGE OF MORA," ETC.

TRANSLATED FROM THE UNPUBLISHED ORIGINAL,

BY MARY HOWITT.

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NEW YORK:

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

82 CLIFF STREET.



**TO MY BEST BELOVED.**

**MY MOTHER!**

---

**MANY** features of the image of Mrs. Cecilia I derived from my maternal home. Permit me, therefore, that to you, my Mother, I bring home the sketch of her.

**MY SISTER!**

I have already told you, Agathina, that they who in Norway are entertained by others are called their **INNERMOST**! But there are different degrees of innermost. The **INNERMOST** of this little book, and you are of the same class of inmates. You are my innermost, for you live in the very core of my heart. Remain forever with me, Agathina, and then it will be well with me, and I shall one day receive a blessing, for I have entertained . . . . .  
**AN ANGEL!**



## PREFACE BY THE TRANSLATOR.

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OLD and tried friends are welcome at all times. But at Christmas, when the hearth is swept and the table spread for the reception of guests, they are ten times welcome, especially if they come unlooked for. Here, then, dear English readers—old and young, rich and poor, learned and unlearned—is your old and beloved friend, Fredrika Bremer, come quite unexpectedly to sit down among you by your Christmas fires and at your Christmas boards. She comes, as she ever does, in that spirit of love and good-will, which, nearly nineteen centuries ago, was promulgated by angels. At this season, then, make her cordially welcome. Receive her with a warm Christmas greeting, for with her comes a worthy company, by whom your Christmas fire-sides will be made brighter and happier.

M. H



# THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

## CHAPTER I.

### A MIDSUMMER JOURNEY.

THAT which I love, that which I have loved from my childhood above all created things, has a beautiful face. Not of a Grecian beauty. No. Its features are far from regular. Not smilingly beautiful. No. Though the most lovely smiles beam there, its expression is solemn, and it has dark glances, and uncomely wrinkles and scars. But I love even these. Why? I know not. Love is of a wayward nature, and delights to kiss the very disfiguring scars, and adorn defects with the flowers of tenderness. My beloved's form is tall; great the contrasts which it presents: from his feet, which are bathed by the Baltic waves, which are caressed by carpets of flowers, up to his very crown, on which sits a diadem of wedge-like ice-rocks, and over which flame the northern lights.

At his feet I will sit, and hang upon his words as a child upon its mother's.

And lofty are thy teachings, Swea,\* mother-land, native land! The sea is less deep, the beams of the sun are less warm, roses less sweet than they: or what testifies the Wala song, sung in "the morning tide" of the world's birth; of its conflict and fall; of its second birth through generations nourished on morning dew; of the judgment of the dead; of lofty Gimle and the abyss of Nifelhem? And the achievements and the graves of our fathers, what testify they?

And when the first is past, and over the old mythology of the songs and Sagas, of mound, and tombs, the new goes forth and scatters abroad the seeds of immortality—what spring up in the popular opinion? What says the legend, weaving silently its garland of Sagas about the woods, and lakes and mountains? What sing the people of the mountains, the mounds, the streams—all the harps of nature? Resurrection! renovation! And baptized in the life-streams of love and Christianity arise the legends; sprinkling with living water, encircling with imperishable blossoms all the living and the dead—the old man sinking to the dust, the mouldering stem, the whole of humanity and of nature.

But all that she—our mother Swea—knows of these things; of the world's creation and the

world's object, she has not yet spoken. Unexhausted and inexhaustible is the treasure of wisdom which she preserves in her silent woods, and in her soundless deeps. And perhaps the Creator placed her so aside on the earth, so far up in the north, that longest of all countries might she husband her original strength, and where her sisters of the south have grown faint with the conflict, with the over-stimulus of culture, she may breathe upon them a renovating spirit of life; and the new World arising from her cavern of snow, sing for the world a new prophetic song, profound as the old—

Wonderful wisdom  
Which most early she taught.

When was it sung by the cradle of Swea? We know not. Darkness covers the most ancient time. Long was the north a land of shadows and of Sagas. Of a country above the north wind, above the "people of the shades" near "the motionless sea," where the sun never sets, where the Hyperboreans, the most upright of mortals dwell, spoke the old, dark traditions of the people of the East. And the earliest native traditions of the north speak of these races of gods, giants, and dwarfs, and of their strifes. These are the first dawnings of the day upon the northern peninsula. When the light breaks—the light of history—over the gloomy Saga land, we perceive blood stains on the young earth—the first traces of man; we hear the songs of woe and the lays of love—his first language. Amid woods of eighty miles' extent, and mirror-bright lakes, we behold altars and huts, council-places and graves; and the people, a warlike people, stand on the council-place and elect a king, and pass laws. By degrees, the provinces distinguish themselves by their own peculiar natural endowments, genius and expression. First in the south, then more and more northward, where still, at the present day, cultivation advances toward the uninhabited regions.

Scania—sea-surrounded, genial, fruitful Scania, has perhaps, of all the provinces of Sweden, the most remaining of the primeval and original features. Mists hover over the low, far-stretching plains, which gently rolling up from the sea-coast, shroud the country; and when the wind, driving over the champaign, chases away these fogs, you behold, far away on the horizon, an azure border of ocean or forest, drawing its dark boundary round the landscape.

\* The ancient mythologic name of Sweden, and used like our Britannia.

Masses of beech-wood stand here and there on the little hills, and ever and anon a small streamlet winds murmuring through the plains on its journey to the sea: the Viking's home. Along the level coasts stand most ancient towns: Malmö, Skanör—the flower of the sandy waste—Ystad, Lund, Helsingborg, Länshärad, Cimbrishamn (*Portus Cimbrorum*). The age of most of them no one knows, and the Danish rhymed Chronicle says—

When Christ willed to be born  
Stood Land and Skanör in the corn.

Moist, but mild; rich in the power of the sun (though often hidden), its cloudy sky broods over the soil of Scania, and renders it fertile and productive. The plain is for the most part now converted into a billowy corn-field, and on the green pastures wander glad some herds of dappled cattle, and white flocks of geese. Surrounded by splendid woods of beech, amid the corn-fields and sandy heaths rise proud castles of the lords, with their legends of goblins and specters. Their traditions of the Scania nobility, and the quondam mighty families—proud, powerful, splendid, and rich, in singular and striking individuals, both among the men and women.

Beneath the castles lie villages surrounded by scanty willows, built of branches of trees and clay; of a more recent date of framework, and of late of good stone, where children and geese dabble in the eternal mud; and linking together the castle and the cottage

Like spirits amid the trees  
Glance the white churches forth among the corn.

The nobility of Scania are no longer what they once were, either in rank or riches. They have gone down, and the peasantry have ascended, and continue to do so to the present day. The new consolidation of the farms, which cut up the village, has been the making of the peasant. Upon his lonely acres, in his house inclosed like a castle, he has easily become rich and possessed of estate. But arriving at affluence, he has not seldom become slothful and aristocratic; often more so than the present lord of the castle, count, or baron. Attached to the land he possesses, and proud of it, the wealthy farmer who holds of the crown, will not give his daughter to the tenant of a freeholder, but regards a connection with his family as a gross *mésalliance*.

The peasantry of Scania are well known for their gravity and ponderosity, but less so for the intelligence and energy which have enabled them to work their way up from a low position to one of considerable prosperity and consequence, and for the public spirit as regards the affairs of their native land, which they develop more and more in proportion as they rise above their physical oppression. But this is nevertheless true. The constitution of the man of Scania is in general heavy; heavy in his conception of matters beyond his daily life; his speech is drawling. Heavy is his bread, heavy his porridge, heavy his dress, but yet peculiar and

handsome. The dress of the women of Scania is particularly handsome, and the Scanian cloth\* adorns tastefully their round and comely faces. In a word, the usual heaviness of the dweller of the plain, presses upon the farmer of Scania. For so it is, and can not be otherwise; men take their stamp from the circumstances in which they live. And the more flat and earthy is the character of the country about them, the more are they bound to the soil. Love and genius alone enfranchise them from it, and lift their pinions with equal freedom and equal brilliancy over the plain and the mountain, over the sandy wastes, and over the most paradisaical region. Profound thinkers have issued from the peasant class of Scania, and in the Swedish parliament, none has with more effective eloquence advocated the cause of enlightenment and freedom, none has spoken words which come from the heart, and reach the heart again, with more electric power than the peasant, Nils Monson, of Skumparp.

Scania renders to Sweden of all its provinces the most corn. It has given Sweden, too, what is greater and better: it has given her one of her greatest lawyers, David Nehrman, and two of the noblest painters, whom even Europe admires. Must they not be born in the country which the sun loves?

And warmly beams the sun upon the plains of Scania, on which the snow lies but restlessly and not long, chased by the wind, where the buckwheat ripens, and the mulberry tree and the sweet chestnut bear fruit, where the night-ingale sings in the groves, and the lark often the whole year round trills its lays, over the town of Soxo†—the town of old memories and young men—the youths of southern Sweden, who there study and sing in the close of the Cathedral and Lundagård; and where many a thought, many a song has arisen which already resounds through the world.

Scania is Sweden's outstretched hand toward Denmark, formerly extended in bloody combat, now in brotherly alliance. Long and bitter was the period of hostility; but in Copenhagen and in Lundagård arose two Skalds,‡ struck their harps and sung of the common memory and common life in the maternal embrace of the Sagas, of the gods and heroes of the north, of the first times and the first love, and the eternal bond of union of the people of the north. They burst the bonds around the hearts of the combatants—they began to remember and—to forget!—to remember the first brotherhood, and forget the times of discord. The frozen streams broke up, and enchanted, exulting, the people fell into each other's arms, recognizing each other as brothers and friends.

Between Helsingborg and Elsenaur, formerly hostile fortresses, now pass over the Sound only the greetings of peace and love.

\* A kind of small silk shawl worn on the head, and tied under the chin.

† Lund, with the second University of Sweden.

‡ Tegnéer and Oehlenschläger.

Halland and Blekinge, both maritime districts, lie to the east and west of Scania. Once the haunts of the Vikings, they are now the homes of an agricultural population: Blekinge more wild and beautiful; Halland more ill-favored and poor. Halland, so named from its numerous mounds and hills, has still in its remoter parts scenes of wild beauty, great umbrageous woods, where the northern Bramble throws its luxuriant shoots around the stems of the trees, beautiful with flowers and berries. But, for the most part, the heath has usurped the place of the felled woods, and the ling abounds on the stony and sterile fields. The people of Halland, who usually are divided into the *slavish*, the *independent*, and the *dissipated* classes—distinctions that would very well suit most communities—are nevertheless a people poor, laborious, inventive, and active, and have raised themselves to great eminence in cattle-breeding and handicraft arts, especially in the manufacture of woollen cloths, to which a lady resident in that province gave the most effective stimulus, both by example and exhortation. Along the coast runs a chain of small towns, daughters of the sea, which supports them. The Swedish small town may be studied in them. Perhaps they are the meanest and most despised in all Europe. The Swede does not willingly adorn the outside of his house. His porch, if he have one, is not clothed with green branches, or flowers, as in southern countries. He has, and with good reason, no great confidence in the sun—in Nature's genial powers. And for all unnecessary trouble, as well as for many of life's comforts and pleasures, he has a wholesome contempt, which only goes—somewhat too far. The interior of his house is properly his home; you see that in small towns more than any where else. The street is empty, and in the market-place, in front of the Town-hall, promenade mostly four-footed things. The grass grows between the ill-laid stones. But, in the low house's low window, the passer-by sees between the white curtains, among geraniums and balsams, interesting and inquisitive faces of old and young, cats and pug-dogs, peering forth, all on the look-out for something new. And in the evening, when the candles are lit, he may discern through the windows, which no jealous blinds obstruct, a gallery of little domestic scenes, not devoid of comfort and attraction.

All is silent in the little town. The coffee-parties and the club make but little noise. Only when there is a ball, a carriage or two rumbles along the street, going to bring to it the ladies. The little, quiet, indigent town has, however, not seldom a great advantage over London or Paris, I will say nothing of Stockholm; in that it is neat, and has in it no paupers. The poverty of the little Swedish town is a poverty without pauperism. Halland possesses among its heaths, some landscapes of wild beauty, with rocks and waterfalls; among its recollections, some events of historical importance. In Sweden generally, no one knows

much about these; but who in Sweden does not know, at least by report, Halland-salmon?

Beautiful Blekinge! Thee ought the poet and the painter to describe—to describe how, in the shady and delicious creeks, the Baltic sea ascends to sing its *drapa*\* by the groves of the Vikings, which in hundreds of piles of stones stand along the shores, encircled with oaken woods. In these dales, where song-birds build and dwell, where the silvery brooks run murmuring, amid this people of fine forms, of beautiful dress, and open, cheerful dispositions, who are only too fond of strife, and in strife become wild, and betray the Viking blood, in this vision of beauty, Hokon Spegel dreamed himself into Paradise, and sang "God's Work and Rest," and composed hymns to the Creator's praise.

The whole of Blekinge may be compared to a park, with Carlshamn and Carlskrona as noblemen's seats; Carlskrona, with the fleet of Sweden, with Kungsholmen and Drottningsskär guarding the land; with cannon pointed east and south, and westward too, defending the Arpö Sound.

Larger than these provinces, and lying between them, is Smoland, a country finely alternated with hills, dales, and small lakes; northward more gloomy; southward, toward Blekinge, more cheerful, with a people quick, lively, contented, and so industrious and inventive, that it has given rise to its own proverb: "Put a Smolander upon a roof, and he will get a livelihood." This character is strongly imprinted on the remote forest regions of the country. The forest, which is the countryman's workshop, is his store-house too. The juniper and cranberry bush give him their berries, which he brews into drink; he makes a conserve of them, and mixes their juices with his salt, dry meat, and is healthy and cheerful with these, and with his labor, which he makes a pleasure of. At his solitary charcoal station in the forest, he sings his songs while it burns and chars, and when he is going to "tar the dale," as it is called, he makes it an occasion for a great entertainment.†

They honor their priest highly, converse gladly with him; on Sundays they bring him presents, and the women at the "cheese-meeting" are anxious that he shall have his dues. If he be unmarried, the elderly women take charge of his house, furnish him with fork and spoon and the supply of his larder, of which they will not allow themselves to taste. "No, thank you," they say, "you will want it yourself." A romantic enthusiasm runs throughout the Smoland people, and is conspicuous in their traditions, their temperament, and their history.

The town of Kalmar, the districts around Vettern, Jönköping, Grenna, Visingssö, Östnabe,

\* A funeral song.

† A great many tree-roots, and stumps, which have been heaped together in a valley, are set fire to, and burned for tar. The peasants then assemble from all quarters, and eat and drink round the burning pile while they tend the fire.

have all witnessed times and circumstances more romantic than any romances relate. Smoland's poor soil has been prolific of great men. In Smoland, Linneus was born, the king of flowers, who when the scepter of war fell from the hand of Charles XII., arose to confer new glory on the name of Sweden, and diffused its honor over the globe, but with a scepter of flowers. Here the peasant Hörberg painted altar-pieces, which are still prized, in the intervals of making his hay and sowing his fields. Ling, the modern Goth, the father of Swedish gymnastics, the reviver and elucidator of the old mythic Sagas, fencing-master and Skald, was born in the ancient Gothland. So also Odman, the interpreter of the Scriptures, Lehnberg, the eloquent preacher, Botin, the historian, and Hoken Sjögren, who, a poor peasant's son, by extreme diligence and prudence, raised himself to the high rank of college professor, and published books of education, which are still highly valued, and who, through exact economy, acquired a fortune, of which he made the noblest use—who, old and gray, resembled a mossy image of stone, yet retained a heart full of warmth and life, and with his money-box under his feet, collected around him a troop of promising but indigent youths, whom he assisted with its contents—himself a faithful representative of the popular character of Smoland, a living lecture on the greatness which may be attained by a faithful attention to the little in time, in labor, in money, in every thing.

The women in Smoland have their own Sagas, and this its own living monument. The district of Wärends and the county-court of Wärends preserve these in the law, which, from the most ancient times, gives to women the right to inherit property like the men, to wear the warrior's belt, and to cause the drum to beat before them as they go to the church as brides, as the reward for the bravery with which they rid the country of invaders when the men were away in the war. The tradition regarding it is dark, half reality and half myth, an illustration, nevertheless, perhaps, of that which has pervaded all countries and people from time immemorial, of the exploits of Amazons, and of the people and land of the Amazons. Where are the Amazons? Where is the land of the Amazons? It is nowhere, and it is every where. Wherever a noble race of people dwell in a land. It is found in Sweden. The Amazon, the Sköldmön,\* the Valkyria dwell there—in the silent bosom of the Swedish woman. Still at home, unassuming in society, the loving heart's deep world, she has never feared, and does not fear, in the hour of danger, to adventure her life; to battle and to die for what she loves, for her native land, for freedom, for truth and right. Blenda, Emerentia Pauli, Christina Gyllenstjerna, and many others, have with the point of the sword written their names in the history of Sweden. The Sköldmön, of whom the ancient Sagas

speak, sleeps also in the gentlest heart. Awake her not, if not in love! . . .

The life of the islands around was well worthy of their song: its islands on the Smoland coast—Oland and Gothland, rich in the poetry of nature and in remains of antiquity. Sea-birds swarm around them, and in the clear moonlight nights of autumn and spring, the conflicting cries of the swans are heard; clanging sounds echo around the coasts.

Oland, with its rare flowers, its orchises, its Adonis Vermalis, its beautiful groves where the nightingale sings. Oland is worthy to be the cradle of Stagnelius. The ocean which rocks it, which from every corner of the island is seen in its greatness, is a perpetual image in his song, deep as the sea, and bright and beautiful as its calm mirror bathed by the sunbeams.

How much and how little, at the same time, is the life of the poet! No poet's life has shown that more than that of Stagnelius. The poet of Pleroma was born and grew up in the unromantic personage of Gärdlösa, perhaps the most prosaic point of Oland, with an awkward stooping figure, a plain countenance, from which merely, now and then, the ordinarily downcast eyes flashed lightning, and appeared altogether a very common personage, ate cakes—Oland's heavy, favorite dish; played three-handed whist with his sisters late into the night till the cocks crew, and died, worn out with bodily suffering, in his prime, an inferior clerk in an office in Stockholm. No matter! Pleroma's poet will live forever: and the "Lilies of Sharon," more imperishable than all the flowers of Oland, will bloom in the Swedish bosom with the fragrance of an eternal spring.

The prose of Oland are its wind-mills. They stand on the heights. Below are its groves, the poetical ruins of its royal palace, with the memory of the gentle Duchess Ingeborg, who lived here, as widow, to weep, and do good; and of the ambitious Prince\* who here lived and built, glancing seaward toward Stockholm, and waiting for a crown. He received it from Christina, but was often afterward heard to exclaim amid the anxieties of a crown: "My good Oland, my good Oland, how happy was I on thy strand!"

Gothland, called the eye of the Baltic, a mountain table-land, raising itself above the sea, remarkable for its proud reminiscences of the past, its beautiful rivers, its flowers, and its antiquated customs, is at the same time the pedestal to Sweden's greatest mechanical genius, Christopher Polhem. The child which grew here betwixt the waves and the mountains, pierced at a later day a road through the rock, and taught the billows to advance thence, and form a path between two seas.

We return to the main-land. North of Smoland commences Ostro-Gothia, one of Sweden's greatest and most fruitful regions, and with Westro-Gothia, the heart of the ancient Göta-

\* Female warrior.

\* Charles X.

land, where, in former times, petty kings emulated and strove with each other. Deep, dark woods meet us here : Tiveden and Kolmorden. In Pagan times, and even long after in Christian times, the traveler who had to pass through these forests, commended his soul to God. Monuments of murders of stone and branches rise along the way ; and the loneliness and silence of the wood, and the long distances betwixt inhabited spots, awaken gloomy thoughts. But arrived on the summit of Kolmorden, you are astonished at the most magnificent view over the fields of the fertile country, intersected with its lakes, rivers, and canals.

The Ostro-Goth is proud of his country. Grave, honorable, and hospitable, he is satisfied with his land, and satisfied with himself, and will enjoy his rights without, however, violating those of others. "When the Ostro-Goth has got his fill," says the proverb, "set him at his post, and he will not give way to the devil himself." The Ostro-Goth may be proud too of the men who have issued from his country : Rydelius, Sweden's oldest philosopher, the poets Leopold, Gyllenborg, Jacob Wallenberg, Dahlgren, and the natural philosopher Berzelius, whose name is honored through Europe : we name here only the great dead.

In Ostro-Gothia we meet with the Göta canal, "Sweden's blue ribbon, which unites the Baltic with the North Sea." On the shore of Motala, on the margin of the canal, lies a grave at which travelers pause, and princes lift their hats as they go by. There rests the accomplisher of the giant labor which Polhem and Swedenborg began—

"The man with the strong mind"—Baltzar von Platen.

The Vettern, the sea with the romantic shores, with crystal clear, but restless waves, divides Ostro-Gothia from Westro-Gothia.

In the primeval times Westro-Gothia was a land of Sagas : where elves and spirits were said to dwell. Here where Trollhattan formerly roared solitary in the desert, had Starkhotter fought with the goblin warrior, Hergrim, and won the lovely Ogn Alfafoster, who would rather die than belong to the six-armed conqueror. The enchantment of nature has not been subdued even to the present day, but by its side genius has forced a way through the mountains, and Trollhattan with his foaming masses of water, his wild and beautiful fall, Toppö, Gullö, and Helvetesfall, contribute now to the pleasure of the canal voyagers.

Traveler ! Heaven grant you a bright day, when, in view of Hunneberg and Halleberg, you plunge forward out of the narrow canal into the living and mighty waters of the Götha river, and sail on the stream between enchanting shores, past Trollhattan, and then the wider stream down to Göteborg. This I wish you.

In Westro-Gothia live old families with ancient memories and patriarchal customs, as well in the houses of the peasants as the lords. The West-Goth loves these ; loves Sagas and songs, and a care-free, easy life. He tills his ground

ill, neglects his advantages, and grows rather poor than rich. The contrasts of nature are great in the country. You behold the Vettern with its wreath of beautiful castles and parks, and the wild Trollhattan, the fertile plains of Westro-Gothia, the rich Guldskroten, and the heaths called Svälterna, down toward the borders of Halland, where you see no habitations, and find no living creatures except little, ragged, sunburned lads, who spring up here and there out of the heather, tending some lean sheep, and blowing on their horns some melancholy tones, always the same. Great are, likewise, the contrasts in the nature of the men whom Westro-Gothia has fostered for the common country ; men of the Forstena race—the brave warriors Anders Lennartson and Lennart Torstenson ; Ahlströmer, great in the affairs of peace ; Torbern Bergman, the forerunner of Berzelius, who, when a child, sought to arrive at the principles of things, and burned bodies to examine their ashes ; Kellgren, the perspicuous writer and critic ; Lidner, with his heart-rending but grand poetry ; Swedenborg, the seer of spirits, remarkable for his learning and his visions ; And by Axevalle heath lately sate a muse so charming, and composed with startling power, playful yet melancholy images of human life. Many know the genius of Sophie Zelow, the Baroness Knorring ; few have known her heart, and how beloved and amiable she was, as wife and as friend. Upon her untimely grave I wished to lay a flower, but I find it only a tear. She herself was one of Westro-Gothia's most beautiful flowers.

Bohuslän, formerly "Alfhem," the home of the Vikings, stretches itself northward from Westro-Gothia along the North Sea, up toward Norway. Of old the inhabitants were called Vikväringar, the defenders of the creek, and further down toward the Götha river, "Elfvargrimar," and were in evil repute. Sigrid Storröda planned her scheme of vengeance against the petty kings, her suitors ; and the severity in the disposition of the people has its counterpart in the nature of the country. The nature is severe. From the restless azure waves the granite mountains rear themselves like a sea in uproar that at once has congealed upon the land, and forms of it a rocky pile. Giants' caldrons and caverns are found in the mountains. Between the cliffs lie tracts of heath, and here and there, like oases in the desert, some green, fertile valleys. The sea is the country's real wealth, the field where millions of glittering ears are annually gleamed. Upon the shores of the Vikings now stand the cabins of fishermen. While the husband contends with the waves, the wife gathers moss from the rocks, or cultivates the potato-plot in the bosom of the crags, about which children and goats are clambering. So hard, so stern, so joyless is nature ; but the people are free-spirited, open, and active, and fear no peril, and know how to endure want. Such was Thorild, the intellectual Viking ; born on this rocky fortress, and advancing with his

splendid genius upon it in the Viking campaign against all the wretchedness in the world, unsparingly and fearlessly; could he avoid his reward—the martyr's fate? In prison he composed his "Songs of the Goths," and he died a fugitive from his country. Proud was his spirit, and not free from rashness, but his contempt was of the true kind, and his love was of the true stamp, too. An angel might have kissed the page which he wrote.

Dalsland, formerly called the Marches, eastward from Bohuslän, has a more kindly nature than it, and much farther north, are lovely romantic dales, lakes, and mountains; but the people resemble the people of Bohuslän in their restless, combative spirit. The March-men and their wives had formerly no good repute for quietness; and here still live peasant families who boast of their descent from the Giants, and even betray the giant character and lineage in their forms and dispositions. Such is the wealthy, proud, huge-limbed, red-haired, quarrelsome race of the Holbollingars. In other parts of the country, education and industry have softened the manners; and the cloths woven here are, as in many districts of Westro-Gothia, an honor to the women of the country.

Dalsland, Westro-Gothia, and Wernland, surround the Wener, the largest of Sweden's lakes, so important to the internal traffic of the provinces, proverbial for its beauty, and the vast cataracts on its shores. In the east, over the frontier between the provinces of Swea and that of Gothia, stretches around the great forest of Tiveden, with its lofty ridge, Getaryggen, by which people formerly divided Sweden into South-wood and North-wood; and here, in North-wood, north of Westro-Gothia, we find Nerike.

We ascend now—for upward goes our course—to the old province of Swea, the "people-land," the proper Manhem, where, according to ancient tradition, the Swedish original race dwelt, as the Goths did in southern Sweden.

Nerike lies in the heart of Sweden, a little excellent country, the smallest of Swedish provinces, but rich in all that constitutes the utility and the comforts of life. You see this in the market of Örebro, in the cheerful town, where the thrifty, industrious country-people bring the produce of their woods, their fields, their meadows and mountains, for sale, with a variety of manufactures. You see it, too, in the charming, well-kept dwellings, which cover the well-tilled country. Here it seems good to be, for those that are quiet and gentle in the land—good to build and live, to think and to write. Different avocations demand different environments; for the pursuits of the Viking, the stormy sea; for the still-thinker, the peaceful country. Nerike's verdant and quiet country fostered for the country at large the brothers Olaus and Laurentius Petri, who wrote the Chronicle and translated the Bible, under the powerful protection of Gustavus Vasa.

But in this pleasant country I still see a bloody

spot, which not all the waters of the Hjelmar lake can ever wash out! In the Hjelmar lies Engelsbrektsholm, where the Saviour of Sweden, the courageous and noble Engelbrekt, sick and propped on a crutch, was basely murdered by a Swedish nobleman. The grass, say the people, will never since grow upon the spot where the noble blood flowed beneath the murderer's hand. "Natt-och-Dag," Night-and-Day, was his name; but the day vanished thenceforward from his soul, from his escutcheon, for nocturnal was his deed, perpetrated in the night, and his life henceforward was a night. In the castle of Göksholm, situated on the shore of the Hjelmar, over against Engelsbrektsholm, long afterward was heard the cry of remorse; and misfortune pursued his family.

In Nerike begin the mining districts. A girdle of iron surrounds the middle part of Sweden, from the Baltic to the rocky ridges of Scandinavia. This includes the great and noblest mining tracts of Södermanland, Upland, Westmanland, Nerike, Wernland, Dalecarlia; the deep mines of Utö, Dannemora, Sala, Kopparberget, and many others. Every where has iron first broken up the country. Innumerable sepulchral mounds, stone monuments, and antiquities, testify to the age and importance of the country. It is a land of graves, but it is also a land where life continually flourishes in freedom and strength. It is a land of reminiscences, but also a land of men. It is Manhem—the home of men.

But the labor and toil here demand the strength of men. The granite, the primal rock, in the southern part of the country, covered by a rich mold, here protrudes every where, from its layer of earth to the light of day. The iron stratum is the ground on which the houses stand, from which the springs flow, on which the cultivated fields lie, often sterile and poor. Poor and scanty, therefore, is frequently the sustenance of the people, and pale poverty is found to dwell under the turf roof of the lowly cottages. But, no matter; out of the poorest countries issue the strongest men: Westmanland, Dalecarlia! So great is the power of the spirit over nature; so little can the earth, the old giantess Ymer, prevail over resolute and contending man.

Forward lies the noble Mälarn valley; the provinces of Södermanland, Upland, and Westmanland, inclosing Mälarn, the lake affluent in islands and legends, into which, according to an ancient Saga, all the running waters in Svithiod fall. And thus, at its outlet into the Baltic, in the border of Upland and Södermanland, stands the royal city of Stockholm. As you approach Stockholm from the side of the Baltic, you come first to a coast of many miles in length, abounding with rocks and islands. Innumerable greater and lesser islands and holmes form on all sides creeks and passages. You see every where new views open themselves. Charming, inviting bays glance full behind, while there lies something that you would fain see nearer, but which is soon forgotten in a fresh

object. The holme is often a sweet, green meadow, cast on the surface of the waters, more frequently a conical rock, but seldom ever a naked one. Fir woods clothe the heights, and groups of deciduous copes shine out with their light green foliage from the bosom of the rocks. At the feet of the cliffs stand the cottages of the fishermen, neat and good, on the green coast; and in front of them, on the water, rocks the little craft with furled sail, resting in the snug port. Higher up on the upper terraces of the mountain, glances forth from clumps of deciduous trees, the elegant country house, the suburban villa. The nearer you approach the city, the more handsome become the inns, higher and more closely thronged become the mountains. There is finally a castle, a fortress of granite, with pine woods on its rounded summits. At once this opens, and there lies Stockholm, in a splendid amphitheater, with its royal castle, its churches, its masses of houses, in a crescent round the wide harbor, where are the flags of all countries, surrounded by eminences crowned with bright-looking villas. "Here," says the chronicle, "was formerly much wood."

In former times—on the spot where Stockholm now stands, once took place a bloody banquet—a wedding, at which the carried-off bride, the royal Princess Skjalf, murdered her bridegroom, King Agne, thus revenging the murder of her father. The spot where the mead and the blood flowed on the night of the wedding, is thence called Agnefist, Agnes-point. There Birger Jarl built the royal city of Stockholm, on seven holmes, rivaling the finest capitals in the world, excelled by none. But the first wedding night has given the city a baptism which can never be effaced; and so long as the bitter waves of the Baltic, and the sweet waters of the Mälara mingle, never shall the beauty of the holmes, the splendor of the festival, and the hum of carousals eradicate the traces of blood, and the eternally active revenge. For there go still, at the present day, the apparitions of the past, the plunder-loving Agne, the revengeful Skjalf, the drunken bridegroom, and the pale bride; and the bloody memory pollutes the streets and squares of the city.

But beautiful and great memories also hover, like protecting genii, over the seven islanded city of the north. Here have the great rulers of Sweden swayed the realm: Birger Jarl, Sten Sture, Gustavus Vasa, Gustavus Adolphus the Second, and Sweden's great Charleses. The history of the earth has not got many greater characters, none nobler than the woman who defended the Castle of Stockholm against the tyrant Christian, when the men gave way, or fell—Christina Gyllenstjerna. And Queen Christina, even thou, fallen morning-star, but beautiful in thy arising, thou too hast cast a glory over the regal city. The love of literature and art which thou didst kindle, did not perish with thee. This didst thou give to Sweden, and Carl Gustaf as king; thy medal with the terrestrial globe and the inscription, "non sufficit," and

the celestial globe with its inscription, "sufficit," were and are the watchwords of all great souls. "Thou wert *also* the daughter of the great Gustavus Adolphus."

Many cities have larger palaces and churches, more beautiful bridges and buildings than Stockholm; none have more beautiful environs, or a more varied, rich, and gladsome nature. Konungadotter, the daughter of kings, still stands nobly, enchanting in her bridal array of blooming meadows, crystalline seas, and silent, shadowy banks. The artist loves this scenery, at once fascinating and dangerous for him. Bellman was inspired by it, and sang here his dithrambic song; on its holmes, Hedvig Charlotta Nordenflycht composed her warm and beautiful idylls. Sergel, the poet in marble, the creator of Cupid and Psyche, of the Fawn and the Dying Gladiator; Hjelmar Mörner, the master in the art of coloring; Mörk, Sweden's first romance writer, whose own life was a gloomy romance; Nikander and Vitalis, two noble, fiery geniuses of song, but extinguished in a melancholy night; all these first saw the day at Stockholm, and lived in its enchanted circle. The first wedding night was repeated for them. They were intoxicated and strangled in the enchantress's arms. She bound them with a golden chain; they drank from the same hand, mead and death. And for all ardent natures she is still bewitching and dangerous. But over the waters of Lögare\* the wind blows freshly, and entices the people out of the sultry, restless city. They obey the call with alacrity, for the Swede is no city dweller, loves not city life, but willingly seeks life in the open air; and every holiday in summer sees the inhabitants of Stockholm, by land or water, pouring forth on a pleasure trip. The romantic coasts invite to it. More than two hundred castles and royal residences with their parks lie upon them; and among these many with historic, gloomy associations, the prisons of kings, scenes of long sufferings, of fratricides, as Gripsholm, the castle of Nyköping in Södermanland, Orbyhus, the castle of Upsala in Upland. Södermanland has the most beautiful islands, the most woody, legendary shores, with the holds of Vikings and runic stones. The pleasant Wingöker, which is supposed to derive its name from the Vikings, betrays little of this descent in the peaceful pursuits which enrich the country, which plant its orchards and hop-gardens, or in the quiet, strikingly handsome people, who in an elegant costume, long, white homespun coats, the women in bright-red striped cotton head-dresses, wander through the country selling their hope, their woollen cloths, and sieves.

North of Mälarn is Upland, the oldest royal residence, where Sigtuna formerly stood with silver gates, where religions, preached in the kingdom, first struck root; where Odin established the first worship of the gods, built the first temple, and Ansgarius, the apostle of the north, five hundred years later, erected the

\* The ancient name of the lake Mälarn.

cross, and built altars, before which the old faith fell. The past and the present seem near in this place. Upsala, the city of the lofty halls, the city of Odin, still stands surrounded by the mounds of the dead, with the walls of the old temple of the pagan deities within the new churches, with Odin's, Thor's, and Freya's mounts, and Sweden's blooming and manly youth in its bosom, environed with the ancient faith and the new time. For the ancient faith is not yet dead in Sweden, not yet sunk into the earth. Remains of it still continue to survive all over Sweden in the popular belief in spirits and hobgoblins, in the people of the mountains, the cairns, and the streams, in the wonder-working and divine powers of nature. Offerings are still made at sacred wells on the hills; spirits are still invoked with secret arts; still strive the false gods with the only and great God. The Uplanders have, perhaps, of all the country people of Sweden, the least remains of this superstitious belief; but what remains to them in a high degree of the nobler mind of the pagan, are pride, steadfastness, the power of enduring much labor, of surmounting much, bearing and suffering much without complaint. The Stures, Gustavus Vasa, the great Oxenstjerna, Anders Celsius, Johan Baner, Nils Bjelke, were, even in all this, Uplanders. And a strong and enduring spirit even she \* possessed—the mysterious being who went forth from Upland, was canonized in Rome, and alternately praised and blamed by her cotemporaries, and is still not at all understood, yet who sought an honor which was not in the award of men; but said, as she resolved on her journey to the holy sepulcher, "I have neither begun, nor do I aim at concluding this for your sake. I have determined in my soul to pay no regard to the remarks of men."

And the joyous Upland lady, "not one of the eighteen,† but one of the nine," whose poems will live through all time, and gladden every Swedish mind—the old man's and the boy's, the mature woman's and the young girl's, the engaging poetess, the noble, sensible woman, Anna Maria Lenngren, in many things unlike St. Brigitta, yet possessed, with her and great men, steadfastness, strength to endure and suffer without complaining, and manifest this in a life which expired amid many troubles. For that is also a noble art, and well worthy of being practiced, that of well concluding a well-spent life; and, as the great Gentile said, "to make death not a suffering but an action."

Westmanland has rich mines, the greatest silver-mine of Sweden among them; but also desolate and poor regions, still more woody and desolate northward, toward Dalecarlia. In those remote parts, among mines and fir woods, and a population that has little intercourse with the world, men are strong and original, but putting too much faith in the infinite and indestructible

doing of this little world and its work. Thus Rudbeck, the author of *Atlantica*, Ehrensward, the architect of Sveaborg,\* Ridicule and the Russians, have pulled down both these great works. But Sweden honors in these twin two great spirits, and has not permitted mere outward accidents to darken their memories.

Westward of Westmanland is Wermland. It breathes warmly from this tract. It is true the country rises with seventy or eighty miles of woods toward the ridge of the snow mountains, and winter is severe and long. But it is *Warm-land* notwithstanding. With fire King Olof Trätälja opened up the country: fire flames every where out of the earth, blazes in the smelting furnace, glows on the hearth, gleams out of the iron forges, while the snow covers the fields. Fire lives also in the temper of the people, in their life, their song, their dance. True, the polska—Sweden's national dance—goes briskly in Upland and Södermanland; true, it has its peculiar character and variations in every different province of Sweden, and for the Nerike polska it requires a steady head; but the polska of Wermland, but the polska of the Jösse district, could originate only in Wermland, can only be danced by the man and woman of Wermland. He supported on her arm, swinging himself up to the roof; she carried in his as in a whirlwind: there is the spirit of the Vikings in the dance. And rapid and spirited is the music to the dance, like a clear winter-day, when the pine trees roar by the foaming waterfall, and the hammers of the forge beat time. There is fire—and was formerly more than now—in the social life of the province, where hospitality and entertainment are the business of the day. The kind of amiable ladies of Wermland must never cease to welcome and to entertain. There exists a fiery, youthful, and poetic life in the nature of this country, which Geijer calls a "akärgord† flung up in the middle of the forest," or these islets and promontories where the birches sigh; and on the shores of the lakes and rivers love and song appear at home there. And there had Sweden's two most fiery and noble poetic geniuses and natures, Geijer and Tegné, the home of their childhood. They were born in Wermland, as flowers developed by this life and nurture. They carried fire thence around the world with the name of Sweden. They kindled it in their countrymen's hearts toward the memories of the past, toward the eternally beautiful, toward all that is great and good. Like the Klara River, which ascends from concealed springs, streams through the land, and now in waterfalls, now in calm, delightful waters, still extending itself onward and seeking the sea:—such were their lives in different paths it is true, but with the same goal. That which gave to the genius of these men its beneficial power, and at the same

\* Saint Brigitta.

† The Royal Swedish Academy, consisting of eighteen members.

\* When Ehrensward had completed the building of Sveaborg, he wrote in his diary, "I can now die in peace. I have raised an impassable barrier betwixt Sweden and her natural enemy, Russia."

† A collection of small rocky islands

time enchanting and ennobling forms, was the strong heart. This they received from their mother-Swea; for she has a strong heart. It is her strength. But out of the heart—the center of life—proceed the streams of life.

S. G. Hermelin is also one of the names which Wernland pronounces with affection. He, too, bore fire from the furnace of his heart into that of the fatherland, and continued in the north the work of Olof Trätälja in Wernland—to his own loss, but to the gain of his country; and was, therefore, more honored and esteemed in his misfortunes than many others on the summit of their prosperity.

The Wernlander is warmly attached to his country, to its beauty, its peculiar customs and character, its rural, fresh life; and, though far separated from it, as bishop or counselor of state, the Wernland peasant is still the same at heart; and dearer and more touching than all the world's most exquisite music, is to him that single song:—

"Wernland, thou noble, thou beautiful land!"

Gloomy heights, deep, smiling dales, calm lakes, rapid rivers, a still, powerful, populous country—Dalecarlia, we approach you!

The name of Dalecarlia is great in the history of Sweden. Freedom always received thence her most powerful champions. Engelbrekt and Gustavus Vasa there found their men. They who would see the real popular life of the province and its character, should behold in the parishes around the Silja lake, the people on holidays, in their holiday costume, streaming forth to church, from wood and dale, or racing in their boats with ten or twelve pair of oars on the lake. They should listen to the great but homely village courts, where the morality of the people is maintained by the people's own moral power. They should visit the dwellings of the people on week-days, and see beside the plow and scythe the implements of the watch-maker or the general mechanic, and the Bible, and Luther's sermons beside these. They should see how the Dalecarlian man and woman, husband and wife, labor together, while the black-rye porridge boils in the kettle, and the child sleeps in its lambekin, hanging swinging by a rope from the ceiling.

The levity of the Wernlander is not found here. The seriousness of mind often becomes gloomy. The women are gentler than the men, their countenances more cheerful; but in love of their native land they have alike distinguished themselves. Profundity of mind, and diversity of genius and art, have distinguished the men who have gone hence for the honor of Sweden.

Engelbrekt Engelbrektson, at once statesman and general; Stjernhöök and Stjernhelm, whom Queen Christina called her stars of Dalecarlia; Benjamin Höjer, Hans Järta, the peasant Nils Pehrson, and Johann Olof Wallin,\* the David's harp of the north, reflected faithfully the genius

of the dales' people, even in its point, wit, and satire. It is playful on the surface, but is serious at the bottom. Thus it is in Stjernhelm, and Wallin, and—the points of the dale arrows\* are sharp at the present day.

Beautiful is the scenery of Dalecarlia, sweet and grand by turns. But over the grand, as over the pleasant, there hovers a solemn genius; and the minor key prevails in the songs which arise from the dales and woods, prevails ever in the music of the polska, brisk though it may be and attractive. The northern spirit makes itself felt. The winter is bitter and unrelenting. The frost lays waste the scanty harvests; the quicksilver freezes in the northern part of the country, and gardens remain a mere experiment. The desire to embellish and beautify existence seems to decline with the warmth and nature's southern life. The beech reaches in Ostro-Gothia the boundary of its growth. North of the Silja the oak is no more found. The pine, dark and solemn, prevails in the woods. The song-birds, which in southern Sweden fill the groves with delightful music, often the night through, do not come so high as here. It grows more hushed in the wood where the north-wind howls. Flowers become rarer, mosses more abundant. The bear shows himself. We approach the northern, the youngest Sweden, Norrland, the ancient giants' home—Jotunhem—Norrland, the land of mountains, birches, rapid rivers, and great river dales.

Surrounded on the west by Alpine ridges with their pyramids, their cubes and cones of ice, their glaciers and caverns, through which dark streams rage, with Sulitelma, the Festival Mountain, as their queen, at whose feet primeval forests murmur; to the east by the sea, to the north by the polar circle and its Laplanders; above it a crown of rocks, and beyond the icy ocean and the unknown and uttermost boundaries of the earth. Norrland lies in beauty, with the pole-star over its head, a land of contrasts, where light and darkness, life and death, the beautiful and the repulsive contend and conquer by turns, and in the conquest display their highest powers. Rapid and clear, the rivers spring from the bosom of the rocky mountains down enchanting dales, to which they give their names—as the rivers of Indal, Ljusnan, Uman, and Ongerman. The great rivers known through the world—the Tiber and the Thames, the Rhine and Seine, the Elbe and Danube, even father Nile himself, I believe, have muddy and yellow waters. But Norrland's diamond-clear rivers dance in maiden purity down the snowy rocks, through the country, into the sea, at once gentle and strong, to ameliorate its bitterness and bless distant shores. Roaring and furious near their cradle, they become more and more tranquil as they approach the ocean; and more majestic, but always equally clear, they go, like good Norrlanders, to bear the products of the country to the market of the world. These are multifarious. In wedge-like shoals the salmon

\* The late Archbishop of Sweden.

\* The arms of Dalecarlia.

ascends the rivers. The forests are rich in game. Black cocks and ptarmigan crow over the bear's den; the beavers build by the brooks, and from the exhaustless forests along the mountains the rivers bear floats of timber and boards to the coast, where commerce hoists its waving flags, where the ships lie awaiting their cargoes which the land sends, and, before all, its flax—for most beautiful is the flax of the north. And glorious in beauty, and reigning with the enjoyment of life, gallop herds of horses, free the whole summer in the fields abounding with grass, delighting the traveler with the sight of Norrland's strong and beautiful horses. Further north, the productions of the fields are rarer, the soil is more sterile, the vegetation more diminutive. Even the pine rears a thin and as it were frost-bitten scepter in the woods, and the birch becomes a dwarf on the margin of the eternal snow. But still up in Lapland the potato is cultivated, and at Enontekiö, under 68½ degrees of latitude, still corn grows; for the Scandinavian peninsula is the cultivator's most northern home on the earth. East and west of us in the same latitudes the circumstances are very different. In Siberia all tillage ceases at the 60th degree, and in Canada at the 51st. Why Sweden and Norway have been the most favored among the world's polar lands, science has not yet been able to explain. I say—"Our Lord has made it so, and what he does is well done."

Nordmarken is inhabited for the most part by Finns. The east of Norrland, and also the whole of the eastern coast of Sweden leans toward Finland, as a mother leans toward her severed child; and for many of her most beautiful geniuses Sweden has to thank Finland. Creutz, Adlercreutz, Calonius, Freese, Fransson, the Hornes, Laureus went from Finland to maintain the honor of the mother-land with sword or pen. And there still Runeberg enriches the Swedish tongue with splendid idylls full of freshest nature.

Young yet in Sweden's history, Norrland has not been able to give and to be what it yet will. But among the men it produces we recognize the popular character of Norrland—strong, sagacious, practical, cheerful, and prudent. Thus Norberg, the Orientalist, as great in learning as simple in manners; Johan Liljeorantz, the Minister of Finance: the naturalists, Arctid, Gahn, and Sefström; and the warm patriot George Adlersparre.

The scenery of Norrland resembles that of Dalecarlia, but is grander, broader, and more genial. The great rapid rivers go through the dale districts as if to rival each other in beauty. Height ascends above height in immeasurable amphitheatres, as if to look down on the spectacle of the dales; on that population of the peasants, who, handsome in form, pure in mind, clear in thought, pious in heart, glad in disposition, build by the river, free, comfortable, happy; on the smiling beauty of the meadows, where the northern flora, poor in species, but liberal in their abundance, lets the flower of the arctic

raspberry, and cornels, and cloudberry vie in beauty; on the tall birches, which, from Nyporna, along the shore resembling an old, moldy sepulchral mound, toward the river, bow their green crowns; and, finally, on the river—the center of the picture—in whose mirror, they, the hills, see themselves and all the splendid region afresh. Splendid, especially when over it the Norrland summer night stands clear, without a shadow, with a magic splendor poured over every thing which there lives, breathes, loves and enjoys. Should not every thing love under this heaven where the evening-red and the morning-red kiss each other triumphing over midnight; and the summits of the ice-rocks send flaming glances down into the valleys; during their short summer hour, where the life of earth is born in dithrambic joy, blooms and bears fruit under the light-life of a few weeks, where life itself seems a feast, which knows no darkness nor night. Soon is it past. Quickly come cold and darkness; the long winter and the long night, in which all nature's life dies, and sleeps under the great winding-sheet. But round the snow-clad earth the northern lights go wakefully, conduct the silent nightly dancers; and in the peasant's house sparkles the pine-wood fire, and the flax is spun by men and women, amid the sound of songs and legends.

Thus it is in the populous dales. Farther up it is more silent. Soest thou, in immense and desolate forest tracts which bound the horizon, huge columns of smoke ascend here and there to heaven? That is the spirit of the cultivator who advances toward the pole, who with fire clears away the forest for the plough. It is the trace of the colonist, who wanders in the wilderness, driving before him the Laplander. Instinctively he gives way. More and more the nomadic people are pushed upward toward the icy hills with their herds; more and more are they melting down and dying away before the conquering power of civilization.

But up there he is king still: the king of the desert; constrained by no one; and feels himself free and happy; rich in his herds and his few needs; not seldom rich in trinkets and silver too; mystic in his faith, poetic only in his songs and dances.

Up there it is a land of mysteries. Enormous iron mines; vast beauties of nature lie guarded by the dragons of cold. But there are also hideous marshes, immense fens, over which, in summer days, the cloud of mosquitoes hangs like a thick, continuous fog, till the first autumn night scatters them on the ice-like ashes. Much regarding these regions remains yet to explore and ascertain, but the polar spirit stops the inquirer's breath. He will not here be disturbed. Therefore, the further man ascends, the more silent it grows.

And often, in the midst of Norrland's most beautiful regions, is felt his oppressive hand. Here near the mountain ridges are found tracts of which a traveler truly says: \*

\* Arvidsson's North and South.

"Nature smiles indeed, but it is a sorrowful smile. It is as if the geni of the country mourned over their poverty, and wept over their hard lot among happier brothers and sisters; as if they cried to the lord of nature: 'We too feel courage and the pleasure of life; we too love wood and lake; over us too shines thy sun, but it warms us not. The chains of cold bind our wings; no bird sings in our woods, and seldom does a living creature mirror in our lakes its black and dwindling form. We *live* and *grow*, but we *ripen* never.'"

And yet, with all this severity and this gloom, with its pictures of darkness and death, Norrland exerts in the mind I know not what secret power of attraction. It lies in the very contrasts of this life and scenery, in this desolation and this beauty; this sad greatness and this sweet charm; in the witcheries of its short summer—that enchanting festival of light—in the magnificence of its winter night, when the stars shine with extraordinary luster; it lies in the power of this earth, which in virgin vigor of youth bears the cultivator seven-fold richer harvests than the longer-tilled lands of the south. It lies finally, for certain minds, in the very mystic scene itself,

which the midnight sun illumines, around which the mountain ridges keep watch, and the northern light flames in winter, but which man has not yet made his own with his laws and landmarks; in the silence of this fence-free, primeval forest, which nameless streams traverse, and beasts and plants, not seen in the rest of the world, alone inhabit; in the remoteness from the civilized, restless, laughing, crying, world—before all in its *solitude*!

Swans fly thither; they seek the most lonely lakes, those farthest removed from man, in order, in peace and freedom, to enjoy their brief life of love—to raise their melodious songs.

Spirit, who lovest and sufferest! Burning heart, thou singing-swan in the human breast, wilt thou not do like these? Wilt thou not away thither to rest thee, to refresh thee, to taste of solitude, to anticipate eternity? There, in that silence and greatness, it shall be well with thee, and thou wilt better conceive how—"God's spirit rests upon the northern land."

And now, for one brief moment, let us stand up there, in this northern land. Let us sojourn in Norrland!

## THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

MIDSUMMER was at hand. For more than a week had the spirit of summer already burst forth with power in Norrland, and changed, as by a magic stroke, the hitherto dead landscape, clothing the trees with foliage, calling forth the flowers, and filling hill and valley with songs and fragrance. Land and water beamed with her splendor.

There had been rain in the night. It was new morning. Light and shadow combated among the clouds—the eternal symbol of human life and temper—and threw changeable lights upon the landscape. At length his majesty the sun ascended from his bed of cloud, and put an end to the combat. He joyfully shone upon the meadows wet with the rain; upon the broad valley, with its wide, blue, glittering river; upon a mansion-house, with its surrounding estate, which lay upon a height, and commanded an extensive view over the whole neighborhood.

The wind, like a giant in a bad humor, arose murmuring to himself in the pine woods on the mountains, and betook himself—not yet quite awake—down the valley, with a prodigious bustle, breaking as he went, a few old and obstinate trees, which opposed their gnarled twigs and branches against his course, and advanced onward, like a bully, over the tops of the birch-trees, which bowed submissively as he went by, waving their long, green tails; and then, with a rushing sound, he came down

over the little flowers of the plain—anemones, and arctic bramble blossoms—as if he would annihilate them altogether. But the little flowers did not take any notice of it; they nodded and gave way, brightened and smiled, and cast forth fragrance and pearls of dew to the wind, and took all in play: it was not possible for him to be angry with them. Perhaps the old fellow from the mountains—we knew him to be as old as the deluge, and that he helped to dry up the earth after it—was put in a good humor by this. For it is a certain fact, that he appeared quite mild and gentle when, bringing odor from wood and meadow, he passed almost caressingly over an elderly, but noble human countenance, which, from the balcony of the house—the mansion with the fine estate—gazed upon the landscape around, and seemed to enjoy the freshness of the morning.

This was the countenance of the lady of the mansion. It was Mrs. Cecilia Nordenhjelm's. She was a lady of lofty stature, whose figure was somewhat bending rather than thin. She was dressed in light-colored and ample garments; a snow-white linen cap covered the silvery hair which, parted on the forehead, lay in soft waves on the temples. There was altogether something very agreeable and dignified in her appearance; the countenance, with its stamp of noble gravity and kindness, seemed to be almost without a shadow. And yet sometimes it looked very aged. At such times there was

something heavy on the brow; and in the wrinkles around the eyes and the mouth might be read the expression of long sufferings; at times, also, her carriage was more stooping than at others, as if she had a burden on her shoulders. She then might readily be supposed to be sixty and upward. But in her better moments, and especially when a fine, clear crimson tinted the cheeks, and the upper lip was curved by some merry joke, or the head was elevated in cheerful humor, she would scarcely be supposed to be fifty. She was a handsome old lady, that is certain.

Whether she was a native of Norrland or not, I am not going to tell you, because—I don't know myself; nor has it any thing to do with the matter. Neither shall I tell you whether she was countess or baroness—whether her husband had been senator, doctor, or any other dignitary; because neither has that any thing to do with the business. She was a *Swedish woman*, a Swedish lady, such as are many in this country; and on her estate she was called *the lady*; and—I shall not say any more about her for the present.

But with regard to her thoughts this morning hour, I must say that, although varied like the coloring of the woods, still the sunshine evidently preponderated in them, while the mild blue eyes wandered from the flax-field, which, in its tender greenness, shone beautifully, like a representation of hope, to the white, newly-woven linen, of which from fifty to a hundred ells were spread out on the hill, basking in the sun, while the vapor ascended in light steam-clouds above it from the heated grass, and the wet clothes dangled and wavered merrily about on long lines, in the increasing sunshine and in the increasing wind; and while old Lisa, the washerwoman, stalked about between bleaching linen and wet clothes' lines, in greater bliss for the moment than if she had been taking a walk in Elysium; because every kind of business on earth brings with it its own peculiar trouble and its own peculiar happiness, and the washerwoman's pleasure in good drying weather, is as great as many another's in "this vale of tears." This by way of parenthesis.

Any body might have seen that Mrs. Cecilia thought how the flax grew, and the linen bleached in the sun; how the clothes were drying in the increasing wind, and how her old Lisa was enjoying herself. It was not at all extraordinary, therefore, that the salutation of the wind came to her like that of a good friend; that while with both her hands she pushed back her hair from her brow, she inhaled the fresh, invigorating morning air with pleasure, and thought, as she looked around her—

"God's spirit in the northern wind."\*

She had, however, deeper thoughts and feelings, that might easily be seen upon her expressive countenance—feelings which fluctuated between anxiety and joy, such as find place in the deepest recesses of the soul, and

\* The motto of the arms of Norrland.

which shun expression and light, at least outward light, because they do not need it; and expression, because they can not be expressed. Such are the thoughts and feelings of the loving human heart.

But now they were all dispersed by a new object, and Mrs. Cecilia laughed merrily.

It was at the "little Sprig," as Mrs. Cecilia called him on worky-days—Frithiof, on high days and holidays—who, dressed in a sky-blue tunic, was bounding about the court; and now, in a whim of bravery, took upon himself to tyrannize over a couple of crows, which were leisurely marching toward a little pool formed by last night's rain, and in which our excellent little Sprig looked at himself, and therefore regarded as being his own especial place for splashing in. With stern *puissance* he lifted up his little cane, and called out to the crows, "Wait a bit! I shall teach you, never fear—only wait a bit!"

The crows, however, did not wait, but flew up, merely flapping their wings over the little Sprig, who, quite startled by their "Croak! croak!" stepped backward in astonishment, and was near turning head over heels into the very puddle from which he had chased the crows.

"Well, how is my little Sprig?" exclaimed Mrs. Cecilia. "Are the crows going to teach him to stand on his head?" and with that she laughed.

Her laughter was repeated by a faint echo, and just then a young woman, dressed entirely in black, and with an expression of affection in her countenance, joined her on the balcony.

She was very unlike the elder lady, this younger one, for she too was a gentlewoman, but still she was beautiful in her own way. She was of a slender and delicate make; her large dark eyes spoke of strong feelings; the carriage of her head was proud, while a hectic crimson kindled her pale cheeks, and on her rosy and beautiful lips was an expression of scorn, which seemed as if it would defy the whole world. The cherub, the morning star, which fell through pride, from its allegiance to the Creator, might have looked as she did. Yet, nevertheless, the eye rested with delight on that countenance, because it was beautiful, and its expression testified of a strong and suffering spirit.

"Ah, well! good morning, my dear Mrs. Sola!" exclaimed Mrs. Cecilia, as with motherly affection she stroked the rich black hair of the young lady. "How bright your hair looks in the morning sun! and your eyes also! but every thing shines, and is bright in this blessed morning hour—even tears. Do you see how they shine in the grass after the night rain, and are like little suns. Every thing will be lovely and magnificent to-day—even our little Sprig. Look at him galloping about there on his little cane, and fancying himself one of the lords of the creation, although he has just now been nearly standing on his head because of the crows."

"He resembles his sex; the whole race are alike!" said the young woman bitterly. "Love

of dominion and selfishness are the principal characteristics. If I were our Lord, I could not bear to let the sun arise upon this race. Men do not deserve to be loved; they are ungrateful and stern."

"Ah! you poor child, are you at that already?" exclaimed Mrs. Cecilia, casting a glance of commiseration on the young woman. After a moment's silence, she continued—

"People have generally three epochs in their confidence in man. In the first they believe him to be every thing that is good, and they are lavish with their friendship and confidence. In the next, they have had experience which has smitten down their confidence, and they then have to be careful not to mistrust every one, and not to put the worst construction upon every thing. Later in life they learn that the greater number of men have much more good in them than bad, and that even where there is cause to blame there is more reason to pity than to condemn. And then a spirit of confidence again awakens within them. You, my poor Ida, are now in that second difficult stage. But I hope that you will one day arrive at the third—the calm and consolatory."

"Where you have arrived, dear mother," replied Ida, smiling, "is it not so? But I shall never get there. I have had too bitter experience for that; and I can not forget! The Bible speaks about a star, the name of which is wormwood, and which renders all the fountains of the earth bitter."

"Does not the Bible also speak of some herb, or some tree which makes the bitter water sweet?" said Mrs. Cecilia.

"In the Bible, perhaps," replied Ida, "but where can it be found on earth? It is choked by the thistles, slander and severity."

"Most of us have to pass through good report and evil report," said Mrs. Cecilia, mildly; "but those who hold by the right, and endure faithfully, will in the end be justly estimated, even by others."

"In the end!" exclaimed Ida, impatiently; "and when does the end come? And, in the mean time—"

"Time sets many things right," said the elder lady, mildly, and with an expression of gratitude; "and, in the mean time, we may become better and more patient. Yes, time and self-discipline, because they make us humble. And to the truly humble is given the peace of God, and frequently his power."

There was a something unspeakably lofty and beautiful in the old lady's expression as she said this, as if from inward and deep experience.

The young one shook her proud head impatiently, and a smile hovered over her lips, which seemed to say,

"I have often heard humility preached up, but to practice it?"

She silently cast her eyes over the flowery, sun-lighted earth, and the bitter spirit within her whispered, deception! illusion!

Poor young woman!

The old woman had other thoughts.

"How green the flax field looks after the rain!" said she, cheerfully smiling; "and how the corn has filled! It looks as if we should have a good harvest. And if the flax turns out a good crop this year, we shall be spinning and weaving in the winter till we are quite merry. You should learn how to spin, Mrs. Sola," continued she, in a cheerfully joking tone. "I must get you seated at the loom, and then that restless, fermenting spirit of yours will allay itself. You are a beautiful Eolian harp, dear Mrs. Sola, only too much exposed to the winds. If the trembling strings could be touched by regular housekeeping affairs, they would produce a very different sound."

Ida could not help laughing; she now almost laughed as merrily as Mrs. Cecilia herself.

"Ah!" said she, "if I were to begin to be a good housewife under your teaching, dear mother, I should turn out something one of these days. But, that never can be. I shall this winter be a long way from here, upon the troubled ocean of the world. I must now soon leave you, dear mother, and the beloved hills and dales of Norrland. That must be!"

"And why must it be? Shall I tell you why, Mrs. Sola? Because you are too proud, too proud to accept a home, and a shelter even from your mother's old friend, from her whom you called mother in your childhood."

"No," replied Ida, "not too proud to receive any thing from her, but because, when I married I covenanted with myself and my proud relations, never to require the help of others; because it is necessary that I obtain not merely bread for myself, but also for my child, and provide for its future. The harp must sound while its strings are thus stretched. The teacher of music must work while she can do so. And you, dear mother, do you wish that I should do otherwise?"

"No," replied Mrs. Cecilia, "I do not wish it, because I know that you are doing right. I will, therefore, not prevent your leaving me, although it is so painful to me, especially as it must be so soon. But your little girl, dear little Naïma, I shall fetch from Torneo before that, and I shall keep her with me the whole winter. I can not be comfortable unless I have little children about me. And my little Sprig now really wants a playfellow and a companion at his book. Your little girl must console me for your loss; for your music has made me more cheerful than I have been for a long time. But, before you go, I should like you to make a nearer acquaintance with my children, who will now so soon be all assembled here, my son Adolph, whom I know that you have already seen, among the rest. He is only my son-in-law, but my own sons are not dearer to me than he is. The little fellow there cost the life of his wife, my Virginia, and his grief for her loss has made him still dearer to me. He will now soon return home from a long journey, and then soon afterward all my other children come here, and there

will be a merrier life than at Bragesholm than you have ever seen."

"But all that liveliness does not suit me," sang Ida, half playfully. "Before all this happens, I shall be beyond Torneo, on the way to Uleoborg, and afterward to Petersburg—"

"The post is come!" exclaimed Mrs. Cecilia, as she listened to a heavy step outside the room. She went out, and speedily returned with the post-bag, which she opened, and took out letters and newspapers. She handed two letters to Ida and two she kept to herself, broke them open hastily and read. Ida looked at her as she did so, and saw that her countenance brightened as if with joy. When she had finished reading, she laid her hand on Ida's arm, pressed it, and said: "Ah, Ida! to be able to do justice to every body. For this have I labored to my old age, and now the moment is just at hand when I can say I have done it. If I had not done this, I could not have lain straight in my grave. But now!—And my children!—I can see their future secure; I can now leave them a property free from debt! and Adolph, my son Adolph, is coming this very evening to remain with us. I must go and tell Ina."

And Mrs. Cecilia, with the letters in her hand, hastily left the room.

Ida looked after her. "How young she still is in soul and body!" thought she, "and I?" She looked at her letters and opened them with a proud and careless expression. She read, and her glance flashed with rage. She crumpled up one of the letters in her hand with a look of extreme anger. In a few minutes, she went out the same way as Mrs. Cecilia.

She passed through a large hall, called the "great joy," since the days of Mrs. Martha Orrhane, who had formerly possessed the estate and built the house, and who, in this hall, celebrated all her family weddings, and gave all her entertainments—and these were many—and who had with her own hand painted on the walls of this hall sky-blue pleasure-gardens, in which were wonderful temples, and in which goggle-eyed shepherds and shepherdesses cast the most terrific glances at each other, and where Mrs. Martha Orrhane herself, of joyous memory, sat the size of life, and in a large hoop, and looked amazed and joyful at all her masterpieces, and at the rhymed moral sentences which she had inscribed with her own hand over the four doors of the great hall, and from among which we select the following:—

"Love God and love your native land;  
Be brave, be zealous for the true;  
To industry and friendship's band,  
Virtue and love show honor due."

Ida went, as we said, through the "great joy," and afterward through many other rooms, all christened with their own names, from the days of Mrs. Martha Orrhane, and thus came to the one called the "little joy." Here dwelt Ina, who was also called in the family the *innermost*. And in this room she heard the sound of joyous familiar voices.

"How beautiful it is that our affairs are going on so charmingly, and that the business will so soon be done," said a young lively voice, "and that Adolph is coming this very evening. How delightful it is!—Ah, but we must see to the fisherman that he gets us some salmon for the evening; it is Adolph's favorite dish!—And we must also take the life of our fatted calf, and then—will you, mamma, send Helena up to me that we may talk about the stores? We must be well provided, now that all the brothers and sisters are coming. Ah, how merry that will be!"

Ida entered the room just as Mrs. Cecilia was going out of it. Her countenance bore witness to the struggle within her soul. The joyful expression of Ina's countenance changed hastily to one of uneasiness and pity as she saw Ida's face, and the letters in her hand.

"What is it?" said she, "something annoying?"

"Merely a new attempt on the part of my relatives to humiliate me," replied Ida; "they offer me a maintenance for myself and my child. It sounds grand, but I know them; and they—shall learn in time also to know me."

"Can I see the letter?" said Ina.

Ida gave her the crumpled letter. Ina read it attentively, and then said—

"It is not kindly written; it might have been more agreeably done; but, after all, it looks well that they are willing to provide for you and your little girl."

"Yes, out of charity!" burst forth Ida; "but upon such charity as that I set my foot and spurn it from me. Charity—I neither desire charity nor gifts of charity; I will have none of them; I will never receive them. Rather die—rather starve to death with my child. The men of my country have forgotten themselves," continued Ida, with flaming glances, and with indescribable pride in expression and bearing; "but the women still preserve something of the strength which they showed at the battle of Venden, when they allowed themselves to be blown into the air rather than ask favor from the cruel Iwan, who had ignominiously treated their husbands. For five days had he fired upon the castle in which they and their children were inclosed, and now they could no longer hold out. Its few defenders had either fallen, or were taken prisoners. Thus three hundred ladies, with their children, the flowers and buds of the nobility of Leifland, the descendants of the old Crusaders, assembled in the knights' hall, beneath which they had placed four casks of gunpowder. Dressed in their best attire, adorned with their most valuable jewels, and leading their children by the hand, they entered the hall. Here they engaged in divine worship, and partook of the Lord's Supper together. When the enemy was heard to approach, they assembled in a circle around the minister amid prayers and the singing of hymns. And, just as the Russians were seen above the walls, one of the ladies gave a

signal to a servant to light the powder. He took the burning match; the ladies clasped their children to their breasts, and all were blown into the air. The Russians found a heap of ruins, among which, however, was one living child, the daughter of the lady who was first in the enterprise. She was my ancestress. She yielded neither to pride nor to power; neither shall I."

"It was magnificently done by her and by those ladies of Leifland," said Ina warmly, with that beautiful paleness of countenance which the relation of noble and vigorous actions calls forth in sensitive minds. "But," continued she, while a faint trace of good-humored pleasantry played round her smiling lips, "I do not see that there is any occasion for such heroic actions. They will not make a prisoner of you: they will only make you more free through gifts."

"Gifts of charity," interrupted Ida, hastily; "they will bind me by charity, humiliate me!—I know them. I know the spirit which breathes in that letter. But I shall answer them so that they shall feel themselves humiliated!—Yes, that is as I shall answer them!"

"Ah no! do not do so, Ida! You may be mistaken. The letter may be, nay, in all probability it is, well meant. And, in any case, what purpose would it serve? Merely to irritate—to embitter! If you will decline any assistance, do it in a friendly manner. Do it so that it may not wound your relations, so that they may still think of you as having maintained your dignity. Would that not be the best, Ida?"

"You are a little, gentle spirit of reconciliation, Ina, and prudent at the same time," said Ida, after a moment's silence. "And that would, indeed, be the most prudent. But—"

"But do not send an immediate answer. Give yourself a little time. Look closer at the letter; let a few days pass, perhaps you will then see it in another light. Let mamma read it, and—"

"I have not much time to wait, at least not here!" said Ida, with a sigh. "I must set off from here this very night, my husband's relation, Colonel G——, will come to fetch me in the Ornsköld steam-ship—will accompany me to Torneo, and from there drive me in his carriage to Uleoborg, where I promised to spend a few weeks before I set off to Petersburg. I must accept his offer, and hold myself in readiness. But do not let us now talk about me. Talk about something else, about that which just now made you so merry."

"Ah, so vexatious!" exclaimed Ina; "that you should set off just now, when all our brothers and sisters are coming, and when we shall all be so merry here! Ah, Ida! what a pleasant thing it is to have brothers and sisters!"

"Is it so pleasant?" said Ida, with a distrustful smile.

"Oh, yes! And now we shall be right glad altogether, because we have good news to talk about. Through the sale of a small property,

which mamma first put in condition, and has now an unlooked-for chance of selling to advantage, we shall be able to pay the remainder of our debts, and we shall now possess Brageholm entire and unincumbered, as mamma has desired and labored for so many years. This purchase will be concluded at the beginning of July, and by that time all the family will be here. Mamma will then render up the account of her stewardship of the property, and consult with them about some new measures and plans for the future. Adolph probably comes to remain here altogether, and to assist mamma in the management of the estate for the future, and of that we are all very glad. He is so good and kind. But you know him already!"

"Only think," said Ida, "if now the right heir, the eldest son, Erik, should come back and present himself at this great family-meeting, and, like Banquo's ghost, seat himself at the table with the others in the 'great joy!'"

"He!" returned Ina, "yes, if he came, then we should all of us be poor, and then there would be an end of all the gladness, at least for us who never knew him. But mamma would be very glad. But poor Erik! he will remain away sure enough. He has been dead many a long year. I never saw him. He must have had an unhappy temper; but, spite of that, there was something very kind-hearted about him; so much so, that he never could keep any thing for himself, but gave away all that he possessed. And he would have got rid of the property also, if he had had his own way with it. But we will talk about my brothers and sisters. The eldest is Fridolph, a very estimable man in office, the best and the gentlest man in the world, only somewhat fierce in politics, and dangerous to talk with on that subject. He has, spite of his forty years, and beneath his grave, official demeanor, a secret passion for dancing, which sometimes regularly shocks sister-in-law Amelia. Then comes Charlotte—Virginia was between Fridolph and Charlotte, but she is away now."

Ina was silent for a moment, and then, suppressing a rising emotion, she continued—

"Charlotte is very good, very kind, a regularly splendid girl. She requires a great deal to do, a great deal to look after, a great deal to bustle about after. She would become a right excellent little wife and mistress of a family, if she could get a good husband. In the mean time, she thinks a deal about establishing a manufactory or some other great institution, but few can see how it is to be managed. And then come the youths, as we call them, Yngve and Arvid, my two youngest brothers, the one a young man in a government office, the other a young student of art, both very good, although very unlike each other, and both of them sing so delightfully, that it is a pleasure to hear them. And then I come, who am good for nothing, excepting to love all the rest."

"Then you can do more than many another, who can not love any thing," said Ida.

"Ah! but who can not, if they will?"

"But many, perhaps, will not. To become attached to, to love, is the same thing as to suffer, to become dependent on others, wounded, deceived! Better to have an ice-cold heart, and to stand solitary and alone."

"Solitary!" exclaimed Ina. "Ah! I could not live solitary. I can never be happy unless I can say *we*."

"And I," said Ida, "I see merely in that a fetter. The heart's captivity, the worst of all!"

"Oh! no! no!" exclaimed Ina, "you are unjust to yourself; you must alter and improve yourself. And you so handsome, so gifted—"

"I so handsome, so gifted," interrupted Ida, ironically, "am beloved by no one, and love no one; and do not wish that it should be otherwise. But," continued she, with a hastily altered expression, "yet, after all, if I were to choose, I would rather be Ina than Ida."

"Me!" exclaimed Ina, in amazement. "Ah! you do not know—" and her eyes filled with tears; "no, you do not know," continued she, cheerfully; "you do not know rightly what you will. You do not know all that you have to thank fortune for, you bright, accomplished being! And to-day, when it looks so beautiful, surely you have been out on your beloved hill?"

"Yes, I have been out."

"And the fragrance of the birch was very delicious? And the flowers in the green grass, and the butterflies that danced over them—were they not all indeed very beautiful? Every thing comes out so rapidly when warm weather once comes; and the birds, the free, happy birds, which fly about wherever they list under Heaven, how they must have been singing in the leafy pastures, and in the unfettered trees, which wave and murmur in the summer wind! Are not they happy who can see and hear all this, who are not confined?" And the cheerful eyes flew like captive swallows toward the window, longing to be out in open space.

There was a very dissimilar expression in this pair of eyes to that in the dark, orientally-beautiful and gloomily burning pair, which looked also into space, into the blue heavens.

We Swedes have generally no noses to boast of. They are of all sorts of shapes rather than the regular, and not unfrequently are potato-formed. But eyes, look you, we have eyes to take the whole world with, and something beyond that! Ina's eyes were not, however, of the usual Swedish kind, large and clear blue; but their form was beautiful, and their color gentle as the sapphire, and their glance fresh and inspiriting as the spring-heaven, while they were at the same time so especially affectionate and observant, that they seemed to press into the innermost recesses of whatever they fixed themselves upon with earnest tenderness. But then they were so gentle, that they never could be considered either troublesome or pain-giving; and their joy, their roguish laughter, was irresistibly infectious.

Ida's flashing eyes repelled or kindled. The strong but imprisoned fire which revealed itself there was counteracted by the coldness and by the pride of her character. It operated repulsively, as Ina's attractively.

Does not this lovely and caustic-tempered woman appear enigmatical to thee, dear reader? A word about this enigma, because there are many such enigmas, although few in so handsome a form.

Thou hast seen sometimes a bright crystal drop, which smilingly mirrors the light of heaven, change into a sharp-pointed crystal of ice. And why?

Because a bitter north wind passed over it.

When people meet with such an embittered drop in a human form, it generally happens that they shake their heads over it and pass by, or cast a scornful smile, or a keen word at it—salt upon the frost!

But thou, kind reader, do not so. Pause for a moment, and think that this embittered drop is a petrified tear, the child of bitter sorrow, and disdain not for a moment to take upon thyself the part of the sun, and shine upon the petrified drop to warm it. Perhaps it may be released thereby from its enchantment; perhaps it may again become that which it was in its childhood—a beautiful eye, smiling toward Heaven. Perhaps it may thank thee by its beauty, and then, and in any case—blessed be thou!

But we will now return to Ina's last words, "Happy are they who are not confined!"

The subdued, mournful tone in which she said this, changed quickly as she added with a smile, "But we must not take things in such a melancholy way, but as the old man Noack says, philosophically. Will you sing with me that merry song, that philosophical song, I call it, 'It's all one to me! It's all one to me!' I long for a little music just now."

Ida smiled, took her harp, and they soon both sang—the two dissimilar young women, both of them in a sort of merry, fool-hardy way, the philosophical old song—

"It's all one to me, it's all one to me,  
Whether I'm a beggar, whether I'm a king;  
If I am a king I can spend the money,  
If I am a beggar I can leave the money;  
So it's all one to me, all one to me,  
Whether I'm a beggar, whether I'm a king!"

"It's all one to me, it's all one to me,  
Whether I'm a gentleman, whether I'm his man;  
If I am a gentleman, I sit in the carriage,  
If I am his man, I stand behind the carriage.  
So it's all one to me, all one to me,  
Whether I'm a gentleman, whether I'm his man."

"It's all one to me, it's all one to me,  
Whether I am old or whether I'm young;  
If I am young, why, I can go a-dancing,  
If I am old, why, I can leave off dancing!  
So it's all one to me, all one to me,  
Whether I am old, or whether I am young!"

During the singing of this gay song, particularly suitable to time and place ("the little joy,") we will leave the singers, and accompany Mrs. Cecilia.

Mrs. Cecilia sat in her writing-room as

counting-house, where she for many years had done the business of a book-keeper, as well as received there her dependents. This room was furnished with the most simple and unexpensive materials, its only ornament being the portrait of a handsome man, which hung upon the wall before the writing table. Mrs. Cecilia was sitting on the sofa; and, opposite to her, in a cane-chair, by the door, sat the old overseer, born in the same year with herself, and who had been in service thirty years on the estate, having held his office under the late possessor. —The old overseer was a man of herculean frame, particularly as regarded the breadth of shoulders and chest. One of his legs had been twice broken by accidents occurring during his service in the family, and the last time had been so badly set, that it became shorter than the other, and the old man limped in consequence. But he found himself very well off notwithstanding, because, as he said, "his leg lodged so nicely" when he drove into the fields. Mrs. Cecilia had obtained for the faithful old man a medal for merit in servitude; but he did not like to wear it, because "it looked so absurd," he thought. His strong and still rosy countenance had an expression of honesty, firmness, and that quick shrewdness which is peculiar to the Norrlanders.

Mrs. Cecilia had spoken with her servant about the state of the property and the approaching changes, as also about sundry plans and measures which should be taken and decided upon, when all the various members of the family met in the beginning of July. Mrs. Cecilia did not conceal the pleasure she felt at the prospect of her affairs, which had so long been involved, being soon set straight, and in seeing herself and her children possessed of property wholly free from debt.

"Yes," said the old overseer, "that is all very good and excellent, that is, if every thing were but right in the business."

"How right?" inquired Mrs. Cecilia.

"Ay, I merely mean if every thing were but right."

"How right?" repeated Mrs. Cecilia; "what do you mean, Hans Ernst?"

"Ay, I mean that every thing is not right and just, which has been done."

A faint crimson rose to Mrs. Cecilia's cheeks, and even flushed her brow; but she had long ago curbed in herself those fermentations of anger and impatience in temper and manner, which are so common both with men and women, and which distort so greatly, especially in the latter. She regarded it as very much below the dignity of the human being to allow himself to be carried away by them; and, whenever she felt the impulses of passion within herself, she knew perfectly well how to control them; and, excepting by a slight trembling of the whole body, no one could see at such times that she was inwardly excited. This trembling occurred even now, as that obstinate but honest servant continued—

"I mean that there is a somebody who ought to have a share of all this, and who alone has a right to the property."

"You know very well," said Mrs. Cecilia, "that the two sons of my husband, your former master, are dead long since."

"Yes, one of them. That I know. Him I saw with my own eyes a corpse; saw him laid in his grave. I can not have any doubt about that. As for the other, Mr. Erik, who took to the sea so many years ago—you see, I never could persuade myself yet, that he also is dead. No, that I never could."

Mrs. Cecilia was very pale, as she replied—

"You know very well that for many years we endeavored to gain intelligence of him, and that upward of ten years ago we received the positive tidings of his having been killed in the war in South America."

"Yes, but you see, I don't believe it. And the other night you must know, my lady, I had a very remarkable dream. I thought that I saw young Mr. Erik standing all alive before me, and he said—'Give heed. They are unjust to me here, because I am the heir, and every thing here is mine!' And since then I have thought more than I did before, that it is both a sin and unjust, that young Mr. Erik's property should go to strange children, and he not have his own. He was a wild young fellow—quite like our late master sometimes—but he had, for all that, a heart as good as gold, and then he was mad for riding and traveling—it was a passion of his. He had no fear, not he!" And the old overseer smiled as if to himself. "Yes," continued he, "I can not say any thing else but that I was fond of the lad, and that I believe he had not right done to him in his childhood, either by the late master or the lady—and it grieves me that injustice should be done to him now also."

"Dear Hans Ernst," said Mrs. Cecilia gravely, but without anger, "it is you who are now unjust. Do you wish that I should act toward a dead man as if he were alive? After the death of the two elder sons, according to their father's will, the property belonged to me and my children."

"Yes, but if he, Mr. Erik, I would say, is not dead," persisted the obstinate overseer, "and I mean that people should not make themselves so certain!"

"Dear Hans Ernst," said Mrs. Cecilia, "make yourself contented. If the improbable should happen, if Erik should return, he shall be welcome to me and mine. But, until this happens, you must pardon me for acting according to that which I myself know with certainty, rather than according to your presentiments and dreams, and manage the estate as if it were the property of myself and my children, which is in accordance with law and justice."

The old overseer looked down upon the earth, and merely said in a tone of grief—

"Yes, yes; our Lord directs every thing for the best, and no one knows what is to happen."

Both were silent for a moment. Afterward, Mrs. Cecilia said somewhat sharply—

"Hans Ernst, let that timber be taken as soon as may be to Innerstalund; I wish the buildings there to be ready before winter. When our Lord shall call me away, I wish that my daughters should have their own little home to flee to. And, at my time of life, people should hold themselves prepared. If Charlotte marries, Innerstalund shall belong to Ina alone; and it will just amuse me to put it in order for her; and that, indeed, the sooner the better: for you are right—no one knows. Yes, Hans Ernst, as I have said, we will push on with that work. See that the smith is soon ready with the locks. One of these days I shall drive there and see how the work gets on. Good morning, Hans Ernst!"

The old overseer bowed and retired. For a long time after he was gone, Mrs. Cecilia sat with depressed head, as if deep sunk in thought. She sighed, and the burden seemed to lie heavy on her bowed shoulders. But her eye fell upon the opened letter which lay on the table, and her countenance brightened, and her head raised itself. She fixed her eyes on the portrait of the handsome man, which hung above her writing table. She gazed long at it, and spoke to it inwardly in this manner—

"Yes, thou mayst now smile; thou mayst now rejoice in me, my poor friend! No shade rests now upon thy memory, no debt against thy paternal estate. Thy good name and thy property are once more reinstated!—Yes, thou mayst smile now!"—And a tear forced its way from her eyes as she thus addressed that husband with whom she suffered much, endured much, but to whom she was deeply attached, especially through that suffering which she, during the latter years of their marriage had helped him to bear.

After that she took up one of the letters and read the last words—

"I come to you then, my mother, to remain with you and with all who are most dear to me on earth!"

"My dear Adolph! thou art coming!" whispered Mrs. Cecilia, "and Charlotte, my Charlotte! she shall be happy!—Adolph and Charlotte!"—And Mrs. Cecilia smiled. She saw in spirit "the great joy," blazing with a hundred lights, and heard the sacred words of the marriage ceremony, and afterward the gay sounds of the wedding within. She rose up, went to the window, and opened it to let the fresh air enter. While with her glance she embraced the vast and glorious landscape, and clasped, as if in her soul, that which she had watched and improved, and now loved best on the earth, she exclaimed, joyfully, and at the same time thankfully, "My child! my beautiful Bragesholm!"

## CHAPTER II.

WHILE they thus talked and acted at Bragesholm, we see at the distance of many hundred miles, the stately steam-vessel the Ornsköld, heavily laden, plowing the blue deep, while the waves of the Baltic Sea foamed and roared around the stamping paddles.

The deck was now tolerably empty, because the sea heaved heavily and most of the passengers were sea-sick. One gentleman, in an ample but worn blue cloak, with hair and appearance somewhat resembling a German student, sat in the saloon and wrote a letter of many pages. We see that he has now about finished, but we hope that he will not take it ill that we begin with the beginning, and in doing so, we must go back three days.

"On board the Ornsköld, 17th of June.

"BELOVED FRIEND—

"Your 'knight errant' is now on the midsummer journey, the journey to the land of the north wind, the home of the midnight sun. But what a midsummer journey!—Cold and misty, and now and then sleet! And on board a hell of crowded people; tobacco-smoking and jeering gentlemen, silent and suffering ladies. One can not get a breath of fresh air. If it should be thus the whole way! Is this a presage of the result of my journey?—I half regret that I have undertaken it. I am ill, uncomfortable, depressed in spirit, half desperate. 'The people of the shades,' I know them well, already encompass my path; they have followed me through my life; they follow me even now; I can not escape from them any where, not even into the grave. No matter! I will wrestle with them, I will travel to the end of my journey! I will consult the oracle, become certain of my fate, and then, whether it be night or whether it be day—I shall be calmer, better. The sorrow which has so long gnawed at the root of my life will give me a last wound, or be laid under a spell forever.

"Do you know that worm, my brother? Has not every body a Nidhögg, which secretly or openly gnaws at the root of their heart. At the root of the world's tree it gnaws indeed forever!# How then could its trembling leaf, the throbbing human heart, be free from it, although amid happiness, during the days of prosperity, it perceives it not, because it then sleeps!

"But there are people who have never known such days, who, already, in the so-called *elysian* fields of childhood—But listen! I will tell you a true story. Once upon a time there were two brothers, the only children of their parents. They dwelt up in the north, not far from the mountain where the sun never sets at midsummer. They dwelt in an old house, full of old memories, and surrounded by mountains and streams. Near to it was a pine-wood, of many miles in extent, with tall columnar stems and a green vaulted roof, one of those natural temples

\* For this poetically grand idea see the Northern Mythology.—Translator.

in which the northern spirit speaks to the soul of man about the mysteries of life, and inspires him to worship. When the storm roared above it, one of the brothers, who often wandered there, seemed to hear, 'the spirit of God in the north wind.'

"This brother, the younger of the two, was not beloved by his mother; and yet he loved her beyond every thing. But he was not a lovable child. Perhaps he might have been so had he been beloved. The sunbeams of love are so beautifying, so ennobling. But from the time of his birth he had not been so. And beside him stood his elder brother, beautiful as a spirit of delight. He was the favorite; and he deserved to be so, because he was lovely and good. Even the other was capable of loving him, but that unjust treatment poisoned his mind, and in many ways the elder became spoiled. The other was also spoiled, but in a very different way. Rejected by his mother, he was ill-treated by his father! Thus awoke Nidhögg in the breast of the youth, and spit forth its venom. Sufferings of childhood! sufferings of the rejected heart of childhood! Can any bitterer be found? Years went on. Spring, summer, autumn, winter, came and went. But every thing within the family remained the same, excepting that it became still more oppressive, still more bitter. The parents loved gay society and the splendor of life. The unbeloved son was like a stranger in his home. He was not handsome, not affable, not docile, could not become so, could not behave as other children did. His love was too violent to be controlled by discipline, or bounds. He was never good in the every-day sense of the word. Nobody understood him—and, ah! he did not understand himself. Strong feelings early caused his heart to beat, and his head to dream—wonderful things. They drove him out from that oppressive home, out among the wood and the mountains, where the rushing streams had their source. There he was solitary, and sometimes happy—happy in dreaming about adventures which should befall him, and about great actions which he would perform. Mighty billows passed over his mind. But adventures and great deeds were not the only subjects of his dreams. There was something beyond these which he longed after; he himself knew not what—he knew not himself. But, if he saw before him a mountain he *must* climb it, although he should fall many times in the ascent, and tear his clothes and his hands, and run the risk of falling down precipices, still he must up, up, until he had gained its summit, and saw the earth beneath his feet, and only the heavens above his head. Then he became calm; then he felt himself well, and he cooled in the wind his burning breast, his flushing cheek. And if in the deep wood he fell in with a winding path, or a rushing stream, he could not rest until he had found their source. In this way he would wander whole days and whole nights seeking for fountain-heads. A search of this kind had an extraordinary power

over him. And within his own nature he met with these mountains and these streams. He seemed to himself like a dark forest-stream rushing along from a gloomy depth, the mysteries of which he must search out and bring forth to day. And in this depth moved, strangely dark shapes, some horrible, unsightly, others of a divine stature and beauty. He saw them whether sleeping, or waking; they lived in his dreams, and caused him unspeakable torments, or the most delightful enjoyment. Oh! how often did the stately tree-stems in the depths of the wood seem to him beautiful white figures beckoning to him from the entrance of a temple. He bent his knee before them, and they laid their hands in benediction on his head, placed a garland upon it, and clothed him in white garments. Thus they led him into the temple, and initiated him into the service of the holy mysteries. Strange, but at the same time delightful, sounded their words, although but half understood. But, oh! how his heart burned at that holy speech, how the thoughts of his brain were agitated. Wild and noble were they at the same time, urging him to rush into the great strife, and thus to press onward to the hidden depth, the fountain of life! Oh! my friend, my tears flow at the recollection of those waking dreams, at the recollection of that which I sought for and of that which I found, at the thought of what I might have become, and of what I now am! Pale reality, I return to thee. People of the shades, I again belong to you.

"Years went on. Summer, autumn, winter, spring, came back. The brothers were thirteen and fourteen years old. At that time their mother died. The rejected son threw himself into the rushing stream; he wished thus to die. He was saved, however, by a faithful servant, the only person, with the exception of his nurse, who showed him any affection. Blessed be their dust, for assuredly they are dead! All must be dead of that old home, excepting the one who wishes to die.

"Again twelve months passed over, and the father returned with a new wife. She was a handsome and a stately lady; and her glance rested on the half-wild lad with an expression that might have tamed him if he had not fancied that there was guile in it. He would not love this new mother, who took the place of the former one; he hated her, and soon became suspicious of her; and, in so doing, he was probably right.

"With her, however, came a girl, almost still a child, not more than twelve years old, but lovely as a newly-kindled sun. Her complexion was bright, pure, and deep, at the same time, a wonderful sight. Proud and cheerful as a cherub, she stood before the two brothers, and fascinated both.

"And both of them kindled for her their offering.

"And Abel's offering was accepted; not so the offering of Cain. Neither was he now to be beloved.

"One day a quarrel took place between the

brothers, the cause of which was the beautiful child. The elder was in the wrong, was the one who made the attack; but the younger struck the heavier blow. The elder complained of the younger. Called before his parents, the younger told the truth; but, when he saw himself disbelieved, he became insolently silent. He saw himself condemned beforehand. His father, in a fit of passion, drove him out of the house. The new mother was pale, but she allowed this to be done.

"The outcast solitary lay in the pine-wood, and wetted the turf with his burning tears. Tears more bitter never flowed from youthful eyes. He thought:—

"Shall this life of injustice and violence thus continue?"

"No! and he fled.

"He fled during the night to the sea-coast, and wetted the turf with his burning tears. Tears more bitter never flowed from youthful eyes. He thought:—

"Thus came he out into the world. Courage and good luck gave him success. He obtained for himself promotion and money. He was able to satisfy his desire to see the world, and his thirst after adventure. During the many years that he wandered about, there was no position of life, no form of life and enjoyment, which he had not tried; danger and pleasure, quiet study and tumultuous society; love and hatred; life in the world, life in the retirement of the convent, every one had he tried, and many of the mysteries of life and of the soul had been revealed to his gaze; but how was it? The *most innermost*, the mystery of mysteries, the key of life and light, he had not yet found, and 'the people of the shades' never left him. He always found them again around him, within himself, after every glimpse of light and gladness. Every evening they were again there, casting a dimness over every thing. The origin of these was often his fate, oftener his own soul, its darkness, and its want. He could say with the great bard:—

'Many, many were my fallings; all my folly no one knew.'

"The reverence, however, for the beautiful and the holy, which I always preserved in my heart, saved me from gross crimes and sins. The bright and glorious shapes which I saw in the dreams of my childhood had never entirely darkened before my eyes. And still, still, when I hope so little, when I expect so little from life, from myself and from others, still I see them, but—as if beyond a grave.

"I see that unconsciously I have for a moment made myself the actor, and *he* has become I. But let it remain so. You have long since understood it. It is of myself that I spoke and speak.

"Ten years after my flight from home, I discovered that my father and my step-mother had set on foot inquiries after me, and had

gained some traces of me. I again altered my name, and removed to another country. Amid changing fate and changing fortune, I again lived many years; saw the deserts and the pyramids of the east, and in the west the perpetually blooming life of the West Indian Islands, but no where could I find that for which I secretly sought every where—

"At length, a weariness, a fatigue, came over me.—And whether it was physical sickness, or over-excitement of the mind, but it became within me like an oppressive, sultry night;—I lost the desire to live.

"Then, in the feverish, anxious nights, came, like a fresh breeze, memories from the rocks of my native land; from the waterfalls; from the woods; from the northern lights in the star-bright, snow-cold winter; and then a longing to go thither seized upon me. I inquired after tidings therefrom, and learned that my father was dead; so also was my brother, and that my stepmother and her children, by a former marriage, were masters of my father's estate. I determined to go there, to see again the mountains, the streams, the columnar woods, where I wandered and dreamed in my childhood. A desire also seized upon me to travel up to the mountain where the sun never sets, to see the midnight sun. The passion of my childhood re-awoke in me, and with it again the desire for life. For once I would ascend, ascend above that dark life, above that eternal gray, above the dark Hades of my own being.

"Ah! the land beyond the north wind, beyond the people of the shades and the portals of eternal darkness, the land where, according to the beautiful old saying, the pleasure-garden of the sun is situated, by the fountains of night, near the restless sea, where upon the islands of bliss, upon eternally green meadows the Hyperboreans, the most righteous of the dead, live in uninterrupted peace in the society of the gods, beneath the most delightful heaven, and amid holy, nocturnal feasts, at which the god of light himself presides—thither now tends my longing, my hope!

"Enthusiast, thou sayest! But, dear friend, such an enthusiast, and such a seeker art thou also in reality;—yes, indeed, and so are all men!

"This home beyond the north wind, this light which never sets, this life with gentle, righteous spirits, in the society of the gods, beneath eternally bright heavens, this Walhalla, where combat, the combat of every day, is sport, and every night a feast of victory, is it not the perpetual longing of the whole human race, the eternal goal of the whole world, the outward and the inward? Thence the stormy billows of migrating peoples centuries ago; thence now, and at all times, that restless, seeking, striving life in every human breast. Yes, as long as a human heart shall beat upon earth, so long will exist that dark tradition, and that deep faith in a free and blessed existence in a glorious and holy land, above the north wind, above the people of

the shades! And so long will continue the secret pilgrimage of every soul thither.

"I return to my earthly home poor as when I went out from it, but preserved from the lot of the beggar by a noble and a beloved art. With my knapsack on my back, with my pen and pencil in my hand, I shall come as a stranger from a foreign land. I will see and learn before I act.

"If my stepmother be the crafty, artful woman which I have reason to believe her; if my exile and my brother's death are the foundation of her plans and her wishes, then—woe to her!—The hand of an avenger is over her!—

"Be still, Nidhögg! Away, thou dark Nidhögg, spitter of poison! I am, indeed, away to the home above the north wind—to the home of the righteous! Leave me in peace!"

While our young gentleman, whom we call Theodore, because he himself writes and calls himself so, wrote the above in the saloon below deck, some gentlemen above deck were talking about him.

"Do you hear!" said Colonel G——, an elderly gentleman with a handsome but somewhat sickly countenance, but with a thoroughly honorable expression, a roguish twinkle of the eye, and a cigar in his mouth, "do you hear! can any body tell me who he is, that virtuoso that we have for a traveling companion, and who flies and goes about like a dry skin every now and then in his blue cloak, and makes a high wind on the deck, and tramples on people's corns.—Ay, ay, curse me, but I'll know;—and then he goes and sits down, and draws caricatures of us all, as I imagine. Who is he?—Does nobody know?—No, neither do I! But this is certain, he is either a poet or a fool. Well, it will be coming out, never fear. There was he yesterday telling me a long romance about all the glorious things we should find up in our good Norrland, gods and goddesses, and sacred feasts, and holy virgins, and heaven knows what! Yes, I know nothing about it, that I would say. But this I do know, that there is deuced good salmon; and, if I can get good fresh boiled salmon and a slice of real venison, and a regularly good bowl of curds, and some delicate gaffes, or pancakes, with raspberry or cloudberry jam to them, all the gods and goddesses may be left in peace for me. And then he said, the Greeks or Romans believed, that when the people up here were tired of their lives they made great feasts, placed garlands on their heads, and then leaped from the top of some high mountain, to put an end to their lives. And that he thought was so deucedly fine and beautiful. I know very well that it is not so, say I. I think that it's a great deal better, after dinner, to lie down upon one's sofa, and take an after-dinner nap, and to keep one's life till our Lord is pleased to take it. And that, I think is a great deal more rational and God-fearing than the other, tumbling head over heels. But I could see plain enough that my

poetical gentleman looked upon me as a stranded, prosaic crabfish. But I can't help that!"

And the colonel set his cigar in his mouth, and puffed and smoked with immense satisfaction.

"He is an interesting looking man," said one of the colonel's auditors, and it is pleasant to hear him talk, in spite of many singularities. How it may be with his head I don't know, but as for his heart, that is in a right place enough. I confess that he made me feel quite ashamed that night, when he gave up his bed to the old professor who could not get one, and laid himself down to sleep on the floor, with his knapsack for a pillow. I confess that I was sorry to see a sickly foreigner—for he evidently is both—so much more kindly disposed—so much more humane, than we Swedes."

"Yes, a foreigner he certainly is," said the colonel, "one can hear that by his way of talking, and see it by his mustaches and beard. We Swedes are wiser than to carry our heads so up and down."

"He has pleasant eyes," said another of the speakers, "but a very restless and often gloomy expression. A troubled soul!"

"And so thin, besides," added the colonel. "If I had him at my house, by my soul, I'd make him eat salmon and curds till he got fat upon his bones, and looked like other people, and a little less in the condition to throw himself headlong from a cliff."

"It would be a good thing for him to get into a good house," said the other with a smile, who was a young man, with a remarkably manly and agreeable exterior, and of calm and simple manners, "because I have no doubt but that he is very poor, a poor artist, who—"

"A poor artist!" exclaimed the colonel. "Do ye hear, young woman, dear young woman, Christina, Maria, Carolina, Helena, Kunigunda—one of the eleven hundred—young woman, come hither! I see that she has genius!—Now can you tell me who that gentleman is with the long beard, who walks backward and forward like a tempest, helps the sailors, overturns the passengers, or treads upon their corns, and looks rather crazy?"

"You mean, sir, no doubt, that gentleman—the gentleman—yes, now what is he called—with rather an outlandish look."

"Yes, to be sure, it is the very same. I saw that you had genius. Tell me something about him? What does he eat? He looks to me as if he lived on air and wind."

"Not on very much more!" said the young woman Maria, the female attendant on board the Ornsköld. "Yesterday he had nothing but an egg and some bread and butter."

"An egg!" exclaimed the colonel, "God have mercy on him! Do ye hear, my good young woman; now as surely as you mean to be happy, do you tell him that it belongs to the laws and regulations on board that every body shall eat at least three portions of hot meat for dinner, and drink a half bottle of wine to it, not

one drop less. Tell him that it is the captain himself who requires it; and that the captain is a dreadful fellow and strict in command, and will put any body on shore who will not attend to his orders. And tell him that three portions of meat at dinner cost no more than one, and that the price for dinner is one and the same for every body, and that it is the captain who has fixed it. And you must afterward show the young gentleman's bill to me before you show it to him. Do you understand? And now go and do precisely as I have told you, and see that he has his three portions of hot meat, and his half bottle of good wine as certainly as you wish to be happy hereafter, and to have a good fee in the kingdom of Heaven!"

"Yes, to be sure!" said the young woman of the Ornsköld, smiling, and evidently amused by the charge.

"One must be the poor fellow's guardian," said the colonel, well pleased with himself, and with a prodigious puff of the cigar. "I think that it will do, and that I shall have given him a fright of the captain. Such a spindle-shanks as he, and our magnificent captain are no match. Look at him as he stands there on the paddle-box, with his trumpet in his hand, and shuts out half the horizon; is not he a sight to frighten the heart out of the breast; regularly terrific, the deuce take me!"

Adolph Hjelm, for such was the name of the younger of the two gentlemen, laughed, and the colonel continued, "However, I shall invite that spindle-shanked artist to visit me at Svanevik. He can make a drawing of the place for me while he is getting fat there. Yes, God grant that I should soon be there. This sea-life does not at all suit my plexus." And the colonel laid his hand on the pit of his stomach.

"Then you are not one of the travelers to the sun; not intending to go up to *Avaxaxa*?—"

"No, what should I go there for? To look at the sun? It shines enough into my face, both night and day, up there, to my torment. I can't sleep in peace for it. It shines upon me in bed at one o'clock in the night. But I will sit up this year on that account, and have boards nailed before my window. The sun gives me a fever the whole of this time, when the air is clear. I should be at my beloved Svanevik this midsummer night, if I were not obliged, out of politeness and a feeling of relationship, to escort across the Russian frontier a niece of mine, whom I am about to fetch from Bragesholm for that purpose."

"Indeed, ah, yes, indeed!" said Adolph Hjelm, with a sudden expression of interest.

"Yes," continued the colonel; "and I shall at the same time transact a little business with the old lady of the place. But I intend to stay there as short a time as possible, because she is one of those deuced bitter and keen old beldames that—I have no great respect for."

"Indeed!" said Adolph Hjelm, again evi-

dently greatly amused; "is she actually so very bad?"

"Yes, quite inhuman!" said the colonel; "I have heard incredible things."

"It would be amusing to hear some of them," said Adolph; "I also have heard various things, but merely unsubstantiated reports."

"Yes," said the colonel; "I don't remember any thing just now particularly; but that she neither allows herself nor any body else enough to eat, is a certainty."

"Oh!" exclaimed Adolph, with an expression of amazement and horror.

"Yes, and that she even measures out thread by the yard to the tailor, who makes the clothes for the servant-men, and marks out herself the soleing leather for the shoemaker, I have also heard; and that she keeps up such a persecution in the house, that all the servant-girls must stand like lighted candles."

"It is really unheard of!" said Adolph.

"I do not remember every thing," continued the colonel, "but that the devil of niggardliness entered into her as soon as her husband was dead. He was quite of another sort, quite an honorable man, a *tonjours* fellow," thought about 'living and letting live;' yes, a little too much so, perhaps. But, since his death, seven devils at least have entered into the lady; and now there's a hell at the place. Yes, God defend a man from a niggardly wife! I should positively murder such a woman, before I let her starve me to death. *Apropos*—pardon my question—are you married?"

"No!" replied Adolph, "I am a widower." And a cloud, as it were, passed over the dark blue eyes.

"Good Heavens!" sighed the colonel, "and so am I!—and it is a very wearisome condition when a man is getting elderly, and lives alone in the country. One never can have any thing comfortable in one's house—never have one's victuals nicely dressed, when there is no lady there. And the servant girls, they don't stand like lighted candles; thank God! if they don't turn every thing upside down, when there is no mistress to keep them in order. Yes, I am now an old man, and am contented with my lot; but you, who are young, I hope you'll get married as soon as you can. A man has not any comfort in this world who is not married. Yes, you may believe me. Don't delay it any longer. Get married."

"That I probably never shall," said Adolph; "because I only know, in the whole world, one woman whom I love and esteem sufficiently to wish to have for a wife."

"No!—and she? She is surely not inflexible? A young, agreeable fellow, like you! Surely she is not married already!"

"No, but she is—my mother-in-law. Precisely that miserable old beldame—who is possessed of seven devils, according to your expression—Mrs. Cecilia Nordenhjelm, of Bragesholm, the most excellent, the most estimable lady that I know. I am at this moment

on my way to her; and as we shall be going together, allow me, colonel, to offer you the use of my carriage."

"Oh, your humble servant. Oh! I beg a thousand times—Ei, the devil! No, that was confounded—I—I— Ah, good heavens!—upon my word—Oh!—"

Our poor colonel was in the highest degree confounded by this unexpected turn: he was regularly to be pitied. The perspiration streamed from his red forehead.

Adolph, however, laughed so good-humoredly, and looked so waggish and so kind at the same time, that the colonel was, before long, somewhat reconciled to himself, and especially when the former said—

"I am convinced, colonel, that if you will only spend three days with my mother, you will discover that all the absurd reports which have been circulated about her housekeeping redound, in reality, to her honor; and in order that you may be fully convinced of this, do not leave Bragesholm for at least eight days; and if you will make them fourteen, it will be so much the better."

"Thanks, your most submissive! Oh, I am convinced—I am already convinced. Yes, it is horrible how people may be misunderstood in this world. And how the world can lie! yes, it is really horrible!" answered the colonel, still out of spirits, and unhappy about his mistake.

But now, however, a deliverance came for the colonel, in the form of a lady's head, wrapped up in a red shawl, which made its appearance at the top of the saloon steps, and turned hither and thither a pair of large, dark-brown eyes, with a most lamentable expression. The countenance that bore this stamp was at least fifty; the complexion was dark, the features were sharp, any thing but handsome; still the large, dark-brown eyes, and a something. I know not what, cast an extraordinary brightness over all. The head, with its red shawl around it, had something oriental in its look. And if it had now been the beautiful Cleopatra herself, who stuck her head up from the stairs, it would have been impossible for our colonel to have been more obedient to the summons which was addressed to him, and which was thus expressed—

"Ha! ho! Ah, good heavens! Oh!—ho! It is quite dreadful! Colonel—dear colonel! If you are a human being, come and give me your hand! Ah, ah!—oh, ho!"

"Here I am! here I am, my most gracious lady!" exclaimed the colonel, and sprang off with the alacrity of a youth. "What is it? How are you? What can I do for you?"

"Ah! give me your hand—nay, your arm! This blessed steam-vessel! It rolls about like a ball. Ah, how ill I am! Never, no, never will I take a journey in a steam-vessel again."

"A most sensible resolution, which I highly approve. But now take fast hold of my arm, my dear lady, and let us march—to that bench,

see, thus! *allons, enfans de la patrie!* In this way; 'It heaves and rolls,' says the captain, the while his boat was stranded. Yes, this is the way. 'Under Sweden's banner, heaven conquers with us!' Now we are happily arrived. And just at this moment our captain says 'stop!' and we are still."

"Ah, ah! oh!—now then one begins to breathe. Now one can begin to live again. If I had only my snuff-box! I fear that I have forgotten my snuff-box down there. Yes, that I have. I have forgotten it. So miserable! Dear colonel, you must get me a pinch of snuff. I shall not rightly recover myself till I get a pinch. No, don't go down! Ask some of the gentlemen there, whether, for pity's sake, they will not lend you a box. See, there is my friend, Adolph Hjelm, ask him."

"Ask him? no, not for all the snuff in the world. I would rather run up and down the steps seven times."

"Stop, stop, by all means. Tell me why you will not talk with Adolph Hjelm, one of the most agreeable and honorable fellows in Sweden. I must of necessity know. Sit down here, and tell me directly. It will be as good to me as a pinch of snuff."

The colonel seated himself, and related the conversation which he had just had with Hjelm, and his fatal mistake. The lady laughed so heartily, that it almost offended the colonel. Afterward she said—

"My dear colonel, have you been really possessed by the evil one, that you could believe and tell such things about Mrs. Nordenhjelm, one of the most magnificent women in the whole kingdom, and my very dear friend?"

"Yes, good heavens, how could I know it? I have said only what people have told me. But I shall, after this, suspect all my fellow-creatures of telling lies."

"Only not me. Because I know the whole affair, I will tell it to you. It is thus. When my friend accepted the addresses of Nordenhjelm, he was considered to be a very rich man, and she did so principally for the sake of her six young children, because her former husband, Colonel L——, had left his family in very narrow circumstances. Besides, Nordenhjelm was a man who could make himself liked, and who could inspire confidence. He had only lately lost his wife, and he wished to find a good mother for his two sons. And when my friend married him, it was in the belief and the thought that she gave a good father to her fatherless children, as well as that she should become a tender mother to his two motherless boys. But it was not long before she discovered that Nordenhjelm had an unhappy and a stubborn temper, and besides, that his affairs were in the utmost state of disorder. I wish that you could have seen her at this time, and how she conducted herself through her hard fate; how—by kind attention to that exacting husband, by the most scrupulous compliance with all his wishes, forbearance toward his peculiarities and

whims—she by degrees won an extraordinary power over that wild beast: I can call him nothing else, because he was horrible when his temper was excited. In the intervals, however, he would be noble-minded and generous. By her good sense and her kindness, my friend won by degrees the entire confidence of her husband. He could not bear her out of his sight; but her days were not much happier for that. How often have I seen her pale as a corpse, but silent, during his savage outbreaks, so still that I could have believed her to be turned to stone, had I not seen her frame softly tremble, and thus perceived how her soul was shaken. But if the question were about any injustice, if he would ill use the people, then would she stand up against him like a man, and would not yield even if he threatened to shoot both her and himself. No, I can not imagine how she endured it, how she got through; but that she did with honor. Her hair turned gray, and the strong neck was bowed more than once. But she raised herself up again. And when Nordenhjelm's affairs became so entangled that they threatened to come to a crisis, he left every thing in her hands, and went abroad. He had a paralytic stroke, from which he never fully recovered. The house was at the same time almost bankrupt; but Mrs. Nordenhjelm called together the creditors, talked with them, succeeded in inspiring them with confidence, and determined that, with God's help, she would endeavor to support the family, put the affairs in order, pay the debts off by degrees, and give to every man his due. This now became her sole aim and study. But you should have seen how she managed, how she bore all this. Not one complaint, not one expression of ill-temper. Gayly and merrily she joked the children and herself, even her most intimate friends, about sitting on shabby sofas, and using shabby plate, because it belonged to the creditors. But I know that many a night at this time, she never slept a wink, from pondering upon how she should get money to pay the servants, or for other necessary expenditure. It was needful, also, at that time, to reduce the scale of living, and to put in practice great retrenchment. And however judiciously Mrs. Nordenhjelm did this, she could not avoid awaking censure and scandal, all the more so as she was not deterred from enforcing in the every day expenditure for meat and clothing the most rigid frugality, which she has persisted in ever since the affairs, by her prudent management, have begun to improve. And I know that people told absurd stories about her and her housekeeping. She herself knew it, and laughed at it. She felt it very much more keenly, however, that people considered her to have been a cruel stepmother; for one of the sons, who was a wild and singular lad, ran away from home a few weeks after her arrival at Bragesholm, and the other died a few years afterward, and people dared to say that it was through her means. But such things are not worth answering: Such miserable slander

must die of itself. And it never would have originated at all, had it not been propagated by a wicked old woman in her family, who had been nurse to the two boys, and who, from the beginning, seemed to have taken a hatred to the new lady, because she put an end to all her old disorderly goings on in the family, and introduced regularity into the household.

Amid all the talk and scandal, Mrs. Nordenhjelm went on in a steady and quiet course; tended her sickly husband, brought up her children well, and managed alone the whole house and its affairs. She learned book-keeping, became her own book-keeper, and together with an overseer managed the whole large estate. Besides all this, she was and is like a mother to her dependents. And I can tell you that if she measures out thread by the yard for the tailor, and marks out the soleing leather for the shoemaker, she makes also every year two or three dozen garments and pairs of ankle boots for poor children. And more than this still, she has a school for them—yes, and she herself every year prepares two or three of them for confirmation, and has them taught a trade. And there is nobody, old or sick on the estate, who does not receive hope and consolation from the lady of Bragesholm. You should have seen, as I did, how she, in the depth of the winter, went and visited the sick, regardless of weather; often went late in the afternoon in storm and snow, alone, with her lantern in her hand, to visit those who lived near her; how she cared for them—how she thought for them. You should see how, even now in her old age, she thinks and acts for them; how she lets the children gather herbs and flowers, useful in medicine, and bring every year great baskets full to her; and then how she fills the baskets for the children to take back with victuals and articles of clothing; and of the herbs she herself prepares medicines. I once said to her that her apothecary's bill must be very considerable every year; but she showed me with what simple means, principally from herbs and flowers on the estate, she was able to benefit the sick poor so greatly. But this, after all, is only a small matter in comparison with the rest of her usefulness. Yes, she is a regular model of a person, "a gentleman of a lady," as the people there say, and yet she is as gentle as the gentlest woman.

"During the last several years, since she has managed every thing, the affairs have changed so much that she will soon have gained the goal for which she has been so long striving—that of paying every man his due, and seeing the large property free from debt. The hope of this time has sustained her under all her sufferings and her sacrifices; for I assure you that life has been no dance upon roses for her either formerly or latterly. But unquestionably she has become happier, and every thing has become easier for her since the death of her old, ill-tempered, and sickly husband. Of late years, it is true, he was not so bad, and she would

make use of what I called a love-trick to put him in good-humor when he was either out of spirits, or irritable : she would 'beg his pardon.' But for what? neither he nor she knew, nor did that ever come into the question; but it always put him into a good temper. And she would smile so kindly at it. Yes—it makes me angry, and I could regularly cry for vexation when I think of that woman, of all that she has borne, and what she was, and what she is, and how little people in general understand her, or can do her justice!—Yes, it is precisely this lady—precisely this same Mrs. Cecilia Nordenhjelm who is possessed by seven covetous devils, as you say."

"Sancta Cecilia, ora pro nobis! I will not say another word about her. I will not open my mouth any more, and I know not what I shall do with myself!"

"But," continued Miss, in her zeal, "what is the use of troubling oneself about the world's judgment. It knows and understands nothing, and is not the highest judgment-seat after all. And my friend has had her joy in life, and that has been in her own children. They have all turned out well, and have good prospects in the world. It was a great sorrow certainly, when the eldest new-married daughter died, but then she has her little child to console herself with, and her son-in-law, that very Adolph Hjelm has been like a real son to her. And now there is going to be a great family-meeting at Bragesholm, to which Adolph Hjelm is going, and there all the children will assemble at the beginning of July. I am also going thither to be there at the feast, and I shall have great pleasure in inviting you to go too, if it be merely for your sins' sake, and that you yourself may see and become acquainted with the lady whom you have so slandered. You must know that it is almost worse than high treason."

"Sancta Cecilia! I begin to feel my head quite loose upon my body, I must actually take—a pinch of snuff!"

And with this the colonel rose hastily, and went down the steps. When he returned, he placed himself before Miss —, and while, with an air of the utmost indifference he took one pinch of snuff after another, he looked up into the air.

"Well, but," said Miss —, "but if I never before saw an egotist, I see one now. You plant yourself just before my nose, and take snuff without ever thinking of me!"

"Why should I?—It would be impossible, my gracious lady, that you could condescend to take snuff out of the same box with a person whom you have sentenced to lose his head."

"You shall have mercy, if I can only get a pinch of snuff."

"And you will repent of your cruelty toward one who is already humbled?"

"Yes, to be sure, yes! Only give it here! I would not very willingly lose you, dear colonel. A little quarrel with you now and

then is nearly of as much worth to me as a pinch of snuff."

"Infinitely flattering—delightful!"

"And so we are friends, then!"

And they took snuff together.

"Seriously!" said the colonel, "I am vexed to have made such a blunder, and to have talked so in the dark. And you must promise me not to betray it, and to be my faithful confederate, as I now actually—probably for my sins' sake—shall go to Bragesholm."

"No? really?" exclaimed the lady, amazed; "well, that delights me."

"But it does not delight me, because I have nothing entertaining either to expect or to do there. I have a little business to arrange with the old lady, for one of my friends, and I have to bring away a niece of mine, who is too handsome to travel alone, and so proud—so proud, that she might fall backward; she I shall escort to Torneo, and so on to Uleoborg, for the sake of old friendship to her late husband, who, between ourselves, was a great good-for-nothing."

"I know, I know," said Miss —; "I know also that the beautiful Ida R. has now been at Bragesholm some weeks, and is just about leaving. But I am not very well acquainted with her history, and should like to know something about it."

"It is thus," said the colonel; "she was born in Leifland, and was of a high and rich family, a family of such amazing pride, that they considered themselves to be descended from Pharoah, King of Egypt, that is to say, from the very Egyptian darkness. The beautiful Ida was a great heiress. And arrogant was she also and proud, but in a different way to her relations; she talked about the nobility of human nature, and the dignity of human nature, and the emancipation of human nature, and the emancipation of woman, I fancy, as well, and so she fell in love with a young man, utterly devoid of worth, my good brother in arms, and friend, and cousin, a rash and handsome young fellow, but nothing more, and hardly of noble birth, which was his greatest fault in the eyes of the relations. But she had faith in his human nobility and in his human dignity, and so she threw her relations' nobility and money overboard, and married her beloved and traveled with him abroad. He took to gambling, spent every penny she was possessed of, lived carelessly in every way, and died in a duel, leaving her solitary in the world, with one little daughter. She came back to her native country, and found there only cold and hard hearts. But she asked nothing from them. I fear that her own heart was nearly broken in the shipwreck which she had suffered in her first faith and love. But she behaved honorably, beautifully and honorably one must say. She refused the assistance which a few relatives offered her in a manner calculated to wound her feelings, and began to give lessons on the harp, upon which instrument she played divinely; and thus in the sweat of

her brow, she gained a maintenance for herself and her child, besides paying some small debts which her husband had left. That, according to my opinion, was beautiful and estimable in a young and handsome lady. And if she were not so confounded haughty and high-bred, I could kiss the toe of her shoe for it. But as it is, I shall not bow my old back so much for her. But she shall have a protector, and what else she wishes in me, because she is a proud and a stately woman, and her offense is to have had such a husband, and to have come of such a stock, and to be obliged to earn her bread as the teacher of the harp, she who was born to and accustomed to all that was great and magnificent in the world. But—*tu l'as voulu, George Dandin!* and she is much too haughty;—there is too much of the old Pharaoh and the Egyptian darkness in her, for her to be willing to accept any thing, more than a servant's help from, for example, such a one as my poor self!"

"It is a very interesting story," said Miss —, "and I shall look at the beautiful Ida with quite different eyes to what I have hitherto done. I saw her some years since, when she was newly married, on a visit to Mrs. Nordenhjelm, who had been a friend of her mother's, but who was then displeased with the daughter, and with her imprudent marriage. She—Ida, I mean—was so unspeakably lovely; yes, so lovely, that I shall not avoid laughing when I see her, it seemed so amusing; and even in her childhood she was so, when I saw her at Bragesholm, where she was for a few years, in charge of my friend, after her mother's death.

"Well, it has been very refreshing to talk for a few minutes in peace. Now, a pinch, my good colonel! Ah! now I feel quite in condition to enact the prima donna, and amaze our dean's widow with a *bravour-aria*."

While Miss — and the colonel talk and take snuff together thus agreeably, we will, in the most hasty manner, become acquainted with the just-mentioned dean's widow.

We will, in the first place, beseech that we may not be suspected of a wish to throw any kind of shade upon the late Dean Hederman, or upon his behavior and character as a husband, when we nevertheless openly acknowledge that his lady, who has been a widow only one year, now really seems like one escaped from prison, and even a little wrong in her head from very joy. But the amazement of all deans will be diminished when it is known that our dean's lady was now upon her first great journey into the world; and that she, spite of her five-and-fifty years, and her considerable corpulence, was more green and inexperienced in the ways and adventures of the world than many girls of fifteen: thanks to the late dean's principles, which held that a woman ought to keep herself at home in her own house, as well as to some Chinese methods of carrying out these principles. Besides which, our widow was delighted to

travel, and much amused by every thing remarkable or adventure-like; and it often happened that her large eyes were somewhat weary of staring, ready to start out of her head; and her mouth, with being wide open in astonishment at the occurrences which, in one way or another, seemed to be extraordinary, and which to her young eyes might easily be so, and which were all noted down in a neatly-bound book, afterward to be communicated to her "sister at Haparanda," to which sister she was now on her way. In short, our dean's widow was a very happy person, and, moreover, the most friendly, the most discreet, the most helpful dean's widow in the world—a regular shepherdess of a flock, which all the ladies on board the Ornskold, on this journey, sufficiently could testify. Miss — found her to be so I know, and immediately took a fancy to her; while she, the dean's lady, felt a sort of astonished admiration for Miss —, by turns being ready to kill herself with laughing at her witty fancies, and by turns staring at her with the secret question to herself whether Miss — was quite right in her mind. And when Miss —, who so remarked the naive views of men, and things taken by the dean's lady was heard, in the third morning of the journey, to sing forth from her berth with wonderful quavers,

"Come, hermit, come, and if thou hearest  
Within thy breast a heart;  
For me the sun shines in the sky,  
The moon can peace impart!"

The dean's widow seized her hand, pressed it, and whispered—

"Ah! such adventures, such adventures as one has when one travels! Yes, they can not be described! They are too extraordinary—too extraordinary!"

Miss —, who saw that her song had made a profound impression upon the dean's widow, promised herself another time to heighten the effect she had produced; and now, when she saw the good lady advancing toward herself and the colonel, she felt inclined to astonish her by a *bravour-aria*.

The dean's widow seated herself at a little distance from Miss — with her eyes wide open, fixed upon her. The colonel, who already knew something of Miss —'s talent, and who understood the part he ought to act, said in a persuasive tone:

"Would you not now, while the greater number of the passengers are eating their dinner, be pleased to regale us up here with a song? You sing so—so—hum, so refreshingly!"

"Ah, yes!" said the dean's widow.

"Ah," said Miss —, very bashfully, "my voice is just nothing at all, but my method—my method is tolerably good, perhaps also a little uncommon, and—, and, if the company really wish it, I will not be diffident."

"Ah, no!" said the dean's lady.

And now Miss — coughed a little, made some starts with her voice backward and forward, and then struck up a *bravour-aria*, which

made the eyes of the dean's lady almost start out of her head in pure astonishment.

Now it must be told that Miss ——'s song really was unusual and amazing. It was not like Jenny Lind's; not at all. Neither did it resemble Grisi's, nor Malibran's, nor Catalani's, nor any of the great singers who have delighted and astonished the world. It was, in fact, like none of them, and yet it had a strange and almost melancholy resemblance or kinship to all the roudades, cadences, and trills, and to all the voices of all the great singers; and we doubt whether even Jenny Lind's song awoke greater astonishment than was awoke by the *aria* of our not uncommon Miss ——. Besides, she now sung with such ease and fluency that we must excuse our dean's widow if she became confounded, and did not rightly know whether Miss ——'s method was something quite new and supernaturally excellent or not. But when she saw the strange look of the colonel, she began again to have her doubts of the soundness of Miss ——'s reason, and thus she remained in a sort of dejected and wandering state of mind.

"What excellent spirits you have!" said the colonel, later in the day, to Miss ——, whom he accompanied on a walk inland, while the steamboat lay still. "But, tell me, are not you sometimes prodigiously melancholy?—for instance, during the long autumn and winter evenings in the country?"

"Never," replied the lady. "In the winter evenings in the country? That is the very time when I have my most entertaining occupation. I then wind and disentangle raveled skeins and set to rights intricate weaving which nobody else can have patience with. And that is so interesting to me that I often sit up as late as twelve o'clock at it, especially if I have some good friend to talk to me or to read aloud the while. I would never desire any thing pleasanter."

"A singular way of amusing oneself," thought the colonel; "raveled skeins!"

"Yes," continued Miss ——, laughing at the colonel's melancholy tone; "and my good friend, Mrs. Nordenhjelm, when she invited me to spend the winter with her, wrote to me that she had sixty yards of perplexed, intricate weaving for me to set right as my winter amusement. And I replied that, precisely that and nothing else induced me to accept her invitation."

"Ladies are fortunate," said the colonel, with a mixed expression of countenance; "they have always something to disentangle."

These words were provocative of a fresh skirmish between the lady and the colonel, about the occupations of men and women; but, we have not now time to enter into it, because we must speak a little, a very little, about some other of the passengers.

Among these we will merely mention three travelers of the sun, namely, a German, princely, new-married couple, from the primeval for-

ests of Bohemia, who were traveling alone to Avasaxa, to give each other a kiss in view of the midnight sun, after which they would immediately travel back again to their primeval forests and their castle. The lofty pair were remarkable for their splendor, their uncommon beauty, their phlegm, and their almost perfect silence, as well as for their valet and lady's maid, German like themselves, but neither so handsome nor so silent. We next see a French tourist, vivacious, cheerful, witty, perpetually in motion, and perpetually talking either with one person or another, although very few could understand him, and none could answer him excepting the Germans and Miss ——, to whom he confided his discoveries respecting Lapland and the Laplanders. He had with him an excellent gun and three stag-hounds. He was quite determined to taste "a fricassee of Laplanders"—a few small cutlets at least; he would satisfy himself with nothing less. This Miss —— confided to the dean's widow, who looked quite cast down, and made a note of this in her little book.

And now we return to our fourth traveler of the sun, Mr. Theodore, and to his entries in the letter to his friend.

"Friday.

"The sea runs high. The greater number of the passengers are below deck, not very well. I am sole lord on deck, and breathe with delight a purer air. But the sea is dark, and the heavens are so, too. It is evening. We are sailing directly north; and in the north, along the horizon, there is a streak of light, a faint golden gleam upon sea and sky, merely a streak, a little beam of light, but yet—it gladdens me. It is the glimmering that I see of the midsummer journey; and it gives me a good omen. 'The islands of bliss,' the land above the north wind, lies indeed in the north. It is the light of these which beckons toward me. But all around is still gray and cold. And people say that up there it may snow on midsummer day.

"Saturday.

"Clear! clear! Thank God! A glorious day. How wonderfully dissimilar appears the world merely on different days. Every thing now is bright and glittering, and splendid in the light of the sun; but the air is still cold. We see icebergs at a distance in many directions. All the passengers are well, and are cheerful. The youths sing around the steaming bowl. They are glad; they are approaching their homes, their parents, and brothers and sisters, to spend with them the midsummer holidays. The happy ones! Each day some of them troop off. They go singing through the towns where we lie to.

"These little towns! Poor, wretched enough sometimes, but excellently situated and clean; they lie upon the sea-coast, washed by the fresh, salt waves of the sea. They have an appearance of comfort and of pleasantness, which is delightful to me. I should like to live there. And

in the church-yard of Hudiksvall, with its green, sunshiny, flower-decorated graves, within sight of the sea, there I should like to rest.

“Evening.

“We have sailed through the whole day past ice, now in great masses resembling ruined houses, now in fantastic forms, as of dragons with crowns and horns on their heads. Glittering and dazzling, they floated past us, and shone in the sunlight, afar, far off in the blue distance. Every fresh mass of ice was announced by an icy wind. In the afternoon, we sailed past an immense ice-field. A large seal lay there basking in the sun. After this, the air changed; it was warm and pleasant. Our captain hailed with his trumpet a ship coming from Haparanda, and inquired whether the ice still lay in the harbor. ‘No, all open.’ A good omen.

“I have made an acquaintance, who is much with me, who sits beside me, sometimes talks, more frequently is silent. I like that, and I like him; I feel it agreeable to be near him. You know that I am a believer in secret sympathies and antipathies. There is some sort of a sympathy which attracts me to this young man, and him to me. He is called Adolph Hjeltn, and is a Norzlander.

“Sunday.

“A Sabbath stillness prevails through nature. There is a stillness even within my soul. This light, this calm, and this wonderfully pleasant air, operates beneficially upon body and soul. I breathe more easily, I feel better. Something youthfully exciting and full of hope moves at times within me. At Ornsköldvik I sprang on shore, found the first blossom of the arctic raspberry, kissed the ground, and—wept. How noble, pure, and honest, is the appearance of Ornsköldvik; such would I that my life should be—ah!

“Mountains of Ongermanland! mountains of Ongermanland! I easily recognized you in your beautiful, changing forms and hues; and the glorious birch-trees upon the hills, which stood like the ancestral heights of an ancient world. There I went on shore, embraced the trees, and made sketches of them. Nature! nature, my nurse, my mother, my only, only mother!

\* \* \*

“My friend, Adolph Hjeltn, is not happy either. He has lost a young, beloved wife. Yet how calm, how pious, how great is his soul in comparison with one which I know! By his side I can not but be ashamed of my disquiet. And wonderful! when I am near him it abates. He magnetizes me as it were. His deep, gentle voice infuses a calm into me; it seems to do me good only to be near him; I like to look at his mild blue eyes. There is the northern mirth and power in them. Their glance and the beams of the sun, fascinate the worm in my breast. It sleeps. And I see no longer ‘the people of the shades.’

“Monday.

“Last evening my friend and I sate on the

fore part of the deck as the sun went down behind a great dark cloud. We spoke of the deep mysteries of life, of the heart and of thought. And I can not but love him for that which he said: it warmed my heart, without burning it, pleasantly like the summer-night. Again and again the sun burst through the black cloud before me, and glanced upon us like a divine eye, beaming, penetrating. At length, the whole cloud was sundered by beams of light and dispersed itself in soft purple wreaths, plumes and banners around the conquering monarch. A glorious spectacle! And there I sate beside my friend, calmer than I had ever been before, conversing with him of the beautiful mysteries of life, in harmony with him—and for that moment—with myself. Thus came the night over us. But a night without a shadow. We sate still and saw ocean and heaven dream smilingly, the one mirrored in the other. Oh, the peace of souls united with each other, or—with God!—Eternal longing!

“Tuesday morning.

“Again a night. A story from the Arabian Tales, which will keep me awake for a moment. It was evening. We lay in the harbor of Skellefteo, encoircled by smiling, soft green shores, and upon the calm, mirror-like sea, and with the heaven clear as a glass dome above us. The sonorous voice of the captain had just announced, ‘The steam-vessel waits here four hours!’ Boats came and boats went from the vessel, full of people. Adolph Hjeltn went down in one of them, and desired me to accompany him. An open carriage stood ready on the shore. Adolph took my arm, and compelled me to enter it. The carriage rolled away—guess whither—to Bragesholm!—My friend is the son-in-law of—my step-mother!

“Fate, the great spindle, weaves its threads wonderfully around me. We entered the columnar woods, my columnar wood, so familiar to the dreams of my childhood and of my youth. It was a bright, warm night, full of a wonderful fragrance. ‘Do you know,’ said Adolph, kindly, ‘that is the odor which our fir-woods give out at night? Weak and sick hearts are refreshed by it.’ I said nothing. I could not speak.

“Bragesholm lies at about an hour’s distance from the shore. When we arrived there, the crimson of evening and the crimson of morning were blended together above the dale and the building; and, brightened by the light, stood at the door of the house, like the lady Minnetrost in the *Zauberring*, a tall lady in light-colored garments. She extended her arms to receive my friend, who threw himself like a son upon her bosom. She offered her hand to me with a kind welcome. To me she was not a stranger. The figure, the light dress, the regular features, the fair complexion, the expression, all were well-known to me, all were as in the former time, although twenty years had rolled between then and now, and the young woman had changed into the old.

"We entered the house. A table was spread in 'the great joy.' I looked around me in silence. All was familiar to me, and yet so strange. I fell into a dream. Adolph woke me by striking me lightly on the shoulder, and saying to his mother—

"Here is a young man, an artist, who has been traveling round the world many years in search of wonderful adventures."

"The old lady fixed her mild eyes upon me; she asked—

"And have you found what you sought?"

"No," replied I, "that which I have found is not worth telling. The world is tiresome and monotonous! People have no longer any wonderful adventures!"

"She smiled gently, as she said—

"Perhaps not, in the outward life. But in the inward, we may all of us meet with something out of the common way there. And upon the whole, no adventures are really remarkable, excepting those which have reference to the inward."

"These words struck me. They opened my heart, as it were; and I was just about to say something agreeable, when I heard a young voice, full of heart and deep feeling, exclaim from an inner room:—

"Adolph! Adolph! ah! is he there?—And I can not come—Adolph come to me!"

"My little Ina, the *Innermost*!" exclaimed Adolph, and sprang into an inner room.

"I remained standing alone, opposite the old lady. A strange torturing feeling came over me. She was silent. I listened to the buzz of loving and cheerful voices within; the old lady seemed to remark it, and gave me an invitation with her hand to accompany her. I did so, and saw at the distance of a few rooms, Adolph among trees of flowering camellias, bending over I knew not what. He raised himself, and I saw a head, lying in a horizontal position, such heads as that I had seen in the pictures of the old masters, glance forth from an azure back-ground—cheerful, celestial blue eyes, golden hair, a smiling mouth, a pair of white wings or arms, and for the rest—nothing. No, nothing else but a light blue silk coverlet.

"This, however, was what was called the *Innermost*. What that *Innermost* really was, I knew not, did not then rightly understand—I fancied that I saw an angel, glancing forth from an azure heaven. I merely wondered why she lay so still, why she did not float freely around, because wings were evidently there. Ah! my friend. They said that this seraph-like being, this *Innermost*, is—a lame girl, who has been lame these ten years; a suffering human being. But I do not believe them; no, there is a something not quite right about the place, and this *Innermost* must be an enchanted princess, and every thing here must present itself yet in an altered form.

"When I looked up from her, my eye met

another figure, which struck me with new amazement. Ah! was I also to see her here: my childish, my first love, the cherub whose beauty, and whose pride, kindled my heart in the gay early morning of my day. The colors were now paler, but the beautiful, proud enchantress was the same. She sang to us to the harp, about Norrland, about the memories of youth, melancholy, sweet, and powerful night-melodies. I felt the strings of my inner life vibrate—I could not bear it, I was obliged to go into the open air, and then I became calmer. I came in again, and conversed with her.

"The colonel was now come, and Miss—. They all chattered and laughed, and ate and drank—I with them; but my soul was away, or with that beautiful pale woman, who, like me, seemed to have a heart heavy with secret thoughts. We could merely stay another half hour. Adolph, who promised to guide the stranger and myself up to the sun-lit mountain, set off with me; the colonel conducted the beautiful Ida. We all became traveling companions up to Haparanda. From Avasaxa, I return with my friend hither, being invited to do so by him and the old lady. And then—yes, what then? I know not; the future must determine. Now I know only that I am near the beloved of my childhood, carried the same way that she is; that she is fair, and that I still may become her captive. I feel her power still, as in those young years. And she? will it be unproductive of consequences, that we again meet here after our stormy fates? I write this at five o'clock in the morning. I can not get a wink of sleep. It is said that the sun fevers the blood, in the north, at this time; I feel it in my seething veins. To-day I shall see her, shall be with her!—"

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"I see how it is—I see how it will be. My evil genius pursues me, and the people of the shades have left me not. Silently steal they through the light. As a child, it was my brother; now it is my friend, who stands between me and happiness, and I become solitary and portionless. Adolph and she love each other. He scarcely remembers me, and she!—Ah! I, poor fool! Oh, my friend! smile not at me, for it is so sad to be always deluded by hope, even if it be folly. She was so beautiful, she smiled so pensively, seemed so kindly to meet my thoughts. Thus was he also toward me. Now I am again solitary. I had a moment of light, and now again it is dark. But be still, Nidhogg, infuser of poison. I will travel to the midnight sun! We, the midnight sun and I, will embrace each other, and then will all become right and clear, and perfect. Or, dost thou not believe that it also will retreat from me—hide from me its countenance?"

God turned away his countenance, say the Scriptures, and man must remain in his darkness.

## CHAPTER III.

WE must now return, for a few moments, to the night at Bragesholm, and accompany the rest of our travelers.

By the meeting between Adolph and Ida, every one saw that they had seen each other before, and under circumstances of a very painful character. It was thus. Adolph, when on a journey, had met Ida at one of the German baths, and had been present on the occasion of her husband's being shot. He had supported her at that moment, although not intimately acquainted with her; and though they had parted shortly afterward, each had preserved for the other an impression of esteem and admiration. With this unabated impression they now met, and were glad to recognize each other. It was more than probable that Adolph's determination to become the guide to the perplexed foreigners, and to his new friend the artist, was not wholly counteracted by the prospect of making a part of the journey in company with the beautiful Ida. The "little Sprig," however, held his father fast; and because he was going to set off again, the little lad held him so tightly by the neck, and cried so bitterly when they were about to take him forcibly away, that Adolph, half in jest and half in earnest, cried out, "He shall go with us—I will take him with me;" sprang away with his little son round his neck, and seated him beside him in the carriage; wherewith "the little Sprig" was so delighted, that it was decided the Sprig was to go to see the midnight sun, and therefore Mrs. Cecilia had now to prepare, in all haste, a little bundle of the boy's clothes, and to wrap a warm coat around him, and recommend him earnestly to his father's care. And thus "the little Sprig" became also a traveler of the sun.

Miss — also became one, and went with them at least to Torneo, because there Ida was to be met by her little girl, who was to return with Miss — to Mrs. Cecilia; while Ida, with her uncle, continued her journey to Uleoborg, where she was expected by a family in which she was to give instructions in music. Mrs. Cecilia, who had a deal of that youthful enthusiasm, which is often found in elderly Swedish ladies, would gladly, she said, herself have accompanied them to the mountain of the midnight sun, if she had not been confined at home.

"I shall, however, prepare the feast," added she, joyously, "while you look at the sun, and be ready to receive you with warm napkins when you get back again."

The travelers set off. The colonel, delighted beyond measure by three courses of salmon, the most delicious cutlets from the fatted calf, and excellent pancakes, with arctic raspberry and cloudberry jam in crystal cups; and wondering within himself how such infamous reports about the lady and mistress of Bragesholm could get abroad, and provoked with himself for having believed them. But, we would inform the col-

onel, that though he, as a guest, might have been at all times well received in Mrs. Cecilia's house, yet it was only within a few years, and since the circumstances of the family had considerably improved, that Mrs. Cecilia had by degrees relaxed the rigid bands of economy which she had imposed upon herself and her children, since which they had lived at Bragesholm as in other well-conditioned houses in the country.

We must now accompany our travelers on board the steam-vessel. Upon the calm, glittering sea, beneath a sky altogether free from cloud, and in an air which it was a pure delight to breathe, Adolph and Ida were together. They had formerly met under bloody and melancholy circumstances in the night of life. Now they saw one another beneath its midsummer day, and found each other beautiful. Surrounded by that ethereal magic light, they sat together during the quiet night, and were happy in being near each other. We can not pretend to say what passed within their hearts, nor whence came that peace, like the dew of morning, which sank down so deliciously and so refreshingly upon her soul, softening the bitter expression of her countenance, and glorifying it with a new beauty; nor whence came that elevating life which shone in his glance, and which animated his beautiful and manly being—that dawning of love's beautiful mysteries! I only rejoice over you—rejoice that you exist upon earth, and bless her with your miracles. How? Does the feeling which shall invite for eternity spring up for a moment, like the passion-flower with its beaming sun? To be sure! There are glances in the human eye, expressions in the human face, tones in the human voice, which present clearer revelations of its innermost life in one moment than could be obtained by fifteen years' acquaintance. Such are called forth in the blossoming moments of the soul, beneath the lightning of the night, and the peace of noon-day. And when, in the northern regions, midsummer is warm and strong throughout nature, and causes by her magic power new flowers to unfold themselves, rare species of butterflies to mount upward with glowing colors, and the woods to breathe forth fragrance, shall the human being be without a feeling thereof? Shall not he sweetly press into the magic circle? Certain it is that the sentiment which possessed Adolph and Ida, and attracted them to each other, was a marvelous one, and caused them to bloom for each other in beauty, without they themselves being aware of it.

It was not until they came to land, and were about to separate, that they both started back, as it were, and became silent. Adolph was to remain with his traveling companions at Haparanda, and Ida was to go to Torneo, on the Russian side of the water, where were her friends and her little girl. The following morning the child was to be left in charge of Miss —, and she and the colonel were to continue their journey to Uleoborg. It was evening when the

"Ornsköld" lay to at the most northern city of Sweden.

Adolph accompanied Ida across to Torneo. The colonel staid on board to take charge of the luggage, and see it conveyed to the city.

Adolph and Ida walked silently side by side, each in a singular state of mind, and each glancing down into the heart's wonderful world.

Ida stood upon the bridge over the Torneo river, which unites the two towns, and said—

"I see my friend's house on the shore. Now let us part. Thanks, and—farewell!"

Adolph retained her hand, and said, while he gazed thoughtfully into the river, now bathed by a flood of light from the sinking sun, "Part? I confess that it seems to me inconceivable, impossible that we should part!" Ida smiled mournfully, and her countenance was pale.

"It will not do," continued he, but with a beautiful smile, while his eye rested upon her, with an actual sun-beam, so bright and so warm, "it is not right that when two human beings entirely true to each other, are bright before one another, as heaven and earth are here even in the night—I can not comprehend otherwise than that you must feel as I do, must consider it, as I do, absurd that we should part. Tell me, does it not appear so to you?"

"Absurd! no."

"But—is it painful to you, as it is to me?"

"Yes."

"God bless you for that answer. Ah! how fascinating is candor. But then—why should we part? Tell me, do you not believe that we could remain together—be happy together?"

Ida smiled again mournfully.

"To that question," said she, "I must answer, No. No, I can not be happy any more. My spring, my youth, my hope, my faith, all are gone, forever! That which I once was, I can never more become, and will never more unite any one to my fate."

"Oh, sin not against the highest, the best!" said Adolph, warmly; "do not distrust the renewing power of light and love. Is human life—is human existence more without a sun than nature? And look! nature is new-born all around us."

"There is no sun for a bruised heart, and for hope which is dead, excepting that which shines pale upon—the repose of the grave!" replied Ida, gloomily. "Farewell! thanks for your noble wishes, and for this short midsummer-night's dream. It has made me happy, happier than I have been since—I can not remember when. Am I candid enough?" continued she, smiling. "These light nights are contagious. But this proof of confidence is the greatest, and probably the last which I shall give—to any man. Farewell!"

"Not yet!" said Adolph, excited. "We do not part here. I must see, must speak with you again. I have much to say to you."

"My friends are coming to the bridge. My child!" And Ida hastened toward them, took into her arms, and clasped to her heart, a beau-

tiful little girl with a tenderness which did not at all accord with the snow-cold heart which she had exhibited to Ina. And lovely, little Naima, the image of her mother as a child, hung with delight round her neck.

Adolph was present. He made acquaintance with Ida's friends, talked to them about the midnight sun at Avasaxa, could not comprehend how people could have lived so near, merely a short day's journey from the mountain, and not once have been there to see the nocturnal solemnity, and thus contrived to inspire the friends with an inclination to witness it, and persuaded them that there never could be found more auspicious weather, or a more suitable opportunity for such a journey than just now; in short, he did not leave them until they had firmly determined the following night—midsummer night—to see the midnight sun at Avasaxa. That Ida should accompany them was natural, and quite necessary.

"Col. G—— and Miss ——," said Adolph, "will go with us to-morrow to see the midnight sun. And Miss —— can take charge of little Naima at Avasaxa. Thus, we shall meet to-morrow night."

Ida could not help smiling at the ease and certainty with which Adolph manoeuvred, and determined, and decided for other people what they themselves had never dreamed about. But she did not oppose it, and appeared to have a melancholy pleasure in prolonging for yet a moment her midsummer-night's dream. She did not, however, say any thing, but left the others to talk and arrange. And thus it was determined, that Ida's friends should drive with her and Naima along the Russian bank of the Torneo river, while Adolph and his company proceeded along the Swedish bank, and that they all should meet at Avasaxa.

The large, brown eyes of Miss —— gave a very arch and significant look when Adolph laid before her the arrangement of his newly concerted plans. The half-confidence, however, which Adolph reposed in her, and his earnest entreaty that she would not counteract his arrangements, and that she would accompany him to Avasaxa, together with the lady's own inclination to witness this nocturnal phenomenon, as well as publicly to oblige those whom she really liked, made Adolph's labor so far easy. The colonel, however, was not so easy to deal with. He grumbled dreadfully, and swore at the midnight sun, at the fickleness and the caprices of ladies, at all sorts of unnecessary and foolish undertakings, as well as at having to struggle and clamber up a high mountain at night to see the very same thing that they might see any day upon level ground. Miss —— was obliged to come to Adolph's assistance, and regularly to quarrel with the colonel, and with his laziness, and his love of ease before he became compliant and in a good humor again. The dean's widow was exceedingly pleased when she learned that Miss —— was going on to Avasaxa, and offered her and the company the use of her

sister's carriage, and herself as their traveling companion; upon which, Miss — promised that at Avasaxa, and within view of the midnight sun, she would sing for her a melting French ballad.

In the mean time, the Frenchman ran about in Haparanda and Torneo, knocked at every door and inquired after Laplanders and Lapland articles. But he found none any where, and nowhere did any body understand him; in many places, however, they offered him meat and drink, with which kind hospitality he was delighted. The German princely couple slept in preparation for the following night's watching. The lady's-maid and the valet yawned together. Feverish and melancholy, Theodore strolled about, finding rest nowhere.

Adolph was active in making preparations for the morrow's journey; he engaged carriages, horses, and drivers, together with an interpreter—because the people beyond Haparanda speak either Finnish or Lappish—all of which were things not easily to be obtained in that little northern town, by those who were not so lucky as to have friends or acquaintance there. Now, however, the dean's widow proved herself the best and most active of friends, and thanks to her and Adolph, two carriages with their drivers, together with an interpreter, were ready for the morning of the following day. The interpreter's name was Granqvist, and a more Swedish name, or a better interpreter, and guide, we would defy the whole of Norrland to produce.

The following day was hot. The sun blazed in a cloudless heaven. The travelers found it oppressive; the horses could hardly trot along. We sincerely wished that the Countess Ida Hahn-Hahn had been with us. She would then have had quite another impression of the Swedish northern climate than that gray and chilly one of which she speaks in her "Attempted Journey to the North." The enchanting beauty of the meadows by the way; their rich masses of flowers; the encircling birch-woods, the beautiful white animals\* which here and there grazed in the woody pastures; the still, clear rivers along whose winding margin the road ran; here and there small peasant-farms, and churches upon promontories of the river, and all this bathed in sunny light, formed a beautiful and a striking scene. They drove as if through a gallery of striking pastorals, one of the features of which was the kindness with which, at the peasants' cottages and the public-houses, the travelers and their servants were received, and regaled with the most delicious milk, without, in any case, being able to enforce payment, not even as drinking-money. The French tourist was overjoyed; "*de si bonnes gens ! mais c'est l'âge d'or !*" He had already this year enjoyed spring five times; one in Sicily; the second in Paris; the third in London; the fourth in Copenhagen; and lastly, the fifth, the warmest, the most beautiful, here

\* All native animals are white up in the north. Dark colored animals which are conveyed into the fields of the north soon become lighter in color, and their progeny in the third generation is perfectly white.—*Author.*

in the neighborhood of the arctic circle. The landscape, however, he found altogether too unpeculiar—as to Laplanders and reindeer, he had not seen them at all: and for the so-much-desired friassee of Laplanders, that began to look doubtful, as he was informed, that at this season of the year, the Laplanders remove with their herds far up among the rocks, where they may find snow and fresher pasturage.

Toward evening, our travelers arrived at Mattarengby, where is the last resting-place on the road. This is a little village of two or three peasants' houses, situated upon an extensive flat of meadow, on the banks of the river, with a Finnish chapel on a height above, and all around, to the very bounds of the horizon, a mass of wooded hills, among which is the mountain of Avasaxa, though it does not appear to elevate itself much above the rest.

Adolph obtained boats and rowers, and at nine o'clock the company began their voyage to the mountain.

The rowers, tall and handsome men, but with that gloomy gravity of feature and demeanor which distinguish the people of Finland, rowed in deep silence. Silent sate the handsome couple from Bohemia, but enjoying the beauty of the evening. The Frenchman sate with his gun in his hand, peeping on all sides for wonderful polar animals, either on two or four legs. And just opposite to him, with eyes and mouth wide open, sate the dean's widow, in secret expectation of some extraordinary adventure, in consequence of the murderous schemes of the traveler, and glancing sometimes at Miss —, to ascertain what she thought and looked for. But even Miss — was thoughtful and silent, and let her white hand play in the waves, while her brown eyes gazed with a half melancholy expression over the beautiful landscape.

Adolph and Theodore sate beside each other, both occupied by the same object, but in how different a manner! Adolph, full of his own plans, his own uneasiness, expectations, wishes, and desires, paid no attention to Theodore, or to the deep melancholy which had taken possession of him.

It would be difficult to give an account of Theodore's state of mind, so chaotic and dark were the images which possessed his soul. A re-action had taken place in his tumultuous feelings. He felt depressed and unhappy, out of the light, as it were, and displeased with himself and every thing.

They rowed round and among low islands, shining with the most beautiful verdure; they floated upon the clear river between innumerable lovely islands, "the islands of bliss!" thought Theodore. But the blessed, the righteous human beings, where were they? Himself? Ah, no, no! never had he felt himself further from the mark than here, where his imagination had pictured it to him. The peaceful evening and the unspeakable beauty of all around him only increased his melancholy.

After an hour's sail, they arrived at the foot of *Avasaxa*, which rose up before them a shapeless mass of granite blocks and large pebbles, amid that region of wood.

Adolph would gladly have shot like an arrow up the mountain to see if *any body* were there already, but "the little Sprig" held him fast, required carrying and helping, and politeness demanded moreover that he should offer a helping hand to the ladies. Miss ——— thanked him for her part, but declined it. She should "dance a minuet" upon the mountain with the guide, and should, she said, introduce into it a very "remarkable *pas*," and besides this, she said such amusing things, that the dean's lady, who came puffing and blowing up after, followed on her heels, and was obliged now and then to stand still that she might not lose her balance out of pure laughter, and thus lost the guide incessantly. The colonel could not help admiring Miss ———'s slender and fine figure, and her ability to dance a minuet on the top of the mountain; he ascended, puffing and groaning, and vowing, by all the gods and goddesses, never to go on such an expedition again.

At a considerable height on the mountain, the ground was tolerably flat. Birches and pines grew there, and rich masses of heath in open spaces among the trees and rocks. A hundred persons were here assembled in little groups, mostly engaged with their provision-baskets. Many languages might be heard spoken, Swedish, Finnish, Russian, German, French. The view from this point was immeasurable over the whole woody, dark district, upon which the sun shone without lighting it up. Bright, but without beams, stood the sun above the horizon, gleaming with a softened light, and casting a purple glow upon the forms on the mountain. Before long, however, this was interrupted by a white cloud. Great columns of smoke ascended here and there along the horizon toward heaven. They arose from new erections in the desert-fields, the signs of the spirit of colonization, which had advanced even into the arctic circle. The night was warm and calm—delightful. Small fires were lighted here and there on the mountain, to drive away the gnats. Every thing seemed to invite to a quiet enjoyment of the great festival of nature. But—who enjoyed it? Not Theodore. His thoughts were painful and gloomy. Not Adolph. He was seeking in the mountain for a figure in a black dress, and questions and doubts agitated him. Would she come? She had not expressly promised. Perhaps she would not come. Or, had any thing happened by the way? And still, as time went on and the midnight hour approached, the stronger became his longing; his uneasiness, his doubt, and lastly his fear, that she would not come, that they now really were parted.

And now it was twelve o'clock. Now the Frenchman fired his piece in the air; now arose the sun in splendor out of the cloud; now the handsome princely couple kissed each other,

and see!—now advanced from the wood on the Russian side of the mountain, that beautiful, grave countenance, glowing from the light of the sun, and from the exertion required in ascending; precisely that dark-clothed figure, which alone could make darkness bright to Adolph. And Naima, with heightened color, and beauty like that of a cherub, with bare arms, and dark-brown locks floating on her shoulders, came, led by her mother's hand.

Ida was come, yes, but only to say farewell to Adolph. It was her firm, serious intention, for she had well considered it. She will not, she ought not to listen to his offer, for his own and his mother-in-law's sake, who—she knew it—would not wish her for a daughter-in-law. With pale earnestness, she firmly resolved in her soul not to darken the life of that noble, chivalric Adolph. But still, she will once more see him, upon that she is determined, impress his image upon her soul, like a sun in the night of life, and preserve it there like a beautiful, pure, beaming image—that she will!

But longing and disquiet had increased the fire in Adolph's breast. The warmth, the fervent affection, the tearful gladness with which he received and welcomed her, were not calculated to permit that pale seriousness to petrify, and—she could not help it—her glance returned the expression of his own.

Theodore saw it all—those glances, those existences which melted together in love; heard that whispering of lovers, over which heaven arched itself in beauty; he heard and he saw it, and—he went away.

He hastened away to a part of the mountain where no human voice was to be heard, no living being to be seen.

It was a wild and desolate spot. A bare crag of the mountain here jutted out over a deep abyss. When Theodore reached this point, he was met by a soft, sighing wind, which fanned his breast and his hair, and with wonderful fragrance passed caressingly over his countenance. So lively was this agreeable impression, that Theodore involuntarily started, and looked around him inquiringly, as if he had expected some extraordinary sight.

But he stood alone upon the bare cliff, he and a little tree. It was a pine-tree, which had struck its roots into the cleft of the rock, and had sprung up on the edge of the abyss. It had defended itself against the blast, and had bowed before it, but the stem was, nevertheless, straight and strong, and its head which extended over the abyss was now in full bloom. Theodore perceived, as he advanced toward the tree, that the fragrance of which he had been aware came from its flowers.

He threw his arm around the tree, and supported himself by it. It had spoken to him. He now spoke to the tree.

"And thou dost blossom and diffuse thy glorious perfume in the night, upon the naked rock, on the brink of the abyss, thou little tree! Thou refreshest, thou sustainest the solitary

wanderer. And he—shall he be less than thou? Shall he not, like thee, be able to become strong, to grow, to blossom, to give refreshment, although he stands as thou dost, upon the naked cliff of the mountain, above the abyss, solitary in the night, in the storm?"

"Solitary?" and his eye met the sun, which now in the hour of midnight stood above the earth in its mildest splendor, quiet and pure, like a watchful eye beaming with love.

He looked upon the earth. Enveloped in its shadows, it lay beneath his feet sleeping, with its dark woods, its still waters, its silent habitations; all silent, silent!—Soft white mist hung like crape over the valleys, and low sighs arose here and there. They brought to Theodore, as if out of the earth's inmost heart, those words of the lofty song:—

"I sleep, but still my heart wakes ever!"

And he looked again up to the sun, the glowing, wakeful heart, so faithful and warm, whether it be night or whether it be day, always above, always there watching over the beloved.

And the sun spoke to him; a shone deep into his heart, and said—

"There is a greater than I, and he watches over thee!"

Theodore looked down into his own breast, into the most hidden depths of his own being, and behold!—it was light even there. He found there no longer the former darkness, and bewilderment, "the people of the shades" had departed. And out of this innermost depth he heard a voice—it was not his own, although it spoke in his soul, and seemed to cry—

"I am with thee—I watch!"

"Eternal heart, eternal goodness! accept my heart, my life!" whispered Theodore, and extended his arms toward the wakeful midnight eye. And he embraced the little tree—because he must embrace something, and supporting himself against it, he leaned over the abyss, smiling, blooming in the light.

The light shone in him clearer and clearer. Not merely his own being; his life, his sacrifice became clear to him, the line of proceeding which was best for him, his own immediate future became certain to him—*every thing* became clear.

It was a marriage hour. Overcome by its living joy, Theodore threw himself upon the ground, pressing his forehead and his breast to the soft moss. There fell no dew that night upon the mountain, yet was the moss on which Theodore's head rested moist with silvery drops.

Thus lay he still in a blissful dream. The sun now began to ascend. Like a loving mistress, or a mother who will wake her sleeping darling with kisses, yet fears that he might wake too suddenly, so did the sun's beam touch the earth, first tremblingly, hoveringly, fleetingly; then lovingly, warmly, and at last ardently, passionately.

When Theodore arose, he was bathed with light, as if a full stream encompassed him. The woods and the night were filled with light. There was a murmuring and a humming of the freshness of life, and the song of birds ascended from the earth. Theodore stood there as if new-born, even he, and let himself be kissed by the warm beams. He felt him wedded to the light.

Dear reader! didst thou expect a love-adventure in the light of the midnight sun: the union of lovers and kisses?

Yes. But didst thou count it for nothing when the human being feels himself embraced by the love of God, and gives his heart to him?

Of a truth! More beautiful love-adventures can not occur on earth. And he who experiences them knows it.

But if thou wouldst see any thing of the other sort, the image and the reflection of the first, then look round. Neither is that wanting to us. Nothing can fail—nothing can fall short in the midsummer festival of the far north, where "the God of light himself conducts the nightly solemnity," and infuses into life its dithyrambic hymn, when every thing blooms in the light, human-beings and moss, heaven and earth.

Adolph and Ida likewise. She had come hither pale and grave of soul; turned away from the light. But, while he spoke and said how he would love her—how he would support her in her dark hours, wait, watch in the night until her soul should again become light, her heart become warmed by his fidelity, by his love; how he felt certain that he could make her happy, and that he should become happy through her—then, yes, then irresistibly melted the snow around her heart; her earlier, youthful life returned; she believed, she hoped, she loved again. Her tears fell in silent happiness, but she did not speak, and resisted her own emotions. And now the lovers were interrupted in an unexpected manner.

"The little Sprig,"—we are compelled to say it—who, without any regard for the midnight sun, without a thought for the extraordinary event of the night, had bounded about the mountain with the Frenchman's dogs, became, when he saw the beautiful little girl, rosy-cheeked, bare-armed, dark-eyed, shining in the light of the midnight sun, like a little living fire, our little Sprig became as it were kindled thereby, and quite smitten in a remarkable manner. Thus smitten, he stole very softly toward the little girl, who, during Ida's conversation with Adolph, was left standing alone, and gazed upon her with a countenance of delight and adoration. But Naima looked upon him with dark glances, that gave very little encouragement, and the rosy-red lips seemed to swell with pride. The little Sprig drew himself together—he never had been so submissive before—seated himself upon his heels, and then caressingly embracing her knees, he raised

himself up, and gazed beseechingly and delightedly upon her. But the little oriental stood immovable and looked altogether gloomily upon him. Again the little Sprig bowed himself, but this time less submissively—the little Sprig had, in fact, never been so bewitching!—and embraced again the little maiden, but still very gently, caressingly, and with a sentiment of adoration. But still she stood quite immovable and gloomy as before. It had continued too long for the little Sprig, and it weighed too heavy on his heart.

In the third act of the piece, without bending himself at all, he took the little girl in a strong embrace, and that a very forcible one. My private opinion is, that the little Sprig will become a very dangerous fellow one of these days. But now, all at once little Naima set up a tragical sound, and began to cry aloud, at which the little Sprig became both greatly disturbed and terrified. It was this wailing cry which suddenly put an end to the private conversation of the parents, and sent them again to the children, who in a few seconds, forgot, as it were, the past. Upon her mother's arm, little Naima was soon consoled and comfortable again; and the little Sprig, in those of his father, regained his self-possession; but still kept his glance uninterceptedly fixed, as if enchanted, upon the little crimson flame, whose eyes shone with two-fold beauty through the large tears which hung upon their lashes. And when the parents drew near to each other beneath the shelter of the pine-woods, with the children in their arms, it was beautiful to see how Naima's red lips met half-way the rosy mouth of the little Sprig, in a kiss of peace and reconciliation.

But, almost at the same moment, the parents did the same. It was an affectionate, involuntary impulse. A parting kiss, Ida thought. But Adolph said—

"It was your assent to my prayer. I have kissed you as my wife; and the light is our witness."

Ida, deeply excited, could only stammer forth—

"Your mother! your mother!"

"Let me conduct you to her, and beseech her blessing. Return with me, with us, to Bragesholm."

"Oh! she can not wish it—she will not receive me as a daughter!" said Ida. "And my affection for her, and my pride, forbid me to act contrary to her wishes—"

"She desires my happiness," interrupted Adolph; "and you are my wife before heaven. And no one has a right after this to separate us!"

Ida was silent for a moment, and then she said—

"Well, let it be. I will return with you, and see whether she will receive me, whether she will love me as a daughter. Yes, I will return with you."

"Call me Adolph, and say *thou*."

"Adolph!—thou!" Ida said this last word with a deep blush, as she bent herself over the little Sprig, and clasped him in her arms. Adolph was not jealous. He took little Naima in his arms, and she looked at him at first rather suspiciously, but afterward as if she foresaw what paternal tenderness he would feel for her.

We must now again look after our other travelers.

The colonel had seated himself upon a little ascent by the side of Miss —, and smoked his cigar to keep away the gnats—from the ladies of course. The dean's widow, warm and red, had seated herself just opposite Miss —, with eyes riveted upon her, waiting to see if she would say any thing amusing, or would be sufficiently rested to sing that French ballad. With respect to the midnight sun, they had all three passed this judgment: that it was not any thing at all remarkable; that it was like a great cheese, or a pewter plate, or something of that kind. The Frenchman was something of the same opinion, and thought that nothing here was at all remarkable. He had expected to see nature turned topsy-turvy, the most wonderful human beings and animals; he had not seen a single thing out of the common way. Fortunately, he had promised to purchase Finland ankle-boots, and rein-deer horns, and skins, and he had shot in the reeds a few beautiful, unknown birds: that was some consolation.

The Bohemian couple entertained themselves with wine; and the dean's widow produced a box of sweetmeats, from Haparanda, and treated the whole company with them; they were greatly praised, even by the silent German valet and lady's maid. The other groups upon the mountain opened also their provision baskets, and ate and drank in honor of the midnight sun. Little lads ran about from one party to another, offering water out of wooden vessels, and offering themselves to eat the names of the travelers upon the mountain.

The sun had now ascended up the sky, and the heat began to be great. At two o'clock in the morning, the general descent of the mountain commenced. This, for the young peasant men, was a race over stock and stone. Miss —, however, danced a minuet down the mountain with Granqvist, as she had done in going up, and introduced, in so doing a remarkable '*pas*,' and said, moreover, some very amusing things. But the colonel was desperate; and the dean's widow almost melted away by heat and exertion.

In the mean time, when they were again seated quietly in the boat, on the river, which was clear as glass, and when Miss —, now in the gently sinking morning mist, began to sing her melting French ballad, with the most winning moriendos, both the dean's widow and the colonel went into such paroxysms of laughter that he actually was afraid he should be ill in consequence, and laid his hands on his "plexus."

He very soon, however, discovered that he was considerably benefited by the excitement, and he, therefore, became unusually cheerful. The foreigners, who sate with them in the boat, could not tell, at first, what to think of the whole scene, and the Frenchman, at the beginning, looked actually "hébété." But, before long, the whole thing became clearer to him, and he then was quite delighted at the discovery, of what was to him entirely a new talent, and the most remarkable thing which he had met with in the arctic circle. It required a much longer time before the Bohemian couple understood the business; and whether the valet and the lady's maid have come to any satisfactory knowledge regarding it, to this day I know not.

Adolph had engaged a boat, solely for himself, Ida, the children, and Theodore; there he now sate, by the side of his beloved, and the two children lay asleep on a bed of leaves before them. Both sate silent, but with hearts affluent in happiness. The merely being near to a person with whom we feel in sympathy, is sufficient to give the soul a full measure of happiness. There was a completeness in thus silently being together, which mere words would have lessened, or destroyed.

Theodore sate solitarily in the forepart of the boat; he had purposely so seated himself, that he might perfectly see their faces, because he enjoyed a sort of triumph in the feeling that their happiness no longer disturbed his; that he had not lost his friend, that Ida was not that dangerous being to him, which his feverish fancy had believed for one moment. He looked up above their heads to the sun, which with tempered beams now pierced through the morning mist, that enveloped and concealed every other object. But the spirit of God moved over the deep waters, and said—"Let there be light!"

Even now it seemed so to him, and the first words of creation sounded in his soul. He felt himself no longer alone, and he looked up to the sun as to an intimate, as to a friend. It had consoled him; it had lighted him in the night. The mists sank—sank—the sun ascended and blazed forth. Here and there only the small light-green islands gleamed through their white veils; and here, among the islands of the blessed now glided only happy spirits.

When our travelers reached Mattarenghy, the mists had disappeared, and the meadow shone like silver gauze. Upon this meadow, beneath the most beautiful heaven, fanned by odoriferous winds, our travelers spent the entire midsummer day in wandering about, in reposing upon the flowery grass, where shone the arctic raspberry-blossom and the snowy cornels—beneath the shade of the birch-woods, and upon the margin of the bright, calm river. They wished to await the cooler air of the evening before they continued their return. The foreigners, however, had already advanced the same day to Haparanda, where they were not able to find any regular house of entertainment, and feared that they should get nothing to eat; and, be-

fore long, this very same danger was to be apprehended for our Swedish friends.

Old Brigitta, who lived at the little peasant farm, which this time served as a resting-place for the travelers, was not at home, but had been fetched away to a distance of nearly fifty miles, to set a child's leg which was broken; the good widow being greatly celebrated for such like surgical skill through the whole district. And on the whole premises no creature was now to be found, nor was there any sign of store of provisions either to eat or to drink.

"Sancta Brigitta!" sighed the colonel, "are we to be starved to death here among all these savage Finns, and amid all this poetry?" And he laid his hands upon his "plexus," which seemed to be in commotion.

"Our fate is dark," sang Miss —, mimicking the tragical tone of the colonel. "But, as to our being starved to death, that I do not believe; at least, not to-day," continued she, consolatorily. "I think of taking upon myself the character of cook; and I believe that I shall come off with as much credit, if not more, than that blessed personage, Sancta Brigitta."

"Nay, only look at that!" said the colonel; and gazed at her with delight.

"And I humbly will take upon me to become Miss —'s kitchen-maid," said the dean's widow, and courtesied and smiled; "because I fancy that at least I can do for that."

"Yes, we shall see," said Miss —, with a thoughtful air. And with that the two went round about the cottage to seek for something to furnish a dinner. But this was a more difficult undertaking than they had imagined, because the peasants in those regions live at this season entirely upon milk and bread, and have no other provision, and very rarely light a fire on their hearths. As far as lovers and philosophers were concerned, it was their duty to enjoy themselves with the food of the pastoral ages; or, if it came to the very worst, to do without any. But for a brave colonel, with a squeamish stomach, and a matter-of-fact dean's widow, and such like dinner-loving people, the small gentry, the little Sprig and Naima reckoned among them!—aid must be solicited from the house of the sexton and the clergyman, and accordingly there was an abundance.

When the colonel returned from the little Finnish church, where he had been to divine service with Adolph and Ida, he found Miss — standing on the hearth with a short white apron on, boiling and roasting, and every now and then issuing commands to the dean's widow about the doing impossible things, which made the latter almost kill herself with laughing, while she waddled about and scolded, as she supposed she should do, in her capacity of kitchen-maid.

The colonel seated himself at the door of the passage which led to the room where Miss — held her sway, in part to enjoy the delicate odor of roast salmon and other roasts, and in part to hear the cheerful voices within, during which he smoked his cigar.

Adolph had made him acquainted with his love affair with Ida, and besought of him to return with him to Bragesholm, whereby our honorable colonel felt himself quite excited. He loved romances, both in life and in books; he was glad that the young people liked one another, and he was pleased to be taken into their confidence. And he had now especially agreeable and cheerful thoughts, while his nose was regaled by odors from the kitchen, his ears by pleasant sounds therefrom, and his eyes followed Adolph and Ida, who, beautiful and happy in each other's presence, wandered in the shade of the birches, while the little Sprig performed summerset after summerset for his little rosy flame of the mountain, all on purpose to persuade her to tumble about with him among the flowers in the grass.

But the unusual smell which issued from old Brigitta's kitchen, and the smoke which rushed curling out of her chimney, allured other guests besides the colonel. There came thither the poor, the maimed and the old; for the poor and the maimed are to be met with even at Mattarenghy, although not in the same proportion as in Paris, London, or Stockholm—by no means. They came in the mean time, and peeped with curiosity and longing into the kitchen. A half famished dog came also, and a cat, which had certainly had kittens lately, and some cackling hens. And Miss — gave to them all a portion of food accompanied by a few words, which were intended to represent Finnish, at which the dean's widow was convulsed with laughter. To the famished dog she gave a savory bone, to the cat a plate of sweet milk, and by the joyful cackle of the hens, any body might hear that they had not been without their entertainment.

But now came a tattered, still young, but sorrow-looking woman, of whom the dean's widow said—

"Nay, don't give any thing to her. Granqvist has just told me that she is a woman of bad character, and, though unmarried, has two children."

"Then she shall have twice as much as the others," said Miss —, "that she may divide it between herself and the children."

"But is that right?" said the orthodox dean's widow; "is it not like laying a cushion under sin?"

"My dear lady," said Miss — mildly, but seriously, "do not let us be severe upon those poor creatures who have suffered enough from the shame, and from the severity of society because of an error, often small, considering their circumstances. The want and the misery occasioned by it, are often very bitter."

And she said to the woman—

"Mother, do you understand Swedish?"

"Yes," answered the woman.

"Do you see, mother, give this to your children. *Become a good mother*, and our Lord will bless you!"

This trait of kindness touched the heart of

the colonel. He took the cigar out of his mouth. And he took—a resolution.

The dinner was spread upon the glorious, flowery turf of the meadow, beneath a large three-branched birch tree. And we question whether a dinner ever tasted so delicious before, or was so heartily praised by the guests.

It was, nevertheless, very simple, as regarded its materials. Roast salmon, boiled salmon, dried salmon, salmon prepared in every possible way was the staple article. And there was also an excellent dish of sour milk, and there were regular pancakes made and fried by Miss —'s own hands. The paucity of plates, knives and forks, spoons and glass, gave occasion for the most delightful communism.

Adolph and Ida drank out of the same glass. Miss — and the dean's widow managed for good and for evil to eat their dinners, the one with a knife, the other with a fork. The colonel ate from the same plate with Theodore, and was merely solicitous that his side of the plate should never be empty. The little Sprig and Naima were very nearly having a little skirmish with their spoons over their one bowl of curds, but the parents pacified the strife, and the dinner passed on for them in almost paradisiacal harmony.

It was evening; the sun had allayed his fiercest beams, and the Finnish people stood or sat outside their huts, smoking with little six-inch long meerschaum pipes, and enjoying the coolness. The colonel, who for the last few minutes had been going about seeking Miss — found her at length, resting from her labors upon a mole-hill by the river's side, and alone, without the dean's widow. The colonel seated himself upon another mole-hill near her, and said—

"You have to-day showed kindness toward man and beast. I shall now see whether you will also show kindness to me."

Miss — looked at the speaker rather surprised, because there was a something solemn in his tone, and agitated in his appearance, which was not common. He continued—

"I have always thought that you were a witty and amusing person; but never until to-day have understood how good you are. Yes," continued the colonel, with the paleness of gentle emotion on his handsome and honest countenance, "yes—there is not indeed much to offer—an old man, and sometimes ailing; but nevertheless, if an honest heart, an honest desire to make you happy, are of any value to you, and if you will make a man—precisely the one whom you see here before you, immeasurably happy, then—take me! Take, together with my hand, my heart, every thing that I possess and have."

And he extended his hand to Miss —, with an expression full of heart-felt kindness.

Miss — sat and heard, and gazed at the colonel with increasing amazement, and could not believe her ears and her eyes. At length, she burst into a hearty fit of laughter.

"But tell me, my dear colonel," exclaimed

she, "are you quite out of your senses? You have assuredly had a *coup de soleil*!"

"Now only see!" said the colonel, "you are laughing at me. That is just what I might have expected. But never mind. You may laugh at me if you will, only believe me, and—have me. Out of my senses! Never in all my days was I more rational than I am at this very moment."

"Do you regard me, then, as being insane?"

"Yes, but only because you think me so—think that I have had a *coup de soleil*! Shall I take my oath that I know what I say, and what I wish?"

"But have you then no eyes?" exclaimed Miss —; "do you not see that I am old, an old person above fifty?"

"How old am I, then?" said the colonel; "not far from sixty. And yet I can venture to woo, and make a laughing-stock of myself before laughter-loving people, and perhaps get a refusal into the bargain. But all that have I done with full knowledge, and entirely on purpose because I now know—how really good you are, and because I feel that though I am old and infirm, yet that my heart is nevertheless young, and that I can love both fervently and faithfully. And, though you are old too, yet that is all the better, because then we shall grow old together at the same time that we preserve our hearts young. And after all, there is a pretty little bit of life still before us at our age; perhaps ten years, perhaps twenty, perhaps more. My father's mother had completed her hundredth year before she died, and she was an active old woman to the last. And it makes a great difference whether a man goes on his way by himself, and sees how the shadows gather around him, and how he becomes more and more lonely; or whether two go together, partaking of each other's pleasure, or pain; being together early and late, at breakfast in the morning, by the fireside in the evening, shortening for each other the long winter evenings, the long time of shadows; reading with and to one another, laughing with and at one another; that's very good when people like each other, and above every thing, go on liking one another. Look! now it is evening and the sun is going down; but it is still warm and bright. and, though it descends, it does not set. Can it not be the same with the love of the old, with the friendship between a faithful married couple in the evening of life? And, the deuce take me, if I do not love you so much that I once more shall make myself a laughing-stock to you. Yes, laugh at me as much as you like, but take my hand as you have taken my heart! Look there!"

"You know very well, colonel," said Miss —, "as a couple of bright tears fell from the beautiful brown eyes, 'you know very well, that you are the most persuasive person that I know!'"

"Am I?" exclaimed the colonel, "Nay, only look! I did not know that. Then I

must be over-persuasive also, and you must give me your hand. Else I shall fancy that you are afraid of my plexus, or that you look upon me as having had altogether a *coup de soleil*."

"It is a great piece of folly!" said Miss —. "But—you have actually over-persuaded me, and inspired me with the belief that we may become a happy couple. And in that case—the world may laugh at me as it pleases. Let it be!"

"You are divine!" exclaimed the colonel delighted. "Oh yes! let them laugh who will, and let us be happy and laugh at them again. Let us live at Svanevik, and there we will plant that herb which is called old-love, and which blossoms late in the autumn, and keeps green even amid the snow. There you shall help me to live well, and to make both animals and human beings happy. And, when you wind your tangled skeins during the long winter evenings, I will read to you, and the skein of life shall run for us like a play; and if at any time there comes a knot in the thread, why then—we will take snuff together!"

Miss — laughed, half affected to tears, and half amused and quite edified by the colonel's talent for talking, but nevertheless with an uneasy glance for herself.

"What will Mrs. Nordenhjelm say?" said she.

"That you have done very properly and wisely," said the colonel, "if she be indeed the good and sensible lady that you have said. And, as concerns the dean's lady, she is just now coming toward us, and we can try—"

"Not a word, not a word to her, nor to any human being about what has taken place between us, before I have spoken to Mrs. Nordenhjelm about it, or else we shall instantly become enemies. I hardly know myself whether what has happened is real. I am quite bewildered!"

"Do you know, my good lady," said the colonel, half aloud to the dean's widow as she came up to them, and with a mysterious and important air, "do you know that Miss — is not well? She feels herself quite bewildered, and there is a danger that she has received a *coup de soleil*. It is, therefore, better that she should be left to herself, or else to me who understand such things, and will watch by her. Otherwise something serious may happen—"

The dean's widow looked so amazed and mysterious, that Miss — could not help laughing. But when in the course of the evening, Miss — became more grave, and walked thoughtfully and silently by the colonel's side, the dean's lady became actually uneasy, more especially as the colonel, every time she approached them, shook his head so terrifically and so mysteriously that she did not venture to come nearer, but looked somewhat forlorn, and as if she might sing with Orpheus—

"What shall I do without my spouse?"

In the mean time, the colonel had time fully

to open his heart and his plans for the future to Miss —, who thus felt all the more evidently that he was right, that the sun of life even in its descent might be warm, and make its evening that of midsummer.

While they thus walked and talked together, and while Adolph and Ida drank light from each other's glances, and the Sprig and Naïma sate quietly in the grass, and tried to make little garlands, the organ in the church at Mattarengby peeled forth its magnificent voice as it had not done for many years.

Many years ago, it is said, a man from Stockholm—a great musician—obtained the situation of organist in this remote corner of the world. Many peculiar and wonderful things are related of him and his misanthropic temper; but so gloriously could he play upon the organ that all the evil was forgotten, and people became enraptured. And sometimes, when the spirit came upon him, he played alone in the church often late into the night, so that the hearts of those who heard him at a distance were wonderfully affected, and they could not avoid weeping. The old organist had now been dead for many years, and since that time it had been as if it were dead in the church of Mattarengby. This evening, however, the organ was heard to play as in former days, only that the tones were more cheerful and more agreeable. The people of the whole neighborhood, who heard the pealing of the organ listened with wonder, and many said that it must be the old spirit which haunted the church and played the organ; but now his restless spirit certainly enjoyed peace, for that might be heard in the music.

And so it was. The spirit which produced that melody had experienced peace. Theodore composed that night-song to the eternal sun.

The journey in that pleasant, cool, fragrant night was beautiful. Ida wished she could always keep journeying on thus, thus by Adolph's side through the odorous woods. She feared the arrival at Bragesholm. They all of them had a secret dread of it, Adolph, Miss —, and the colonel. Mrs. Cecilia's bright and gentle figure appeared almost fearful to every body.

What would she think? What would she say? was every body's secret thought. And all had an uneasy presentiment that she would not approve, that she would not be pleased.

Theodore thought about her, even he thought of her and Ina with a mixed feeling of uneasiness and longing. The dean's widow alone sate calm in her innocence, thinking of nothing and dozing. But, if she had known how things stood, and what feelings and thoughts occupied her silent companions, she would have been more amazed than ever, and would have sighed with reason—

"To be sure! what adventures, what adventures people meet with when they travel! Yes, they are remarkable, very remarkable—"

### CHAPTER III.

THERE was at Bragesholm during this time, an unusual state of agitation. There was a putting of things in order, and a baking and a brewing, a scouring, and adorning, a dusting of guest-chambers, hanging of curtains, a movement among the stores in garrets and cellars, an opening of locked-up presses; in a word, there was a mighty bustle, but all in a calm and harmonious manner. But in the court, however, there was a most unmerciful beating and banging of many feather-beds and pillows laid upon tables and tressels, and during all this, Lisa went about with a stick in her hand, straight and formal as a daffodil, with an air of importance and more good-tempered than common; because she had in a high degree what we may call a liking for property, and rejoiced to see the house rich in possessions, in particular, of good bedding. Even she herself had collected together sufficient possessions for a pretty little house. And, although it was her belief and declaration that she had not, and never had any "turn for love," and that we are certainly not astonished at, yet she had almost always lovers—as we imagine, for her properties.

Mrs. Cecilia wandered about every where, ordering and arranging every thing with the calm, decisive eye of the mistress of a family; a very rare qualification, and one which can not be had for the wishing. It might be seen that Mrs. Cecilia was making preparation for a great entertainment, and that her appearance was more cheerful, and that her jokes were more lively than usual. It might be seen, at least Ina saw, that pleasant thoughts occupied her soul, that she felt happy in having money now to spend, in seeing her means increase, and in being able to follow her own inclination to be hospitable and liberal. Besides this, she also had a liking for properties, and what real mistress of a house has it not?—and it gratified her to see her house so well provided and so rich in every kind of good furniture.

But cheerful thoughts are guests, often passing guests, who seldom remain long in the same house.

Mrs. Cecilia stood upon the balcony looking out on the road where she saw two carriages driving along. Every thing was in order in the house to receive the expected guests from the north and from the south, from the east and from the west. And Mrs. Cecilia's heart beat stronger and more cheerfully than it had done for many a year at the thoughts of the approaching meeting which would make a joyful termination to all the anxieties of business, and to the hitherto unhappy position of the family, and because of Adolph and Charlotte, who would, as she hoped and believed, become united forever and afford her support and tranquillity in her old age, as well as for Ina's future life. Mrs. Cecilia saw herself in spirit surrounded by her children at Bragesholm—

Adolph and Charlotte managing the estate, and giving to the others each one his share, and she herself among them, cared for by them and still caring for them, happy in their happiness, and rich in the honor of their worth and reputation. She saw little plants springing up around her knees, like young shoots around the parent tree; she saw all this dreaming far, far into the future, and she smiled.

The traveling-carriages came nearer and nearer and now drove into the court, and now up to the door. The first carriage contained the travelers of the sun. When Mrs. Cecilia saw Ida return, and Adolph assist her out of the carriage and lead her into the house, she felt a pang at her heart, and an anxious presentiment of that which had happened took possession of her. She was pale, and could not altogether conceal her uneasy impression as she welcomed them back; neither were they as self-possessed and as open-hearted as usual. They had all of them a secret in their hearts. But there was no time for explanation or the clearing up of any thing, for directly upon the heels of their arrival came that from the south of Sweden, the eldest son Fridolph, the man in office, "that gentle brother," and his wife Amelia, and with them two of their children, and Charlotte, Mrs. Cecilia's other daughter. And with them came an unexpected guest, whom Mrs. Cecilia received with a little surprise, but very great kindness. This was Captain Reinhold Rapp, who merely once before had been on a short visit to Bragesholm, and who was now particularly introduced by Fridolph. He was a short, broad-built man, of a strong make, with a round, fresh, sun-burned countenance, lively brown eyes, and good teeth, and with beautifully formed hands, although very brown; in short, he was an excellent fellow, with a look of remarkable good humor.

And just as all the guests had arrived, dinner was ready, and every body sat down to table.

Long life to Captain Reinhold Rapp! Thanks be to him, nobody remarked the constrained and uneasy state of mind in which a part of the company found themselves, nor observed the silence of several of the guests, because Captain Rapp talked almost incessantly in a loud voice, and so well, that every body heard him with pleasure. He had lately witnessed some scenes of violence in his district, when a party of rude peasants had fallen upon an assembly of the so-called "readers," during their divine service. He had been present on the occasion, taken part with the persecuted, and defended them from extreme violence, and powerfully supported the authority of his majesty and the law. As Mrs. Cecilia wished for some further information on these subjects, it afforded a splendid opportunity for Captain Rapp to display his descriptive and narrative powers. And, though during this, Captain Reinhold Rapp came forward very frequently, either as an actor or as a speaker, and though he was often heard to repeat, "Thus said I," and "says I," yet it was nothing more

than was natural and necessary. And if in the beginning they were somewhat startled by it, in the end they found themselves listening with pleasure, and irresistibly amused and interested in the course of the relation, and, as is said, carried along with the story. For every one felt, and heard, and perceived, that Captain Reinhold Rapp, in all that he said and did, was rapid, sensible, and clever, that was very evident; and nobody, for one moment, could imagine that Captain Reinhold Rapp had not done, and said, and carried out, all that he said he had; for they heard and saw that every thing which he related was the pure truth, and that Reinhold Rapp was a sagacious and a fine fellow, and that it was impossible but that he must carry his hearers along with him; that they must feel and think, and be indignant, and laugh with him.

Perhaps Charlotte was rather weather-beaten by her journey, but certain it is, that at dinner her usually beautiful complexion rather too much resembled the color of the peony. Certain also it is, that she was much occupied by Captain Rapp's narratives; and again and again she hastily turned her eyes from Captain Rapp to her mother, with an anxious and inquiring glance; and, when she saw Mrs. Cecilia's eyes, for the most part, fixed upon the lively narrator, she appeared to breathe more freely.

Charlotte was really a lovely and agreeable girl, who, spite of her seven-and-twenty years, looked remarkably young. She looked fresh and strong, and had that beautiful skin, those bright blue eyes, those white teeth, and that round face, which so agreeably characterize the youthful daughters of Norrland. She seemed, as Ina said, to be really a splendid girl, exactly calculated for a wife and the mistress of a family.

But that she was not at this moment in her usually gay and cheerful state of mind, could not escape any one who was not principally occupied by himself.

Fridolph, the man in office, the gentle brother, was a handsome man, of a fine striking exterior, in which was an expression of more than ordinary kindness and gentleness; and sister-in-law Amelia appeared to be a very proper and well-bred lady, who could carry on conversation excellently. The children were—model children, a girl and a boy, well trained, and who rather looked down upon the little Sprig and Naima, who were altogether too rustic.

Immediately after dinner, other guests arrived. Mrs. Cecilia had not a moment's peace, and it was impossible for any one to have a private interview with her.

Charlotte sought out Miss —, who had withdrawn to her own chamber; and, on entering, she exclaimed—

"Nay, now I must talk to somebody, and open my heart, or else—there'll be an end of me! It is not possible to speak a word with mamma, nor with Ina either. That artist Mr. Theodore, seems to think that he alone has a

right to occupy her ear. And now aunt must listen to me, and counsel me, and help me—if possible!"

"Speak, speak, dear child," said Miss —: "I have seen that you have the whole weight of Oreskutan on your heart, and can not breathe freely. Down with it; unburden yourself; I am here to help you."

"Ah, don't laugh at me, aunt, because it is not a laughing matter."

"Heaven forbid, dear child! Only speak out. What is amiss? What is it?"

"Oh, yes! It is—that I—that I am betrothed to Captain Rapp; that is to say, I have given him my consent, provided that mamma will give hers. And now he is here to ask me from mamma; and I am so horribly frightened lest mamma should be vexed—lest mamma should not like it. Because mamma in reality knows nothing of Captain Rapp, and has no idea about what he and I have in our minds, but has quite other intentions for me, that I know, and I had myself quite different intentions six months ago."

"You see, aunt. After Virginia's death, Adolph could not be happy any where but with us—with mamma, Ina, and me. And, when he was very much distressed, mamma used to go to him with the little Sprig in her arms, and show him how lovely and how lively the child was; and when Adolph could not sleep at night, mamma would go up to him and weep with him, and talk to him, and console him, and then he liked to hear me play and sing old songs; and thus by degrees he became more and more cheerful and attached himself more and more to us. And then—I became very much attached to him, that I do not deny. In that way, twelve months went on, and I knew that then the thought arose in mamma's mind that Adolph and I should marry, and it was what she herself wished. I know also that she thought of some time giving up Bragesholm to the management of Adolph, and that she wished to remain there with him—with us. How I came to know all this I can not easily say; I do not rightly know myself, because mamma never mentioned to me a word about Adolph and myself. But, I know of a certainty that such were her thoughts, and I myself thought so, and I fancy that Adolph himself had the same thoughts. Thus things stood, when it was necessary that Adolph must leave us to travel abroad, partly for the sake of his health, and partly on account of that partnership in the great iron-foundry in which he has an interest, and the foreign connections of which he was to extend and improve. He set off, and remained away for nearly half a year. In the mean time we lived in our very quiet way at Bragesholm. Adolph did not often write—because he is no letter-writer—and before long his letters became less frequent and shorter. And then came the long, endless winter, which is so intolerably long up here, especially for us, who never saw a human-creature, partly because we are such

a long way from any neighbors, and partly on account of that detestable economy which is so much more needful than agreeable. And one day was so horribly like another, so that there was no difference between them, and every thing was so dreadfully monotonous. Mamma is so excellent and so good, but then mamma has a deal to do with her affairs and her ledgers, and then mamma could sit the whole long evening, even sometimes till two o'clock in the morning, patching and darning for my brothers, or spinning fine flax for table-linen, while Ina read aloud to mamma. And mamma can even walk up and down in "the great joy" when it is moonlight—yes, even at night, and when the lights are put out. In one word, mamma knows not what it is to have *ennui*. And mamma has also seen, and heard, and lived so much in the world, that she can now live on her memory. But what had I for memories to live upon, to go and promenade in the moonlight on winter-nights? and who never, excepting last winter, was away from Bragesholm, and who never experienced any thing out of the common way since I was born! And spinning is the most drowsy work I know, and mending for my brothers; God bless the eleven lads!—it was purely intolerable. And all those good historical books of which Ina and mamma are so fond, Livy, Patavini, Sturleson, and Co.,—they make me yawn, and I immediately forget all they say. I would a deal rather read now and then a novel, and between whiles have a little dance in the evening, and sledging parties in the day, and a little social amusement, and a little innocent jollity now and then; and for the rest, to do good and assiduously to govern and set things to rights in the world—in my own little world, I mean. Because here in the house I never get on well with my inclination for activity. Everything here, since I came to years of discretion, has gone like clock-work. Mamma does so much herself, and old Lisa would fancy that the world would turn backward if I were to do any thing with my own hand in the house: I had therefore nothing else to do than to sit and look before me, for sitting at my loom, and playing on the piano I reckon as nothing. And year after year it seemed to me that it became more difficult, and required a greater effort to sit so still in the world. And I turned over in my mind the scheme of establishing a factory, or something of that sort when Virginia's death occurred, and Adolph came to live with us. The winter after he was gone became more intolerable, and more wearisome than any other winter had ever been. I regularly longed for a little earthquake, or some sort of a casualty which should make an interruption in the eternal sameness of our life. For, though mamma is excellent and perfect, and Ina is an angel, and the two amuse themselves very well together, yet their temper and mine did not agree, and I had not society in either of them.

"One snowy February day, when we were

sitting together in our accustomed blessed solitude, and mamma was sitting spinning with Ina, and I was sewing and yawning because Ina wished me to repeat the names of all the Swedish kings before Gustavus Vasa, and laughed at my distraction and mistakes, I heard all at once a ringing of bells in the court, and I said, 'Mamma, there are bells!' 'No, my child,' said mamma, 'that ringing is in the porcelain-stove!' for we had just fastened the door, and there was actually a ringing in the stove, but it was not that which I heard, but a real ringing of bells in the court. And, when I looked out of the window, I saw a gentleman in a military cap, and wearing a fine crimson sash, who was alighting from a sledge which stood before the door. And this was Captain Rapp, who had come on a visit to transact a little business with mamma. And he remained with us, drank tea, and talked with us for three hours. And how the hours flew! I seemed never to have seen and heard such an excellent and such an amusing fellow as Captain Rapp. He knew every thing, he could make every thing clear, and he could talk about every thing, and he talked well and entertainingly. I seemed to know more in these three hours than I had learned in my whole life. And he knew every thing about Nowland, and talked about the people and the country, so that it quite warmed one's heart. Mamma herself said that she would not have been without that visit for a six-dollar note, so amused was she by it, just as much as I was. And I thought to myself how very delightful it would be to be often with such a pleasant fellow as Captain Rapp. And such an entertaining evening as that we had not again for the whole winter. And now this last winter, or rather autumn, when we again became so solitary, and mamma saw me become pale and thin, and fancied that I was unhappy about Adolph, and so I was, but not as—but I was so lonesome and suffered so from ennui;—mamma, therefore, wrote to Fridolph, to tell him to come and fetch me to his house at H., for the winter, so that I might divert and amuse myself with balls and company. And with this arrangement we were all very much pleased. For Fridolph and I are very fond of each other, although sister-in-law, Amelia, is a little too prim for me, and I am a little too countrified and daring for her, I fancy. Captain Rapp's residence, however, was near to H., and after I came to the city he came continually there, and arranged slegding parties and balls, and always invited me to them, and in this way I had a prodigiously amusing winter, and danced at more than thirty balls. And, in this way, I learned and heard from many people what a good and honorable man Captain Rapp was, and how generally he was beloved and esteemed. And now when I was about to return to Bragesholm, and Captain Rapp held my hand firmly, and said that it was impossible that he could lose me, because I had taken his heart, I discovered that he also had mine, and then—we became betrothed to each other before I

rightly knew a word about it; because he is so lively and hasty in all his actions!—And now it all depends upon how mamma takes the matter; because I know very well what she will say. Mamma has always said to her children, when they became capable of judging for themselves, even to me in my factory-schemes, 'Make yourself happy in the way that suits and pleases you best. I shall do all that lies in my power to advance your wishes.' And we know that mamma keeps her word. But for that very reason, one is so terribly afraid of doing any thing against her wishes, or which may grieve her. And now I know that my betrothal with Captain Rapp can not be otherwise than very contrary to mamma's views, because she knows nothing about him, and has decided in her own mind that Adolph and I shall become husband and wife. But it would not have turned out well, because, in reality, he and I are not suitable for each other. He is too lofty and melancholy for me, and I am too much of an every-day person for him. We should never have been as happy as he and Virginia were, she who was mamma again in every thing. But Reinhold Rapp and I are just made for each other, and we shall dance with one another in joy and in sorrow through life, if only mamma, ah! if only mamma will say yes to it, and be pleased! Because, if mamma now says yes, as I know that she will do, but is not pleased, but becomes pale and silent as she is sometimes, when her mind is cast down—and if, besides, Adolph should also be vexed, yes, I could not bear that; and, let it go as it may, I shall be unhappy—at least, in the beginning!—and now tell me, give me good advice. How had I better act? What shall we do?"

"Wait till to-morrow morning," said Miss —, "and then tell every thing. Talk to your mother before Captain Rapp does it. But wait until Adolph has spoken with her. I am very much mistaken if he have not a something to confide to her, a confession to make which will open the way to make it easy for you. If all signs and my own good eyes do not deceive me, Adolph has also chosen a wife—but it is not you; and he longs to speak of it to your mother."

Charlotte clapped her hands.

"Ida! Ida!" exclaimed she, "the beautiful Ida R. Yes, it must be she. I might have understood it by his glances at her after dinner. Where were my thoughts? Ah, thank heaven! Then every thing is clear. Then every thing will become easy, and mamma will be pleased with me and my choice. A good choice in every way, because Reinhold has an estate, and is a respectable fellow. Fridolph has promised to talk with mamma in our favor. Ah! we may be happy after all. A thousand, thousand thanks for this hope. Now I can breathe again. Now Oreskutan is lifted from off my breast. It has lain upon me the whole dinner-time, and I was scarcely able to eat, scarcely able to swallow a morsel. Ah! so excellent! so fortunate!

Now I must go and see if I can talk with Ina; for she must be initiated into the mysteries, and she can talk with mamma for me. She is the minister of domestic affairs, and many things come to her, and are prepared by her before they come to mamma, our most gracious queen and most affectionate mother."

And Charlotte, gay and beaming, embraced Miss —, and danced down the steps to pay a visit in "the little joy," and to have a private conversation with the Innermost.

When she entered, Adolph rose up; and both he and Ina had evidently been weeping. He kissed her small, white hand, and pressed Charlotte's hastily as he went out of the room, and left his seat for her to open her inmost heart to the Innermost.

Toward evening, the two youngest sons arrived, the youths Yngve and Arvid; two handsome, promising lads, the apple of their mother's eye; Ina's darlings, gay and happy to be at home with their mother and sisters. It was not possible this day to have any private and serious conversation with Mrs. Cecilia. All confessions, therefore, were deferred until the morrow. In the evening, Adolph besought his mother-in-law to give him an opportunity for a private conversation early the following day. This request, and the thoughts which it gave rise to, caused Mrs. Cecilia to pass a sleepless night.

Early on the morning of the following day, Mrs. Cecilia met her son-in-law in her boudoir. She was pale, and her hand felt cold in Adolph's, as he, also evidently excited, took her hand and conveyed it to his lips. He sat beside her on the sofa, and said tenderly—

"Do not be displeased with me, my mother, if you find that I have acted too hastily. I am ready to concede that—but I can not regret what I have done!"

Adolph paused for a moment, because he remarked that his mother-in-law gently trembled, and was very pale. She, however, said nothing, but made a sign for him to proceed. Adolph continued, not without embarrassment, but in a manly and determined manner.

"Love has taken me by surprise—I have given my heart, and I wish to give my hand, to the daughter of your friend, my mother, she whom you also know and love."

With an impetuosity which was unusual for her, Mrs. Cecilia interrupted him, as she laid her hand upon his arm, and said—

"Is it done?—can it not be altered?—Have you made up your mind—irrevocably?"

"I have done so!" said Adolph, resolutely, "I have kissed Ida as my bride, and have received her promise to become mine, if you, my mother, will give your approval. This was *her* stipulation; and she has now returned blither with me, to beg you—to bless your children."

Mrs. Cecilia sighed deeply, and covered her eyes with her hands.

Adolph now gave a hasty account of his first acquaintance with Ida at the foreign bath, and the impression which she then made upon him

by her force of character, and her behavior under the most painful circumstances; of their late meeting during the journey to Avasaxa, and of all that took place there. He told her every thing, candidly and honestly. Mrs. Cecilia continued silent, and still kept her eyes concealed by her hands.

"My mother! my mother!" said Adolph, at length, deeply affected, "speak to me, look at me! Is it possible that you can be greatly displeased? that you can be actually opposed to receive as a daughter this glorious Ida, whose character I know that you admire? If it be so, forgive me, my mother, this sorrow, and believe me, that it shall be one day effaced by her affection and mine toward you, by the happiness you will see your children enjoying near you. For I know that you merely desire our welfare, our best welfare. But speak—speak to me, my mother!"

"Adolph," said Mrs. Cecilia, with firmness, but still very pale, "I will be candid with you. You have been, and are very dear to me; none of my sons is dearer, and I can not deny but that this step which you have taken is painful to me—I regard it as too hasty. Ida is not the woman whom I should have wished for Virginia's successor to your hand in my house. I do not believe that she can make a husband happy. Her character, although noble, is too proud, and her temper is not good. I can not deny but that I had other plans, other wishes, for you; but that is the usual weakness of mothers, dear Adolph, and their usual miscalculations. No matter, you had a right to choose for yourself, without reference to any other, except—your little boy. May Ida be a good mother to him, may she make you happy, and she shall not have cause to complain of coldness in me! Of this be certain, Adolph, that the wife you choose will be well received by your mother. May, may she only make you happy."

And with tearful eyes and maternal affection, Mrs. Cecilia embraced her son-in-law.

"And now," continued she, as she went toward her chamber, "I wish to be alone for a moment. At breakfast, you shall bring your Ida to me."

Mrs. Cecilia went into her own room. She wished to collect her mind in quietness, and to calm her excited feelings; for she was painfully excited by what had happened. It was very repugnant to her feelings to see Ida take Virginia's place, and she felt that the old lady of Bragesholm, and the young lady that was to be would never be happy there together. She thought also with uneasiness of Charlotte. Charlotte who had attached her affections to Adolph, how would she like it;—how would she bear it? But Mrs. Cecilia was not long abandoned to these anxious thoughts, for the chamber-door opened, and Charlotte peeped in. When she saw her mother sitting in the arm-chair, pale and serious, she hastened up to her, kissed her, and besought her, with suppressed tears, not to be vexed with her, for that she

had something to say, something to confess to her!

Mrs. Cecilia, almost startled, begged of her daughter to speak.

And Charlotte spoke: relating and confessing all that which we already know. It was to her an indescribable comfort when she saw her mother's countenance brighten during her naive relation, and in the end kindly smile. In consequence, Charlotte became more and more eloquent in praise of Reinhold Rapp, and referred to Fridolph to prove the truth of all that she had said in praise of him.

After the confession which Adolph had made, it was actually a little consolatory and alleviating to Mrs. Cecilia to hear Charlotte, who at once relieved her from all anxiety as to her daughter's unhappy attachment, although it awoke some fear in her mind lest she also had been over hasty in her selection of a friend for life. Mrs. Cecilia, however, said—

"My dear child! you know that you are at liberty to choose and to determine for your own life's happiness, according as you think it best, and that I will not interfere in so important a matter as marriage. On this subject, people must choose and determine for themselves, and I have that confidence in my Charlotte, as to believe that her choice will redound to her honor; and if I now beg that a little time may intervene before the affair is finally concluded, it is because I should wish to see myself that you are fully assured as to your choice, and that you yourself are satisfied; and also because I myself should like to become better acquainted with him to whom it is confided to conduct my beloved child from her maternal home, as well as to leave her happiness in his keeping. He must, indeed, be a very good young man, if I am to be contented with him. But that I hope Captain Rapp is, and I shall talk with Fridolph about him, and with himself if he wishes it. And, in any case, I hope that he will remain at Bragesholm as long as he can."

Mrs. Cecilia said this so affectionately and so worthily at the same time, that Charlotte was deeply affected, and delighted with her maternal kindness and justice, in the true sense of the word, and covered her hands with kisses. Affected and joyful at the same time, she hastened afterward to communicate the good tidings to Captain Rapp, who was waiting at his post, anxiously expectant, and then to Miss —, who also was waiting.

Charlotte had not been ten minutes away, when Miss — made her entrance into her chamber, and with a half-serious, half-comic air of embarrassment, said that she had—a confession to make.

"You also?" exclaimed Mrs. Cecilia, amazed and almost amused by this rehearsal. "Nay, that would be actually too much. Perhaps you, my old, sensible Emily, have allowed yourself to be surprised by love, and have gone and betrothed yourself!"

"Heaven help me! so it is," said Miss —.

"Colonel G—— has wooed me, and I have said, yes, thank you!"

Mrs. Cecilia laughed out aloud. "Nay, that is too foolish," exclaimed she; "and I know not where it will end. All that is now wanting, is that my little Sprig should come and confess that he has given away his heart, and made a choice for life, and that my old overseer should come and make known to me his betrothal with my old Lisa; then it would be complete. I fancy that this hot midsummer has bewitched the people, and has kindled fire both in heart and brain. And even you, dear, old friend? Nay, that is too absurd. You, who were so piously and so seriously to sit and spin, and to play at cards, and to wind yarn and sing old songs with me this autumn and winter, that you now instead, should be thinking of marriage and romantic scenes, and not be a morsel wiser than young folks who have let themselves be surprised by love!"

Thus did Mrs. Cecilia continue to jest and to excoite herself so that Miss — became actually bewildered; and, in the end, quite distressed. When, however, Mrs. Cecilia saw tears flowing from the large brown eyes, she took her friend in her arms, saying—

"Dear Emily, I jest; but now, seriously, I congratulate you. I have heard a deal that is good of Colonel G——, and I think that he looks like a man of honor; and, if he makes you happy, I shall not be offended that you, like all the rest, desert me, and that I must wind my raveled skeins alone. But one thing I shall stipulate for, and that is, that I shall provide for your wedding, and that it shall be held here, at Bragesholm. I will in some way have a part in this universal game at wooing. And we may perhaps have more than one wedding to celebrate here."

If, after this, the little Sprig had actually come and made his confession, and had said that he had been surprised by love, and made his choice, and given away his little heart, it would have been no more than the truth. And Mrs. Cecilia became aware of all this, when, in the course of the day, she saw the little Sprig so joyously skipping and playing about the lovely little Naima, evidently smitten, and the two very soon calling one another husband and wife. And when, on the evening of the same day, the old overseer, after the usual accounts had been given up of the day's work, amid many contortions and bashful coughs, blushing made the confession, that he was thinking of entering into matrimony with that virtuous young woman, Lisa; and that they both had made up their minds, if the gracious lady would allow it, then—yes, then—Mrs. Cecilia began actually to believe that there was some witchcraft afloat, and that the midsummer sun had this year some particularly inflammatory power.

"How will it be with us?" said she, jokingly, to Ina; "it is impossible that we can be without our part in this universal game of court-

ship. And now I expect that our young artist will be making his declaration and confession to me of us."

The youths, Yngve and Arvid, had also their confession to make, and at the confessional of family love they opened their hearts to the mother and the Innermost. But they were not of so amorous a nature as the former. Yngve stood upon the boundary between two paths, which were opened for his preferment, and the choice between the two was difficult to him. His mother said—

"Do not ask by which you will obtain the greatest advantage to yourself; ask by which you can make your pound most serviceable to your native land."

Arvid had begun his career with uncommon success, but had also met with opposition, envy, hostility, and was made uneasy thereby.

To him the mother said—

"Do you fear the storms? Do you not know, my child, that only through storms can the young tree grow, and become great and strong. But—be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

The two youths were only in love with mother and sisters, and only smitten by all the charms of nature and a country life.

As concerned Theodore, he was not very far from the confession of which Mrs. Cecilia spoke in jest. There had arisen between the old lady of Bragesholm and himself a kind of relationship, by no means infrequent between elderly ladies and young agreeable men, although strangers in their families. A sentiment as that of mother and son existed between them, which for him, the motherless, had in an especial manner a peculiarly captivating and affecting delight. This may be easily observed in the notes which he made at this time, and wrote to his friend, and which we find here before us.

*From Theodore's Letter.*

*"Bragesholm, July.*

"It makes a deep impression when we return from the world's great inn, where all is in motion, coming and going, to a home where permanence has taken up its abode. The tranquillity in the house, the quiet order of the daily movements, every thing bears a stamp of peace and firmness, which upon this rolling globe almost amazes him who has long been whirled about from one part of the world to another, and has almost forgotten—home. We meet in the house-servants with friendly, pleasant countenances; the elder ones have been here at least twenty years, the younger are the children of the dependents of the estate, who consider it fortunate to have them brought up at the hall. All in the house has the air of home, calm, discreet, contented.

"Mrs. Cecilia conducted me through the rooms, telling me their names and traditions—for every room has its own—and showed me the old pictures, the family portraits, Mrs. Martha Orrhane, and her paintings and inscriptions in the great hall—"the great joy," and

talked to me of my ancestors. What do you think I felt in all this?

"She has greatly beautified the place all around, planted, laid out, and cultivated. I can well understand how she has grown into unity with the place: how she must love it.

"She treats me with motherly tenderness. She has invited me to remain here as long as I find it agreeable. I fancy she is quite at her ease with me. This feeling makes me happy, and the more I see and hear her, the more impossible I find to believe ill of her. Yes, my dark suspicions vanish before this bright form, as shadows before the eye of day. Like Lady Minnetrost in the *Zauberring*, she fans with the stems of lilies peace into the swelling and restless bosom. I suffer, in the mean time, from seeing her so gentle and unobtrusively go beside me like . . .

"But I mean no ill. I would only be certain, and become at one with myself about my mode of proceeding . . .

"I ramble out in the warm, cloudless nights, in the magic splendor of a light which is never seen, never moves. I have little sleep. Why should we sleep when we can live and enjoy? Yes, I now enjoy life for a moment, but pretty much as our first parents enjoyed the forbidden fruit . . .

"By day, I am much with the old lady and the Innermost; she, you know, whom I do not yet rightly comprehend what she is. A natural person she certainly is not, for she reads Greek and Latin, Herodotus, Tacitus, till late of nights, and talks like a philosopher; and can at the same time joke and laugh at nothing, like the most joyous child, but with a quick woman's fine sense. And this creature has merely a head—but an angel's head—and a pair of wings. Now, don't tell me that this is a natural person!

"Don't tell me either that I am—in love: for then I shall grow angry. One does not fall in love with the fourth part of a human being, with a head and a pair of wings, though it does utter all the wisdom of the world, and smile and joke bewitchingly.

"But . . . when Odin gave away one of his eyes to get the head of Mimer for himself, I think he did wisely. For you can not pay too dearly for a companionship through life, which makes you never feel lonely, and never feel life poor, but have a living well to go to and draw from.

"I would wish always to be near the Innermost; read to her, draw and paint before her eyes, and talk to her, and learn of her, and serve her as one would worship and serve an enchanted princess. But love! . . .

"Say rather that I am in love with the old lady; for truly I am drawn toward her by a wonderful power. I could sit at her feet, press my face on the hem of her light dress, kiss it, and weep. But sometimes I contend with her secretly, and accuse her of my wasted and erring past unhappy life.

"But, when I am with them—these two—when I talk with them, and they talk with me, I become calm and cheerful. There breathes peace from their spirits. They must, they must be children of a higher light!

"Listen! do you believe that in order to be fundamentally a philosopher, one must necessarily have read philosophical books, and written philosophic theses? Do you believe that the highest results of the highest philosophy may show themselves in a human soul, which has never heard the name of Schelling, or of Hegel? In love! Do you believe that the eternal truth, that wisdom waits to take up her dwelling among men, till the professed philosophers prepare a place for her, and cry—'Here is her grace!' and to mankind—'Here she sits, good people!'

"And if he makes a false announcement, and she does not sit there, do you believe that it deludes or misleads such a soul! O, go! it moves her not! No!—she looks down into the depth of her conscience, and finds there another light, another doctrine, and she flings from her, or leaves behind the false philosophy with—a smile.

"Faith—what is faith? It is the lowest, and it is the highest. It may be the spirit's slavish bowing before a statue, or a letter: it may also be the rational spirit's divination of the eternal truth.

"Is not faith then the spirit's royal road to the Most High? The short cut—the bird's-way over the mountain? . . .

"And would I by this condemn learning and philosophy? by no means. She is the shield, and wall, and fortress; and, like a sun, one day will her word shine over life through all the clouds of thought. But, observe, I think it is thus. When the heavenly Idea descends to earth, and takes up its abode among the children of men, she, in one, goes more to the head, in another, more to the imagination—that wonderful inner room full of clear mirrors of reflection—and, in a third, more to the heart. And all these, the head, the imagination, the heart, have their own mode of receiving and giving forth the heavenly revelation. For, to every one of these she gives herself fully, and yet in a different fashion, and, therefore, they ought to listen to each other.

"But which has the most immediate, genuine perception and view?

"Yesterday, in a quiet hour, I chatted with Mrs. Cecilia. We were alone. She sate and sewed: I gave myself the reins, and talked to her of whatever suggested itself. The dark spirit was then upon me. I gave vent to a whole host of questionings and doubts; all the people of the shades, whom the inquiries of our time have called up, let them now exist, and darken the sun, and spread abroad over life, this and the next—for the two are one—a thoroughly pitch-dark night. I would see how she took it. It irritated me to see her always so calm and so bright; and I would, at least, frighten her a little, and hear the usual excla-

mation, 'Heaven defend us!' or 'Good gracious!'

"But she said nothing. She quite allowed me to go on talking; and, when I had done for want of opposition, and of something still worse to say than I had said, she merely heaved a gentle sigh, and then looked up, and gazed at me, and smiled! But so kind, so serene, so sweet and full of motherly tenderness, and, at the same time, so arch, that I became confounded, perplexed, and knew not what I should make of this smiling. For not a word did she say in explanation of it; but yet there lay in it a great, unshakable wisdom for herself, for me, and for all the world. A wonderful smile! But since then, it has, as it were, shone down into my soul.

"Whence come such smiles? Are they not beams from some original fountain of light?

"When God would illumine and warm the world, must he first speak and demonstrate? No! But he gives to the sun his smiling beams. First life, then doctrine. First light (wisdom), then the teaching of it.

"And listen! listen! When this spirit, so living, so smiling, is a woman, believest thou not that it has some peculiar significance?

"Why went Numa to Egeria to fetch wisdom? Why listened the wisest of the Greeks to Aspasia's inspirations? Why had all the ancient oracles priestesses? And the Vala and Iduna of the North, alone, the secrets of the origin and object of the world? Why have all people still, to the present day, a feeling of a mysterious power in woman, whom they alternately quail and worship, but almost always—in good or in evil—cause to suffer?

"Is it not because she, the last-born of creation, the closing work of the Creator, now retains a secret and deeper bond of union with all the original springs of life, and that the word of life is still always first born in her soul?

"Fancies! say you, and point to the creatures of the every-day world. You are right, but I am right, also! . . .

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"I wander and ride about much on the estate. I visit the peasants and the laborers of the estate in their dwellings. I ask them questions, and let them talk, and I listen and learn. He who needs it might convince himself here, that no property was ever improved in the long run without the improvement and welfare of the working people upon it, and that Christian justice and kindness in these respects are also worldly wisdom. The lower economy must become a higher; must ascend to Heaven and be baptized there, if it is really to fertilize the earth and life. I hear and I see it here; where the servant of the establishment labors with a prospect of becoming a cottager: a cottager if he manage well, a farmer, or a small proprietor; and the cottager and the farmer do not cultivate their land well without caring to adorn their houses, where the day laborer knows that his labor is observed, and finally rewarded, and

where the relation between master and servant is full of good will and confidence. Upon the justice and impartiality of the old lady all rely as firmly as upon our Lord's; and so they work with hope. And this lively hope generates joy in labor, and joy in rest; and thus songs arise amid field and meadow, and fill the neighborhood with animating sounds. And of evenings, the young people of the country challenge echo to laughter; and he who does not reckon such gladness as part of the property and produce of country life, deserves no other produce whatever—but . . . I hear and I see, every day, this lady and her family regarded here as a blessing! . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

"But he who could not come without taking this away; who could come merely as a cloud over the sun, a calamity upon good fortune, . . . why should he come at all? Why should he appear? What does it signify if an insignificant human life disappears silently? . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

"Do as other people; be like other people!" was always the ideal which was placed before me in very early years. But then I could not, and now . . . I would not be as other people, as people generally. That may sound selfish; perhaps it is so. I can not help it. I stand by it.

\* \* \* \* \*

"What do you more than others?" says the Saviour, when he desires to elevate his disciples above the ordinary doings of the world.

"He would have us be something extraordinary; that we shall have some peculiar salt in us, that therewith we may salt life.

\* \* \* \* \*

"And yet if she were capable of doing me injustice; yet if all were inclined to do me injustice, ought I not, notwithstanding, to be able to act right? Right before my own judgment seat; right before that eternal eye which looks into me, and in whose light my soul was once light and happy for a moment! . . .

"And hereafter, how will it be?

\* \* \* \* \*

"But to the end—often late enough, but still commonly the earnest seeker finds upon the earth his quiet retreat, his peaceful room, where he can kindle his lamp, and make it bright and comfortable around him while the evening passes on, and say—'Here it is good for me to be waiting for the great morning.'

"Yes, many, but the multitude? striving souls; restless souls;—my brothers and sisters!—shall ye find rest before the flower of your life is quenched, the glowing heart sinks in ashes, and snow lies cold and heavy on your breast? There are fire-souls, Phoenix spirits who nourish themselves in fire, who kiss the very flowers which destroy them; who rest on their burning pile with love, waiting to be changed; conscious of a greater destiny on earth, than peace, than happiness!—

Ye happy, ye unhappy! I lament not for you.

In your silent deep, upon your nightly hill, the Highest is with you, coveting or comforting. Ye are alone with him. Ye know it, ye feel it, and that is enough. So was He with Moses, so with Ædipus, so with one far greater than these. He took them aside in their last conflict. They were alone with him: they felt it, and it was sufficient.

"But we, we who live in the lowly valleys of earth, who seek enjoyment and peace, we who only breathe easily in the love and approbation of our fellow-creatures, who desire to warm ourselves in life's sun, wo—ah! I must descend lower yet—who need coffee and cigars, the covered board and the cushioned bed, and who, while we are seeking our peace with heaven, even are seeking comfort on the earth—we legion!—Oh! how difficult to break ourselves loose from the enthralling bond!—

"But, when that is done, then . . . then it must be grand, and I shall breathe more freely; I shall stand upon the mountain as once before, above the north wind, happy in the eternal light.

\* \* \* \* \*

"But I linger, for . . . I enjoy a brief moment of happiness with mankind, as I never enjoyed it before. I delay my departure. A brief moment. . . O! a brief moment yet let me dream and be glad—be once more a child!

"And if they should love me? If she should be able to receive with joy the returned one, the one arisen from the dead? . . . But it is impossible. It is childish to think of. Sometimes I think it better to take myself away without more ado. And perhaps I should in that do the best and wisest. I wonder if any one would miss me?"

Here ended Theodore's letter.

A week had passed over since the "confession-day," as it was called in the family, and while the younger members of the house, at the suggestion of Mrs. Cecilia, had in every way enjoyed the beautiful weather and the pleasantness of the country, she had written and worked much in quietness, partly in her own room, partly in that of the Innermost, who was a most helpful minister of finance and accountant in the family department.

And so came the day on which the affair of the property should be concluded; and the purchaser, a neighbor of Mrs. Cecilia's, should come with his family to Bragesholm. A few other neighbors were invited also. A dinner was to be given, and Mrs. Cecilia had begged all her friends and her children to remain there over the day.

The day was come, and the neighbors came with their wives and daughters, and their boys, too. The young girls came separately forward and courtesied to Mrs. Cecilia, who must look at their homespun dresses, or at their necklaces of self-made rose-heads. . . And Mrs. Cecilia was very friendly and motherly toward them, praised their cleverness, and called them *thou*—not because she was related to them, or a particular

friend of their parents, but because they were young girls whom she had seen grow up, and she an old and venerable lady. And I have often heard old and amiable ladies address young girls with *thou*, even on their first acquaintance; and when I myself was young, I was glad to be thus treated. It felt so maternally kind. And so thought evidently the young girls on this occasion; for they blushed and smiled, and kissed the white hand of Mrs. Cecilia, who softly stroked their rosy cheeks. They were evidently delighted with the old lady.

The dinner was—like all great dinners—more ostentatious and profusely sumptuous than was necessary. The colonel had all possible cause to ponder on his dreadful mistake, and to sigh over the wickedness of the world. Mrs. Cecilia sat between the two most distinguished gentlemen, a judge and a proprietor of iron-works—two very amiable, heavy gentlemen. Adolph, as host, sat opposite to her, between Ida and a heavy, good-natured lady. People ate, and drank, and talked. The bottles, which Adolph caused to go briskly round, loosed the bonds of the tongue. But politics came up amid the dinner, and there began to be storm and strife; but Mrs. Cecilia broke it off by proposing a toast for peace—the peace at the table, in fact. And so the strife was laid, but murmuring gently like a storm, and ready to break out afresh: and as Captain Rapp unluckily touched on a parliamentary topic, an apple of discord for the different parties, the dispute burst forth anew, and with so terrible a violence, that it was not to be allayed again easily. Captain Rapp grew hot, and shouted—the colonel screamed; worst of all screeched the gentle brother, and talked only of hanging, and cutting off people's heads, and was especially liberal of treating his fellow-men to the lash. Theodore fired up against him with all the fury of a philanthropist, defended the cause of humanity, and all shouted at once, and no one would listen to the other, and the gentle brother and Captain Reinhold Rapp became the chief opponents. The ladies who, themselves excited, sought to calm the combatants, found only half a hearing. At length Adolph, watching his opportunity, suddenly burst forth, glass in hand, with a lively song, and began—

“Jolly boys, your glasses drain.”

A silence struck across the storm, and the angry words, half by fair means and half by foul, were compelled, to plunge again into the throats of the combatants, washed down by the fiery, peaceful spirit of the wine. Long life, then, to wine and song at the right nick of time. As I have said, the storm was laid, and Mrs. Cecilia did not allow it to rise again. The dinner concluded, as it were, under general dissonance, and Captain Rapp and the gentle brother gave each other no very gentle glances. The judge and the proprietor of iron-works, moreover, were as red in the face as two turkey-cocks.

After dinner, the Innermost received incessant visits from one or another of her friends and acquaintance, and all talked of the fracas at the dinner, and all had their complaints to make, the one of the other, and every one lightened his heart by accusing his opponent of absurdity, extravagance, and folly. The Innermost listened and sympathized, and agreed and disagreed, according to circumstances. “Extravagance was always a folly” yet she could at the same time explain the cause for this excess on the other side; and that in this or that view of things, this and the other person might not be considered so very wrong. And then he was really was wrong as clear as the day, and was perfectly beyond all advice on true subjects, was nevertheless so excellent in other respects. The vehement advocate of severe laws was still so good a man, such an admirable father and master. And he who was completely helpless, culpable, headless—yes, he was headless, and that was the only worst look for him, and thus he was totally unmanageable, and it was really a great pity. . . . And so people were obliged to laugh; and the *summa summarum* was, that no one went in to see the Innermost who did not come out with a lighter heart—for the unlucky headless one did not come thither—with a brighter look, with a more friendly tone of mind toward his fellow-men, and, with a greater inclination to reasonableness and moderation in his intercourse with those of different modes of thinking.

And when Mrs. Cecilia and her gentlemen of business went into her room with the old overseer, and bade Fridolph and Captain Rapp endeavor during this while to amuse and entertain the rest of the company, they at once united in this undertaking with the most fraternal disposition, and proposed a merry game in the court, in which the gentle brother's long legs, and Captain Rapp's short ones, emulated each other in ability and rapidity in leaping over benches and tressels, and bushes and hedges, which actually looked quite dangerous, and made Mrs. Amelia tremble with anxiety. But Charlotte laughed heartily and all the rest laughed, and leaped one better than the other, but none equal to the two political opponents. Adolph, however, went with Ida to the wood, at a tance from the noise and riot, to endeavor to quillize her unquiet heart.

The deliberations and the games had lasted about a couple of hours, when Mrs. Cecilia sent to desire the members of her family to assemble in her room.

When they entered, she stood up at her writing-table with some papers in her hand. A deep crimson was on her cheek, her glance was bright and cheerful. She looked with pleasure on those who entered, as she said—

“Now, my children, we have a little something to read and write.”

Mrs. Cecilia herself read the deed of sale, of which we have already spoken. The money which was to be paid down had already been

said by the purchaser upon the writing table. The business was evidently, in a high degree, advantageous to the family. After the reading of the deed it was to be signed.

Mrs. Cecilia signed her name, and the other interested party stood ready to sign his also below hers, when the old overseer, who had writhed as if in the greatest anxiety of soul, and more than once had wiped the sweat-drops from his brow, suddenly burst forth with the exclamation—

"No! I can not stand it any longer. I can not burden my conscience by letting these transactions with another man's property take place. No!" continued he with still greater violence, and almost choked with emotion, as he drew forward Theodore, who had seized him by the arm; "No—I must, I will speak! I must say that here stands the only person who has a right to make, and to close any bargain regarding the late master's property; here stands the only true heir, the master's own son, Mr. Erik Nordenhjelm!" And with this he pointed to Theodore, who had unobservedly entered the room, and placed himself near the old overseer.

If a dead man in his grave-clothes had risen up before the assembled company, their countenances could scarcely have become paler, or their expression one of more grave astonishment.

"Erik—Nordenhjelm!" repeated Mrs. Cecilia, almost stammering; "Erik Nordenhjelm is dead—dead long ago! We have had certain intelligence of his death!"

Theodore seemed for a moment to struggle with himself, but at length his anxious and excited countenance assumed an expression of determination, and, advancing forward a few paces, he said with severity—

"But if this intelligence be a lie. If Erik Nordenhjelm be not dead—if he still lives!"

"But he is dead!" returned Mrs. Cecilia, as if mechanically, but drew back, as if struck by the glance which Theodore riveted upon her. Her knees trembled; she was obliged to seat herself; and, growing still paler, she repeated once more, "He is dead—dead!"

"He is not dead!" exclaimed Theodore, with stern decision. "He stands before you. I AM ERIC NORDENHJELM!"

There was something in the manner and expression of Theodore (we will still continue to call him so) which did not permit any one to doubt the truth of his words. But, spite of this, Mrs. Cecilia said—

"Have you any proof?"

Theodore made no answer. He merely continued to look at her with a glance of painful and tumultuous feelings, and in this Mrs. Cecilia read proof stronger than all mere outward proof.

And now the old overseer again stepped forward, and said, with violent emotion—

"So truly as I hope God may be my help, both here and hereafter, is he Mr. Erik, the son of my former master, Squire Nordenhjelm. I

recognized him, and knew that it was he. Yes that I know, and would take my sacred oath of it."

"How long have you known it?" inquired Mrs. Cecilia, with a grave look at the old servant.

"Only since yesterday with certainty!" replied he; "but I have had my suspicions for several days, because the young gentleman made so many inquiries about things that happened in former times, and I could see that he was better informed in many matters than I was; and I said to myself, 'Give heed! that must be Mr. Erik!—But yesterday I said quite certainly, it is he!—'"

Mrs. Cecilia cast a troubled glance upon her children that stood around her. She trembled evidently, and seemed to be making an effort at self-possession.

"I see how it is," said Theodore, slowly and bitterly, as he looked round upon the disturbed countenances that surrounded him. "I see how it is! And I ought to have known that it would be so. I am not welcome. But, when was I so? Not even to my own mother. And now I can see plainly that every one wishes me away; that they wish me dead!"

"That is not true!" exclaimed Mrs. Cecilia with dignity and decision, as she rose up; "no, it is not so! And, if you be Erik Nordenhjelm, then know, for ten years I looked for you back again, because I had a feeling that injustice had been done to you, and I longed to compensate for it to you by all a mother's affection. On the evening when you fled, I sought for you every where that I might talk with you; but it was too late; you were already gone!—Year after year have I said to myself, He will come again; he will come again some day. Year after year I made inquiries, and sought for traces of the fugitive. And every day, every morning, and every evening, I called down blessings upon him, and prayed for him as a real mother might have done. I managed his property as carefully as if it had been that of my own children, and thought, One day it will be his, and I shall be able to yield up his paternal estate to him in good condition, and free from debt. I grieved over this young lad; and his flight from his father's house was like a nail in my coffin. One of my friends, however, who went abroad with the private intention of discovering his place of sojourn, and, if, possible, to bring him back, sent home the positive intelligence of his death in the South American war. It was a severe blow. It bowed me more than many another sorrow. But time went on, and by degrees I accustomed myself to the thought that he was dead, and that I now was working for my own children. And the thought became dear to me, I do not deny it, because I thought of the young people's future!—But, if Erik Nordenhjelm live; if he be here, and can prove his identity as the son and the heir of my deceased husband, of a truth, he shall be welcome to me, and I shall thank God that he is returned.

that I can do him justice and compensate him for the wrong that was done to him in his youth. He shall receive all his own, and not one of my children will complain that they, on the other hand, are portionless. They, like myself, will, after all, stand here free from blame."

Never had Mrs. Cecilia stood more proudly and commandingly than at this moment, when she stood there, stood alone, with her pure conscience and her correct life, faithful in the performance of duty. She resumed—

"But once more, I ask, have you any proof of what you state? Can you establish and substantiate your claim?"

Theodore answered not a word—he continued merely to regard his mother-in-law with glances in which a sea of tumultuous feelings appeared to surge; and the glances which she returned were still more scrutinizing and penetrative.

"Yes, it is he!" said she, as if to herself, "Yes, it is Erik! I recognize his features, his expression! Yes, it is he. My eyes have been as if darkened!"

"Yes, I recognize you," she continued aloud, "I acknowledge you as Erik Nordenhjelm! But now, Erik, I will ask, why did you come in this manner, under a feigned name, and under false pretences, into the house of your father? Was it right, was it fair, was it kind of you, thus secretly to watch, and wait till you found a moment for coming, not as a son and a brother, but—Erik, why have you acted toward us, as toward enemies? Why do you stand now before me at this moment, without replying, without caring to speak the word which I wish. Erik, of whom are you suspicious? Ah! is it not the error of the child which again appears in the man? Is it not the 'people of the shades' which you talk about, who thrust you from the light, and from those who desire nothing better than to love you?"

Theodore still stood silent, pale, and gloomy, and as if without consciousness; his eyes only spoke.

Mrs. Cecilia looked at him in silence for a moment, after which her countenance brightened to an expression full of maternal kindness and dignity.

"I see how it is," said she, "my poor Erik! you have been away a long time, and you took away with you nothing but bitter memories of home. You were early unhappy, and you have since then never had an affectionate home on earth. You have lost your faith in home, and in love. But, thank God! that you are now at home. You shall not long remain wordless with us, in your home, in your house. You shall soon understand us better, Erik! do not embitter your new life. Forget the past, forget every thing that was bitter; and forgive, forgive the part which I had in it. But I did not, at that time, know either your father or you sufficiently well to interfere. I hesitated, delayed,

but, believe me, that moment has cost me more painful tears than it has cost you! But now, Erik—Erik, my son Erik, I shall, perhaps, leave your house and home, but, before that, you must embrace me as a son, and I must welcome you as a mother. Erik—my son—welcome! Welcome, most sincerely!"

And she advanced toward him with extended arms.

"Not yet," said he, turning aside. "We do not fully understand each other yet. And I also have a few words to say. I also have a right to be understood, and to stand here—to a certain extent, at least, free of guilt. Yes, it is true, I have come secretly, secretly; under an assumed name, I have stolen into the house to prove you, to be a spy upon you. But my intentions were not deserving of blame. I wished to know, and to judge, before I acted. I came not hither in good faith. I have suspected and mistrusted the purest, the best. And on that account I am guilty. But I here acknowledge my fault. And now it remains for me to reconcile that with action."

He bowed his knee before Mrs. Cecilia, and said, with a trembling voice—

"Embrace me, my mother!"

She caught him in her arms, and kissed his brow.

"Thanks!" said he, softly; and then rising up, he looked round him.

"Mother, brothers, sisters!" said he "I have seen your countenances become pale; I have seen your glances grow dark at the sight of me. They shall do so no more! *The first heir is dead*;—you will never see him again."

And with this he rushed from the room.

But Adolph, more rapid than thought, was upon his steps, and seized him at the moment when he was about to throw himself on a horse which stood ready saddled at a short distance from the house.

"Fool!" said Adolph, crimsoning with noble anger, as he seized him with his powerful grasp, "what is the meaning of this? Do you think us capable of profiting by your folly? Do you not know that I shall follow you, let you go wherever you may, and never leave you until I bring you back? See! your mother and your brothers and sisters come to fetch you back!"

Theodore might have escaped from Adolph's grasp—might, in his eccentric state of mind, have leaped upon his horse and sped away, far away into the wide world, where it would not have been easy to follow or to find him. He might have done so, and he would have done so; but when he heard the cry, "Erik! Erik! my son!" uttered from the noblest heart of woman, with an expression of the deepest woe, he could not fly. He stood still; and, when Mrs. Cecilia's outstretched arms touched him, he sank upon her breast.

"My son, Erik!" said she, deeply affected, "will you kill me? Could you believe that after this I could have had one joyful moment?"

You are unjust to me and to all my children, as well as to yourself. You shall, you ought, and you must stop; and that which is just shall be done, as regards you and all the rest, otherwise how else could I be quiet in my grave."

"That which is just!" repeated Theodore, raising himself. "Yes, but what is just in this case? What would have been my father's property, had not my father's wife snatched it from ruin, taken charge of it, and through the fatigue and self-denial of eighteen years, cleared off from it the most oppressive debts? But for this, it would have all melted away to nothing. It is entirely her labor which has made it what it now is, and it is her right to possess and enjoy it. Shall I, a stranger, who have done nothing, been nothing to her, except a sorrow, now come and snatch it out of her hand, and from the children of her heart? If this be the highest justice, it is also the highest injustice! And I will not do it. What do I care for—what do I trouble myself about your law-paragraphs? I know a law, a judgment-seat, which is higher than this, and I appeal to the highest, to the innermost justice!"

"Then," said Mrs. Cecilia with a quick and joyful inspiration, "then you appeal to the Innermost. And by her decision I also am ready to abide. The Innermost shall judge between us!"

"Yes! to the Innermost! to the Innermost!" exclaimed Theodore, delighted. "She shall judge; she shall decide. And that which she says shall be unalterable. She alone properly understands me and every body!"

He again rushed into the house, and all the others followed him. The family party went to the Innermost, to the "little joy!" Many a time before now had the family council assembled in Ina's room, but never on such extraordinary business.

Theodore would speak first, nobody opposed him; and with flowing eloquence he related his history and described the present position of affairs.

Ina was pale and excited, but she appeared less astonished than they had imagined she would have been at the unexpected revelation. She said—

"It is to me as if I had had a presentiment of it. But—I know not; I have not been afraid!"

"She knows; she understands me!" exclaimed Theodore, and kissed her hand.

Now also Mrs. Cecilia spoke, simply but gravely. She presented the affair according to her point of view, and said what ought to be done, if justice were done. She acknowledged Theodore's pure and good intentions; she rejoiced in them, but his enthusiastic notions could not influence her, or prevent her doing her duty according to justice and conscience.

When all had spoken, and every thing had been said, a silence ensued, and all eyes were fixed upon the Innermost.

Ina raised herself half up in bed, rested

on one arm, and gazed with her sweet, wise, and affectionate eyes upon those who stood around her—gazed long at her mother, and her eyes filled with tears. Still longer she gazed at Theodore and seemed to read his very heart; and in so doing she began to smile—with a heavenly serenity and love. She spoke, but as if in affectionate pleasantry, gayly and very tenderly at the same time.

"Now I will speak! Theodore shall have the property, but he shall have—us along with it, and we will take care of it for him. He shall thus have no trouble about his property, but he shall have—every thing that he wishes for—all our hearts and all our efforts. For all ours is his, and all his is ours. The estate must remain in mamma's hands as hitherto, and Adolph shall manage it together with mamma as they had arranged it. And they shall apportion to all and each of us his share. Theodore shall live without trouble, free, free as the happy birds out there, and when he will he can fly out into the world as far, and as far as he likes, because that is needful for him. But, he must always return to us, to mamma and me; because this is his home, and here he shall live and continue when he becomes weary, and we shall always long for him when he is away; and, in the mean time, we shall watch over his property as if it were our own, because all his is ours, and all ours is his. And thus nobody will become the poorer, but every body the richer; because we have gained a friend, and we shall all of us become so very, very fond of him and so fond of each other."

If the sun, some beautiful day had talked with the planets (and may it not be so when it beams toward them light and warmth at the moment of midsummer?) it could not have operated upon them very differently to what Ina did upon those who surrounded her. Every one felt that she had said that which was the most beautiful and the best. Every one felt that she had expressed the innermost thoughts and wishes which had darkly moved in the chambers of the heads and hearts of all, and that she had given the only happy solution to the present involved circumstances. She had at once raised her beloved ones out of their earthly, every-day circumstances into the innermost of life, where the light of love and the law of love solve all difficulties, all questionings, and make every thing bright and easy.

Theodore, delighted, bent over the bed, and kissed the smiling, eloquent lips; and then yielded himself to the embraces which welcomed him on all sides. He longest tarried in Mrs. Cecilia's maternal embrace, and wetted her cheek with his tears. He bathed in love as he had formerly bathed in the light of the midnight sun. Every one embraced the Innermost, embraced Mrs. Cecilia, embraced each other. The great embracing seemed as if it never would come to an end, especially as the little Sprig, attended by Naima, now rushed in, and began to cry out, "And me too! and me too!" whereupon he was included in the gen

eral movement. Neither did Naïma remain without her share, that I promise you. But now people laughed as they kissed, and thus the excitement, because of the children, became more child-like and joyful. And the children and the innermost, they in the end could not be separated.

There was a ball this evening in "the great joy," and the gentle brother and stern disciplinarian gave himself so completely up to the gallop, that Mrs. Amelia looked on with horror, and nobody knew what would be the end of it; and Charlotte and Reinhold Rapp danced incessantly, always laughing, and with their white teeth shining in their crimson, joyous countenances. And all the shepherds and shepherdesses upon the walls stared and grimaced worse than ever, and Mrs. Martha Orrhane sate, and seemed to look more astonished and more cheerful than ever. And thus they danced till day grew light.

Mrs. Cecilia, however, went to rest before midnight—having commissioned her children to care for the entertainment and pleasure of the guests. She was fatigued by the last several days, and especially by the events of the last, which in many ways had agitated her soul. She longed to collect her thoughts in stillness and rest.

But scarcely had she bolted the door of her room before some one knocked at it.

"Who is there?" asked she.

"The overseer."

She opened it. The old overseer stood there with a distressed look.

"Dear lady," said he; "you are not really angry with me, are you?" And he wept.

"Yes, Hans Ernst," said Mrs. Cecilia, "I am actually displeased with you. But only because you did not immediately tell me what you knew, that Mr. Erik was returned. Tell me why you did not do so?"

"Dear lady, I did not do it because of him! Because when I told him my thoughts, he forbade my speaking of them, and threatened me,—yes, most fiercely—if I said a word. And he would have prevented it, at the last moment, if it had been possible. But you see I could not keep it to myself. I must out with the truth."

"Then it is all right and good," said Mrs. Cecilia, "and you have done all that you ought. And I thank you. Good night, now, dear Hans Ernst. Now, we can both sleep in peace. To-morrow, I will talk further with you. Good night!"

The old lady and the old servant took each other by the hand. Thus parted they, and Mrs. Cecilia remained alone and went to bed. Then she in her solitude again went in thought through all that had occurred, and saw how so many things, nay, indeed, almost every thing, had gone quite otherwise to what she expected and proposed, and how many of her silent plans were overturned. She could not help a half melancholy smile at herself, and at human plans and

anticipations in general. She honestly thanked God for the prodigal son's return, and that no unworthy thought or feeling had arisen in consequence in the minds of her children. And, when she remembered Theodore's noble wishes and disposition, and how, instead of bitter constraint, the most beautiful relationship had sprung up between him and his new family, and besides, how much there was which was good in the new connections and circumstances, although they were contrary to her wishes, and would cause her to be more profuse in expenditure and more solitary than formerly—she found renewed occasions for thankfulness and humble rejoicing in the guidance of the highest Being. And when she, according to the beautiful rule of Thorild, which had for a long time been her own, passed in review before her every thing that was good, saying, "That is good! that is good!" she stopped at her completed eighteen years' work, and the bed-cover rested lightly upon her, and the air of the chamber seemed lighter and pleasanter to breathe, as she thought that she had indeed completed this work.

After this, the future occupied her mind. In the stillness of the night, her soul rested by the bed of her youngest daughter considering what would be the best for her. For all the other children she thought also, but most, she thought, and with the greatest tenderness for the lame girl, her innermost, and her darling. The others could now all help themselves. And, for the future, she formed a resolution respecting which we know nothing at present. Sleep did not once visit her bed this night. But her soul was calm. And that was better to her than sleep. And mild and kind she stood the following morning among her still sleepy children and friends.

Three days later there was a great parting-breakfast at Bragesholm. Many of the members of the family and their friends were to set off this day, and among them Ida, whom Adolph was to drive down to the shore in his carriage. In the autumn, it was said, he was to go to Uleoborg, and thence bring Ida to Bragesholm as his wife.

The breakfast-table was richly spread with a great variety of dishes. Of different sorts of bread alone there were seven. The members of the family sitting around the table, gave the impression of a garland of many-colored flowers. Mrs. Cecilia herself sitting between the Sprig and Naïma, looked like a beautiful but nearly out-bloomed rose, between the sweetest little rose-buds. Yes, out-bloomed, but still beautiful. She was especially so this morning, this good Mrs. Cecilia. The bright, noble countenance, more pale than usual, had still something more than commonly bright and grand in its expression, something like a battle won, a completed victory. She wore a new snow-white cap of clear crape, which exquisitely plaited and made up—the work of Ina's small fingers—surrounded her head, and became her extremely well. Again and again Ida gazed at this head, which

seemed to her as if she always saw a glory around it. And for many reasons Ida never forgot the appearance of her intended mother-in-law this morning. It stamped itself upon her soul like an ineffaceable image. She herself was dressed in black this morning, as usual, but she had permitted Ina to place a dark red carnation in her hair, and upon her cheek flushed a clearer crimson than usual, from the glances of admiring love which Adolph riveted upon her beautiful face. But her glance was dark, and the proud heart swelled with secret vexation.

Never since the day when she returned with Adolph had Mrs. Cecilia—although at all times friendly toward her—and although she had greeted her worthily, and with maternal affection as her future daughter-in-law—been to her as formerly. No amusing pleasantry, no little soothing caress as so often was the case then, had come to her from Mrs. Cecilia; no single time had she called Ida “my Mrs. Sola!” Ida could not conceal this from herself. Mrs. Cecilia was not pleased with Adolph’s connection, and had no pleasure in seeing her enter her house, and her family circle. All this lay heavy on Ida’s mind. She felt her heart and her pride wounded. She wished not to feel it; she endeavored to persuade herself that it were not so, but she could not succeed.

And she became bitter of mood, and dissatisfied both with herself, Adolph, and the old lady.

But Mrs. Cecilia looked to-day so gay and friendly, that no one could reasonably be vexed with her. She looked around the table upon her children, on the families of all the elder ones who grew up around her, and regarded them all with a feeling of melancholy joy. She saw them ascend in life, and she saw herself go down. She felt herself like a shadow beside these blooming young people, full of the strength of life, but she was glad to see them so, and would not for her own sake that it should be otherwise.

Miss ——— looked jocosely at the young ladies, Amelia and Ida, and upon Charlotte, who bloomed in colors of the rose, and said—

“You fancy certainly, you young ladies, that you are all very handsome, and that the gentlemen think so too. But I must tell you, that none of you are so handsome to-day as—the old lady of Bragesholm!”

“The old lady of Bragesholm,” said Mrs. Cecilia, smiling, and gently blushing, “is now laid aside. She gives place to the young ones; and, when Adolph, with his young wife, returns in the autumn, I shall have left for Innerstalund, and Adolph’s wife will here become the mistress and hostess. And to-day, before we separate, my dear children, I will speak with you about my plans for the immediate future. It is my wish as soon as possible to give up the management of Bragesholm to Adolph and Theodore, who may enter upon it as soon as they are disposed. I feel myself now too old to—”

But here Mrs. Cecilia was interrupted by a

general murmur. All declared their satisfaction with her management. They assured her that she was young enough yet to continue it long, and they bade her not to think of giving up the place and management.

“I thank you, my dear children,” said Mrs. Cecilia, kindly and cheerfully. It is gratifying to me that you are satisfied with me, and do not find me old; but I—find myself so. I have felt plainly for some years that I have no longer the strength and activity which are requisite to conduct so large a property, and to labor for the improvement of the people upon it, as it can and ought to be done, according to my belief. It is not possible to shut my eyes to this; my best years are past, and the time is come when it is good for a person to withdraw himself from the world, and move into himself. And in this there is nothing sad, my children. Does not the caterpillar know when it is time for it to spin itself in, and be ready for a change? And shall not a human creature know when the time is come to spin himself in and be still? For he too must spin himself in. He must wrap himself in the swathings of age, and become more alive within himself while he prepares for his great transit. But we must not, therefore, become chrysalises, nor ought we to regard old age as a time of trouble. It is neither right nor grateful to see nothing in the earth but a vale of tears. Has not God, indeed, filled it with the good and the beautiful, for our joy, and has He not given to every human being, and to every age, their own objects to benefit by? Old age has its enjoyments which no other age can know. In its repose, the mind awakes to a clearer perception of much that is good and great, that we had not paid attention to before, and yet does not prevent all activity. If I feel myself too old for Bragesholm, I yet feel myself young enough for Innerstalund, to plant and arrange there, and make of that little place something truly pleasant. That will be at once an employment and a pleasure in my old days, and Ina will assist me in it. First of all we shall put in order the great rooms, so that we may be able to see our friends; and may invite them to the banquet of the returned wedding parties, provided we have first been to the arrival banquet here. I hope we shall be invited.”

Mrs. Cecilia said this with a kindly, jocosely glance at Adolph and Ida, and wished thus to give a cheerful turn to the general feelings. But Adolph and Ida, and indeed the majority at the table, were not cheerful, but were solemnly and sorrowfully affected. Both Adolph and Ida arose, went to Mrs. Cecilia, and implored her earnestly and with emotion that she would not think of quitting Bragesholm, but that she would remain and allow them to surround her as children with their love, and do every thing which could contribute to her comfort and pleasure.

But Mrs. Cecilia stood fast by her resolve, and it was soon seen that she was not to be moved. She bade her children finally not to

seek further to do it, and not to speak of it again. She had made up her mind.

Ida drew back as if wounded by Mrs. Cecilia's cold rejection, as it seemed to her, of her sincere well-meaning, and with a feeling, or of a shrinking from her, that she imagined she perceived, when she embraced Mrs. Cecilia, and entreated her not to leave them. Possibly, Ida was mistaken, possibly not; and that Mrs. Cecilia made an involuntary movement to avoid the embrace of her not thoroughly welcome daughter-in-law. For the heart has such feelings, and can not help it: and the body will express them in word, look, or action, in unguarded moments, even in the noblest individuals.

Now arose Theodore, bent his knee in chivalric obeisance before Mrs. Cecilia, and said—

"Hear now my petition! Go and be wherever you will, my mother, but—take me with you, and the Innermost. Adolph may manage, and plant here at his pleasure. I have no desire to go and look after the estates and the fences. It would kill me, and the old overseer would send me to Jericho, and Adolph would be out of patience with me, and I with him, like Agronom. No, let me accompany you to Innerstalund. I will be your chief servant in the place; fetch wood and water, play on the viol, draw caricatures, and read to you occasionally; and occasionally travel, and bring you news from the great world. I assure you that you can not do without me there, just as I can not do without you—that I know; and, therefore, let me accompany you to Innerstalund."

Mrs. Cecilia smiled, and said, "We must hear what the Innermost says about it."

"Oh, then I am certain!" exclaimed Theodore, and started off into the "little joy" to ask the Innermost.

Mrs. Cecilia looked kindly after him, and was evidently pleased at the proposal.

Adolph smiled, too, but did not look cheerful. He felt himself, as it were, thrust aside by the new brother, he who hitherto had been almost the first in his mother's love. He felt now a sensation like jealousy; and, as he felt it, he was excessively displeased with himself. Spite, too, of his lively affection for Ida, he was displeased with her now, for the stiff and almost proud bearing that she maintained toward Mrs. Cecilia, especially since she had felt herself repelled. However this might be, certain it is that Mrs. Cecilia endeavored to remove any unpleasant feeling she might have excited. During the remainder of the breakfast, she spoke many times kindly to Ida, and sought to thaw her cold manner. But no! it did not succeed: Ida seemed only to become stiffer and colder. My dear lady-readers! should ever such a tone of mind come over you toward any one that you thus venerate and love—do not let it gain the mastery of you. Open yourself! Speak! Tell your suffering, or your annoyance, cheerfully, pleasantly, if you can; with tears, if you can not do it otherwise. But speak, and melt the ice in yourself, or in your friend. And if you are about to

separate from her, if you are already out of the door, then—turn back; or, if she is already in the street, run after her, lay hold of her, and do not let her go till all has been said, bewept, forgiven, and made all good again. Ah! if you delay, if you let her go, it may be too late, and there may come a time for remorse! . . .

When they arose from breakfast, which was rather a dinner, it was beautiful to see the little Sprig say grace, standing beside Mrs. Cecilia, who held her clasped hands over his blonde head. But either the Sprig was looking too much at Naima, or otherwise was confounded by the number of guests, for the grace stuck fast, and would not proceed, though he had not reached the middle. Mrs. Cecilia said softly, "Well—a?" and gave a little pat to the little head, at which the other half of the grace started out with such a bounce and haste, as made all, not excepting Mrs. Cecilia, smile. "It is well that I keep these two little folks," said Mrs. Cecilia, putting her hands on the heads of the Sprig and Naima, "or I should have missed you too much!" And she looked at Adolph and Ida, so kindly.

But Ida continued silent and pale—she felt herself, as it were, controlled by an evil power; and what evil power is worse than an ill temper? The weather was in a gloomy humor, too; the sun had vanished, the north-wind blew cold, and the leaf, torn from the tree, whirled in the blast. It was a gray, ungenial day, not like the previous sunny one.

And now came the moment of departure. With that proud heart, compressed by tormenting feelings, Ida approached Mrs. Cecilia; she bent, indeed, over Mrs. Cecilia's hand, and received upon her brow and her lips, her warm kisses, but she continued cold still, and her heart did not repent. And, when the heart is dumb, when it is not in what is doing, one may embrace, indeed, kiss, say tender words, but something is wanting still, that is to say—all! And thus it was now, between the old and the young lady, and they parted; and so came all the other leave-takings, and the last preparations for the journey. Ida looked, but could not see Mrs. Cecilia among those who stood at the door, or around the carriage and said good-by; and nodded and waved their hands, and shouted kind words of farewell, as it rolled away with her and Adolph. She looked up at the balcony, the windows, but neither there was Mrs. Cecilia to be seen; and Ida then felt, as it were, a stab in her heart. "She will not see me again!" thought she. The carriage went round to the other side of the building; Adolph and Ida both looked up at all the windows, as they drove around the house, in the hope of seeing at one of them, the white cap and light figure of Mrs. Cecilia—but no, it was in vain!

She was nowhere to be seen; and now melted the proud feeling in Ida's bosom. Now she repented that she had been so stiff, so cold; now did she wish herself back, to take once more a farewell, to kiss the maternal hand, to

receive a kind glance and word. Like dark and vacant eyes, the empty windows stared back at her inquiring, longing glances. And Adolph sat silent and gloomy, he too was obviously depressed. And now the carriage turned away from the house, and rolled onward through the avenue toward the open fields. With the tears swelling in her eyes, Ida cast a farewell look back toward the vanishing buildings of the hall, and the old lady, and thought, "I shall never see her again!" But—who is that who stands in the distance there by the red-painted gate, and holds it open for the travelers? The wind flutters in the ample, light garments, and strews the withered leaves about the snow-white head-dress. Is it possible—can it be? Yes, it may be—it is actually the old lady, who has hastened hither by the cross-way, through the garden, to get another sight of her children, to do another service of love, and say to them a tender and affectionate word. Yes, it is the old mother, the Lady of Bragesholm, who stands here and holds open the gate for the travelers, as the humblest of their servants. She stands here, panting, and somewhat out of breath with her hurried pace, but with the color in her cheeks heightened and fresh, and her looks so mild and warm.

"Stop!" at once cried Adolph and Ida. "Stop!" and they sprang from the carriage before it had well stopped, and into the old lady's arms—Ida at her feet. But she was quickly raised, and pressed, how affectionately pressed, to the maternal heart. "O, Ida! Ida! make him happy!" whispered Mrs. Cecilia, and held her to her bosom. And there Ida made a solemn vow to live for that purpose, and there renounced forever the proud, bitter spirit, which had hitherto made her and those about her unhappy. This she felt was broken, as she saw the old lady standing by the gate, meekly, and full of love; and I know not whether any lady in the world ever was so kissed, embraced and idolized, as was, here by the gate-post, the old lady. I only know that I wish I had been there.

As the carriage rolled through the columnar wood, Ida reclined weeping on Adolph's heart. The old, the former Ida, melted away in regretful tears, and the new and more beautiful one arose amid the caresses of affection. That was also a midsummer moment, when the light celebrated its triumph over the darkness.

Snow fell upon the columnar wood, and winter stood dark in its vault, when one night a hundred lights lighted up "the great joy" at Bragesholm, and the whole house shone like a burning crown far out over the snowy fields. There were three weddings at Bragesholm, and the old lady and the Innermost were remaining there to solemnize the great festivities. There were united in peace and joy, Charlotte and Captain Rapp; Miss — and the colonel; the old Lisa and the old overseer; and, like two stars of the first magnitude, shone in the

presence of the newly-married, the already wedded, the beautiful dwellers in the heaven of married life, the happy couple, Adolph and Ida.

We might close here, for we see all our friends on the highway to the "land above the north wind," to the native country of light. We see Mrs. Cecilia wandering at Innerstalund, on the bright moonlight nights, while all around her is still; and we see upon her lips yet more frequently a bright smile, as if in a glad surprise at the fact, that while wending merely along the path of duty, and while she had merely been seeking "to do right to every one," she had found—blessedness. We see her here, with the Innermost, constitute the central point of a large family's warmest feelings, and united with all its best thoughts and purposes. We see Theodore with them, as a son and a brother, make their life glad; while they, with every delightful bond, fetter him to home, and make him so happy there, and give him so much to do, that he thinks and feels that he has almost forgotten his right, like the free birds, to seek adventures out in the world. We see "the people of the shades" fly out of his soul, as the high and bright mysteries of life illumine it, in association with the bright and gentle spirits which surround him, which accompany him on his spirit wanderings to every height and depth, and light up every dark mount, with the smiles of gayety or affection. We see Adolph and Ida at Bragesholm with many domestic adventures, and not without many a storm, yet all the more closely united by the triumph of love and fidelity over the demons. We see "old love" blooming at Svanevik far into the autumn, and green even under the snow; while during the long period of shadows, raveled skeins are wound, ballads sung, books read aloud, and we see the happy pair—the colonel and the quondam Miss — sometimes take snuff together. We see, in fine, all our friends here, climb, on the pilgrimage of life, emulously up their Luppio and Avasaxa—the mountains where the sun goes not down. The old lady is already arrived there. But do you know who among all the rest first reached it. Yes. The lame girl: yes, the Innermost!

"But, did she always continue lame? Was she never better?"

My young lady-readers, I will tell you what I have heard said. I have heard that Theodore once journeyed from his northern home, and was absent a whole year for the sake of art, in the native land of art, in the eternal Rome. But, when the summer returned he came back, and the evening sun shone in gold through the columnar wood when he came wandering thither, with a thousand thoughts in his soul, pleasant and painful at the same time. Then he saw in the depth of the wood two bright forms coming toward him, glowing in the rays of the evening sun; the one tall and more venerable, though gentler; the other smaller, slen-

derer, bright and charming as a spirit of light. Angels! was the first thought of Theodore. "My angels!" he exclaimed, as he sank into the arms of the mother and the Innermost, beside himself with joy and emotion; for a miracle had happened here. The Innermost, the lame girl, had come to meet him. Yes, a miracle, but a perfectly natural one. The well of St. Ragnhild had been to Ina the pool of Bethesda, whose water an angel had stirred, and given it the healing power.

I have also heard that the Innermost went with Theodore to the altar, and that Mrs. Cecilia made a wedding feast at Innerstalund. But how that is I do not know with certainty, and imagine for the rest, a marriage here, far

less important, than that Ina should be, and never cease to be, for Theodore, for her mother, for the house, and for all—the *Innermost*.

"And the little Sprig, how went it with him and his little flame from the mountain?"

Nay, good reader! now dost thou really demand too much; if thou wishest me to show thee the little Sprig, a married man, and the father of a family, and all that. He is really far from it yet. But I would venture, at the same time, to assert that he is surely enough on the way thither; and we may hope that a little flock of the most delightful little Sprigs will one day thence arise, for it would be a great pity if this excellent family should become extinct in the north.

THE END.



















